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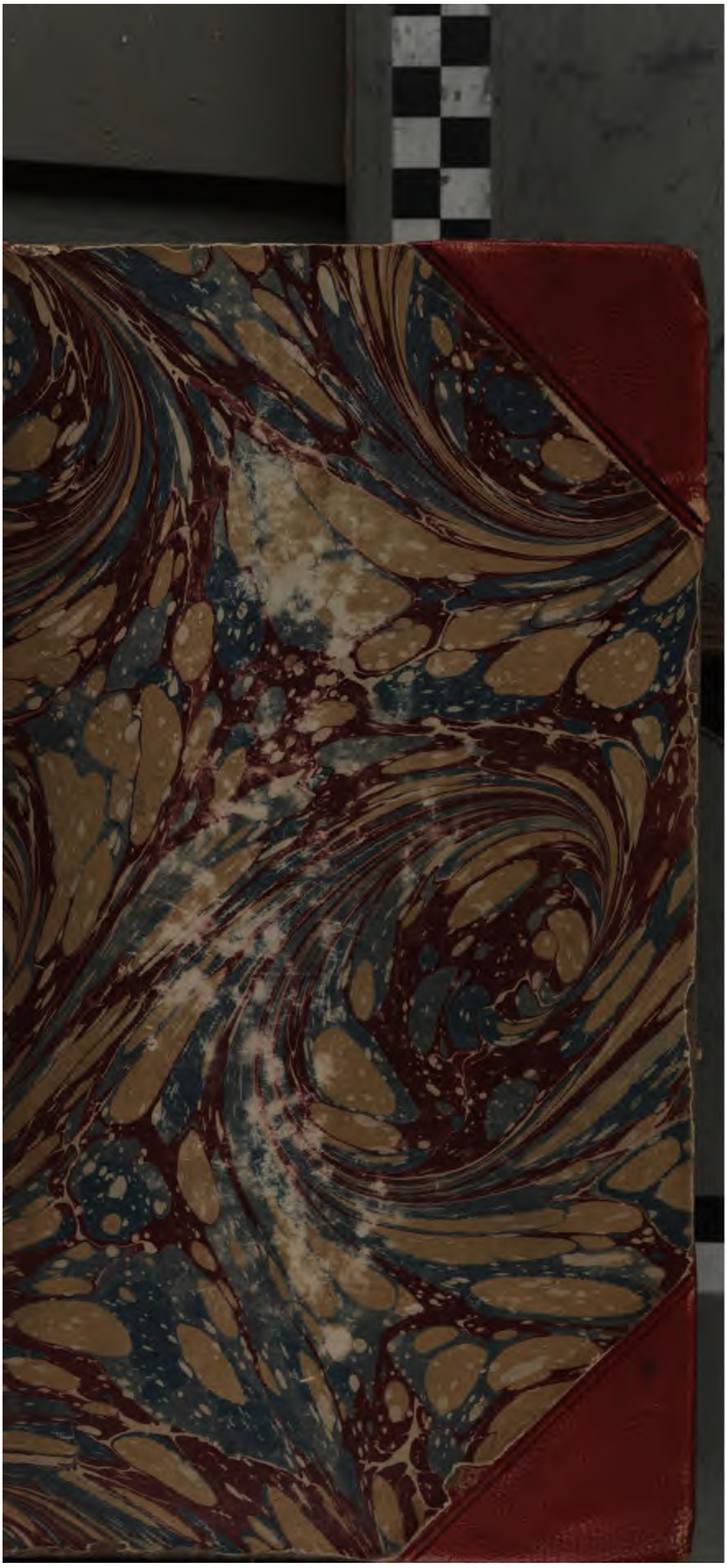

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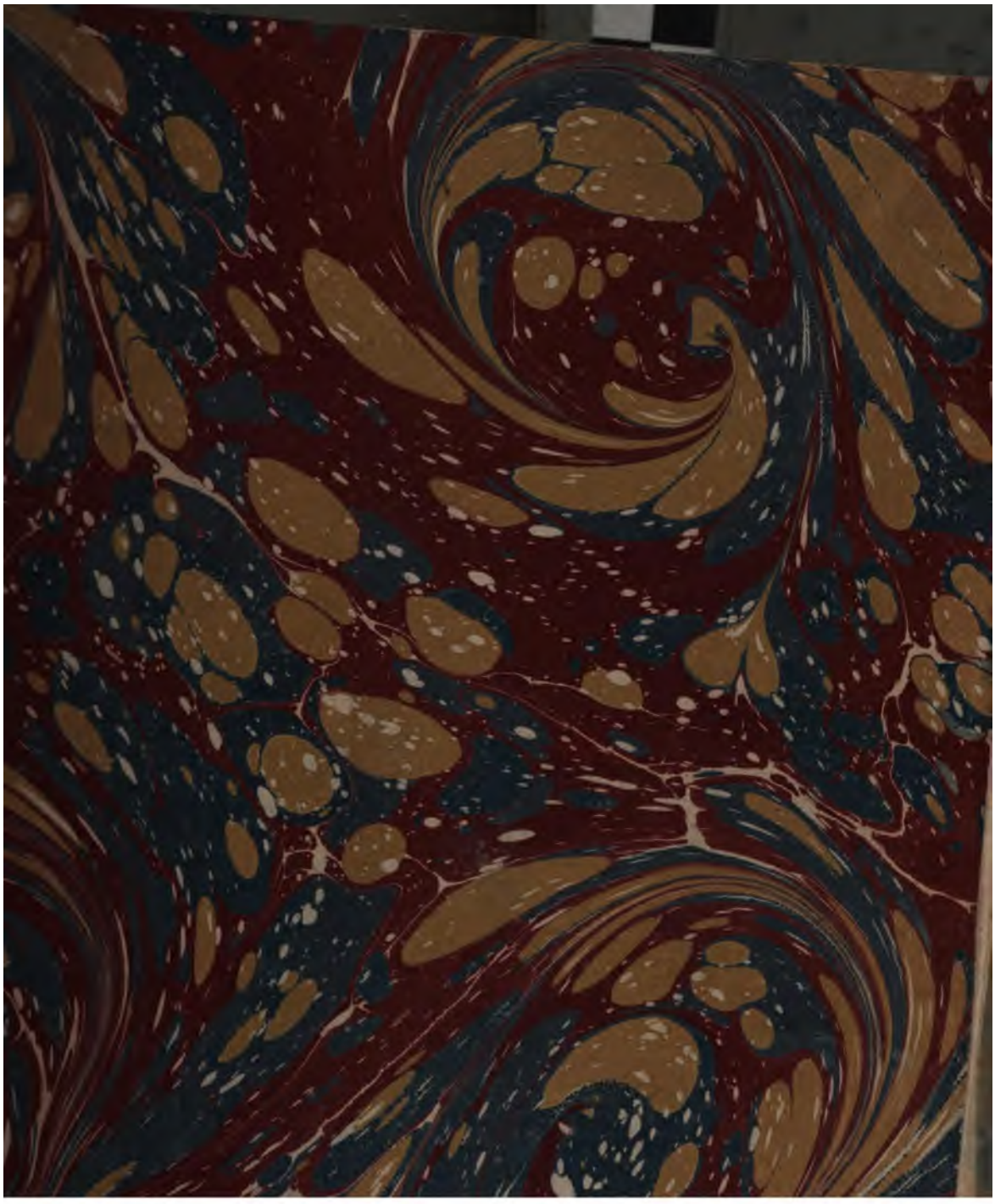

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From a Drawing made expressly for this Edition from the bust in the Church at Stratford upon Avon.

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THE WORKS

OF

SHAKESPEARE.

EDITED BY HOWARD STAUNTON.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN GILBERT:

ENGRAVED BY THE BROTHERS DALZIEL.

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PREFACE.

Of the personal history of Shakespeare, and of the usages of theatres formerly in relation to dramatic productions,[1] so little is now known, that it is impossible to say why he made no provision for the publication of his transcendent works. Whether, having written them for the stage, he was satisfied with their success in that arena, or had forfeited the power of giving them a wider circulation, or was confident enough in their merits to believe they must survive all accidents, no one probably will ever determine. All we know upon the subject is, that, unlike his learned contemporary, Jonson, he published no collection of his "Plays" as "Works," and that although some of them were printed during his life, and possibly with his sanction, there is no evidence to show that any one of them was ever corrected by his own hand. What is strange, too, of a writer so remarkable and of compositions so admired, not a poem, a play, or fragment of either, in his manuscript, has come down to us. What is still more surprising, with the exception of five or six signatures, not a word in his handwriting is known to exist!

The first collective edition of his dramas did not appear till seven years after his death. This was the famous folio of 1623, in which his "fellows" Heminge and Condell brought together rather than edited the whole of the plays, *Pericles* excepted, which are by common consent ascribed to him.

In the singular prefatory address "To the Great Variety of Readers," written, as Steevens supposed, mainly by Ben Jonson, the editors, so to call them, confess it had been a thing "worthie to have bene wished, that the Author himselfe had liv'd to have set forth, and overseen his owne writings;" though they claim credit for the care and pain they have bestowed in collecting and publishing them, so that—"where (before) *you were abus'd with*

[1] It is well ascertained that the printing of a play was considered injurious to its stage success; and although in the sale of a piece to the theatre there may have been no express contract to that effect between the vendor and vendee, the purchase apparently was understood to include, with the special right of performing such piece, the literary interest in it also. Authors, however, were not always faithful to this understanding. Thomas Heywood, in the address to the reader, prefixed to his *Rape of Lucrece*, 1608, observes, "Though some have used a double sale of their labours, first to the stage, and after to the press, for my own part, I here proclaim myself ever faithful in the first, and never guilty in the last."

Sometimes plays were printed surreptitiously without the cognizance of either the authors or the company to which they belonged, and there is an admonition directed to the Stationers' Company, in the office of the Lord Chamberlain, dated June 10, 1637, against the printing of plays, to the prejudice of the companies who had bought them:—"After my hearty commendations, Whereas complaint was heretofore presented to my dear brother and predecessor by his Majesty's servants the players, that some of the Company of Printers and Stationers had procured and printed divers of their books of Comedies, Tragedies, Interludes, Histories and the like, which they had for the special service of his Majesty, and their own use, bought and provided at very dear and high rates," &c.

Occasionally too, an author, from apprehension or in consequence of a corrupt version of his piece getting abroad, was induced to have it printed himself:—"One only thing affects me; to think, that scenes, invented merely to be spoken, should be enforcively published to be read, and that the least hurt I can receive is to do myself the wrong. But since others otherwise would do me more, the least inconvenience is to be accepted; I have therefore myself set forth this comedie," &c.—Marston's *Preface to the Malecontent*, 1604.

diverse stolne and surreptitious copies, maimed, and deformed by the frauds and stealthes of injurious impostors, that expos'd them: even those, are now offer'd to your view cur'd, and perfect of their limbes; and all the rest, absolute in their numbers, as he conceived them," and profess further to have printed at least a portion of the volume from "papers" in which they "scarse received from him a blot." By the "diverse stolne and surreptitious copies" they point evidently at the quartos; but the depreciation of those editions is merely a clap-trap to enhance the value of their own folio.[2] The facts, which are indisputable, that in many of the plays the folio text is a literal reprint of that in the quartos, even to the errors of the press, and that some of the publishers of the latter were bought off and included among the proprietors of the folio, prove that, if not absolutely authentic, the earlier copies had strong claims to accuracy and completeness.[3] The seventeen of Shakespeare's plays which appeared in the quarto form prior to the publication of the folio 1623, are: *King Richard II.*, *King Richard III.*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Love's Labour's Lost*, *Henry IV.* P. I., *Henry IV.* P. II., *Henry V.*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Much Ado about Nothing*, *Titus Andronicus*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *Hamlet*, *King Lear*, *Troilus and Cressida*, *Pericles*, and *Othello*. The folio contains the whole of the above pieces (excepting *Pericles*), which had previously appeared in print, and twenty plays besides, which, so far as we know, till that time were only in manuscript.

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[2] Malone observes that what Heminge and Condell state regarding the imperfection and mutilation of the quartos "is not strictly true of any but two of the whole number," and that in *general* the other quartos "are preferable to the exhibition of the same plays in the folio; for this plain reason, because, instead of printing these plays from a manuscript, the editors of the folio, to save labour, or from some other motive, printed the greater part of them from the very copies which they represented as maimed and imperfect, and frequently from a late, instead of the earliest edition."

[3] "It is demonstrable that Heminge and Condell printed *Much Ado About Nothing* from the quarto of 1600, omitting some short portions and words here and there, and making some trivial changes, mostly for the worse:—that they printed *Love's Labour's Lost* from the quarto of 1598, occasionally copying the old errors of the press; and though in a few instances they corrected the text, they more frequently corrupted it; spoilt the continuity of the dialogue in Act III. Sc. 1, by omitting several lines, and allowed the preposterous repetitions in Act IV. Sc. 3, and Act V. Sc. 2, to stand as in the quarto:—that their text of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* was mainly taken from Roberts's quarto,—by much the inferior of the two quartos of 1600,—its blunders being sometimes followed; and though they amended a few passages, they introduced not a few bad variations, to say nothing of their being chargeable with some small omissions:—that for *The Merchant of Venice* they used Heyes's quarto, 1600, retaining a good many of its misprints; and though in some places they improved the text, their deviations from the quarto are generally either objectionable readings, or positive errors:—that in *King Richard II.* they chiefly adhere to the quarto of 1615, copying some of its mistakes; and though they made one or two short additions, and some slight emendations, they occasionally corrupted the text, and greatly injured the tragedy by omitting sundry passages, one of which, in Act I. Sc. 3, extends to twenty-six lines:—that their text of *The First Part of King Henry IV.* is, on the whole, more faulty than that of the incorrect quarto of 1613, from which they printed the play:—that their text of *King Richard III.*, which materially differs from that of all the quartos,—now and then for the better, but oftener perhaps for the worse,—was in some parts printed from the quarto of 1602, as several corresponding errors prove, and though it has many lines not contained in any of the quartos, it leaves out a very striking and characteristic portion of the 2d scene of Act IV., and presents passages here and there which cannot be restored to sense without the assistance of the quartos:—that they formed their text of *Troilus and Cressida* on that of the quarto of 1609, from which some of their many blunders were derived; and though they made important additions in several passages, they omitted other passages, sometimes to the destruction of the sense:—that in *Hamlet*, while they added considerably to the prose-dialogue in Act II. Sc. 2, inserted elsewhere lines and words which are wanting in the quartos of 1604, &c., and rectified various mistakes of those quartos; they,—not to mention minor mutilations of the text, some of them accidental,—omitted in the course of the play about a hundred and sixty verses (including nearly the whole of the 4th scene of Act IV.), and left out a portion of the prose-dialogue in Act V. Sc. 2, besides allowing a multitude of errors to creep in *passim*:—that their text of *King Lear*, though frequently correct where the quartos are incorrect, and containing various lines and words omitted in the quartos, is, on the other hand, not only often incorrect where the quartos are correct, but is mutilated to a surprising extent,—the omissions, if we take prose and verse together, amounting to about two hundred and seventy lines, among which is an admirable portion of the 6th scene of Act III. * * * In short, Heminge and Condell made up the folio of 1623 partly from those very quartos which they denounced as worthless, and partly from manuscript stage-copies, some of which had been depraved, in not a few places, by the alterations and 'botchery of the players,' and awkwardly mutilated for the purpose of curtailing the pieces in representation."—DYCE.

This folio of 1623, then, forms the only authority we possess for above one half of Shakespeare's plays, and a very important one for the remainder which had been published before its appearance. Unhappily it is a very ill printed book; so badly edited, and so negligently "read," that it abounds not only with the most transparent typographical inaccuracies, but with readings disputable and nonsensical beyond belief. Such, indeed, are its errors and deficiencies that Mr. Knight, who professes more deference to the authority of its text than any other editor, and has gone the length of saying that "perhaps, all things considered, there never was a book so correctly printed,"[4] was constrained to abandon it in thousands of instances. The truth is, that no edition of Shakespeare founded literally on the folio would be endured by the general reader in the present day. Opinions may differ as to the extent to which the quartos are required in correcting and supplementing the players' copy; that they are invaluable for these purposes it would be the height of prejudice to deny. Some portion of the corruptions in the folio may be due to obscure or imperfect manuscript, papers originally received from the author's hands with scarce a blot, were probably much worn and soiled by years of use in the theatre, but the clusters of misprints, the ruthless disregard of metrical propriety, the absolute absurdities of punctuation, which deform this volume, too plainly indicate that it received little or no literary supervision, beyond that of the master printer who prepared it for the press.

The second folio, published in 1632, is no improvement on its predecessor in point of accuracy. It corrects a few of the most palpable typographical mistakes of the former folio; but the editor, as Malone has shown, was entirely ignorant of Shakespeare's phraseology and versification, and has left few pages undisfigured by some capricious innovations.

The third folio, bearing the date 1664, is very scarce, a large number of copies having been destroyed in the Great Fire of London, in 1666. Like the second folio, it is, as regards the acknowledged plays, merely a reprint, perpetuating the errors of the first, and adding new ones of its own. This edition, however, possesses a special interest, as it contains seven additional plays, "never before printed in folio:" viz. *Pericles Prince of Tyre; The London Prodigal; The History of Lord Cromwell; Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham; The Puritan Widow; A Yorkshire Tragedy;* and *The Tragedy of Locrine.* No one of these plays, with the exception of *Pericles,* is ever now included in the editions of Shakespeare's works, nor has any other of them a claim to such distinction.

The fourth folio of 1685 is nothing more than a reproduction of the third copy, and, like its immediate precursor, not only presents blunders of its own, but repeats the most obvious errors found in the second folio. Such were the earliest collected editions of this poet's dramas, and such the only volumes in which these dramas were accessible for nearly a hundred years after his decease. At the beginning of the eighteenth century, a

[4] The Rev. Joseph Hunter gives a different and much truer character of the folio:—"Perhaps in the whole annals of English typography there is no record of any book of any extent, and any reputation, having been dismissed from the press with less care and attention than the first folio." —Preface to *New Illustrations of Shakespeare.*

new impulse to the study of his works was given by the editions of Rowe, in 1709 and 1714, and the reviving appreciation of his genius was strikingly shown by the long succession of distinguished editors that century produced:—Pope, 1725 and 1728; Theobald, 1733 and 1740; Hanmer, 1744; Warburton, 1747; Johnson, 1765; Capell, 1768; Johnson and Steevens, 1773, and 1779; Reed, 1785; Malone, 1790; and Rann, 1786—1794.

In addition to the early printed authorities for the formation of a text, there are two manuscript claimants, whose merits and pretensions demand some notice. The first of these, a version of the First and Second Parts of *Henry IV.* which by certain omissions and modifications is compressed into a single play, formerly belonged to Sir Edward Dering, of Surrenden, Kent, and is probably the oldest manuscript copy of any play by Shakespeare known. It is annotated in the hand-writing of Sir Edward Dering, and Mr. Halliwell inclines to think it was written after 1619, when, according to the family papers, Sir Edward purchased "twenty-seven play-books for nine shillings." This manuscript is certainly curious, and it has two or three conjectural emendations which are ingenious, but it is entitled to no consideration on the score of authority, being evidently formed upon the text of the quarto, 1613.

The other, and far more pretentious claimant to a voice in the regulation of Shakespeare's text, is the now notorious Collier folio, a copy of the 1632 edition, formerly belonging to Mr. John Payne Collier, and which was sold or presented by that gentleman to the late Duke of Devonshire. Mr. Collier's account of the way this volume came into his hands, and of the circumstances under which he first became aware of its MS. treasures, is as follows:—

"In the spring of 1849 I happened to be in the shop of the late Mr. Rodd, of Great Newport Street, at the time when a package of books arrived from the country; my impression is that it came from Bedfordshire, but I am not at all certain upon a point which I looked upon as a matter of no importance. He opened the parcel in my presence, as he had often done before in the course of my thirty or forty years' acquaintance with him, and looking at the backs and title-pages of several volumes, I saw that they were chiefly works of little interest to me. Two folios, however, attracted my attention, one of them gilt on the sides, and the other in rough calf: the first was an excellent copy of Florio's 'New World of Words,' 1611, with the name of Henry Osborn (whom I mistook at the moment for his celebrated namesake, Francis) upon the first leaf; and the other a copy of the second folio of Shakespeare's Plays, much cropped, the covers old and greasy, and, as I saw at a glance on opening them, imperfect at the beginning and end. Concluding hastily that the latter would complete another poor copy of the second folio, which I had bought of the same bookseller, and which I had had for some years in my possession, and wanting the former for my use, I bought them both,—the Florio for twelve, and the Shakespeare for thirty shillings.

"As it turned out, I at first repented my bargain as regarded the Shakespeare, because, when I took it home, it appeared that two leaves which I wanted were unfit for my purpose, not merely by being too short, but damaged and defaced: thus disappointed,

I threw it by, and did not see it again, until I made a selection of books I would take with me on quitting London. In the mean time, finding that I could not readily remedy the deficiencies in my other copy of the folio, 1632, I had parted with it; and when I removed into the country with my family, in the spring of 1850, in order that I might not be without some copy of the second folio for the purpose of reference, I took with me that which is the foundation of the present work.

"It was while putting my books together for removal, that I first observed some marks in the margin of this folio; but it was subsequently placed upon an upper shelf, and I did not take it down until I had occasion to consult it. It then struck me that Thomas Perkins, whose name, with the addition of 'his Booke,' was upon the cover, might be the old actor who had performed in Marlowe's 'Jew of Malta,' on its revival shortly before 1633. At this time I fancied that the binding was of about that date, and that the volume might have been his; but in the first place, I found that his name was Richard Perkins, and in the next, I became satisfied that the rough calf was not the original binding. Still, Thomas Perkins might have been a descendant of Richard; and this circumstance and others induced me to examine the volume more particularly. I then discovered, to my surprise, that there was hardly a page which did not present, in a handwriting of the time, some emendations in the pointing or in the text, while on most of them they were frequent, and on many numerous." Preface to *Notes and Emendations, &c.*

After due announcement of the extraordinary discovery, with samples of the emendations, in the chief literary newspapers, Mr. Collier, in 1852, published his volume entitled *Notes and Emendations to the Text of Shakespeare's Plays, from early Manuscript Corrections in a copy of the Folio,* 1632, &c. &c. The annotations excited great interest, and, among those not conversant with the language of our early literature and the labours of the poet's commentators, unbounded admiration. Shakespearian scholars, however, were by no means satisfied with the history of the "corrections," or disposed to concede the authority assumed for them. The late Mr. Singer, in particular, distinguished himself by a vigorous opposition to *Notes and Emendations,* and in an able though somewhat too trenchant work, *The Text of Shakespeare Vindicated from the Interpolations and Corruptions advocated by John Payne Collier, Esq.* &c. &c. very clearly proved that many of the best of the emendations were not new, and that most of the new were uncalled for or absurd. In this estimate of the readings he was followed and supported by Mr. Knight, Mr. Halliwell, and Mr. Dyce.

In spite of this antagonism, a second edition of *Notes and Emendations* was soon published. Nearly at the same time, too, Mr. Collier brought out a Monovolume of Shakespeare's Plays, in which all the "emendations," good, bad, and indifferent, were adopted without note or comment to distinguish them from the customary text. This was followed by a volume entitled by Mr. Collier, *Seven Lectures on Shakespeare and Milton, by the late S. T. Coleridge;* containing what professed to be a list of every manuscript note and emendation in Mr. Collier's folio. And finally appeared an edition of Shakespeare's Works edited by that gentleman, in which he adopted the greater part

of the anonymous substitutions, and strenuously advocated the remainder. In the meantime, however, such sweeping changes in the text, and upon authority so questionable, became the subject of discussion and energetic protest in various quarters. Having myself, I may be permitted to say, from the first publication of *Notes and Emendations*, felt assured, by the internal evidence, that they were for the most part plagiarized from the chief Shakesperian editors and critics, and the rest of quite modern fabrication—I earnestly longed to have the writing tested. That which was a desire before, when the present book was undertaken became a necessity, and during the year 1858 I more than once communicated to Sir Frederic Madden, as the most eminent paleographer of the age, my motives for wishing that the volume should undergo inspection by persons skilled in ancient writing. Sir Frederic's official engagements at that time prevented his giving the subject the attention it perhaps merited. With the courtesy and consideration which have marked his conduct throughout this painful business, he did, however, I subsequently found, in consequence of my solicitations, apply to Mr. Collier to obtain him access to the volume. His letter, it appears, was not answered. In the spring of last year I again called upon him, and reiterated my reasons for desiring the volume should be examined, and if possible by him. This time I was more successful. Sir Frederic immediately wrote to the Duke of Devonshire, requesting permission to see the much talked of folio, and it was liberally forwarded to the British Museum for inspection by himself and friends.[5] While there, the writing was carefully examined by Sir Frederic Madden, Mr. Panizzi, Mr. Bond, Mr. T. Duffus Hardy, Professor Brewer, the Rev. Joseph Hunter, Mr. Hamilton, and other paleographers, and these gentlemen were unanimously of opinion that the MS. annotations on the margins and in the body of the book, though in an apparently antique character, were really of quite modern origin. The technical evidences upon

[5] In reply to the discreditable insinuations of Mr. Collier and his partisans, that Sir Frederic Madden was influenced by personal animosity to Mr. Collier, in the measures he has taken, and the opinion he has expressed respecting the disputed folio—Sir Frederic has published the following narrative of the circumstances which led to the book being placed in his hands:—

"During the summer and autumn of 1858 Dr. Mansfield Ingleby and Mr. Staunton had called more than once on me, to ask my opinion of the genuineness of the notes of the 'Old Corrector,' as printed by Mr. Collier, and also at the same time to express their opinion, from internal evidence, that the notes were of recent origin. So far from my having at that time 'aided the case' against Mr. Collier, as falsely asserted by him (p. 70 of his Reply), I call upon the two gentlemen above named to bear witness whether I did not express my great surprise at their statement, and manifest the utmost unwillingness to believe that so large a body of notes could have been fabricated, or, if fabricated, could escape detection. These interviews, however, led me to address a request to Mr. Collier, on Sept. 6, 1858, that he would procure me a sight of the Folio, which of itself ought to prove that I could at that time have entertained no doubt of his integrity in the matter. To this request I never received any answer, nor indeed, to the best of my belief, did Mr. Collier write to me at all subsequently; and, although I thought it strange, yet I certainly never took offence at it. I resolved, however, in my own mind, to prefer my request to the Duke of Devonshire himself; but official and other business constantly interfered to prevent my carrying out my intention until May 1859, when Professor Bodenstedt was introduced to me by Mr. Watts of the Museum, and having expressed his great desire to see the Collier Folio, I promised them to gratify, if possible, their and my own wishes on the subject, as well as to give several of my Shakesperian friends an opportunity of examining the volume. Accordingly, on the 13th of May, I wrote to the Duke, requesting the loan of the volume for a short time, and by his grace's liberality it was sent to me on the 26th of the same month, late in the day. In the evening of the same day I wrote letters to Professor Bodenstedt, the Rev. A. Dyce, Mr. W. J. Thoms (a friend of Mr. Collier), and I believe Mr. Staunton, inviting them to see the volume.

"Having thus succeeded in obtaining the volume, my next step was to examine it critically on paleographic grounds, and this I did on the following morning very carefully, together with Mr. Bond, the Assistant-Keeper of my Department, and we were both struck with the very suspicious character of the writing—certainly the work of one hand, but presenting varieties of form assignable to different periods—the evident *painting over* of many of the letters, and the artificial look of the ink. The day had not passed before I had quite made up my mind that the 'Old Corrector' never lived in the seventeenth century, but that the notes were fabricated at a recent period."

which this decision was founded were immediately made public in a letter from Mr. Hamilton to the *Times* newspaper. The most striking of these were "an infinite number of faint pencil-marks and corrections on the margins, in obedience to which the supposed old corrector had made his emendations," which pencil-marks, without even a pretence to antiquity in character or spelling, but written in a bold hand of the present century, can sometimes be distinctly seen underneath the quasi-antique notes themselves. To the very grave and inevitable inferences supplied by this remarkable discovery, Mr. Collier replied in a letter to the same Journal, that he "never made a single pencil-mark on the pages of the book, excepting crosses, ticks, or lines, to direct [his] attention to particular emendations." That he had shown and sworn that the volume in its present annotated state, was formerly in the possession of a gentleman named Parry. That soon after the discovery of the folio, he had produced it before the Council of the Shakespeare Society, and at two or three assemblies of the Society of Antiquaries. That he had given, not sold the volume, as had been stated in some newspapers, to the late Duke of Devonshire, and unless before a proper legal tribunal he would not submit to say another word in print upon the subject.

A letter followed in the *Times* from Mr. Maskelyne, *Keeper of the Mineral Department*, in the British Museum, which stated that on examination of the writing by means of a microscope, the existence of the pencil-marks mentioned by Mr. Hamilton is indisputable; that in some cases these pencillings underlie the ink, and that the ink, though apparently at times it has become mixed with ordinary ink, in its prevailing character is nothing more than a paint formed perhaps of sepia, or of sepia mixed with a little Indian ink. The publicity given to the investigation induced Mr. Parry, the gentleman cited by Mr. Collier as the former owner of the folio, to call at the British Museum to recognise his old possession. On seeing the volume, he at once denied not only that it was the book formerly his, but that it had ever been shown to him by Mr. Collier.[6] Some further controversy ensued which need not be detailed, and the question of the genuineness of the writing was warmly discussed both in the leading English and American papers. Shortly after the appearance of Mr. Hamilton's letter to the *Times*, a clever little work upon the subject by Dr. Ingleby, called *The Shakespeare Fabrications, or the Manuscript Notes of the Perkins Folio shown to be of recent Origin*, &c. was published. In this *opusculum* Mr. Collier's conduct in relation to the discovered volume was so severely handled, and the charge of complicity in the fabrications so plainly brought home to him, that his friends deemed it proper to announce that the volume was undergoing a careful examination by "four eminent antiquaries." As the result of this perquisition has not been made known, we may infer that these four gentlemen found nothing to invalidate the verdict passed upon the writing by the authorities who had preceded them in the task. A few months later Mr. Hamilton published his long promised

[6] Curiously enough, Mr. Parry, in searching through his library subsequently, has discovered a fly-leaf belonging to his lost folio, and on comparing it with the Collier volume, it is found to be a quarter of an inch too short, and a quarter of an inch too broad to match the latter. This substantiates the declaration of Mr. Parry when he first saw the Collier folio at the British Museum, that his book was wider than the one stated to have been his, and proves beyond future cavil that the Collier and the Parry folio were not the same.

pamphlet, *An Inquiry into the Genuineness of the Manuscript Corrections in Mr. J. Payne Collier's Annotated Shakespeare, folio,* 1632, &c. In this work he not only recapitulates all the former evidence against the Collier folio annotations, but publishes the result of an examination of certain other documents connected with Shakespeare, which Mr. Collier professed to have discovered in Devonshire House; among the archives of Lord Ellesmere, at Bridgewater House; in Dulwich College; and in the State Paper Office, proving, what had long been suspected, that a systematic series of Shakespearian forgeries has been perpetrated of late years, and apparently by one hand.

To the additional charges of uninquisitive credulity, not to say positive imposition, suggested in this "Inquiry," Mr. Collier has published a formal "Reply." In this reply he fails entirely to grapple with the main question at issue; he brings no evidence to rebut the technical and professional testimony against the impeached documents. He does not even propose the obvious course to any one circumstanced as he is, who believed the papers genuine—that of submitting them to the scrutiny of an authoritative tribunal of literary men and paleographers. Beyond the indulgence of much ill-judged personality against those gentlemen, who from a sense of duty have brought the subject before the public, he contents himself with a simple denial of culpability, an ignoring of the most palpable facts, and an appeal *ad misericordiam.*

But enough of this disreputable topic. Without taking into account these "New Particulars," the value of which will be more fittingly considered in the Memoir that follows, we may rest satisfied that the authority of the Collier folio is at an end. Such of its readings as are of worth will be restored to their rightful owners, for the paternity of nearly all such is known; and the rest will speedily find the oblivion they so well deserve.

A few words may be desirable to explain the principle which has been followed in the present attempt to supply the best text of Shakespeare which the means at command allow. It has before been stated that we possess no play or poem, or even fragment of one, in the poet's writing. The early printed copies of his works are therefore the sole authority for what he wrote, and an accurate collation of them becomes the first and indispensable business of a modern editor. This portion of my duty has been performed at least with care, I hope with fidelity. Not only have I collated the quarto editions with the folio; but the former, where more than one of the same play existed, with themselves; and then, both quarto and folio with the best editions of modern times.[7]

Having mastered and noted the *variæ lectiones* in the old copies, the task of selection in a play found only in the folios was not difficult, the first copy, 1623, being in almost all cases preferable to the subsequent impressions. Where, however, a play exists both in quarto and folio form, and there are more than one edition of it in quarto, and, as is always the case, each copy abounds in corruptions, the choice is embarrassing. In these instances, taking the first folio as the basis of the text throughout, and when substituting a letter,

[7] The modern editions consulted are Rowe's, Pope's, Theobald's, Hanmer's, Warburton's, Johnson's and Steevens's. Those collated, Capell's, Malone's, Knight's, Collier's, and Dyce's; the two last-named, however, having appeared after great part of the present work was published, were available only for a portion of the plays.

word, or passage from any other source, always showing the folio reading in a note, I have trusted sometimes to the judgment of my predecessors, and occasionally to the dictates of my own. As a general rule it may be affirmed, that as in the folios, the first is freer from errors than the second, the second than the third, &c., so the earlier quartos exhibit a better text than the later ones, and, since the folio often prints from these later ones, of course in such cases a better one than the folio. When everything has been done in the shape of comparison which time, unwearied industry, and commodious access to old editions will allow, and when the labour of selecting from so many authorities in so many thousand instances has been fully accomplished, it is surprising how much remains to do. Dr. Johnson, after enumerating the various circumstances which tended to the corruption of Shakespeare's text, observes, "It is not easy for invention to bring together so many causes concurring to vitiate a text. No other author ever gave up his works to fortune and time with so little care; no books could be left in hands so likely to injure them, as plays frequently acted, yet continued in manuscript; no other transcribers were likely to be so little qualified for their task, as those who copied for the stage, at a time when the lower ranks of the people were universally illiterate; no other editions were made from fragments so minutely broken, and so fortuitously re-united; and in no other age was the art of printing in such unskilful hands." With a text thus pitiably depraved, it is not surprising that when collation is exhausted there should hardly be a page which does not present passages either dubious or positively corrupt. In those of the former category my rule has been to give the original lection in the text, but, as old Fuller well says, that "conjectures, if mannerly observing their distance, and not imprudently intruding themselves for certainties, deserve, if not to be received, to be considered,"—I have subjoined the emendations proposed by other commentators with my own, in the margin. The remedy for those of the latter class, I sought firstly in the modern editions, and did not often seek in vain. When they failed to rectify the error, recourse was had to my own sagacity. In no instance, however, has any deviation from the authentic copies been adopted without the change being notified. Mindful, too, of the Roman sentiment quoted by Johnson, "that it is more honourable to save a citizen than to destroy an enemy," I have in most cases, unless the emendation is indisputable on the ground of internal evidence, retained the ancient reading, and placed the proposed correction in a note. On the same principle, I have in some important instances, by citing examples of the disputed expression from Shakespeare himself, or from the authors he read, succeeded in restoring words found in the original, but which have been banished from all subsequent editions.

After exhibiting what Shakespeare wrote, according to the ancient copies, and the best modern glosses thereon, I have endeavoured, with the aid of those who have preceded me in the same task, and to the extent of a long familiarity with the literature and customs of his day, to explain his obscurities, to disentangle his intricacies, and to illustrate his allusions. In this attempt, the amount of reference and quotation will be seen to have been very great. It has, however, been much greater than it appears, since, with a few

exceptions where the books or MSS. were unattainable, every extract throughout the work has been made at first hand. This is a circumstance I should have thought undeserving notice, but that in a standard edition of Shakespeare, like the *Variorum* of 1821, I have not found one quotation in ten without an error.

For the rest, it may suffice in this brief sketch of my plan to add, that by a careful regulation of the pointing, in some passages the lost sense has been retrieved, and in others the meaning has been rendered more conspicuous.

H. STAUNTON.

April, 1860.[8]

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[8] *Suum cuique.* As some few of my readings have received the honour of adoption by more than one editor of Shakespeare, lately, the date above without explanation might expose me to the censure of plagiarism. I shall be forgiven therefore for stating that the present work was begun in Nov. 1857, and has been published month by month in parts up to the first of May, 1860.

SOME ACCOUNT

OF

THE LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE.

For such of the information on Shakespeare's personal history as can be deemed authentic, we are chiefly indebted to modern research. No memoir of him was published in his own time, nor do the several "Commendatory" effusions of which his contemporaries and immediate successors made him the object, imply that their writers knew aught of him except as a poet. Writing nearly a century after Shakespeare's death, Rowe was only able to fill six or seven pages with personal matter; a great portion of his "Life" being devoted to criticism. He derived his memorials from the famous actor, Betterton, who was born in 1635;[1] and what he did was serviceable as a nucleus for more extended treatises; but Betterton ought to have known Shakespeare's private history better, than from Rowe's meagre and questionable narrative he appears to have done, since he was intimately associated with Sir William Davenant (born in 1605), and was apprenticed to a bookseller named Rhodes, who in his younger days was wardrobe-keeper to the theatre in Blackfriars.

From the time of Rowe to that of Malone, great part of another century, though editions of Shakespeare's works were issued by the most distinguished literary characters of the period, and much was done to increase our knowledge of the poet, very little was added to our enlightenment respecting the man. A few odd scraps and memoranda picked out of Aubrey, Oldys, Wood and others, spring up here and there among their notes and illustrations; but of a comprehensive biography we find no trace.[2] In 1790, however, Malone published a *Life of Shakespeare*, for which, although the time for collecting accounts of private occurrences in the poet's career had passed away, every available source of intelligence regarding his public course was industriously and profitably examined. Guided by this luminary, whose services, whether as biographer or commentator, have never been adequately acknowledged, other inquirers, as Messrs. Dyce, Halliwell, Collier, and Knight, have gone over the same field, each adding something to our scanty store of information on the subject. With materials derived from these authorities, the following sketch, containing an abstract of the most essential particulars really ascertained concerning his origin, family, life, property, and character, has been compiled.

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[1] "I must own a particular obligation to him [Betterton], for the most considerable part of the passages relating to this life, which I have here transmitted to the publick; his veneration for the memory of Shakspeare having engaged him to make a journey into Warwickshire on purpose to gather up what remains he could of a name for which he had so great a veneration."—Rowe's *Life of Shakspeare.*

[2] "All that insatiable curiosity and unwearied diligence have hitherto detected about Shakespeare, serves rather to disappoint and perplex us, than to furnish the slightest illustration of his character. It is not the register of his baptism, or the draft of his will, or the orthography of his name that we seek. No letter of his writing, no record of his conversation, no character of him drawn with any fullness by a contemporary, has been produced."—Hallam's *Introduction to the Literature of Europe*, ii. 176, 1843.

The family of Shakespeare, Rowe says, "as appears by the register and publick writings relating to that town [Stratford-upon-Avon], were of good figure and fashion there, and are mentioned as gentlemen." This is an error. The register styles none of the family "gentleman" except the poet himself, and even he is so distinguished only after he had returned to his native place with the glory and fortune acquired by his genius and talents. Nor is it probable that his father was originally a Stratford man. Many families of the name had long been settled in different parts of Warwickshire; as at Warwick,[3] Knowle, Rowington, Wroxhall, Hampton, Lapworth, Nuneaton and Kineton. To which of these branches the dramatist belonged, was until recently an insoluble problem. It has now been pretty clearly established, by the researches of Mr. Collier and Mr. Halliwell, that his father, John Shakespeare, was a son of Richard Shakespeare, of Snitterfield, a village three or four miles from Stratford. The evidence in favour of this descent consists in the facts, that the said Richard was a tenant of Robert Arden, whose daughter John Shakespeare married, and that the poet's uncle, Henry Shakespeare, resided at Snitterfield; but this discovery, if such it may be termed, throws little light upon the family itself, and affords no assistance in our endeavours to ascertain from which particular stock the poet's branch descended. With reference to the status of the family, it appears to have been of the class of small farmers in the villages, and of respectable shopkeepers in the towns; no proof having been found, that any public honour or private fortune was ever acquired by its members.[4]

About 1551, John Shakespeare, the father of William, settled in some kind of occupation at Stratford-upon-Avon. There is clear proof that he lived in Henley Street, where the dramatist is supposed to have been born, as early as 1552.[5] In 1556, we find him in the registers of the bailiff's court described as a *glover;* at the same time he was evidently engaged in agricultural pursuits, since he is mentioned in a deed bearing that date as "John Shakespeare, of Stratford-upon-Avon, in the county of Warwick, *yeoman.*" Aubrey says he was a butcher:[6] according to Rowe, he was "a considerable dealer in wool."[7] It would be a material addition to our knowledge of William Shakespeare, if the standing and means of his father could be accurately determined. We could then understand, in some degree, what is now extremely doubtful, the manner in which the dramatist was bred and educated. From the slender facts before us, we can only suppose, that John Shakespeare was the son of a respectable farmer at Snitterfield; that he came into the borough of Stratford with a moderate inheritance at his command, and then entered into business as a local merchant; dealing in wool, gloves, timber,

[3] From the Surrey book of the Manor of Warwick, and from the Muniments at Warwick Castle, we know that a Thomas Shakespeare was possessed of lands and tenements in Warwick, in 1594.

[4] The word *Shakespeare* has been made a subject of some discussion, perhaps more than it deserves. Guided by fac-similes of original signatures, in some cases wrongly traced, certain editors have endeavoured to give the name in the poet's own fashion. The old familiar *Shakespeare* has thus become converted into *Shackspeare, Shakspeare,* and *Shakspere.* This seems a purely idle fancy. The art of spelling was in a very primitive condition at the time of Shakespeare's signing his name, and, if he had wished to attain great accuracy in his own signature, as some of his literary sponsors have done since, he would not have found it an object very easy of accomplishment. In the different records of Warwickshire, the word is spelt in innumerable ways, appearing for instance, as Shaxper, Shaxpeer, Shakspere, Schakespere, Schakespeire, Chacsper, Shakespeyre, and Shakespeere. Whatever may have been the root and original meaning of the word (a point perhaps less obvious than the multitude supposed), it has always been held to signify a race of speare shakers, or warriors. That the poet's contemporaries interpreted it in this sense, is shown in Greene having sarcastically designated Shakespeare the only "Shake-scene," and in Ben Jonson having said of him,

"Look how the father's face
Lives in his issue; even so the race
Of Shakespeare's mind and manners brightly shines
In his well-torned and true-filed lines;
In each of which he seems to *shake a lance,*
As brandish'd at the eyes of ignorance."

Using an authority as ancient as the human imagination, Verstegan, in his *Restitution of Decayed Intelligence,* explains the word in the following grave sentence:—

"Breakspear, Shakspear and the lyke have byn surnames imposed upon the first bearers of them for valour and feates of armes."

Without implicitly assenting to this doctrine, as concerns the name in question, we may fairly act upon it so far as to spell the word in accordance with its asserted root,—Shakespeare—which seems the least affected as well as most correct practice that can be followed.

[5] From a Court Roll, dated April 29th, 1552, preserved in the Record Office, by which we learn that he with others incurred a fine of xijd. for a *sterquinarium* before his dwelling "in Hendley Strete *contra ordinationem curiæ.*"

[6] "His [William Shakespeare's] father was a butcher." —AUBREY'S *MSS. Mus. Ashmol. Oxon.*

[7] ROWE'S *Life of Shakespeare.*

corn and perhaps cattle. In 1557, he married Mary, daughter of Robert Arden, of Wilmecote,[8] receiving with her an estate called Ashbies, estimated to have comprised about fifty-six acres of land, and the sum of £6 13*s.* 4*d.*; together with the interest in two tenements at Snitterfield. Whatever our uncertainty regarding the rank of the Shakespeares; that of the Ardens is not doubtful. They had been landed proprietors in the parish of Aston Cantlowe for more than a century before the marriage of Shakespeare's father. They were connected with John Arden, Esquire for the Body to Henry VII.[9] On the maternal side, then, the poet was unquestionably descended from a family of long standing among that class,—the yeoman-squires of England,—who, cultivating their own estates, enjoyed perhaps a larger admixture of comfort and independence than any other of the population.

At the period of his marriage, the circumstances of John Shakespeare appear to have been prosperous. On the 2d of October, 1556, a year before he wedded Mary Arden, he purchased the copyhold of a house in Green-hill Street, and of another in Henley Street: the former having a garden and croft attached to it; the latter only a garden. He became a member of the Corporation in 1557, and in the same year was chosen Ale-taster, "an officer appointed in every court-leet, and sworn to look to the assize and goodness of bread, or ale, or beer, within the precincts of that lordship." In 1558 he was appointed one of the four constables. In 1559 he was chosen one of the four affeerors, empowered to determine the fines for offences against the bye-laws of the corporation. He was elected one of the chamberlains in 1561, and in 1565 he became alderman. From Michaelmas, 1568, to the same period of 1569, he held the chief borough office of bailiff, and in 1571 he was elected chief alderman.[10] It is reasonable to suppose, that while attaining these successive municipal distinctions, his worldly condition was easy if not affluent; but subsequent to the year 1575, in which he purchased two other houses in Henley Street, his affairs appear to have declined. In 1578 he and his wife mortgaged the estate of Ashbies to Edmund Lambert;[11] and shortly after their interest in the tenements at Snitterfield was parted with. About this time, too, John Shakespeare's attendance at the corporation became irregular. On the 19th of November, 1578, when it was required that every alderman should pay fourpence a week for the relief of the poor, John Shakespeare and Robert Bratt were exempted from the tax. In March 1578-9, when an amount of money was levied on the inhabitants of Stratford for the purchase of arms, his name occurs as a defaulter. On "Jan. 19, 28 Eliz." the return to a *distringas*, was—"quod prædictus Johannes Shackspere nihil habet unde distringi potest. Ideo fiat capias versus eundem Johannem Shackspere," &c. The following month, and again in March, a *capias* was issued against him; and in the same year another person was chosen alderman in his stead, the reason assigned being, that he "dothe not come to the halles, nor hathe not done of longe tyme." Nor are these the only indications of his fallen fortune. On "Mar. 29, 29 Eliz." he produced a writ of *habeas corpus* in the Stratford Court of Record,—"Johannes Shakesper protulit breve dominæ reginæ de habeas corpus cum causa," &c.; from which it is conjectured he was then in custody for debt.

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[8] "She was the youngest of the seven daughters of Robert Arden by his first wife, whose maiden name is not known. His second wife, Agnes Arden, was the widow of a person named Hill: her maiden name was Webbe." —DYCE.

[9] "There is no good proof that the Robert Arden, Groom of the Chamber to Henry VII., and rewarded by that sovereign, a fact which appears from the Patent Rolls of that reign, was related to the Ardens of Wilmecote; but there can be little doubt, from the identity of coat-armour, that the latter were connected with the John Arden, Esquire for the Body to Henry VII., whose will, dated in 1526, would appear to show that the King had honoured him with visits." — HALLIWELL'S *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 17, folio ed.

[10] In 1570, he occupied a small farm called Ingon, or Ington, Meadow, for which, with its appurtenances, he paid a rent of £8 yearly. The land was only fourteen acres in extent, so that a house was probably included.

[11] Joan Arden, the sister of Mary Shakespeare, was married to an Edward Lambert.

Reversing the customary order of things, John Shakespeare, in 1596, when nearly seventy years of age, and apparently in embarrassed circumstances, applied to the Herald's College for a grant of arms. His application was successful: Dethick, the Garter King of Arms, made the grant in 1597; and a second grant, authorizing the arms of Arden to be impaled on the coat, was made by Dethick and Camden in 1599. Drafts of these two grants are still preserved: that of 1597 says, "being therefore solicited, and by credible report informed that John Shakespeare of Stratford-upon-Avon in the counte of Warwick, *whose parents and late antecessors* were for their valeant and faithfull service advanced and rewarded by the most prudent prince King Henry the Seventh of famous memorie, sythence which time they have continewed at those parts in good reputacion and credit, and that the said John having maryed Mary daughter and one of the heyrs of Robert Arden of Wilmcote, in the said counte, gent. In consideration whereof and for the encouragement of his posterite, to whom theyse achevments maie desend by the auncient custom and lawes of Armes, I have therefore assigned, graunted, &c. &c." This would be a gratifying piece of the family history were it trustworthy, but unfortunately it is of very doubtful credit. Such expressions as those respecting Shakespeare's antecessors are no guarantee that the valiant services rendered to Henry the Seventh, were any beyond the most menial offices. Independently too of this drawback, we have the evidence itself on the word of a very suspicious witness. Dethick was at a subsequent period charged, among various miscellaneous offences, with having granted arms to persons whose circumstances and position did not warrant the distinction; and this grant to John Shakespeare was one of the cases cited against him. In reply to this particular portion of the charges, he and his colleague, in "The Answer of Garter and Clarencieux Kinges of Armes, to a libellous Scrawle against certain Arms supposed to be wrongfully given," say that "the persone to whom it was granted had borne magestracy, and was justice of peace at Stratford-upon-Avon; he married the daughter and heire of Arderne, and was able to maintaine that estate."

Moreover, at the bottom of the first draft, made in 1597, Dethick had attached the following memorandum:—"This John hath a patierne thereof [*i.e.* a blazon of the arms] under Clarenc Cookes hand in paper XX years past. A justice of peace, and was baylife, officer and cheffe of the town of Stratford-upon-Avon, XV or XVI years past. That he hathe landes and tenementes of good wealth and substance, £500. That he married a daughter and heyre of Arden, a Gent. of Worship." The most curious part of this note is the reference to a prior grant twenty years before, in the time of Clarence Cooke. But no confirmation of Dethick's statement on this point has ever been found, and the story is generally regarded as fabulous. The received opinion, indeed, now is, that John Shakespeare had no hand in the business, beyond lending his name; that no arms were either sought or obtained in 1576, and that they were applied for in 1596 by, or at least for, the then opulent poet, William Shakespeare.[12]

In 1597, John Shakespeare and his wife filed a bill in Chancery, to recover the estate of Ashbies, against John Lambert, son of Edmund Lambert, to whom we have seen they mortgaged the property for the sum of £40 in 1578, conditionally, that it should revert to them if they repaid the money advanced on or before Michaelmas day, 1580. The money in discharge was duly tendered, according to the declaration of the plaintiffs, but was refused unless other monies in which they were indebted to the mortgagee were also paid. In answer

[12] "In all probability John Shakespeare sought this distinction at the instance of his son William, whose profession of actor prohibited him from directly soliciting it for himself: and we certainly need not doubt that before 1599 the prosperity of the son had secured the father, during the remainder of his days, against any recurrence of those difficulties which had so long beset him."—DYCE, *Life of Shakespeare.*

to the bill, John Lambert denied that the £40 had been tendered; and maintained, that by the death of his father, he was legally entitled to the estate. This answer was followed by a replication on the part of John and Mary Shakespeare, reiterating their former declaration of the tender and refusal of the £40 within the period specified. In what way the suit terminated is not known, but it is supposed to have been settled by private arrangement.

According to Rowe, John and Mary Shakespeare had ten children, and to this circumstance he ascribes the father's incapability of giving the poet a "better education than his own employment."[13] The register of Stratford makes the number only eight. Rowe's error probably arose from the fact of there being another John Shakespeare at Stratford, who in November, 1584, married Margery Roberts, and had three children, born respectively in 1588, 1590 and 1591.[14] Adopting the baptismal register as our guide, the following are found to have been the offspring of John and Mary Shakespeare:—

1. Joan,	baptized	Sept. 15th, 1558
2. Margaret,	—	Dec. 2d, 1562.
3. William,	—	April 26th, 1564.
4. Gilbert,	—	Oct. 13th, 1566.
5. Joan,	—	April 15th, 1569.
6. Anne,	—	Sept. 28th, 1571.
7. Richard,	—	March 11, 1573-4.
8. Edmund,	—	May 3d, 1580.

Of these children, the first Joan is supposed to have lived but a few months. Margaret and Anne are known to have died young; Gilbert, the second Joan, Richard, and Edmund I shall have occasion to mention hereafter.

From the defective manner in which ancient registers were kept—an imperfection not completely remedied until the passing of the present Registration Act—we have no certain knowledge of the day when William Shakespeare was born. The record of his baptism in the register stands as follows,—"1564, April 26, Gulielmus filius Johannes [*sic*] Shakspere;" and tradition tells us he first saw the light on the 23d of the month, three days before he was baptized.[15] A house in Henley Street has always been regarded as that in which he was born, and the legend is supported by evidence of considerable weight. His father appears to have resided in Henley Street nearly if not all his Stratford life.[16] His descendants, the Harts, lived there after him.[17] It is probable that they successively occupied the same house.

Of William Shakespeare's boyhood,[18] of his pursuits up to leaving Stratford, or of the

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[13] *Life of Shakspeare.*

[14] It has been ascertained that the second John Shakespeare was a shoemaker, and no way related to the father of the dramatist. He is always mentioned in the parish records as plain John Shakespeare, whereas the poet's father is designated Mr. John Shakespeare, a title due to his municipal standing, if not to his position in other respects. There is also evidence to prove that the shoemaker was much the younger man of the two.

[15] "The Rev. Joseph Greene, who was master of the free-school at Stratford, several years ago made some extracts from the register of that parish, which he afterwards gave to the late James West, Esq. They were imperfect, and in other respects not quite accurate. In the margin of this paper Mr. Greene has written, opposite the entry relative to our poet's baptism, '*Born on the 23d;*' but for this, as I conceive, his only authority was the inscription on Shakespeare's tomb—'Obiit ano Do. 1616, Ætates 53, die 23 Ap.' which, however, renders the date here assigned for his birth sufficiently probable."—MALONE.

[16] It is proved by a deed bearing date 14 August, 1591, that John Shakespeare then lived in Henley Street. This is a deed of conveyance from George Badger to John Couch of a messuage or tenement situate in a certain street called Henley Street, "between the house of Robert Johnson on the one part *and the house* of John Shakespeare on the other."

[17] Another deed, dated 1647, mentions "all that messuage or tenement with thappurtenances scituate and beinge in Stratford upon Avon aforesaid in a certen streete there called Henley Streete commonly called or knowne by the name of the Maidenhead, and now or late in the tenure of John Rutter or his assignes; and all that other messuage or tenements scituate and beinge in Henley Streete aforesaid *now or late in the tenure of Thomas Hart, and adjoyninge unto the said messuage or tenement called the Maidenhead.*"

[18] When Shakespeare was only nine weeks' old, the plague broke out at Stratford, and raged with such malignity, that in half a year, two hundred and thirty-eight deaths were recorded in a population that did not then reach fifteen hundred. Happily, the part of the town where Shakespeare's family resided escaped the visitation of this destructive epidemic.

motive which prompted that step, nothing positive is known. The first of his immediate successors who collected any particulars of his life was the "inveterate gossip" Aubrey, who, writing about 1680, tells us that he was the son of a butcher; adding, "and I have been told heretofore by some of the neighbours that when he was a boy he exercised his father's trade, but when he kill'd a calfe, he wold doe it in a high style, and make a speech."[19] It is well ascertained that his father was not a butcher, but it is remarkable that the very next account we meet with says the son was. On April the 10th, 1693, one Dowdall addressed to Mr. Southwell a small treatise which the latter has endorsed, "Description of severall places in Warwickshire." In this, after describing the monumental inscription over the poet's grave in Stratford Church, the writer observes: "The clarke that shew'd me this church is above 80 years old: he says that this Shakespear was formerly in this towne bound apprentice to a butcher, but that he run from his master to London and there was received into the play house as a serviture, and by this meanes had an opportunity to be what he afterwards prov'd."

Rowe's statement, that he was for some time sent to the Free-school,[20] is probably true. There no doubt he acquired the general rudiments of education; comprising the "small Latin and less Greek," to his possession of which, in after life, Ben Jonson bears testimony.[21]

The most interesting known circumstance in connection with Shakespeare's youth, is the custom that then prevailed of encouraging theatrical representations in provincial towns. The accounts of the Stratford chamberlains contain several notices of official money having been paid for such performances; and Willis, a contemporary of Shakespeare, born in the same year, says, in his *Mount Tabor*, "When players of enterludes come to towne, they first attend the mayor, to enform him what noblemans servants they are, and so to get licence for their publique playing; and if the mayor like the actors, or would shew respect to their lord and master, he appoints them to play their first play before himself and the aldermen and common counsel of the city; and that is called the mayors play, where every one that will comes in without money, the mayor giving the players a reward as hee thinks fit, to shew respect unto them.' It appears from the records which have been preserved, that this usage was of frequent observance at Stratford; and curiously enough, the first reference to it is in 1569, the year when John Shakespeare was bailiff; his son William being then five years of age, and probably a delighted spectator of the performance. The entries in the chamberlains' account that apply to the period of his residence at Stratford are as follows:—"1569. payed to the Quene's players £9. Item, for the Quenes provysyon 3*s.* 4*d.* Item, to the Erle of Worcesters pleers 1*s.*" Four years are then skipped over, when we meet with, "1573. paid Mr. Bayly for the Erle of Lecesters players 5*s.* 8*d.*" Then, after another interval of three years, "1576. Geven my Lord of Warwicke players 18*s.* Paid the Earle of Worceter players 5*s.* 8*d.*" The entries then become more frequent, companies of performers having been retained at the public expense, twice in 1577, twice in 1579, once in 1580, twice in 1581, once each in 1582 and 3, and three times in 1584. These are all the items that relate to the present inquiry; but the whole are of interest as displaying the state of a country town in Shakespeare's time, and one of later date, 1622, "payd the Kinges players for *not* playing in the hall 6*s.*" is of ominous significance, as showing into what straits the drama fell when Puritanism began to raise its shaven, dismal

[19] Mr. Raine conjectured that Aubrey was here alluding to an old semi-dramatic entertainment called *Killing the Calf*, in which the actor, behind a door or screen, by means of ventriloquism, went through a pretended performance of slaughtering a calf.

[20] The free-school of Stratford was founded by Thomas Jolyffe, in the reign of Edward IV., and subsequently chartered by Edward VI. The successive masters from 1572 to 1578, the period during which it may be presumed that Shakespeare was a scholar there, were Thomas Hunt and Thomas Jenkins.

[21] Aubrey, *Mss. Mus. Ashmol. Oxon.*, states, on the authority of a Mr. "Beeston," that Shakespeare "understode Latine pretty well, for he had been in his youngest yeares a schoolmaster in the countrey."

countenance. We see in these numerous entries the means by which Shakespeare may have acquired his first taste for dramatic pursuits; and who shall say that it was not an acquaintance with one of these companies of players that first took him to London?

Another circumstance which may possibly have exercised an influence on his after life was Queen Elizabeth's celebrated visit to the Castle of Kenilworth. This took place in the summer of 1575, when Shakespeare was between eleven and twelve years of age. As Stratford is only thirteen miles from Kenilworth, it is by no means unlikely that the future poet was among the spectators of those "Princely pleasures." Some writers have supposed, indeed, there is a direct allusion to Leicester's entertainment in the exquisite compliment addressed to Elizabeth in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act II. Sc. 1.[22]

It was an opinion of Malone, an opinion subsequently adopted by several other critics, that some years of Shakespeare's youth were passed in an attorney's office. There can be no doubt that legal expressions are more frequent, and are used with more precision in his writings than in those of any other author of the period. If these do not prove him to have had professional training, they help to show with what masterly comprehensiveness he could deal with the peculiarities of this, as of nearly every other human pursuit.[23]

Leaving such speculations, we now come to an authentic and important incident of Shakespeare's life—his marriage. Whether glover, wool-stapler, butcher, schoolmaster, or attorney's clerk, in the autumn of 1582, while under nineteen years of age, he took to wife Anne Hathaway, the daughter of a substantial yeoman of Shottery, a hamlet adjoining Stratford.[24]

Anne Hathaway, at the supposed time of the marriage, must have been nearly eight years

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[22] "Thou remember'st
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song;
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea maid's music.
That very time I saw (but thou couldst not)
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal, throned by the west,
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts:
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watery moon,
And the imperial votaress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free."

[23] A sarcastic passage printed by Thomas Nash, in Greene's *Menaphon*, 1589, has been thought to point at Shakespeare and his early professional occupation as a lawyer's clerk. "It is a common practice now-a-dayes, amongst a sort of shifting companions, that run through every art and thrive by none, to leave the trade of *Noverint* whereto they were borne, and busie themselves with the indevours of art, that could scarcely Latinize their neck-verse, if they should have neede: yet English Seneca, read by candle-light, yields many good sentences, as *Bloud is a Beggar*, and so forth: and if you intreat him faire in a frostie morning, he will affoord you whole *Hamlets*, I should say handfuls, of tragical speeches."

[24] Neither the date of the marriage, nor the church where the ceremony was performed, has yet transpired; but the following bond was discovered a few years ago by Sir T. Phillipps, in the registry at Worcester, and leaves no doubt that the marriage was celebrated sometime after November 28th, 1582:—"Noverint universi per præsentes nos Fulconem Sandells de Stratford in comitatu Warwici, agricolam, et Johannem Rychardson ibidem agricolam, teneri et firmiter obligari Ricardo Cosin generoso, et Roberto Warmstry notario publico, in quadraginta libris bonæ et legalis monetæ Angliæ, solvend. eisdem Ricardo et Roberto, hæred. execut. vel assignat. suis, ad quam quidem solucionem bene et fideliter faciend. obligamus nos et utrumque nostrum per se pro toto et in solid. hæred. executor. et administrator. nostros firmiter per præsentes sigillis nostris sigillat. Dat. 28 die Novem. anno regni dominæ nostræ Eliz. Dei gratia Angliæ, Franc. et Hiberniæ reginæ, fidei defensor. &c. 25°."

"The condicion of this obligacion ys suche, that if herafter there shall not appere any lawfull lett or impediment, by reason of any precontract, consanguinitie, affinitie, or by any other lawfull meanes whatsoever, but that William Shagspere one thone partie, and Anne Hathwey of Stratford in the dioces of Worcester, maiden, may lawfully solennize matrimony together, and in the same afterwardes remaine and continew like man and wiffe, according unto the lawes in that behalfe provided: and moreover, if there be not at this present time any action, sute, quarrell, or demaund, moved or depending before any Judge ecclesiasticall or temporall, for and concerning any suche lawfull lett or impediment: and moreover, if the said William Shagspere do not proceed to solemnizacion of mariadg with the said Anne Hathwey without the consent of hir frindes: and also, if the said William do, upon his owne proper costes and expences, defend and save harmles the right reverend Father in God, Lord John Bushop of Worcester, and his offycers, for licensing them the said William and Anne to be maried together with once asking of the bannes of matrimony betwene them, and for all other causes which may ensue by reason or occasion therof, that then the said obligacion to be voyd and of none effect or els to stand and abide in full force and vertue."—*The marks and seals of Sandells and Richardson.*

the senior of her husband.[25] Her father, in all probability, was Richard Hathaway,[26] whose family have held property at Shottery from the middle of the sixteenth century to the present day.[27]

The first offspring of this union, Susanna, was born in May 1583.[28] The only other issue were Hamnet and Judith, twins, who were baptized Feb. 2d. 1584–5.[29]

Shortly after the birth of these children, it seems to be agreed, that Shakespeare quitted his home and family; and there is a well-known tradition, that this important step was owing to his being detected, with other young men, in stealing deer from the park of Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlecote. For this indiscretion,[30] he is said to have been severely punished, and to have retorted with a lampoon so bitter, that Sir Thomas redoubled his persecution and compelled him to fly.[31]

What degree of authenticity the story possesses will never probably be known. Rowe derived his version of it no doubt through Betterton; but Davies makes no allusion to the source from which he drew his information, and we are left to grope our way, so far as this important incident is concerned, mainly by the light of collateral circumstances. These, it must be admitted, serve in some respects to confirm the tradition. Shakespeare certainly quitted Stratford-upon-Avon when a young man, and it could have been no ordinary impulse which drove him to leave wife, children, friends, and occupation, to take up his abode among strangers in a distant place. Then there is the pasquinade,[32] and the unmistakeable identification of Sir Thomas Lucy as Justice Shallow in the Second Part of *Henry IV.* and in the opening

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[25] She died, according to the brass plate over her grave in Stratford church, on "the 6th day of August, 1623, *being of the age of* 67 *yeares.*"

[26] Two precepts of the Stratford Court of Record exhibit John Shakespeare as the surety of Richard Hathaway in 1566; and prove an early connexion between the two families.

[27] A house still existing in the hamlet, though now divided into three cottages, has always passed as that in which the poet's wife resided in her maiden years. Having no evidence to the contrary, we may still look upon that habitation as the scene of Shakespeare's courtship.

[28] The record of her baptism is as follows:—"1583, *May* 26. *Susanna daughter to William Shakspere.*"

[29] The record in the register runs thus:—" 1584. *Feb.* 2. *Hamnet and Judeth* sonne and daughter to *Willia Shakspere.*"

They were doubtless christened after Hamnet Sadler, and Judith his wife; the former a baker at Stratford, to whom the poet bequeathed 36*s.* and 8*d.* to purchase a ring.

[30] Deer stealing, in Shakespeare's day, was regarded only as a youthful frolic. Antony Wood (*Athen. Oxon.* i. 371), speaking of Dr. John Thornborough, who was admitted a member of Magdalen College, Oxford, 1570, at the age of eighteen, and was successively Bishop of Limerick in Ireland, and Bishop of Bristol and Worcester in England, informs us, that he and his kinsman, Robert Pinkney, "seldom studied or gave themselves to their books, but spent their time in the *fencing-schools* and dancing-schools, in *stealing deer* and *conies*, in *hunting the hare*, and *wooing girls.*"

[31] The story is first told in print by Rowe, *Life of Shakspeare*:—"He had, by a misfortune common enough to young fellows, fallen into ill company, and, amongst them, some that made a frequent practice of deer-stealing, engaged him more than once in robbing a park that belonged to Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlecote, near Stratford. For this he was prosecuted by that gentleman, as he thought, somewhat too severely; and, in order to revenge that ill usage, he made a ballad upon him. And though this, probably the first essay of his poetry, be lost, yet it is said to have been so very bitter, that it redoubled the prosecution against him to that degree, that he was obliged to leave his business and family in Warwickshire, for some time, and shelter himself in London."

Aubrey is silent on the subject. He only says, "This William, being inclined naturally to poetry and acting, came to London I guess about eighteen." But the deer-stealing freak and its consequences are narrated more specifically than by Rowe, in an article headed *Shakespeare* among the MS. collections of the Rev. William Fulman, who died in 1688. This learned antiquary bequeathed his papers to the Rev. Richard Davies, rector of Sapperton and Archdeacon of Litchfield, upon whose death they were presented to Corpus Christi College, Oxford. To Dr. Fulman's notes under the article *Shakespeare*, Davies has added the following:—"Much given to all unluckinesse in stealing *venison and rabbits, particularly from Sr—— Lucy, who had him oft whipt and sometimes imprisoned, and at last made him fly his native country to his great advancement: but his reveng was so great, that he is his Justice Clodpate and calls him a great man, and that, in allusion to his name, bore three louses rampant for his arms.*"

[32] According to Rowe, the ballad on Sir Thomas Lucy was lost. According to Oldys, as quoted by Steevens: "There was a very aged gentleman living in the neighbourhood of Stratford (where he died fifty years since) who had not only heard from several old people in that town of Shakspere's transgression, but could remember the first stanza of that bitter ballad, which, repeating to one of his acquaintances, he preserved it in writing, and here it is, neither better nor worse, but faithfully transcribed from the copy which his relation very courteously communicated to me:—

A parliemente member, a justice of peace,
At home a poor scare-crowe, at London an asse;
If lowsie is Lucy, as some volke miscalle it,
Then Lucy is lowsie whatever befall it:
He thinks himself greate,
Yet an asse in his state
We allowe by his ears but with asses to mate,
If Lucy is lowsie, as some volke miscalle it,
Sing lowsie Lucy, whatever befall it!"

scene of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. The genuineness of the former may be doubted; but the ridicule in the plays betokens a latent hostility to the Lucy family which is unaccountable except upon the supposition that the deer-stealing foray is founded on facts.

Whatever the motive,—fear, distress, or ambition,—Shakespeare, it is believed, left Stratford about 1586, and found employment at some theatre in London;[33] but we have no direct proof of the year when he left his home, or of that in which he took up his abode in the metropolis. According to a document introduced by Mr. Collier, as discovered in Lord Ellesmere's muniments, he was a sharer in the Blackfriars Theatre in 1589, but this memorial, like the rest of the Shakesperian papers from the same collection, has been shown to be a rank fabrication.[34] In fact, from the baptism of his twins in 1584–5, to the latter end of the year 1592, when Green alludes to him in *A Groatsworth of Wit*, &c. his history is a blank.

It does not come within the scope of this brief memoir to enter at large into the subject of the Elizabethan theatre, but a few words respecting it are indispensable. Shakespeare in all likelihood originally joined the company playing at the Blackfriars Theatre. This company afterwards (in 1594) built another theatre, called *The Globe*, on the south bank of the Thames; using the latter, which was partially open to the air, in summer; and the former, which was *a private* or enclosed house, for winter performances. The *Blackfriars* playhouse stood in an opening still called *Playhouse Yard*, between Apothecaries' Hall and Printing-house Square. Besides these two, there were several theatres in London during Shakespeare's residence there. The principal appear to have been, *The Theatre* (so denominated probably from being the first building erected specially for scenic performances) and *The Curtain*, in Shoreditch; *The Paris Garden*, *The Rose*, *The Hope*, *The Swan*, on the Bankside, Southwark; *The Fortune*, in Golden Lane, Cripplegate; *The Red Bull*, St. John Street, Smithfield; *The Whitefriars*, near to where the gas works now stand, between the Temple and Blackfriars Bridge; and a summer theatre at *Newington Butts*.[35]

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[33] Rowe says, "He was received into the company then in being, at first in a very mean rank;" and this tallies with the statement made by Dowdall in 1693 (See p. xx.).

In a work entitled, *Lives of the Poets of Great Britain and Ireland*, 1753, there is a life of Shakespeare, in which, for the first time, we meet with the incredible tradition of his having held the horses of gentlemen who visited the play:—

"I cannot forbear relating a story which Sir William Davenant told Mr. Betterton, *who communicated it to Mr. Rowe;* Rowe told it to Mr. Pope, and Mr. Pope told it to Dr. Newton, the late editor of Milton, and from a gentleman who heard it from him, 'tis here related. Concerning Shakespear's first appearance in the playhouse. When he came to London, he was without money and friends, and being a stranger, he knew not to whom to apply, nor by what means to support himself. At that time, coaches not being in use, and as gentlemen were accustomed to ride to the playhouse, Shakespear, driven to the last necessity, went to the playhouse door, and pick'd up a little money, by taking care of the gentlemen's horses who came to the play: he became eminent even in that profession, and was taken notice of for his diligence and skill in it; he had soon more business than he himself could manage, and at last hired boys under him, who were known by the name of Shakespear's boys. Some of the players, accidentally conversing with him, found him so acute, and master of so fine a conversation, that, struck therewith, they [introduced] and recommended him to the house, in which he was first admitted in a very low station, but he did not long remain so, for he soon distinguished himself, if not as an extraordinary actor, at least as a fine writer."

[34] It is as follows:—"These are to sertifie yor right honorable Ll that he Mates poore playeres, James Burbidge, Richard Burbidge, John Laneham, Thomas Greene, Robert Wilson, John Taylor, Anth. Wadeson, Thomas Pope, George Peele, Augustine Phillippes, Nicholas Towley, William Shakespeare, William Kempe, William Johnson, Baptiste Goodale, and Robert Armyn, being all of them sharers in the blacke Fryers playehouse, have never giuen cause of displeasure, in that they haue brought into their playes maters of state and Religion, vnfitt to be handled by them or to be presented before lewde spectators; neither hath anie complainte in that kinde ever beene preferred against them or anie of them. Wherefore they truste moste humblie in yor Ll consideracõn of their former good behaiuour, beinge at all tymes readie and willing to yeelde obedience to anie comaund whatsoever your Ll in your wisedome maye thinke in such case meete, &c.

"*Novr.* 1589."

[35] *The Phœnix*, which had formerly been a *Cockpit*, in Drury Lane, was not converted into a playhouse until after Shakespeare's retirement from London.

Edmund Howes, in his Continuation of Stow's chronicle, gives a curious summary of playhouse incidents extending over the whole of Shakespeare's time. After describing the burning of the Globe in 1613, the destruction of the Fortune by a like accident four years after, the rebuilding of both, and the erection of "a new fair playhouse near the Whitefriars," he says, writing in 1631, "And this is the seventeenth stage, or common playhouse, which hath been new made within the space of three score years within London and the suburbs, viz. five inns, or common hostelries turned to playhouses, one cockpit, St. Paul's singing school, one in the Blackfriars, one in the Whitefriars, which was built last of all, in the year one

Before the erection of established theatres, and long afterwards, plays were also acted in the yards of certain inns, such as the *The Bell Savage*, on Ludgate Hill; *The Cross Keys*, in Gracechurch Street; and *The Bull*, in Bishopsgate Street.

With respect to the regular theatre we are not very intimately acquainted with the details of its structure, but the interior economy appears to have resembled that of the old inn yards, and it was evidently provided with different accommodation to suit different classes of visitors. There were tiers of galleries or scaffolds, and small rooms beneath, answering to the modern *boxes*. There was the *pit*, as it was called in the private theatres, or *yard*, as it was named at the public ones. In the former, spectators were provided with seats; in the latter they were obliged to stand throughout the performance.[36] The critics, wits, and gallants were allowed stools upon the stage, for which the price was sixpence or a shilling each,[37] according to the eligibility of the situation, and they were attended by pages, who supplied them with pipes and tobacco; smoking, drinking ale, playing cards, and eating nuts and apples, always forming a portion of the entertainment at our early theatres.

The stage appliances were extremely simple. At the back of the stage there was a permanent balcony, about eight feet from the platform, in which scenes supposed to take place on towers or upper chambers were represented.[38] Suspended in front of it were curtains, and these were opened or closed as the performance required.[39] The sides and back of the stage, with the exception of that part occupied by the balcony, were hung with arras tapestry, and sometimes pictures, and the internal roof with blue drapery, except on the performance of tragedy, when the sides, back, and roof of the stage were covered with black.[40] The stage was commonly strewed with rushes, though on particular occasions it was matted over.

The performance commenced at three o'clock, in the public theatres, the signal for beginning being the third *sounding* or flourish of trumpets.[41] It was customary for the actor who spoke the prologue to be dressed in a long velvet cloak. In the early part of Shakespeare's theatrical career, the want of scenery appears to have been supplied by the primitive expedient of hanging out a board, on which was written the place where the action was to be understood as taking place. Sometimes when a change of scene was requisite, the audience were left to imagine that the actors, who still remained on the stage, had removed to the spot mentioned.[42] During the performance, the clown would frequently indulge in extemporaneous buffoonery.

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thousand six hundred and twenty nine. All the rest not named were erected only for common playhouses, besides the new-built Bear Garden, which was built as well for plays, and fencer's prizes, as bull-baiting; besides one in former time at Newington Butts. Before the space of three score years above said [*i.e.* before 1571, when Shakespeare was seven years of age] I neither knew, heard, nor read of any such theatres, set stages, or playhouses, as have been purposely built within man's memory."

[36] Hence they are termed *groundlings* by Shakespeare, and *understanding* gentlemen of the *ground* by Ben Jonson.

[37] According to Malone, but there is much uncertainty on the point, the prices of admission to the best *rooms*, or boxes, was, in Shakespeare's day, a shilling; that to the galleries and pit, in the chief theatres, sixpence, in the inferior ones, twopence, and sometimes only a penny.

[38] "It appears," says Malone, "from the stage-directions given in *The Spanish Tragedy*, that when a play was exhibited within a play (if I may so express myself), as is the case in that piece and in *Hamlet*, the court or audience before whom the interlude was performed sat in the balcony, or upper stage already described; and a curtain or traverse being hung across the stage, *for the nonce*, the performers entered between that curtain and the general audience, and on its being drawn, began their piece, addressing themselves to the balcony, and regardless of the spectators in the theatre, to whom their backs must have been turned during the whole of the performance."—*Historical Account of the English Stage*, p. 108.

[39] I am of opinion that during Shakespeare's time there were no curtains across the proscenium.

[40] The covering of the internal roof, or the roof itself, was technically termed *the heavens*. See note (1), p. 332. Vol. II.

[41] There was an interval of some minutes between each sounding. See the Induction to Ben Jonson's *Poetaster* and *Cynthia's Revels*.

[42] "The simplicity of the old stage in this respect, may also be clearly shown by a reference to R. Greene's *Pinner of Wakefield*, printed in 1599, where Jenkin is struck by the Shoe-maker in the street. Jenkin challenges him to come to the towns-end to fight it out; and, after some farther parley, the professor of 'the gentle craft' reminds Jenkin of his challenge:—

'Come, sir, will you come to the town's-end now?
'*Jenkin.* Aye, Sir, come.'—

and in the very next line he adds,

'Now we are at the town's-end.'

History of English Dramatic Poetry, &c. iii. 68.

There was always music between the acts, and sometimes singing and dancing. And at the end of the play, after a prayer for the reigning monarch, offered by the actors on their knees,[43] the clown would entertain the audience by descanting on any *theme* which the spectators might supply, or by performing what was called a *jig*, a farcical doggrel improvisation, accompanied by dancing and singing.

During the reign of Elizabeth, plays were acted every day in the week,[44] and in the time of James I., though dramatic entertainments on Sundays were allowed at court, they were prohibited in the public theatres. As there were two sorts of theatres, there were two classes of actors. There were the regular companies, acting in the name and under the auspices of the Crown or of a man of rank and influence, such as the Queen's servants (of whom Shakespeare was one),[45] the Earl of Leicester's players; those of Lord Warwick, Lord Worcester, Lord Pembroke, &c. There were also certain private adventurers who acted without official licence, and were the subjects of prohibitory enactments. The Act of the 14th of Elizabeth (1572) operated as a protective law to the authorized companies. It was entitled an act "for the punishment of vagabonds, and for the relief of the poor and impotent." One of its provisions extends the meaning of rogues and vagabonds to "all fencers, bearwards, common-players in interludes, and minstrels, not belonging to any Baron of this realm or towards any other honorable personage of greater degree; all jugglers, pedlars, tinkers, and petty chapmen, which said fencers, bearwards, common-players in interludes, minstrels, jugglers, pedlars, tinkers, and petty chapmen shall wander abroad, and not have licence of two justices of the peace at the least, whereof one to be of the quorum, where and in what shire they shall happen to wander." This act effected no material restriction on the number of actors, for, while its provisions were evaded by numerous jugglers, minstrels, and interlude players, various companies were enrolled in the service of the nobility. The growing Puritanism of the time occasioned many attempts to be made at suppressing the drama on the part of civic authorities, both in London and elsewhere,[46] but the theatre maintained its ground through the reign of Elizabeth and for many years afterwards.

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[43] "At the end of the piece, the actors, in noblemen's houses and in taverns, where plays were frequently performed, prayed for the health and prosperity of their patrons; and in the publick theatres, for the king and queen. This prayer sometimes made part of the epilogue. Hence, probably, as Mr. Steevens has observed, the addition of *Vivant rex et regina* to the modern playbills." —MALONE.

[44] In 1580, the magistrates of the city of London obtained from the queen a prohibition against plays on the Sabbath, which seems, however, to have continued in force but a short time.

[45] "Comedians and stage-players of former time were very poor and ignorant in respect of these of this time; but being now [1583] growne very skilfull and exquisite actors for all matters, they were entertained into the service of divers great lords: out of which companies there were twelve of the best chosen, and, at the request of Sir Francis Walsingham, they were sworn the queenes servants, and were allowed wages and liveries as groomes of the chamber: and until this year 1583, the queene had no players. Among these twelve players, were two rare men, viz. Thomas Wilson, for a quicke, delicate, refined, extemporall witt, and Richard Tarleton, for a wondrous plentifull pleasant extemporall wit, he was the wonder of his tyme. He lieth buried in Shoreditch Church."—*Stow's Chronicle, sub* 1583, ed. 1615.

[46] A few years ago, Sir Frederic Madden published the following interesting illustration of the pertinacity with which the authorities of the city of London resisted the admission of stage-players within the city. It is an original letter, preserved among the Cottonian charters, from the Mayor and Alderman to the Earl of Sussex, Lord Chamberlain, dated March 2d, 1573, refusing their consent to his lordship's request in favour of a Mr. Holmes, that he should be allowed to appoint places for plays and interludes within the city; and intimating that some previous applications of the same kind had met with a similar refusal.

[Cart. Cott. xxvi. 41.]

"*To the right honorable our singular good Lord the Erle of Sussex, Lord Chamberlan of the Quenes Maties mos honorable household.*

Our dutie to yor good L. humbly done, where yor L. hath made request in favor of Mr. Holmes, for our assent that he might have the apointement of places for playes and entreludes within the citie. It may please yor L. to receive undouted assurance of or redinesse to gratifie in any thing that we reasonably may, any persone whome yor L. shal favor and comend. Howbeit this case is such and so nere touching the governance of this citie in one of the greatest maters therof, namely the assemblies of multitudes of the Quenes people; and in regard to be had to sondry inconveniences wherof the peril is continually upon everie occasion to be foreseen by the rulers of this citie, that we can not with our duties, byside the president farr extending to the hart of our liberties, well assent that the sayd apointement of places be comitted to any private persone. For which and other resonable consideracons, it hath long since pleased yor good L., among the rest of her Maties most honorable counsell, to rest satisfied with our not graunting the like to such persone as by their most honorable lettres was heretofore in like case comended unto us. Byside that if it might with reasonable convenience be graunted, great offres have ben and be made for the same, to the relefe of the

The "fellowship" which Shakespeare is supposed to have joined was originally attached to the Earl of Leicester. In 1574, it was distinguished by more illustrious patronage, a writ being issued that year to the Keeper of the Great Seal,[47] commanding him to set forth letters patent addressed to all justices of the peace, licensing and authorizing James Burbadge, John Perkyn, John Lanham, William Johnson, and Robert Wylson, servants of the Earl of Leicester, "to use, exercise and occupie the art and faculty of playeing comedies, tragedies, enterludes, stage-playes, and such other like as they have alredy used and studied, as well for the recreacion of our loving subjects, as for our solace and pleasure, when we shall think good to see them as well within our Cyty of London and the liberties of the same as throughout the realm of England." This admonition was opposed by those charged with the liberties of the City of London, and in 1575 the Common Council passed what in civic language was called an "Act," in which they saddled their licence with a condition, that the players should contribute half their receipts to charitable purposes. But in the same year Burbadge and his fellow-servants of the Earl of Leicester, through the powerful influence of their patron, obtained a patent for the erection of a theatre at Blackfriars; close to the city wall, though beyond the jurisdiction of the city authorities. Shortly afterwards they took some large premises in the precinct of the dissolved Black-friars monastery, and in spite of a vigorous opposition on the part of the inhabitants in the neighbourhood, converted them into the very theatre of which it is presumed Shakespeare became a fellow, not long after his arrival in London.

Shakespeare's first connexion with the company in the Blackfriars was probably as an actor. Of his qualifications and line of performance in this art, scarcely anything is known, though, according to Aubrey, "he did act exceedingly well."[48] Rowe says, "His name is printed, as the custom was in those times, amongst those of the other players, before some old plays, but without any particular account of what sort of parts he used to play; and though I have inquired, I could never meet with any further account of him this way, than that the top of his performance was the Ghost in his own Hamlet."[49]

Downes, the writer of the *Roscius Anglicanus*, who was prompter at one of the London theatres in 1662, speaking of Sir William Davenant's theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, between 1662 and 1665, remarks, "The tragedy of Hamlet, *Hamlet* being performed by Mr. Betterton. Sir William having seen Mr. Taylor of the Blackfryars company act it, who being instructed by the author, Mr. Shakespear, taught Mr. Betterton in every particle of it; which, by his exact performance of it, gained him esteem and reputation superlative to all other players."

In like manner he speaks of Betterton's having been instructed by Sir William to play Henry VIII., after the fashion of "old Mr. Lowen," who had been taught by Shakespeare

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poore in the hospitalles, which we hold us assured that yor L. will well allow that we preferre before the benefit of any private persone. And so we comitt yor L. to the tuition of Almighty God. At London, this second of March, 1573.

Yo^r L. humble

John Ryvers, Mayor.
Nicholas Woodrof. Row. Haywarde, Alder. Thomas Ramsey.
John Branche. William Allyn, Alderman. Wyllym Bond.
Anthony Gamage. Leonell Duckett, Alder. John Olyffe.
Wyllm Rymptone. Jamys Hawys, Aldarman. Rychard Pype.
Wolstan Dixe. Ambrose Nichas, Ald. W^m. Box.
Jhon Langley, Ald." Thomas Blanke.

[47] "There is a material difference between the warrant under the privy seal, and the patent under the great seal, granted upon this occasion: the former gives the players a right to perform 'as well within the city of London and liberties of the same, as elsewhere; but the latter (dated three days afterwards, viz. 10 May, 1574), omits this paragraph; and we need entertain little doubt that it was excluded at the instance of the Corporation of London, always opposed to theatrical performances."—COLLIER. *Life of Shakespeare.*

[48] *Mus. Ashmol. Oxon.*

[49] *Life of Shakspeare.* Capell, 1779, relates that "a traditional story was current some years ago about Stratford, that a very old man of that place, of weak intellects, being asked by some of his neighbours what he remember'd about him, answer'd that he saw him once brought on the stage upon another man's back, which answer was applied by the hearers to his having performed in this scene [Sc. 7, Act II. of *As You Like It*] in the part of Adam." For a more circumstantial account of the same legend, see the Introduction to *As You Like It*, Vol. II. p. 125.

himself. On this authority, it appears that if Shakespeare, as Rowe asserts, was not a brilliant actor, he was at any rate a skilful teacher of acting. But the testimony of Chettle, who must have seen him perform, is of far more weight than the hearsay evidence of Rowe and others; and he, in the preface to his *Kind-Harts Dreame*, which we shall have to notice presently, expressly declares that he was "excellent in the quality he professed."

The earliest conjectural allusion to Shakespeare as a dramatist which has yet been discovered in print, is contained in Spenser's *Teares of the Muses*, a poem forming part of a collection published in 1591.[50] In this poem, the Muse Thalia is introduced, lamenting the decline of the drama. After reciting how "the sweete delights of learnings treasure" have disappeared from the stage; how "unseemly Sorrow," "ugly Barbarisme," and "brutish Ignorance" in the minds of men "now tyrannize," whereas "fine Counterfesaunce," "unhurtful Sport, Delight and Laughter" used to reign supreme, she says,—

"And he, the man whom Nature selfe had made
To mock herselfe, and Truth to imitate
With kindly counter under mimick shade,
Our pleasant Willy, ah! is dead of late:
With whom all joy and jolly meriment
Is also deaded, and in dolour drent.

In stead thereof, scoffing Scurrilitie,
And scornful Follie with Contempt is crept,
Rolling in rymes of shameless ribaudrie,
Without regard or due decorum kept;
Each idle wit at will presumes to make[51]
And doth the Learned's taske upon him take.

But that same gentle Spirit, from whose pen
Large streames of honnie and sweete Nectar flowe,
Scorning the boldness of such base-borne men,
Which dare their follies forth so rashlie throwe,
Doth rather choose to sit in idle cell,
Than so himselfe to mockerie to sell."

In the first edition of his *Life of Shakspeare*, Rowe tells us "Mr. Dryden was always of opinion that these verses were meant of Shakespear:" though in a subsequent impression of the memoir Rowe omitted the statement. Modern authorities are not agreed upon the point, but the prevailing opinion is that Shakespeare could not have been the writer referred to by Spenser. The reasons for this opinion are, firstly, that he had not at the time attained a rank such as would justify the encomiums; secondly, because there is no probability of his having subsided into the condition of inertness described, and thirdly, because there are grounds for supposing the verses in question were composed before he even began to write.[52]

Without entering into the last consideration, there appears to me sufficient evidence to prove that the expressions in this poem, however suitable to the character of Shakespeare, and accordant with those employed by his contemporaries when speaking of him, were intended for

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[50] *Complaints. Containing sundrie small Poemes of the Worlds Vanitie*, &c.

[51] That is, *to compose, to invent.*

[52] Todd, in his edition of Spenser's works, conjectures from the following address, prefixed to the collection of poems in question by the publisher, that *The Teares of the Muses* was composed about 1580:—"Since my late setting foorth of the *Faerie Queene*, finding that it hath found a favourable passage amongst you; I have sithence endeavoured by all good meanes (for the better encrease and accomplishment of your delights), to get into my handes such smale poemes of the same authors, as I heard were disperst abroad in sundrie hands, and not easie to bee come by, by himselfe; *some of them having bene diverslie imbeziled and purloyned from him since his departure over Sea. Of the which* I have by good meanes gathered togeather *these fewe parcels present*, which I have caused to bee imprinted altogeather," &c.

some other *Willy*.[53] The quotation from Chettle shows, in fact, that our poet was in the full tide of activity at the time when Spenser's hero is metaphorically described as "dead of late."

Malone is of opinion that the term *Willy* had in this instance a more particular significance, and was intended to express *Lyly* the poet, and he supports this notion by adducing many examples of a similar play on names, as *Lerinda* for Ireland, *Unio* for Juno, *Caliban* for Cannibal, *Ailgna* for Anglia, &c., all derived from the literature of Spenser's age. Todd thinks, and Mr. Dyce seems to agree with him, that *Willy* means Sir Philip Sydney, "who was a writer of masks,—who is elsewhere styled by Spenser '*gentle* shepherd of *gentlest* race,' and 'the right *gentle* minde,'—and who is lamented under the name of *Willy* in *An Eclogue* in Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody*."[54]

In the following year, we have an indisputable and most important reference to Shakespeare. On the 3d of September, 1592, at a wretched lodging, in the house of a poor shoemaker, near Dowgate, and under circumstances of privation too dreadful to dwell on, expired Robert Greene, one of the most distinguished and favourite writers of his time. The last few days of this misguided and unhappy man's existence were devoted, it is said, to the production of a small pamphlet entitled *A Groatsworth of Wit bought with a Million of Repentance*, which was published not long after by Henry Chettle. In this tract, after a long and not remarkably lucid admonition to certain of his fellow dramatists,[55] we come upon the following striking passage:—"Base-minded men all three of you, if by my misery yee bee not warned; for unto none of you (like me) sought those burs to cleave; those puppits (I meane) that speake from our mouths, those Anticks garnisht in our colours. Is it not strange that I, to whom they all have bin beholding, is it not like that you to whom they all have bin beholding, shall (were yee in that case that I am now) be both of them at once forsaken? Yes, trust them not; for there is an upstart crow beautified with our feathers, that, with his *Tygres heart wrapt in a players hyde, supposes hee is as well able to bombast out a blanke verse as the best of you; and beeing an absolute Johannes Fac-totum, is, in his owne conceyte, the only* SHAKE-SCENE *in a countrey.* Oh, that I might intreat your rare wittes to bee imployed in more profitable courses, and let these apes imitate your past excellence, and never more acquaynte them with your admyred inventions. I knowe the best husband of you all will never proove an usurer, and the kindest of them all will never proove a kinde nurse; yet whilst you may, seeke you better maisters; for it is pitty men of such rare wits should bee subject to the pleasures of such rude groomes."

The allusion to Shakespeare is not to be mistaken; and the imputation is evidently, that he had remodelled pieces originally produced by Greene, Marlowe, Lodge, and Peele, and brought them upon the stage as his own composition. It seems probable, too, by the words, "his Tygres heart wrapt in a players hyde," which is a parody upon a well-known line introduced by Shakespeare into *Henry VI.*[56] from *The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke*, that Greene refers particularly to that piece and *The First Part of the Contention betwixt the two famous Houses of Yorke and Lancaster*, on which our poet based *The Second and Third Parts of King Henry the Sixth.*

Greene's address, we learn from Chettle's epistle "To the Gentlemen Readers," prefixed to his tract called *Kind-Harts Dreame*, was resented not alone by Shakespeare, at whom the attack was levelled, but by Marlowe also, whom it charged with atheism.[57] "About three moneths since,"

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[53] *Willy* was a mere Arcadianism for any *shepherd*, i.e. *poet*.

[54] Dyce's *Life of Shakespeare*.

[55] It is addressed "To those gentlemen his quondam acquaintance, that spend their wits in making playes, R. G. wisheth a better exercise, and wisedome to prevent his extremities," and there can be little doubt was intended for Marlowe, Lodge, and Peele.

[56] *Third Part*, Act I. Sc. 4,—

"Oh, tygers hart wrapt in a woman's hide!"

[57] "Wonder not (for with thee will I first beginne), thou famous gracer of tragedians [Marlowe], that Greene, who hath said with thee, like the foole in his hearte, *There is no God*, should now give glorie unto his greatnesse," &c.

are Chettle's words, "died M. Robert Greene, leaving many papers in sundry bookesellers hands; among other, his *Groatsworth of Wit*, in which a letter written to divers play-makers is offensively by one or two of them taken; and because on the dead they cannot be avenged, they wilfully forge in their conceites a living author; and after tossing it to and fro, no remedy but it must light on me. How I have, all the time of my conversing in printing, hindred the bitter inveying against schollers, it hath been very well knowne, and how in that I dealt I can sufficiently proove. With neither of them that take offence was I acquainted, *and with one of them I care not if I never be:* the other whome at that time I did not so much spare as since I wish I had, for that, as I have moderated the heate of living writers, and might have usde my owne discretion, especially in such a case, the author beeing dead, that I did not, *I am as sorry as if the originall fault had beene my fault, because myselfe have seene his demeanor no lesse civill than he exclent in the qualitie he professes; Besides, divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writting that approoves his art.* For the first, whose learning I reverence, and, at the perusing of Greenes booke, stroke out what then in conscience I thought he in some displeasure writ, or, had it beene true, yet to publish it was intollerable; him I would wish to use me no worse than I deserve. I had onely in the copy this share; it was ilwritten, as sometime Greenes hand was none of the best; licensd it must be ere it could bee printed, which could never be if it might not be read: to be briefe, I writ it over, and, as neare as I could, followed the copy, onely in that letter I put something out, but in the whole booke not a worde in; for I protest it was all Greenes, not mine nor Maister Nashes, as some unjustly have affirmed."

The "first" person to whom this apology is directed, and for whose learning Chettle expresses his reverence, though with a disparaging qualification as to his character in general, could have been none other than Marlowe. "The other" was certainly Shakespeare, and the reference is an interesting testimony to his high reputation as a dramatist and an actor, and to his urbanity and rectitude as a man.

In 1593 our author's *Venus and Adonis*, and in 1594 his *Lucrece*, appeared, each dedicated to Henry Wriothesly, Earl of Southampton. It is impossible now to determine whether the dedication of the former work first led to the friendly intercourse which appears to have subsisted so many years between Shakespeare and this generous and amiable nobleman, or whether their acquaintance began at an earlier period of the poet's career. Mr. Collier expresses an opinion, that it was shortly after the publication of the latter poem that Lord Southampton afforded that extraordinary proof of his esteem and admiration of the poet which Rowe was the first to relate: "There is one instance so singular in the magnificence of this patron of Shakespear's, that if I had not been assured that the story was handed down by Sir William Davenant, who was probably very well acquainted with his affairs, I should not have ventured to have inserted; that my Lord Southampton, at one time, gave him a thousand pounds to enable him to go through with a purchase which he heard he had a mind to." Looking at the difference in the value of money at that time and the present, we may reasonably presume that Lord Southampton's bounty on this occasion has been magnified; but the fact that Shakespeare in little more than ten years after he quitted Stratford was in circumstances to purchase New Place, one of the best houses in his native town, very strongly confirms the general truth of the anecdote.

Whatever doubt there may be as to Spenser's referring to Shakespeare, in his *Teares of the Muses*, no one will deny the extreme probability of his doing so in another poem, entitled *Colin Clout's come Home again*, written during 1594. After enumerating under fanciful titles various poets whose real names can in many instances be determined, and respecting

whom the indefatigable Malone has accumulated a mass of interesting particulars, Spenser writes :—

> "And there, though last not least, is Ætion;
> A gentler shepheard may no where be found;
> Whose Muse, full of high thoughts' invention,
> Doth, like himselfe, heroically sound."

The applicability of the expression "heroically sound," to the name of *Shake-spear*, as well as to the subject of his Muse, he having then produced upon the stage both *Richard II.* and *Richard III.*, is not to be gainsaid.

In what year the Globe Theatre on the Bankside was completed has not been ascertained. Malone thought it was not built long before 1596. After the opening of this house, the Lord Chamberlain's servants—the company to which Shakespeare belonged,—were in the practice of performing there in the summer, and at the Blackfriars during the winter. About the period when the former was opened, the company appear to have undertaken the task of repairing and enlarging the Blackfriars. Mr. Collier was the first to call attention to three documents professing to have connexion with this circumstance in Shakespeare's life, which, if authentic, would be important, but upon which not the slightest reliance can be placed. The first of these papers, described by Mr. Collier as in the State Paper Office, and as being "a representation from certain inhabitants of the precinct in which the playhouse was situated, not only against the completion of the work of repair and enlargement, then commenced, but against all farther performances in the theatre,"[58] is not only undiscoverable, but no record of its existence can be found in the Office mentioned. The second instrument,[59] purporting to be an answer to the

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[58] In his recent "Inquiry into the Genuineness of the Manuscript Corrections in Mr. J. Payne Collier's Annotated Shakspere, folio, 1632; and of certain Shaksperian Documents likewise published by Mr. Collier," Mr. Hamilton remarks, with reference to this paper, "I endeavoured, but unsuccessfully, to see this 'petition of the inhabitants.' In reply to an official request for the production of the document, Charles Lechmere, Esq., Assistant Keeper of State Papers, writes, 'I have referred to the Calendar of 1596, but I do not find any entry of the Petition from the inhabitants of the Blackfriars.'"

[59] Appended is a copy of this extraordinary figment, which, if only upon the credit of the place where it was deposited, has been received without hesitation by every one as a genuine document, until the recent disclosures relative to Mr. Collier's annotated folio threw suspicion upon every Shakespearian discovery of the last forty years. It was first printed by Mr. Collier, in his *History of English Dram. Poet.* (1831), where it is preceded by the following observations:—"This remarkable paper has, perhaps, never seen the light from the moment it was presented, until it was very recently discovered. It is seven years anterior to the date of any other authentic record, which contains the name of our great dramatist," and it may warrant various conjectures as to the rank he held in the company in 1596, as a poet and as a player.

"*To the right honorable the Ll of her Maties most honorable privie Counsell.*

"The humble petition of Thomas Pope Richard Burbadge John Hemings Augustine Phillips Willm Shakespeare Willm Kempe Will Slye Nicholas Tooley and others servantes to the right honorable the L. Chamberlaine to her Matie—

"Sheweth most humbly, that yr petitioners are owners and players of the private house or theater in the precinct and libertie of the Blackfriers, wch hath beene for manie yeares used and occupied for the playing of tragedies commedies histories enterludes and playes. That the same, by reason of having beene soe long built hath falne into great decaye, and that besides the reparation thereof, it has beene found necessarie to make the same more convenient for the entertainement of auditories comming thereto That to this end yor petitioners have all and eache of them putt down somes of money according to their shares in the saide theater, and wch they have justly and honestlie gained by the exercise of their qualitie of Stage players: but that certaine persons, (some of them of honour) inhabitantes of the precinct and libertie of the Blackfriers, have, as yor petitioners are enfourmed, besought yor honorable Lps not to permitt the saide private house anie longer to remaine open, but hereafter to be shutt upp and closed to the manifest and great injurie of yor petitioners, who have no other meanes whereby to mainteine their wives and families but by the exercise of their qualitie, as they have heretofore done. Furthermore, that in the summer season yor petitioners are able to playe at their newe-built house on the Bankside callde the Globe, but that in the winter they are compelled to come to the Blackfriers, and if yor honorable Lps give consent unto that wch is prayde against yor petitioners, they will not onely while the winter endureth loose the meanes whereby they nowe support them selves and their families, but be unable to practise them selves in anie playes or enterluds when calde upon to performe for the recreation and solace of her Matie and her honorable Court as they have beene hertofore accustomed. The humble prayer of yor petitioners therefore is, that yor honble Lps will graunt permission to finishe the reparations and alterations they have begunne, and as yor petitioners have hitherto beene well ordred in their behaviour, and just in their dealinges, that yor honourable Lps will not inhibit them from acting at their above named private house, in the precinct and libertie of the Blackfriers, and yor petitioners as in dutie most bounden will ever praye for the encreasing honour and happinesse of your honorable Lps."

The attention of the Rt. Hon. the Master of the Rolls having been called to some questionable peculiarities in this petition, he directed that an official enquiry into its authenticity should be made. The gentlemen chosen for the investigation were Sir Frederic Madden, Keeper of the MSS. at the British Museum; Sir Francis Palgrave,

former, would, if authentic, have been what Mr. Collier describes it, "a very valuable relic," inasmuch as it would have proved that Shakespeare, about the year 1596, was an "*owner*" of the Blackfriars Theatre, but on examination by several of the most skilled paleographers, it has been denounced as spurious. The third of these papers, represented to be a note from "a person of the name of Veale" to Henslowe, and found by Mr. Collier among the Alleyn collection at Dulwich, has been sought for in vain,[60] and, I fear, like nine-tenths of the so-called "New Facts" relative to the life of Shakespeare, is not entitled to the smallest credence.

Referring to some document in his possession at the time when he wrote his "Inquiry into the Authenticity of certain Papers," &c., Malone remarks, "From a paper now before me, which formerly belonged to Edward Alleyn the player, our poet appears to have lived in Southwark, near the Bear Garden, in 1596."[61] The paper in question is now perhaps irrecoverable, but its loss is not momentous. If we have no authentic trace of Shakespeare's abode during his residence in London, we have the pleasant tradition, that once a year he made his native place his home.[62] There his family continued to reside, and it is delightful to reflect that amidst all the triumphs and temptations of his career, he kept steadily in view the prospect of one day returning, honourably independent, to spend the remainder of his life with them and the humble friends of his youth. In the year we are dwelling on, that of 1596, there was a melancholy necessity for his visiting Stratford, the loss of his only son, Hamnet, who died in his twelfth year, and was buried August 11th, 1596.[63]

From his incomings as a dramatist, an actor, and perhaps a proprietor in two prosperous theatres, Shakespeare must now have been in easy circumstances. One proof of this is, that early in 1597 he bought for sixty pounds (about £300 according to the present value of money), of William Underhill, the house called New Place, in Stratford; a house originally built by Sir Hugh Clopton in the reign of Henry VII.[64] Another proof is, that in this year John Shakespeare was enabled to tender the redemption money, £40, to recover the estate of Ashbies, for which there can be little doubt he was indebted to his son. Additional evidence of his prosperity at

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Deputy Keeper of Public Records; T. Duffus Hardy, Esq., Assistant Keeper of Public Records; Professor Brewer, Reader at the Rolls, and Mr. Hamilton. After a minute examination of the document, these gentlemen were unanimously of the opinion recorded in the following certificate:—

"We, the undersigned, at the desire of the Master of the Rolls, have carefully examined the document hereunto annexed, purporting to be a petition to the Lords of Her Majesty's Privy Council, from Thomas Pope, Richard Burbadge, John Hemings, Augustine Phillips, William Shakespeare, William Kempe, William Slye, Nicholas Tooley, and others, in answer to a petition from the Inhabitants of the Liberty of the Blackfriars; and we are of opinion that the document in question is spurious.

30th January, 1860.

FRANCIS PALGRAVE, K.H., Deputy Keeper of H.M. Public Records.
FREDERIC MADDEN, K.H., Keeper of the MSS. British Museum.
J. S. BREWER, M.A., Reader at the Rolls.
T. DUFFUS HARDY, Assistant Keeper of Records.
N. E. S. A. HAMILTON, Assistant, Department of MSS. British Museum."

[60] It was first published by Mr. Collier, in his *Life of Shakespeare*, where it reads thus:—

"Mr. Hinslowe. This is to enfourme you that my Mr., the Maister of the revelles, hath rec. from the Ll. of the counsell order that the L. Chamberlen's servauntes shall not be distourbed at the Blackefryars, according with their petition in that behalfe, but leave shall be given unto theym to make good the decaye of the saide House, butt not to make the same larger then in former tyme hath bene. From thoffice of the Revelles, this 3 of maie, 1596.

Rich. Veale."

[61] This paper Mr. Collier presumes to have been a small slip which he discovered in Dulwich College, containing the following memorandum:—

"Inhabitantes of Sowtherk as have complaned, this — of Jully, 1596.

Mr. Markis
Mr. Tuppin
Mr. Langorth
Wilson the pyper
Mr. Barett
Mr. Shaksper
Phellipes
Tomson
Mother Golden, the baude
Nagges
Fillpott and no more, and soe well ended."

But I have the authority of two most eminent paleographers, who have recently examined some of the manuscripts in the Alleyn collection, for saying that this fragment, so far from being the veritable document alluded to by Malone, is "an evident modern forgery."

[62] "He was wont to go to his native countrey once a yeare." Aubrey's *Mss. Mus. Ashmol. Oxon.*

[63] The record of the burial in the register of Stratford Church is as follows:—

"1596, *August* 11, *Hamnet filius William Shakspere.*"

[64] The note of the fine levied will be found in the *Appendix.*

this period is afforded too by a letter dated January 24th, 1597–8, from Abraham Sturley, at Stratford, to, it is supposed, Richard Quiney, in the course of which the former writes:—

"It semeth bi him that our countriman, Mr. Shakspere, is willinge to disburse some monei upon some od yarde land or other att Shottri or neare about us; he thinketh it a veri fitt patterne to move him to deale in the matter of our tithes."

The year 1598, it is believed, witnessed the first acquaintance between Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, an acquaintance honourable to both, and which there can be no doubt speedily ripened into hearty friendship. According to Rowe, Shakespeare's "acquaintance with Ben Johnson began with a remarkable piece of humanity and good nature: Mr. Johnson, who was at that time altogether unknown to the world, had offer'd one of his plays to the players, in order to have it acted, and the persons into whose hands it was put, after having turn'd it carelessly and superciliously over, were just upon returning it to him with an ill-natur'd answer, that it would be of no service to their company, when Shakespear luckily cast his eye upon it, and found something so well in it as to engage him first to read it through, and afterwards to recommend Mr. Johnson and his writings to the public." We have only Rowe's authority for this anecdote, but there seems no reason for doubting that some such passage did occur.[65] There is another agreeable tradition respecting the acquaintance of these famous "Worthies" preserved by Fuller, who, speaking of Shakespeare, says, "Many were the wit-combates betwixt him and Ben Jonson, which two I behold like a Spanish great gallion and an English man-of-war;—Master Jonson (like the former) was built far higher in learning, solid but slow in his performances; Shake-speare with the English man-of-war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention."[66]

We now come to perhaps the most remarkable literary notice of Shakespeare by a contemporary extant. In 1598, Francis Meres published a work entitled *Palladis Tamia, Wits Treasury, being the Second Part of Wits Commonwealth*, in which occurs the following passage respecting our poet and his compositions:—

"As the soule of Euphorbus was thought to live in Pythagoras, so the sweete-wittie soule of Ovid lives in mellifluous and hony-tongued Shakespeare; witnes his *Venus and Adonis*, his *Lucrece*, his sugred *Sonnets* among his private friends, &c.

"As Plautus and Seneca are accounted the best for comedy and tragedy among the Latines, so Shakespeare among the English is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage; for comedy, witnes his *Gentlemen of Verona*, his *Errors*, his *Love Labors Lost*, his *Love Labours Wonne*, his *Midsummers Night Dreame*, and his *Merchant of Venice;* for tragedy, his *Richard the* 2., *Richard the* 3., *Henry the* 4., *King John*, *Titus Andronicus*, and his *Romeo and Juliet*.

"As Epius Stolo said that the Muses would speake with Plautus tongue, if they would speak Latin, so I say that the Muses would speak with Shakespeares fine filed phrase, if they would speake English."[67]

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[65] Gifford rejects it disdainfully, in the belief that Jonson's *Every Man in His Humour* is the piece recorded in Henslowe's Diary, *the comedie of Umers* as acted by the Lord Admiral's men in May, 1597, but Jonson distinctly states, in the edition of his works, 1616, that *Every Man in his Humour* was first acted by the Lord Chamberlain's servants in 1598. It is noticeable that in a list of the "principal comedians" subjoined to this piece, Shakespeare's name stands first; unfortunately this list does not specify the character played by each actor, but our poet is supposed to have acted Old Knowell.

[66] *Worthies*, p. 126, A a a, ed. fol. Some of these "wit-combats" have been handed down to us, but they are not of a quality to verify their alleged parentage. For example:—

"Shakespeare was god-father to one of Ben Johnsons children, and after the christning, being in a deepe study, Johnson came to cheere him up, and askt him why he was so melancholy. No, faith, Ben, sayes he, not I; but I have beene considering a great while what should be the fittest gift for me to bestow upon my god-child, and I have resolv'd at last. I prythe what? says he. Ifaith, Ben, Ile e'en give him a dozzen good battin spoones, and thou shalt translate them." From *Merry Passages and Jeasts, Ms. Harl.* 6395.

[67] Of the poems and plays enumerated by Meres, a small portion only, it is supposed, were in print when he wrote in 1598. Those known to have been published at that date are, the *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece*, *Richard II.*, and *Richard III.*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Titus Andronicus*, and the First Part of *Henry IV.*

This extract is of striking importance in determining the chronology of Shakespeare's dramas, and it is of equal interest in a biographical sense. It shows to what a height of reputation he had risen at the early age of thirty-four, an age when many writers have hardly begun to put forth their full powers.

The next literary allusion to our author is poetic, and occurs in a collection of *Epigrams*, published by Weever in 1599:—

"*Ad Gulielmum Shakespeare.*

Honie-tongd Shakespeare, when I saw thine issue,
I sware Apollo got them, and none other;
Their rosie-tainted features clothed in tissue,
Some heaven-born goddess said to be their mother.
Rose-cheeckt Adonis with his amber tresses,
Faire fire-hot Venus charming him to love her;
Chaste Lucretia, virgine-like her dresses,
Proud lust-stung Tarquine seeking still to prove her;
Romeo, Richard, more whose names I know not;
Their sugred tongues and power-attractive beauty
Say they are saints, although that saints they shew not,
For thousand vowes to them subjective dutie.
They burn in love, thy children, Shakespeare, let them,
Go, wo thy muse; more nymphish brood beget them."

Another memorial of this period, a letter addressed by Richard Quiney[68] to the poet himself, is considered of inestimable value, as being the only one now known to exist of all the communications he must have received:—

"Loveinge Contreyman, I am bolde of yow, as of a ffrende, craveinge yowr helpe with xxxli uppon M^r^. Bushells and my securytee, or M^r^. Myttons with me. M^r^. Rosswell is nott come to London as yeate, and I have especiall cawse. Yow shall ffrende me muche in helpeinge me out of all the debettes I owe in London, I thanck God, and muche quiete my mynde, which wolde nott be indebeted. I am nowe towardes the Cowrte, in hope of answer for the dispatche of my buysenes. Yow shall nether loose creddytt nor monney by me, the Lorde wyllinge; and nowe butt perswade yowrselfe soe, as I hope, and yow shall nott need to feare butt with all heartie thanckefullnes I wyll holde my tyme, and content yowr ffreende, and yf we bargaine farther, yow shalbe the paie-master yowrselfe. My tyme biddes me hasten to an ende, ande soe I committ thys [to] yowr care and hope of yowr helpe. I feare I shall nott be backe thys night ffrom the Cowrte. Haste. The Lorde be with yow and with us all, Amen! ffrom the Bell in Carter Lane, the 25 October, 1598.

Yowrs in all kyndenes,

Ryc. QUYNEY.

To my loveinge good ffrende and contreyman M^r^. Wm. Shackespere deliver thees."

From a subsidy roll dated Oct. 1st, 1598, discovered in the Carlton Ride Record Office by the Rev. J. Hunter, Shakespeare, it appears, was then assessed at five pounds, and subjected to a rate of thirteen shillings and fourpence, in the parish of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate:

"*Affid.* William Shakespeare, v*li.*—xiij*s.* iiij*d.*"[69]

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[68] Richard Quiney was the father of the Thomas Quiney who subsequently married Shakespeare's youngest daughter. He was at London when the above letter was written, on business connected with the Stratford corporation, that borough having solicited Lord Treasurer Burghley for exemption from the subsidies imposed by the last Parliament, on account of the distress and poverty occasioned in the town by two recent fires.

[69] The memorandum *affid.* attached to the name is supposed to signify that he had made an affidavit of non-residence, or some ground of exemption.

On the 8th of September, 1601, is recorded the burial of the poet's father.[70] He was born, according to Malone, in or before the year 1530, and had consequently outlived the allotted threescore and ten years.[71]

In May of the succeeding year, the poet increased his property by the purchase of a hundred and seven acres of arable land, for three hundred and twenty pounds;[72] in September of the same year, he purchased a house or cottage in Dead Lane, opposite New Place, and also a messuage with barns, gardens, and orchards, of Hercules Underhill, for sixty pounds.

On the 29th of March, 1602-3, died Queen Elizabeth;[73] and Chettle in his *Englandes Mourning Garment*, complains, that Shakespeare, whom she had "graced," had not bewailed her loss in elegiac strains:—

> "Nor doth the silver-tongèd Melicert
> Drop from his honied Muse one sable teare
> To mourne her death *that graced his desert,*
> *And to his laies opend* her *royall eare.*
> Shepheard, remember our Elizabeth,
> And sing her Rape done by that Tarquin, Death."

King James's partiality for the drama was manifested long before he ascended the English throne. In 1589, there is said to have been an English company, called "Her Majesties Players," at the Scottish Court. Ten years later, he licensed a company of English comedians to act at Edinburgh; and on the 9th of October, 1601, we find, from the registers of the town council of Aberdeen, that the English players received thirty-two marks as a gratuity; and on the 22d of the same month, that the freedom of the city was conferred upon "Laurence Fletcher Comedian to his Majestie."

On the 17th of May, 1603, a few days only after he reached London, the following warrant[74] under the Privy Seal was issued:—

"By the King.

"Right trusty and welbeloved Counsellor, we greete you well, and will and commaund you, that under our privie seale in your custody for the time being, you cause our letters to be derected to the keeper of our greate seale of England, commaunding him under our said greate seale, he cause our letters to be made patent in forme following. James, by the grace of God, King of England, Scotland, Fraunce, and Irland, defender of the faith, &c. To all justices, maiors, sheriffs, constables, headboroughes, and other, our officers and loving subjects greeting. Know ye, that we of our speciall grace, certaine knowledge and meere motion, have licenced and authorized, and by these presentes doe licence and authorize, these our servants, Laurence Fletcher, William Shakespeare, Richard Burbage, Augustine Phillippes, John Hemmings, Henrie Condell, William Sly, Robert Armyn, Richard Cowlye, and the rest of their associats, freely

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[70] The entry in the Stratford register is as follows:—
"1601, *Septemb.* 8, *Mr. Johañes Shakspeare.*"

[71] "The latest notice of John Shakespeare hitherto met with occurs in a paper in the Council Chamber at Stratford, containing notes respecting an action of trespass brought by Edward Grevil against several burgesses of Stratford, in 1601. His name is in a list that appears amongst memoranda of the defendant's case, perhaps of the witnesses intended to be called,—'Mr. Ihon Sackesper.'"—Halliwell's *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 73, fol.

[72] The indenture is "Between William Combe, of Warrwicke, in the countie of Warrwick, esquier, and John Combe, of Olde Stretford, in the countie aforesaid, gentleman, on the one partie, and William Shakespere, of Stretford-uppon-Avon, in the countie aforesaide, gentleman, on thother partye," and is dated 1st of May. The dramatist being at this time absent from Stratford, the conveyance was executed by his brother Gilbert. In the fine levied on this property in 1611, "twenty acres of pasture land" are mentioned, in addition to the hundred and seven acres of arable land. *See Appendix.*

[73] One of the latest visits she paid to any of her nobility, we are told, was to Sir Thomas Egerton, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, at Harefield, at the beginning of August, 1602, and on that occasion, according to an interlined memorandum first printed by Mr. Collier from the Egerton papers, *Othello* was acted for her entertainment:

"6 August, 1602. Rewardes to the vaulters, players, and dauncers, (of this xli. to Burbidges players for Othello), lxiiij*li.* xviij*s.* x*d.*"

It is proper to state, however, that there is ground for believing this interlineation to be a modern fabrication. See the Introduction to *Othello*, p. 645, Vol. III.

[74] In the Chapter House.—The patent under the Great Seal is dated May 19th.

to use and exercise the arte and faculty of playing comedies, tragedies, histories, enterludes, moralls, pastorals, stage-plaies, and such other like, as thei have already studied, or hereafter shall use or studie, as well for the recreation of our loving subjects, as for our solace and pleasure, when we shall thinke good to see them, during our pleasure; and the said comedies, trajedies, histories, enterludes, moralls, pastoralls, stage-plaies, and such like, to shew and exercise publiquely to their best commoditie, when the infection of the plague shall decrease, as well within theire now usuall howse called the Globe, within our county of Surrey, as also within anie towne halls, or mout halls, or other convenient places within the liberties and freedome of any other citie, universitie, towne, or borough whatsoever within our said realmes and dominions: willing and commaunding you, and every of you, as you tender our pleasure, not only to permit and suffer them heerin, without any your letts, hinderances, or molestations, during our said pleasure, but also to be ayding or assisting to them yf any wrong be to them offered; and to allowe them such former courtesies, as hathe bene given to men of their place and qualitie; and also what further favour you shall shew to these our servants for our sake, we shall take kindly at your hands. And these our letters shall be your sufficient warrant and discharge in this behalfe.

"Given under our signet at our mannor of Greenewiche, the seavententh day of May in the first yeere of our raigne of England, France, and Ireland, and of Scotland the six and thirtieth."

Of the precise period when Shakespeare ceased to act we know no more than of the time when he began.[75] His name last appears in a printed list of the characters attached to Jonson's "Sejanus," published in 1603, and it is thought that he relinquished a profession to which, if the lines in Sonnet CXI.[76] express his real sentiments, he was never partial, shortly after the King's Patent was issued.[77]

In 1604, we find the poet bringing an action in the Court of Record at Stratford against Phillip Rogers for the sum of £1 15*s.* 10*d.*, the consideration being for "malt" sold and

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[75] Among the various contributions purporting to throw light on Shakespeare's career which we owe to Mr. Collier, are two that claim attention at this stage of the biography. The first is a new reading of a letter still preserved at Dulwich College, from Mrs. Alleyn to her husband the actor, then absent on a professional expedition. The letter in question is dated October 20, 1603, and towards the end, where the paper is somewhat decayed, occurs a postscript, one paragraph of which reads thus:—

"Aboute a weeke agoe there [cam]e a youthe who saide he was
Mr. Fraunceis Chalo[ner]s man . . . . ld have borrow[e]d x^s to
ought have things for [h]is Mr. . . . . t hym
Comynge without . . . token . . . . . d
I would have . . . . . .
& I bene su . . . . . .
and inquire after the fellow and said he had lent hym a horse. I
us feare me he gulled hym, thoughe he gulled not. The youthe
what was a prety youthe and hansom in appayrell, we know not became
of hym. Mr. Bromffeild commendes hym: hewas heare yesterdaye. Nicke
and Jeames be well, and commend them, so dothe Mr. Cooke and his [welfe.
in the kyndest sorte, and so once more in the hartiest manner
farwelle."

In Mr. Collier's transcript of the letter, as published in his *Memoirs of Edward Alleyn*, 1841, and in his *Life of Shakespeare*, 1858, the above extract is exhibited as follows:—

"Aboute a weeke a goe there came a youthe who said he was
Mr. Fraunceis Chaloner who would have borrowed x. li to
have bought things for * * * and said he was known
unto you, and Mr. Shakespeare of the globe, who came
* * * . said he knewe hym not, only he herde of hym that he was
a roge * * * so he was glade we did not lend him
the mouney * * * Richard Johnes [went] to seeke
and inquire after the fellow, and said he had lent hym a horse. I
feare me he gulled hym, thoughe he gulled not us. The youthe
was a prety youthe, and hansom in appayrell: we knowe not what became
of hym. Mr. Benfield commendes hym; he was heare yesterdaye. Nicke
and Jeames be well, and comend them: so dothe Mr. Cooke and his wiefe
in the kyndest sorte, and so once more in the hartiest manner
farwell."

By what oversight, or from what motive, certain words which by no possibility could ever have formed part of the original were interpolated, and others which are plainly visible were omitted, I will not attempt to conjecture, but as Mr. Collier has deduced from the assumed mention of *Mr. Shakespeare of the globe* that our poet was in London at the date when this letter was written, it is proper to show that the assumption is unfounded. The other document professes to be a letter, found in the Ellesmere collection, from Daniel the poet to Sir Thomas Egerton, thanking him for his advancement to the office of Master of the Queen's Revels, and which, if genuine, would be of singular interest in relation to the life of Shakespeare (*See Appendix*). But this letter, long suspected, is now proclaimed to be a forgery.

[76] "O, for my sake do you with Fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide
Than public means which public manners breeds.
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand;
And almost thence my nature is subdu'd
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand."

[77] To show "that he continued a member of the company until April 9, 1604," Mr. Collier prints a list of the King's players, appended to a letter from the council to the Lord Mayor of London, where the names are thus enumerated: "Burbadge, Shakespeare, Fletcher, Phillips, Condell, Heminge, Armyn, Slye, Cowley, Hostler, Day." This list, however, *though added on to a genuine document*, has lately been pronounced a modern fiction. *See Appendix.*

delivered at several times. The following year, he made the most considerable purchase he is known to have effected, in buying the tithes of Stratford, Old Stratford, Bishopton and Welcome. Not long subsequently, we are told King James wrote to the poet with his own hand "an amicable letter,"[78] and, as Mr. Dyce remarks, "the tradition is, perhaps, indirectly supported by the following entries in the *Accounts of the Revels*, which prove how highly the dramas of Shakespeare were relished at the court of James:—

The Plaiers.		*The Poets which mayd the plaies.*
By the Kings Matie plaiers.	Hallamas day being the first of Novembar, A play in the Banketinge House att Whithall called the Moor of Venis. [Nov. 1st, 1604.]	
By his Matie plaiers.	The Sunday ffollowinge, A Play of the Merry Wives of Winsor. [Nov. 4th, 1604.]	
By his Matie plaiers.	On St. Stivens night in the Hall a Play called Mesur for Mesur. [Dec. 26th, 1604.]	Shaxberd.
By his Matie plaiers.	On Inosents Night The Plaie of Errors. [Dec. 28th, 1604.]	Shaxberd.
By his Matie plaiers.	Betwin Newers day and Twelfe day a Play of Loves Labours Lost. [1605.]	
By his Matie plaiers.	On the 7 of January was played the play of Henry the fift. [1605.]	
By his Matie plaiers.	On Shrovsunday A play of the Marchant of Venis. [Mar. 24th, 1605.]	Shaxberd.
By his Matie plaiers.	On Shrovtusday A Play cauled the Martchant of Venis againe commaunded by the Kings Matie. [Mar. 26, 1605.]	Shaxberd.

[Accounts from Oct. 31st, 1611, to Nov. 1st, 1612.]

By the Kings players.	Hallomas nyght was presented att Whithall before ye Kinges Matie a play called the Tempest. [Nov. 1st, 1611.]
The Kings players.	The 5th of November: A play called ye winters nightes Tayle. [1611.][79]

[78] "That most learned prince, and great patron of learning, King James the First, was pleased with his own hand to write an amicable letter to Mr. Shakespeare; which letter, though now lost, remained long in the hands of Sir William D'Avenant, as a credible person, now living, can testify."—Advertisement to Lintot's edition of *Shakespeare's Poems*, 1710. In a manuscript note on his copy of Fuller's *Worthies*, Oldys states that Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, told Lintot that he had seen the letter in the possession of Sir William Davenant. Farmer conjectures that the letter was in acknowledgment of the compliment conveyed in the passage of *Macbeth*, Act IV. Sc. 1, where James is indicated as carrying "two-fold balls and treble sceptres."

[79] Cunningham's *Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels at Court*, &c.

The titles of several plays of Shakespeare occur in the *Accounts* of Lord Harrington, Treasurer of the Chamber to James I. among performances given before Prince Charles, the Lady Elizabeth, and the Prince Palatine Elector, in 1613:

"Paid to John Heminges uppon the councels warr^{t}. dated at Whitehall, xx° die Maii 1613, for presentinge before the Princes Hignes, the La. Elizabeth, and the Prince Pallatyne Elector, fowerteene severall playes, viz. one playe called Filaster, one other call'd the Knotte of Fooles, one other Much Adoe abowte Nothinge, the Mayed's Tragedie, the Merye Dyvell of Edmonton, the Tempest, a Kinge and no Kinge, the Twin's Tragedie, the Winter's Tale, Sir John Falstafe [The Merry Wives of Windsor], the Moore of Venice, the Nobleman, Cæsars Tragedye, and one other called Love lyes a Bleedinge, all wch playes weare played wthin the tyme of this accompte, viz. p^{d}. the some of iiij. (xx.) xiij. *li.* vj*s.* viij*d.*"[80]

From a retrospect of the few materials available for tracing the dramatist's career from the time when he is presumed to have left Stratford, we may conjecture him to have arrived in London about the year 1586, and to have joined some theatrical company, to which he remained permanently attached as playwright and actor until 1604. How often and in what characters he performed;[81] where he lived in London; who were his personal friends; what were his habits; what intercourse he maintained with his family; and to what degree he partook of the provincial excursions of his fellows during this period, are points on which it has been shown we have scarcely any reliable information. In about the year just named, his history, I think, reverts to Stratford; where, from the records of the town, he would appear to have then finally retired, and engaged himself actively in agricultural pursuits.[82]

On June 5th, 1607, Shakespeare's eldest daughter, Susanna, was married to John Hall, a medical practitioner at Stratford. In December of the same year his brother Edmund died, and on the 31st of that month was buried at St. Saviour's, Southwark. As he is entered in the burial register as "a player," he probably belonged to the same company as the poet.

On the 21st of Feb. 1607–8, Elizabeth Hall, the only daughter of John Hall and the poet's daughter Susanna, was baptized at Stratford. A few months later, Shakespeare lost his mother.[83]

In June of 1609, the records of Stratford show him to have brought an action, and obtained a verdict, against one John Addenbroke, for a debt of £6 and costs. Addenbroke not being

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[80] Rawlinson's *Coll.* A. 239, Bodleian Lib.

[81] The following verses by Davies in his *Scourge of Folly*, have been thought to afford some countenance to a shadowy tradition that Shakespeare not unfrequently played in kingly characters:—

"*To our English Terence, Mr. Will Shakespeare.*

"Some say, good Will, which I'in sport do sing,
Had'st thou not plaid some kingly parts in sport,
Thou hadst bin a companion for a king,
And beene a king among the meaner sort.

"Some others raile; but raile as they thinke fit,
Thou hast no rayling, but a raigning wit:
And honesty thou sow'st, which they do reape,
So to increase their stocke, which they do keepe."

The natural interpretation of the second line is that Shakespeare had on some occasions acted royalty in a way to provoke the displeasure of the king. Possibly he had represented James himself upon the stage, and by so doing, given offence. In a letter from John Chamberlaine to Sir R. Winwood, dated Dec. 18th, 1604, the writer states that the king's company had much annoyed the court by acting a play on the subject of the Gowry conspiracy: "The Tragedy of Gowry, with all the action and actors, hath been twice represented by the King's players, with exceeding concourse of all sorts of people. But whether the matter or manner be not well handled, or that it be thought *unfit that princes should be played on the stage in their life-time*, I hear that some great councellors are much displeased with it, and so 'tis thought shall be forbidden."—Winwood's *Memorials*, &c. 11.41.

[82] The copy of a letter discovered by Mr. Collier among the Ellesmere manuscripts, which begins, "My verie honored lord. The manie good offices I have received at your Lordships hands, which ought to make me backward in asking further favors," &c. and is signed with the initials of Lord Southampton, can no longer be admitted as evidence to the contrary, since it is now declared to be a fabrication. *See Appendix.*

Another document found by Mr. Collier in the same collection, and professing to be the draft of a warrant, January 4th, 1609-10, empowering Daborne, Shakespeare, Field, and Kirkman, to train up a company of juvenile performers; and a third found by him at Dulwich College; "A brief noat taken out of the poores booke, &c., 1609," wherein Shakespeare is assessed for the relief of the poor in Southwark, at 6*d.* per week, are equally invalid as proof of the poet's continued residence in the metropolis, both being condemned as modern inventions. *See Appendix.*

[83] Her burial is entered in the register as follows:—"1608, *Septemb.* 9. *Mayry Shaxpere, Wydowe.*"

forthcoming, the suit was afterwards prosecuted against Thomas Horneby, the defendant's bail; but with what result is not shown.

At the beginning of 1613, died Richard Shakespeare, the brother to the dramatist, in his fortieth year; of his history we know even less than of the other brother's, Gilbert, whom we have seen effecting a purchase for the poet, and whose signature as witness to a deed is still extant.

In the month of March, 1612–13, Shakespeare bought a house with ground attached, near to the Blackfriars Theatre, "abutting upon a streete leading downe to Pudle Wharffe on the east part, right against the Kinges Majesties Wardrobe." The indenture of conveyance dated the 10th of March, is "Betweene Henry Walker citizein and Minstrel of London, on thone partie, and William Shakespeare of Stratford upon Avon in the countie of Warwick, gentleman, William Johnson citizein and vintener of London, John Jackson and John Hemmyng of London gentlemen, on thother partie."

Local patronage of the drama we find was neither a cause nor a consequence of Shakespeare's retirement to Stratford; on the contrary, theatrical entertainments had for some years been discouraged by the municipal authorities of that borough. So early as 1602, it was ordered 'that there shall be no pleys or enterlewedes played in the chamber, the guildhalle, nor in any parte of the howsse or courte, ffrom hensforward upon payne that whosoeover of the baylief, aldermen, and burgesses of this boroughe shall gyve leave or licence thereunto, shall forfeyt for everie offence xs." But this penalty does not seem to have been efficacious, for, on the 7th of February, 1612, the corporation made the following stringent order:—

"The inconvenience of plaies being verie seriouslie considered of, with the unlawfullnes, and howe contrarie the sufferance of them is againste the orders hearetofore made, and againste the examples of other well-governed citties and burrowes, the companie heare are contented and theie conclude that the penalty of xs. imposed in Mr. Bakers yeare for breakinge the order, shall from henceforth be xli. upon the breakers of that order, and this to holde untill the nexte commen councell, and from thencforth for ever, excepted, that be then finalli revokd and made voide."

One of the best known though least authentic anecdotes of Shakespeare, is that relating to his epitaph on a gentleman named Combe. This story has been variously told; Rowe's version is as follows:—"The latter part of his life was spent, as all men of good sense will wish theirs may be, in ease, retirement, and the conversation of his friends. He had the good fortune to gather an estate equal to his occasion, and, in that, to his wish; and is said to have spent some years before his death at his native Stratford. His pleasurable wit and good nature engaged him in the acquaintance, and entitled him to the friendship, of the gentlemen of the neighbourhood. Amongst them it is a story almost still remembered in that country, that he had a particular intimacy with Mr. Combe, an old gentleman noted thereabouts for his wealth and usury. It happened that in a pleasant conversation amongst their common friends, Mr. Combe told Shakespear in a laughing manner, that he fancied he intended to write his epitaph, if he happened to outlive him; and since he could not know what might be said of him when dead, he desired it might be done immediately. Upon which, Shakespear gave him these four verses:—

'Ten in the hundred lies here ingrav'd,
'Tis a hundred to ten, his soul is not sav'd!
If any man ask, Who lies in this tomb?
Oh, ho, quoth the devil, 'tis my John-a-Combe.'[84]

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[84] These lines, variously modified, are found in miscellanies long before Shakespeare's time.

"Ten in the hundred lies under this stone,
And a hundred to ten to the divil his gone."
Addit. MS. 15,227. *p.* 18.

But the sharpness of the satire is said to have stung the man so severely, that he never forgave it."

That the tale is not altogether destitute of foundation we may believe; but Rowe's version is certainly inaccurate. So far from Shakespeare having done what Combe "never forgave," we have the conclusive evidence of Doctors' Commons that Combe testified his cordial feelings towards the poet by a legacy in his will, and that the latter reciprocated the kindness by bequeathing his sword to Thomas Combe, the nephew of John.[85] As an act of justice to the memory of John Combe, it should be mentioned that in his will he bequeathed one hundred pounds (equal to five hundred in present money) to be lent to poor tradesmen of Stratford, and in addition, as an immediate legacy, twenty pounds to the poor of that place, together with legacies of five pounds each to the poor of Warwick and of Alcester.

About this period, we find the poet engaged in the unenviable proceedings of a Chancery suit. The action grew out of the share he had purchased of the tithes payable by the land of Stratford, and some other places. The draft of a bill presented by him, Lane, and Greene, is still in existence, but nothing further is known of the litigation. The bill alleges that these three plaintiffs had a joint interest with William Combe and various other persons in the tithes, &c. the whole being held for a term of 87 years, at a reserved rent of £27 13s. 4d. a year, but that the other parties refused to pay their proportion of this annual sum, to the injury of Shakespeare and his fellow-suitors. The draft bill is of interest in one respect; it recites that Shakespeare's income from this portion of his property was "threescore pounds" (equivalent to three hundred in our time) a year.

The same year, 1613, is memorable from the destruction of the Globe Theatre, which was burnt down on the 29th of June.[86] Whether Shakespeare was a loser by the calamity is not known; but it is conjectured that when he finally retired to his native home, he parted with all his interest in theatrical property.

During the next year, Shakespeare was concerned with the corporation of Stratford in opposing a projected enclosure of some common lands. A memorandum relating to this subject, dated 5th Sept. 1614, and headed "Auncient ffreholders in the ffields of old Stratford and Welcombe," contains, among sundry entries, the following item:—"Mr. Shakspeare 4 yard land, noe common nor grownd beyond Gospell-bushe, nor grownd in Sandfield, nor none in Slow-hill-

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"Here lyes 10 with 100, under this stone,
And 100 to one but to th' divel hees gone."
Ms. Sloane, 1489, *f.* 11.

"Who is this lyes under this hearse?
Ho, ho, quoth the divel, tis my Dr. Pearce."
Ms. Sloane, 14. 39, *f.* 11.

A double epitaph, said to have been his composition, is preserved in Dugdale's *Visitation of Salop*, a MS. in the Heralds' College. Describing a monument in Tong Church to the memory of Sir Thomas Stanley, Knight, Dugdale states that "these following verses were made by William Shakespeare, the late famous tragedian:

Written upon the east end of this tombe.

"Aske who lyes here, but do not weepe;
He is not dead, he doth but sleepe.
This stony register is for his bones,
His fame is more perpetuall than these stones;
And his own goodness, with himself being gone,
Shall live when earthly monument is none."

Written upon the west end thereof.

"Not monumentall stone preserves our fame,
Nor skye-aspiring piramids our name.
The memory of him for whom this stands
Shall outlive marble and defacers' hands:
When all to time's consumption shall be given
Stanley, for whom this stands, shall stand in heaven."

[85] Another tradition, of perhaps equal veracity with that of John Combe's epitaph, was communicated to Malone by a native of Stratford, *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 500 sqq. to the effect that Shakespeare and some of his companions having accepted the challenge of a party calling themselves the Bedford topers and sippers, to a bout of ale-bibbing, whereat the Stratfordians were overcome, Shakespeare on the occasion composed these lines:

"Piping Pebworth, Dancing Marston,
Haunted Hillborough, and Hungry Grafton,
With Dadging Exhall, Papist Wixford,
Beggarly Broom, and Drunken Bidford."

[86] According to some MS. notes in a copy of Stow's *Annales* (formerly in the possession of Mr. Pickering the bookseller): "The Globe play house on the Bank side in Southwarke was burnt downe to the ground in the yeare 1612 [1613]; and newe built up againe in the year 1613 [1614], at the great charge of King James and many noble men and others." For an account of this accident, see p. 643, Vol. II.

field beyond Bishopton, nor none in the enclosures beyond Bishopton." The landowners, it appears, were desirous of effecting certain enclosures as a means of improving their property, but their scheme was opposed by the corporation, on the plea that the inhabitants of the place had recently suffered from a disastrous fire,[87] and would be still further endamaged by the consummation of this measure. A petition was consequently addressed to the Privy Council, and the effect was an order, not only prohibiting the enclosures, but requiring William Combe, who was a chief promoter of the plan, to undo certain work which, in respect of his own property, he had begun.[88] On this business, Thomas Greene, the clerk of the corporation, and a relative of Shakespeare, was sent to London, and some memoranda made by him on the occasion are still preserved. Under date of Nov. 17th, 1614, he notes, "my cosen Shakspear[89] comyng yesterdy to Town, I went to see him how he did. He told me that they assured him they ment to inclose no further than to Gospell Bush, and so upp straight (leavying out part of the Dyngles to the ffield) to the gate in Clopton hedg, and take in Salisburyes peece; and that they mean in Aprill to survey the land, and then to gyve satisfaccion, and not before; and he and Mr. Hall say they think ther will be nothyng done at all."

Shortly after the date of this memorandum, Greene returned to Stratford, leaving the poet in London. Other notes of his prove Shakespeare's uneasiness at the projected encroachments. And that he took precautions to guard himself from loss, we have remarkable evidence in certain articles of agreement between him and William Replingham, of Great Harborough, dated the 28th of October, 1614. These articles provide that the latter shall, "uppon reasonable request, satisfie, content, and make recompense unto him the said William Shackespeare or his assignes, for all such losse, detriment, and hinderance as he the said William Shackespeare, his heires and assignes, and one Thomas Greene gent. shall or maye be thought in the viewe and judgement of foure indifferent persons, to be indifferentlie elected by the said William and William and their heires, and in default of the said William Replingham, by the said William Shackespeare or his heires onely, to survey and judge the same to sustayne or incurre for or in respecte of the increasinge of the yearlie value of the tythes they the said William Shackespeare and Thomas doe joyntlie or severallie hold and enjoy in the said fieldes or anie of them, by reason of anie inclosure or decaye of tyllage there ment and intended by the said William Replingham; and that the said William Replingham and his heires shall procure such sufficient securitie unto the said William Shackespeare and his heires for the performance of theis covenauntes, as shall bee devised by learned counsell. In witnes whereof the parties abovsaid to theis presentes interchangeablie their handes and seales have put, the daye and yeare first above wrytten.

"Sealed and delivered in the presence of us, Tho. Lucas, Jo. Rogers, Anthonie Nasshe, Mich. Olney."

In the Chamberlain's Accounts for Stratford, in 1614, there is an entry:—"Item, for on quart of sack and on quart of clarrett winne, geven to a precher at the New Place, xx*d*," which is supposed to show that Shakespeare was entertaining a preacher at the time. This is not improbable, as the custom of refreshing eminent visitors with sack and claret at the general expense was not uncommon in Stratford formerly. At the same time it is quite possible that the

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[87] It appears from a brief granted for the relief of the town shortly afterwards, that this fire, "within the space of lesse than two houres consumed and burnt fifty and fowre Dwelling Howses, many of them being very faire Houses, besides Barnes, Stables, and other Howses of Office, together with great Store of Corne, Hay, Straw, Wood and Timber therein, amounting to the value of Eight Thousand Pounds and upwards; the force of which fier was so great (the Wind sitting full upon the Towne), that it dispersed into so many places thereof, whereby the whole Towne was in very great danger to have beene utterly consumed."

[88] But the poet did not live to see the issue of the contest; the prohibition and order in question not being made before 1618.

[89] Greene terms Shakespeare his *cousin*, i.e. *kinsman*, but their exact relationship is unknown. In the burial register of Stratford there is an entry, "1589 [90], March 6, Thomas Greene, alias Shakspere," and the town clerk is thought to have been his son.

words "New Place," may have been intended to signify, the Chapel of the Holy Cross, contiguous to the poet's dwelling. The same year saw the publication of a poem entitled *The Ghost of Richard the Third*, by C. B. in which Richard is made to utter what Mr. Dyce pronounces "perhaps the happiest encomium that Shakespeare had yet received as a dramatist":—

> "To him that impt my fame with Clio's quill,
> Whose magicke rais'd me from Oblivion's den,
> That writ my storie on the Muses' hill,
> And with my actions dignified his pen;
> He that from Helicon sends many a rill
> Whose nectared veines are drunke by thirstie men;
> Crown'd be his stile with fame, his head with bayes,
> And none detract, but gratulate his praise."

Early in 1616, the poet's youngest daughter, Judith, was married to Thomas Quiney, vintner and wine merchant of Stratford. The ceremony took place on the 10th of February, 1615–16, the bride being then thirty-one years of age, and her husband twenty-seven.

On the 25th of the next month, Shakespeare executed his will, which had evidently been prepared two months before: the date,—"*Vicesimo quinto die Martii*,"—having originally been "*Vicesimo quinto die Januarii*." It declares the testator to be "in perfect health and memory;" which might be true at the time when the instrument was first drawn, but his signatures on the three sheets of paper which the will occupies, are thought to indicate much physical debility. This was his last recorded act. A few weeks later, on the 23d of April, 1616, William Shakespeare died.

Of the particular malady which deprived the world of this incomparable genius, we have no authentic information. The Rev. John Ward, who was vicar of Stratford in the seventeenth century, has left behind him a Diary, now in the library of the Medical Society of London, wherein is the following passage:—"I have heard that Mr. Shakespeare was a natural wit, without any art at all; he frequented the plays all his younger time, but in his elder days lived at Stratford and supplied the stage with two plays every year, and for itt had an allowance so large, that hee spent att the rate of 1000*l.* a-year, as I have heard. *Shakespear, Drayton, and Ben Jhonson, had a merie meeting*, and itt seems drank too hard, for Shakespear died of a feavour there contracted."[90] The statement that subsequent to his retirement from London, Shakespeare supplied the stage with two plays a-year, and lived at the rate of a thousand pounds a-year, is no doubt an exaggeration; but the carousal is not at all improbable. As Mr. Dyce remarks,—"Drayton, a native of Warwickshire, and frequently in the neighbourhood of Stratford, may fairly be presumed to have partaken at times of Shakespeare's hospitality; and Jonson, who, about two years after, wandered on foot into Scotland and back again, would think little of a journey to Stratford for the sake of visiting so dear a friend.—"

It is remarkable that the poet's son-in-law, Dr. Hall, who doubtless attended him in his last illness, and who has left observations on various medical cases within his own experience,[91] should have preserved no memorandum concerning this, the most interesting case of all.

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[90] A note at the end of the volume says, "this booke was begunne ffeb. 14. 1661, and finished April the 25th, 1663, att Mr. Brooks his house, in Stratford uppon Avon, in Warwickshire."

[91] They were written in Latin, and published with the following title in 1657: *Select Observations on English Bodies: Or, Cures both Empericall and Historicall, performed upon very eminent Persons in desperate Diseases. First written in Latine by Mr. John Hall Physician, living at Stratford upon Avon in Warwick-shire, where he was very famous, as also in the Counties adjacent, as appeares by these Observations drawn out of severall hundreds of his as choycest. Now put into English for common benefit by James Cooke Practitioner in Physick and Chirurgery.*"

On the 25th of April,[92] all of Shakespeare that could perish was buried on the north side of the chancel of Stratford Church. A flat stone covering his grave bears the following inscription :—

> "Good frend for Jesus sake forbeare,
> To digg the dust encloased heare :
> Bleste be ye man y^t spares thes stones
> And curst be he y^t moves my bones."[93]

The monument erected to the great dramatist's memory against the north wall of the chancel, is too well known to require description. It is said to have been executed by Gerard Johnson soon after the poet's death, and is mentioned by Leonard Digges, in his verses prefixed to the folio edition of Shakespeare's plays published in 1623. The bust which forms part of the monument must therefore be regarded as the most authentic likeness of Shakespeare we possess.[94] The inscription below it is as follows :—

> "Judicio Pylium, genio Socratem, arte Maronem,
> Terra tegit, populus mæret [mœret,] Olympus habet."
>
> "Stay, passenger, why goest thou by so fast?
> Read, if thou canst, whom envious Death hath plast
> Within this monument, Shakspeare, with whome
> Quick nature dide; whose name doth deck ye tombe
> Far more then cost; sith all y^t he hath writt,
> Leaves living art but page to serve his witt.
> Obiit Aio Do^i 1616
> Ætatis 53, die 23 Ap."

The first folio is illustrated with a portrait, engraved by Martin Droeshout, which, though inferior as a work of art, bears a general resemblance to the bust at Stratford.[95] Unless it were a copy therefrom, the similarity would indicate a certain fidelity in both. Accompanying this print are some verses by Ben Jonson, which of themselves attest in some degree the truthfulness of the portrait :—

> "This figure, that thou here seest put,
> It was for gentle Shakespeare cut;
> Wherein the graver had a strife
> With Nature, to out-doo the life.
> O, could he but have drawne his wit
> As well in brasse as he hath hit
> His face, the print would then surpasse
> All that was ever writ in brasse;
> But since he cannot, reader, looke
> Not on his picture, but his booke."

The bequests of the poet's will have been often criticized. The interlineation, by which he leaves to his wife only the "second-best bed," has occasioned especial speculation. But

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[92] The record in the burial-register is :—
"1616. *April* 25. *Willm Shakspere, Gent.*"

[93] Dowdall affirms that this epitaph was "made by himselfe, a little before his death."

[94] "The bust is as large as life, and was originally coloured in imitation of nature: the eyes were light hazel; the hair and beard auburn; the doublet was scarlet; the loose gown, without sleeves, black; the plain band round the neck, and the wrist-bands were white: the upper part of the cushion in front of the bust was green, the under half crimson: the cord running along the cushion and the tassels were gilt. These colours were renewed in 1749; but Malone caused the whole to be covered over with one or more coats of white paint in 1793."—DYCE.

[95] For particulars respecting the other portraits of Shakespeare, the reader is referred to,—*An Inquiry into the Authenticity of various Pictures and Prints, which, from the decease of the Poet to our own times, have been offered to the Public as Portraits of Shakespeare, &c.*, by James Boaden, 1824: and to *An Inquiry into the History, Authenticity, and Characteristics of the Shakespeare Portraits, &c.*, by Abraham Wivell, 1827.

the credit is due to Mr. Knight of having suggested that by the law of the land, Mrs. Shakespeare had certain rights in her husband's property which required no provision in his will. The same writer has pointed out that even the express mention of the second-best bed, was anything but unkindness and insult; the best bed at that period being considered amongst the chattels which went by custom to the heir in chief.

I have now approached, not without a sense of relief, the limits apportioned to a record of the few particulars in the personal history of Shakespeare which have been discovered. But, as everybody connected with so illustrious a man possesses interest, this imperfect memoir must not close without some account, however brief, of those members of his family who survived him. His widow outlived him seven years. She was buried at Stratford on the 8th of August, 1623.[96] The inscription on the brass plate over her remains is as follows:—"Heere lyeth interred the body of Anne wife of William Shakespeare, who departed this life the 6th day of Augt. 1623, being of the age of 67 yeares.

Ubera tu, mater, tu lac vitamque dedisti:
Væ mihi, pro tanto munere saxa dabo.
Quam mallem amoveat lapidem bonus angelus ore,
Exeat Christi[97] corpus imago tua.
Sed nil vota valent: venias cito, Christe, resurget,
Clausa licet tumulo, mater et astra petet."

Shakespeare's wife makes but a small figure in this memoir. From her having been older than her husband; from certain passages in his works; from the slight notice of her in his will; from none of her family being named in that instrument; and from her having apparently lived a great part of her married life in some measure separated from him; it has been inferred that the match was not felicitous. But we have no satisfactory means of forming a judgment on the subject, and in the absence of these it is not fair to conclude that there was unhappiness or estrangement between them.[98]

His eldest daughter, Susanna, who it has been mentioned was married to Dr. John Hall inherited the bulk of his property.[99] Her daughter, and only child, Elizabeth, was born 21st of

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[96] The entry of her burial in the register is peculiar:—

1623.
"8 { *Mrs. Shakespeare.*
{ *Anna uxor Richardi James.*"—

The figure represents the day of the month, but what are we to understand by the bracket? Mr. Harness is of opinion that the two names represent one person; that Mrs. Shakespeare, after the death of her husband, forgot her allegiance to his memory, and became Mrs. James. "The book," he remarks, "affords no similar instance of this mode of entry. On every occasion, when two funerals have taken place on the same day, the date is either repeated, or left blank, but this bracketing the names together—supposing Mrs. Shakespeare and Mrs. James to be different people, is altogether without a parallel. What can be the meaning of this departure from the common rule, unless it was intended to show that the two names constitute one register? Again, with hardly an exception to the contrary, all the entries on the page are in Latin; and it would not only be difficult to account for the deviation into the vulgar tongue in the case of the poet's widow, but to explain why, unless the whole register referred to one individual, the officiating minister, who described one *Anna*, at full length, as '*Uxor Richardi James*,' should have been content without describing the other *Anna* at full length also, as *Vidua Gulielmi Shakspeare.*"

[97] In MS. this line no doubt originally read as it is commonly printed, "Exeat *ut* Christi," &c.,—but the "*ut*" is omitted on the brass plate.

[98] A memorial of Anne Shakespeare in connexion with the friends of her youth at Shottery, is found in the will of Thomas Whittington, a man who had been her father's shepherd. Whittington, who died in 1608, made one bequest as follows:—

"Item, I geve and bequeth unt the poore of Stratfud 40*s.*, that is in the hand of Anne Shaxpere, wyfe unto Mr. Wyllyam Shaxpere, and is due debt unto me, beyng paid to mine executor by the sayd Wyllyam Shaxpere or his assignes according t the true meanyng of this my will." The money in question had probably been deposited in the hands of Mrs. Shakespeare for safe custody.

[99] "New Place, the abode of the poet's later years,—which is said to have been originally built by Sir Hugh Clopton in the reign of Henry the Seventh, and which was then known by the name of *The Great House*,—came, on Shakespeare's death, to Mrs. Hall, and, on her decease, to her only child, Elizabeth Nash, afterwards Lady Barnard. In this mansion, while it belonged to Mr. and Mrs. Nash, Queen Henrietta Maria held her court for about three weeks, during the civil wars in 1643. As directed in Lady Barnard's will, New Place was sold after the death of herself and her husband. Subsequently we find it again in the possession of the Clopton family: and in 1742 Garrick, Macklin, and Delane (the actor) were entertained by Sir Hugh Clopton, in the garden of New Place, under what was called Shakespeare's mulberry-tree. The constant tradition of Stratford declared that this celebrated tree was planted by the poet's hand: probably about 1609, as during that year an immense number of young mulberry trees was imported from France, and sent into different

February, 1607–8, and appears to have been a favourite of her grandfather, as testified by his will. Dr. Hall died in 1635,[100] leaving his property between his wife and daughter. Susanna survived him fourteen years, being buried on the 16th of July, 1649. The inscription on her tombstone, which adjoins her husband's in the chancel of Stratford Church, is as follows:—

"Heere lyeth ye body of Susanna, wife of John Hall, gent; ye daughter of William Shakespeare, gent: : shee deceased ye 11th of July, A^o 1649, aged 66.

Witty above her sexe, but that's not all,
Wise to salvation was good Mistris Hall:
Something of Shakespeare was in that; but this,
Wholy of him with whome shes now in blisse.
Then, passenger, hast ne're a tear
To weepe with her that wept with all?
That wept, yet set herselfe to chere
Them up with comforts cordiall.
Her love shall live, her mercy spread,
When thou hast ne're a teare to shed." [101]

Elizabeth, the poet's grand-daughter, was married on the 22d of April, 1626, to Thomas Nash, son of Anthony Nash, who had an estate at Welcombe. Thomas Nash was born in 1593, he was therefore fifteen years older than his wife. He died in April,[102] 1647, leaving no issue.[103] His widow married her second husband John, afterwards Sir John, Bernard, of Abington, near Northampton. He was created a knight by Charles II., on the 25th of November, 1661. He was himself a widower, having married for his first wife a daughter of Sir Clement Edmonds, of Preston, in Northamptonshire. The Bernards were a respectable county family, having held the manor and advowson of Abington for more than two hundred years. Lady Bernard died at Abington, and was buried there on the 17th of February, 1669–70,[104] and with her passed away the last of the poet's immediate descendants, as she left no issue by her marriage with Sir John Bernard.[105] By her will, preserved in the Prerogative Court of London, Lady Bernard bequeathed legacies of forty and fifty pounds each, to six members of the Hathaway family, testifying thereby, to an affectionate regard for the memory of her grandmother, Anne Shakespeare.[106] She left the inn called the Maidenhead, and the next house

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counties of England, by order of King James, with a view to the encouragement of the silk manufacture. Sir Hugh Clopton modernized the house by internal and external alterations. His son-in-law, Henry Talbot, Esq., sold New Place to the Rev. Francis Gastrell, Vicar of Frodsham, in Cheshire. This wealthy and unamiable clergyman, conceiving a dislike to the mulberry-tree, because it subjected him to the importunities of travellers, whose veneration for Shakespeare induced them to visit it, caused it to be cut down and cleft into pieces for fire-wood, in 1756: the greater part of it, however, was bought by a watchmaker of Stratford, who converted every fragment into small boxes, goblets, toothpick-cases, tobacco-stoppers, &c., for which he found eager purchasers. Mr. Gastrell having quarrelled with the magistrates about parochial assessments, razed the mansion to the ground in 1759, and quitted Stratford amidst the rage and execrations of the inhabitants."—DYCE.

[100] The inscription on his tombstone reads thus:—
"Heere lyeth ye body of John Hall, gent: hee marr. Susanna ye daughter and coheire of Will. Shakespeare, gent. Hee deceased Nove^r 25, A^o 1635, aged 60.

Hallius hic situs est, medica celeberrimus arte,
Expectans regni gaudia læta Dei.
Dignus erat meritis qui Nestora vinceret annis,
In terris omnes sed rapit aqua dies.
Ne tumulo quid desit, adest fidissima conjux,
Et vitæ comitem nunc quoque mortis habet."

[101] This inscription was removed to make room for another to the memory of one Richard Watts, who died in 1707; but it was restored a few years ago at the expense of the Rev. William Harness.

[102] He was buried with the Shakespeares in the chancel of Stratford Church:
"Heere resteth ye body of Thomas Nashe, esq. He mar. Elizabeth, the daug. and heire of John Halle, gent. He died Aprill 4. A. 1647, aged 53.

Fata manent omnes: hunc non virtute carentem,
Ut neque divitiis, abstulit atra dies;
Abstulit, at referet lux ultima: siste, viator;
Si peritura paras, per male parta peris."

[103] *See Appendix.*

[104] The following is the record of her burial from the Abington register:—

"Anno D^mi. N^o. J. C. 1669.

Madam Elizabeth Bernard wife of Sir John Bernard Knt., was buried 17th Febr. 1669."

[105] The representatives of the poet are now the Harts, descendants from his sister Joan, who was buried at Stratford, Nov. 4, 1646.

[106] *See Appendix.*

adjoining (in Henley Street, Stratford) to Thomas Hart, grandson of Shakespeare's brother-in-law, William Hart; and to her kinsman, Edward Bagley, citizen of London, she bequeathed the residue of her property. Sir John Bernard survived his wife about four years, and was buried with her at Abington.[107]

Shakespeare's second daughter, Judith, a twin with Hamnet, was married on the 10th of February, 1616, to Thomas Quiney. She died in February, 1661–2, and was buried at Stratford; the issue of this marriage consisted of three sons, Shakespeare, Richard and Thomas, born respectively in November, 1616, February, 1617–18, and August, 1619. Of these children, Shakespeare died in May, 1617, Thomas in January, 1638, and Richard in February of the same year; no one of them having attained to man's estate; and thus absolutely terminated the poet's family in the Quiney branch.

Regarding the character and disposition of Shakespeare, the testimony of his contemporaries and the traditional accounts which have reached us, concur in extolling his integrity, ingenuousness, amiability, and lively wit. Chettle, as has been shown, acknowledges "his uprightness of dealing."[108] Jonson, in a generous burst of enthusiasm, declares him to have been "indeed honest and of an open and free nature."[109] Fuller[110] has preserved for us a pleasant tradition of his social mirth. From what has been gathered of his history, and from what we know of his works, we can ourselves attest to his having been a man of rare industry, of sedulous attention to business, of unusual skill in the direction of affairs, of the right personal ambition, of admirable judgment, and to have been pre-eminently endowed with those indefinable, but well appreciated qualities, which go to make up what Englishmen understand by the term "Gentleman." His writings prove that he was exempt from the despicable weakness of sectarian animosity, since it is left for modern Papists and Protestants to dispute whether he belonged to the one denomination or the other. That he took extended views of public affairs, is manifest by the words of universal, not of temporary application, which he has put into the mouths of his kings and statesmen, and by the felicity with which he combined great freedom of expression with abstinence from giving umbrage to the ruling authorities of his time.

A good deal of argument has been expended with the view to determine the extent of his "learning." Gildon, Sewell, Upton, Whalley and others, contend that he was a man of extensive literary attainments. Dr. Farmer, on the other hand, having shown conclusively that his plays are full of historical and other errors, and that in all cases where he had the option of resorting to ancient authors in the original or to translations, he had recourse to the latter, represents him as positively illiterate, though allowing that he "remembered, perhaps, enough of his *school-boy* learning to put the *Hig, hag, hog,* into the mouth of Sir Hugh Evans; and might pick up in the writers of the time, or the course of his conversation, a familiar phrase or two of French or Italian." The truth is probably between these extremes. Ben Jonson's evidence admits him to have had some portion of Latin, if not a smattering of Greek; and although I think he

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[107] The entry of his burial stands thus in the register book:—

"A. D. 1673.
Sr John Bernard, Knight my noble and ever honoured Patron, was buried 5th of March 1673."

[108] See page xxix.

[109] "I remember, the players have often mentioned it as an honour to Shakespeare, that in his writing (whatsoever he penned), he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been, Would he had blotted a thousand! Which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this, but for their ignorance, who chose that circumstance to commend their friend by, wherein he most faulted; and to justify mine own candour; for I loved the man, and do honour his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any. He was (indeed) honest, and of an open and free nature; had an excellent phantasy, brave notions, and gentle expressions; wherein he flowed with that facility, that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped: *Sufflaminandus erat;* as Augustus said of Haterius. His wit was in his own power:' would the rule of it have been so too! Many times he fell into those things could not escape laughter: as when he said in the person of Cæsar, one speaking to him, 'Cæsar, thou dost me wrong,' he replied, 'Cæsar did never wrong but with just cause,' and such like; which were ridiculous. But he redeemed his vices with his virtues. There was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned."—*Discoveries,* —*Jonson's Works,* ix. 175, Gifford's ed.

[110] See page xxxii.

had little acquaintance either with French or Italian, there is nothing to show that he had not an average amount of "schooling." A man who wrote thirty-seven plays in twenty-five years, who acted in most of them, who took a prominent part in the business of an extensive theatrical enterprise, who laboured assiduously for the improvement of his private affairs, and who by these means raised himself from a lowly position to one of wealth and influence, was not likely to prosecute a laborious study of dead or foreign languages. But that Shakespeare was intimately conversant with most branches of knowledge, that he had both read diligently and pondered deeply, that he was "an exact surveyor of the inanimate world," while he was familiar with all the varied pursuits of human-kind, cannot for a moment be denied. And if the stores of "learning" were not at his command, we have the testimony of a ripe scholar that his native force enabled him to soar far above

> "—— all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome
> Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come."

He found, as we know, the stage scarce emerged from barbarism; and by the vigour of his own genius, unaided by the models of the ancient theatre, he "expanded the magic circle of the drama beyond the limits that belonged to it in antiquity, made it embrace more time and locality, filled it with larger business and action, with vicissitudes of gay and serious emotion, which classical taste had kept divided; with characters which developed humanity in stronger light and subtler movements, and with a language more wildly, more playfully diversified by fancy and passion, than was ever spoken on any stage."[111]

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[111] Campbell's *Specimens of the British Poets*, Vol. I. p. 48.

SHAKESPEARE'S WILL.[1]

FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE OFFICE OF THE PREROGATIVE COURT OF CANTERBURY.

Vicesimo quinto die Martii,[2] *Anno Regni Domini nostri Jacobi nunc Regis Angliæ, &c. decimo quarto, et Scotiæ xlix°. Annoque Domini* 1616.

T. W^m^J Shackspeare

In the name of god, Amen! I William Shackspeare of Stratford upon Avon, in the countie of warr. gent, in perfect health and memorie, god be praysed! doe make and Ordayne this my last will and testament in manner and forme followeing; That ys to saye, First I Comend my Soule into the handes of god my Creator, hoping, and assuredlie beleeving, through thonelie merites of Jesus Christe my Saviour, to be made partaker of lyfe everlastinge, And my bodye to the Earth whereof yt ys made. Item, I Gyve and bequeath unto my Daughter[3] Judyth, One hundred and Fyftie poundes of lawfull English money, to be paied unto her in manner and forme followeing, That ys to saye, One hundred poundes *in discharge of her marriage porcion* within one yeare after my deceas, with consideracion after the Rate of twoe Shillinges in the pound for soe long tyme as the same shalbe unpaied unto her after my deceas, and the Fyftie poundes Residewe thereof, upon her Surrendring *of* or gyving of such sufficient Securitie as the overseers of this my Will shall like of, to Surrender or graunte All her estate and Right that shall discend or come unto her after my desceas, or *that shee* nowe hath, of in or to one Copiehold tenemente with thappurtenaunces, lyeing and being in Stratford upon Avon aforesaied, in the saied county of warr. being parcell or holden of the mannour of Rowington, unto my Daughter Susanna Hall, and her heires for ever. Item, I Gyve and bequeath unto my saied Daughter Judith One hundred and Fyftie Poundes more, if shee, or Anie issue of her bodie, be Lyvinge att thend of three yeares next ensueing the Daie of the Date of this my Will, during which tyme my executours to paie her consideracion from my deceas according to the Rate aforesaied; And if she dye within the saied tearme without issue of her bodye, then my will ys, and I Doe gyve and bequeath One Hundred Poundes thereof to my Neece Elizabeth Hall, and the Fiftie Poundes to be sett fourth by my executours during the lief of my Sister Johane Harte, and the use and profitt thereof Cominge, shalbe payed to my saied Sister Jone, and after her deceas the said l^li^. shall Remaine Amongst the children of my saied Sister Equallie to be Devided Amongst them; But if my saied Daughter Judith be lyving att thend of the saied three Yeares, or anie yssue of her bodye, then my will ys, and soe I Devise and bequeath the saied Hundred and Fyftie Poundes to be sett out *by my executors and overseers* for the best benefitt of her and her issue, and *the stock* not *to be* paied unto her soe long as she shalbe marryed and Covert Baron; but my will ys, that she shall have the consideracion yearelie paied unto her during her lief, and after her deceas, the saied stock and consideracion to bee paied to her children, if she have Anie, and if not, to her executours or assignes, she lyving the saied terme after my deceas: Provided that yf such husbond as she shall att thend of the saied three yeares be marryed unto, or at anie [tyme] after, doe sufficientlie Assure unto her, and thissue of her bodie landes Awnswereable to the porcion by this my will gyven unto her, and to be adjudged soe by my executours and overseers, then my will ys, that the said Cl^li^. shalbe paied to such husbond as shall make such assurance, to his owne use. Item, I gyve and bequeath unto my saied sister Jone xx^li^, and all my wearing Apparrell, to be paied and delivered within one yeare after my Deceas; And I doe will and devise unto her *the house* with thappurtenaunces in Stratford, wherein she dwelleth, for her natural lief, under the yearlie rent of xij^d^.

Item, I gyve and bequeath unto her three sonnes, William Harte, [Thomas[4]] Hart, and Michaell Harte, Fyve Poundes Apeece, to be paied within one Yeare after my decease.[5] Item, I gyve and bequeath unto *the saied*

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[1] The will is written in the clerical hand of that period, on three sheets of paper, fastened together at top. The poet's name is signed at the bottom of the first and second sheet, and his final signature, "by me William Shakspeare," is near the middle of the third sheet. Malone was of opinion that he signed the last sheet first, and that the hand grew gradually weaker in signing the second and first pages. The words printed in Italics are those which in the original are interlined.

[2] Originally written *Januarii*.

[3] Originally *sonne and* daughter.

[4] This Christian name is omitted in the original will.

[5] The following words were here at first inserted, but afterwards cancelled: "to be sett out for her within one yeare after my deceas by my executours with thadvise and direccions of my overseers, for her best profitt, until her marriage, and then the same with the increase thereof to be paied unto her."

Elizabeth Hall[6] All my plate, *except my brod silver and gilt bole*, that I now have att the Date of this my will. Item, I gyve and bequeath unto the Poore of Stratford aforesaied tenn poundes; to Mr. Thomas Combe my Sword; to Thomas Russell, Esquier, Fyve pounds; and to Frauncis Collins of the Borough of warr. in the countie of warr. gentleman, thirteene poundes Sixe shillinges and Eight pence, to be paied within one Yeare after my Deceas. Item, I gyve and bequeath to *Hamlett*[7] *Sadler* xxvi^{s} viij^{d}, to buy him A Ringe; to *William Raynoldes, gent.* xxvi^{s} viij^{d}, *to buy him A Ringe;* to my godson William Walker xx^{s} in gold; to Anthonye Nashe, gent. xxvi^{s} viij^{d}; and to Mr. John Nashe, xxvi^{s} viij^{d}; *and to my Fellowes, John Hemynges, Richard Burbage, and Henry Cundell*, xxvi^{s} viij^{s} *Apeece, to buy them ringes.* Item, I Gyve, will, bequeath, and devise, unto my daughter Susanna Hall, *for better enabling of her to performe this my will, and towardes the performans thereof*, All that Capital messuage or tenemente, with thappurtenances, *in Stratford aforesaid*, Called the new place, wherein I nowe Dwell, and two Messuages or tenementes, with thappurtenaunces, scituat, lyeing, and being in Henley-streete, within the borough of Stratford aforesaied; And all my barnes, stables, Orchardes, gardens, landes, tenementes, and hereditamentes whatsoever, scituat, lyeing, and being, or to be had, Receyved, perceyved, or taken, within the townes, Hamletes, Villages, Fieldes, and groundes of Stratford upon Avon, Oldstratford, Bushopton, and Welcombe, or in anie of them, in the said countie of warr. And alsoe All that messuage or tenemente, with thappurtenaunces, wherein One John Robinson dwelleth, scituat, lyeng, and being, in the blackfriers in London nere the Wardrobe; and all other my landes, tenementes, and hereditamentes whatsoever: To have and to hold All and singular the saied premisses, with their appurtenaunces, unto the saied Susanna Hall, for and during the terme of her naturall lief; and after her deceas to the first sonne of her bodie lawfullie yssueinge, and to the heires Males of the bodie of the saied first Sonne lawfully yssueinge; and for defalt of such issue, to the second Sonne of her bodie lawfullie issueinge, and to the heires males of the bodie of the said Second Sonne lawfully yssueing; and for defalt of such heires, to the third Sonne of the bodie of the saied Susanna Lawfullie yssueinge, and to the heires males of the bodie of the saied third sonne lawfullie yssueing; And for defalt of such issue, the same soe to be and Remaine to the Fourth, Fyfth, sixte, and Seaventh sonnes of her body, lawfullie issueinge one after Another, and to the heires Males of the bodies of the said Fourth, fifth, Sixte, and Seaventh sonnes lawfullie yssueing, in such manner as yt is before Lymitted to be and Remaine to the first, second, and third Sonns of her bodie, and to their heires Males; And for defalt of such issue, the saied premisses to be and Remaine to my sayed Neece Hall, and the heires Males of her bodie lawfullie yssueing; And for defalt of such issue, to my Daughter Judith and the heires Males of her bodie lawfullie issueinge, And for defalt of such issue, to the Right heires of me the saied William Shackspeare for ever. *Item, I gyve unto my wief my second best bed, with the furniture.* Item, I gyve and bequeath to my saied Daughter Judith my broad silver gilt bole. All the rest of my goodes, Chattel, Leases, plate, Jewels, and houshold stuffe whatsoever, after my Dettes and Legacies paied, and my funerall expences discharged, I gyve, devise, and bequeath to my Sonne-in-Lawe, John Hall, gent. and my Daughter Susanna his wief, whom I ordaine and make executours of this my Last will and testament. And I doe intreat and Appoint *the saied* Thomas Russell, Esquier, and Frauncis Collins, gent. to be overseers hereof, And doe Revoke All former wills, and publishe this to be my last will and testament. In Witness whereof I have hereunto put my *hand*,[8] the Daie and Yeare first above written.

Witnes to the publyshing hereof, Fra. Collyns, Julyus Shawe, John Robinson, Hamnet Sadler, Robert Whattcott.

By me William Shakspeare.

Probatum coram Magistro Willielmo Byrde, Legum Doctore Comiss. &c. xxjj.^{do} die mensis Junii, Anno Domini 1616; *juramento Johannis Hall, unius executorum &c. cui &c. de bene &c. jurat. reservat. potestate &c. Susannæ Hall, alteri executorum &c. cum venerit petitur, (Inv^{t}. ex^{t}.)*

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[6] This sentence was originally only *her*.

[7] Instead of *Hamlett Sadler, Mr. Richard Tyler thelder,* was first written.

[8] *Seale* was originally written.

APPENDIX.

Purchase of New Place. (*See page* xxxi.)

Translation of the foot of the fine levied on the occasion of Shakespeare's purchase of this house. The original is now in the Public Record Office :—

This is the Final Agreement made in the Court of our Sovereign Lady the Queen, at Westminster, in one month from the day of St. Michael in the Forty Fourth year of the reign of Elizabeth by the grace of God of England France and Ireland Queen, Defender of the Faith &c., after the Conquest: before Edmund Anderson, Thomas Walmysley, George Kingesmyll, and Peter Warburton, Justices of our Lady the Queen, and others there then present: between William Shakespeare gentleman, Complainant and Hercules Underhill gentleman deforciant; of one messuage, two barns, two gardens, and two orchards with appurtenances in Stretford upon Avon: whereupon a plea of Covenant was summoned between them in the same Court; that is to say, that the aforesaid Hercules hath acknowledged the aforesaid tenements with appurtenances to be the right of the same William as those which he the same William hath of the gift of the aforesaid Hercules, and those he hath remised and quit claimed from him and his heirs to the aforesaid William and his heirs for ever: And moreover the same Hercules hath granted for him and his heirs that they will warrant to the aforesaid William and his heirs the aforesaid tenements with appurtenances, against him the aforesaid Hercules and his heirs, for ever: And for this acknowledgment, remise, quitclaim, warranty, fine and Agreement the same William hath given to the aforesaid Hercules Sixty Pounds Sterling.

Warwick.

[*On the back follow the Proclamations according to the Form of the Statute.*]

Purchase of Land from William Combe and John Combe. (*See page* xxxiv.)

The following is a translation of the foot of the fine levied on this property thirteen years after its purchase. The original is preserved in the Public Record Office :—

This is the Final Agreement made in the Court of our Sovereign Lord the King at Westminster, on the morrow of the Holy Trinity in the year of the reigns of James by the grace of God of England Scotland France and Ireland King Defender of the Faith &c. of England France and Ireland the eighth, and of Scotland the Forty Third; before Edward Coke, Thomas Walmysley, Peter Warburton, and Thomas Foster, Justices of our Lord the King and others there then present: Between William Shakespere gentleman complainant, and William Combe Esquire and John Combe gentleman deforciants, of one hundred and seven acres of land and twenty acres of pasture with appurtenances in Old Stratford and Stratford upon Avon: whereupon a plea of Covenant was summoned between them in the same Court, that is to say, that the aforesaid William Combe and John have acknowledged the aforesaid tenements with appurtenances to be the right of him the same William Shakespere as those which the same William hath of the gift of the aforesaid William Combe and John, And those they have remised and quitclaimed from them the same William Combe and John and their heirs, to the aforesaid William Shakespeare and his heirs for ever: And moreover the same William Combe hath granted for him and his heirs that they will warrant to the aforesaid William Shakespere and his heirs the aforesaid tenements with appurtenances against him the aforesaid William Combe and his heirs for ever; And further the same John hath granted for him and his heirs that they will warrant to the aforesaid William Shakespere and his heirs the aforesaid tenements with appurtenances against the aforesaid John and his heirs for ever: And for this Acknowledgment remise quitclaim warranties fine and agreement the same William Shakespere hath given to the aforesaid William Combe and John one hundred Pounds Sterling.

WARWICK.

[*On the back follow the Proclamations according to the Form of the Statute.*]

DOCUMENTS RELATING TO SHAKESPEARE'S ESTATES, RECENTLY DISCOVERED IN THE ROLLS CHAPEL.

SHAKESPEARE by his will dated 25 March, 1616, bequeathed, as we have seen, to his daughter, Susanna Hall, [wife of John Hall] the capital messuage in Stratford-upon-Avon, called the New Place, wherein he then dwelt, and two messuages in Henley Street within the said Borough, and all his other lands and tenements in Stratford-upon-Avon, Old Stratford, Bishopton, and Welcombe in Co: Warwick; also all that messuage wherein John Robinson dwells, in the Blackfriars, in London, near the Wardrobe; to hold for the term of her life, and after her decease, to the heirs male of her body; and in default of heirs male of her body, the said premises to remain to his *niece* [grand-daughter], Elizabeth Hall, and the heirs male of her body; for default of such issue to his daughter Judith [wife of Thomas Quiney], and the heirs male of her body, and for default of such issue to his right heirs.

This lady, Elizabeth Hall, it has been shown, at eighteen years of age became the wife of Thomas Nash, and as the three sons of Judith Quiney all died without children, the last of them in January, 1639, the poet's elder daughter Susanna Hall, her daughter, Elizabeth Nash, and her husband, Thomas Nash, suffered a Fine and Recovery in the fifteenth of Charles I., A.D. 1639–40, by which all the estates in question were confirmed to Mrs. Hall, for her life, with remainder to Mr. and Mrs. Nash, and her issue; and in default of such issue then upon Mr. Nash.

Mr. Nash died without issue 4th April, 1647; having by his will dated 25th August, 1642, bequeathed all the said estate to his wife Elizabeth, for her life, and the reversionary interest thereof to his cousin Edward Nash.

Mrs. Nash, advised that her husband had no right to make such a will, as the Fine and Recovery settled the estates upon her and her issue, and considering that she might marry again and have children (being then only thirty-nine years old), refused, it seems, to carry out her husband's will. Whereupon the said Edward Nash filed his Bill in Chancery against her and others, setting out the will in question, and calling upon the Court to compel Mrs. Nash to produce and execute the same, &c.

These circumstances, and the consequent fact that by another Fine and Recovery Shakespeare's estate were again limited to his descendants, were first made public by the late Mr. Wheeler, of Stratford. Neither he, however, nor Malone, who was indefatigable in his inquiries concerning the poet's grand-daughter and the ultimate disposition of the property, was fortunate enough to find the legal papers in the suit in Chancery between Mrs. Nash and Edward Nash. The instruments in question appear to have remained untouched in their original depository, the Rolls Chapel, for above two hundred years until a few months since, when, during some alterations in the Chapel, they were brought to light, together with the original will of Thomas Nash.[1] By the liberality of Sir John Romilly, the Right Honourable the Master of the Rolls, I am enabled to print the whole of these documents, as well as some others relating to the poet's property which have never, to my knowledge, been published.

CHANCERY PROCEEDINGS.

N. N. 17. No. 65.

The several answers of Elizabeth Nash, widowe, one of the Defend^{ts}. to the Bill of Complaynt of Edward Nash, Complainant.

All advantage of excepcion to the incertanties and insufficiences of the said Bill of Complaynt now and at all tymes hereafter saved and reserved unto the Defend^{t}. for Answer sayth: That the Complainant is Cousin to the Defend^{ts}. late husband Thomas Nash Esquier deceased but not heir to the said Thomas Nash, For that the said Thomas Nash hath a sister liveing whoe is one of the Defend^{ts}. to the said Bill of Complaynt besides other kindred whoe are nearer in blood to the said Thomas Nashe deceased than the said Complainant as the Defend^{t}. takes it, And the Defend^{t}. sayth: That the said Thomas Nash in his life tyme was seized of diverse messuages, lands, Tenem^{ts}. and hereditam^{ts}. and possesssed of a personall Estate, And that hee being soe seized and possessed made his last will and Testament in writing in or about the Twentie Fifte day of August one thousand six hundred Fortie and two and thereby Devised unto this Defend^{t}. and the other Defend^{t}. his sister and the Complainant and other persons the lands and legacies in such sort and to such purpose word for word as the Complainant hath set forth in his sayd Bill of Complaynt wch. the Complainant might well doe for that the Defend^{t}. gave unto the said Complainant a true coppie of the sayd last will and Testament of the said Thomas Nashe and of the Codicell to the sayd will annexed which Codicell the said Thomas Nashe made or caused to bee made in his sicknes in or about the third day of Aprill Anno Domini one thousand six hundred Fortie and seaven and published the same for as

[1] An abstract of Nash's will, and of a nuncupative codicil thereto, was printed by Malone. See *Variorum* edition, 1821, Vol. II. p. 619.

part of his said last will and Testam$^{t.}$ and to bee added to the same, And that shortly after (that is to say) in or about the Fowerth day of the same moneth the said Thomas Nashe dyed haveing in or by his said last will appoynted and made this Defend$^{t.}$ his sole Executrix whoe proved the said will w$^{th.}$ the said Codicell thereunto annexed in due forme of Lawe in the Prerogative Cort of Canterbury where the said last will and Codicell are entred and remayne upon Record amongst the Records there, to w$^{ch.}$ the Defend$^{t.}$ for more certantie referreth herselfe for and concerning all and everie the matters contayned in the said will and Codicell and complayned of in or by, the said Bill of Complaynt, And the Defend$^{t.}$ saith : That the said messuage called the New Place in Stratford with thappurtennes and Fower yard land in the comon fields of Old Stratford and the messuage in London neer the Wardrope there supposed to bee devized to the Complainant and his heires by the said Thomas Nashe could not bee devised given or disposed of by the said Thomas Nashe, For that the said messuage Fower yard land and house in London WERE THE INHERITANCE OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR THE DEFEND$^{TS.}$ GRANDFATHER whoe was siezed thereof in Fee simple long before the Defend$^{ts.}$ marriage w$^{th.}$ the said Thomas Nashe, And being soe seized by his last will and Testam^{t} .in writing bearing date in or about the Twentie Fifte day of March in the Fowerteenth year of the raigne of our late Soveraigne Lord King James Devised the same to Susan Hall the daughter and coheir of the said William and mother to the Defend$^{t.}$ for and dureing her life, And after her death to this Defend$^{t.}$ and the heires of her body, As in and by the said will readie to bee produced to which due referrence being had may more fully appeare, And the Defend$^{t.}$ saith : That the said Susans the Defend$^{ts.}$ mother to whome the said messuage, Fower yard land and the house aforesaid was devised by the said William Shakespear is yet liveing and enjoyeth the same, And that the said Susan and the Defend$^{t.}$ since the death of the said Thomas Nashe have acknowledged and levyed one or more Fines and suffered a Recoverie of the said messuage called the New Place and the said Fower yard land and the house in London to the use of the said Susan the Defend$^{ts.}$ mother for her life, And after her decease to this Defend$^{t.}$ and her heires for ever As was lawfull for them soe to doe which are all the Conveyances and estates that the Defend$^{t.}$ since the death of the said Thomas Nashe hath made granted or suffered of anie the lands mencioned in the said Bill of Complaynt And the Defend$^{t.}$ denies that shee hath a mind to suppresse the said last will of the said Thomas Nashe, Or that the same can bee suppressed to the knowledge of the Defend$^{t.}$ Or that the said Thomas Nashe made noe Codicell to his said last will Or that the said Thomas Nashe dyed without makeing any alteracion of the said will set forth by the said Complainant other then is expressed in or by the said Codicell of the said Thomas Nashe, And the Defend$^{t.}$ denies that shee the Defend$^{t.}$ or any other to her knowledge give out, that the said Thomas Nashe dyed intestate and that hee made noe will, Or that hee the said Thomas revoaked the said will and made a new will to the knowledge of the Defend$^{t.}$ But true it is shee the Defend$^{t.}$ hath given forth, That the said Thomas Nashe made the said Codicell as parte of his said last will which the Defend^{ts} proved as aforesaid, And that hee the sayd Thomas Nashe had noe power to give and devise the said messuage called the Newe Place the Fower yard Land and the house in London being the Defend$^{ts.}$ Inheritance as aforesaid. But that the Defend$^{t.}$ with her said mother may dispose thereof as they please And the Defend$^{t.}$ denies that shee doth refuse to prove the will or to assent to such Legacies as are given to the said Complainant saveing the right and Inheritance in the said messuage Fower yard land and house in London, *And saith that shee this Defend$^{t.}$ hath in her hands or custodie many Deeds Evidences Writings Charters Escripts and munum$^{ts.}$ which concerne the lands and premises which the Defend$^{t.}$ claymeth as her Inheritance and other the lands which are the Defend$^{ts.}$ Joynture*[1] and are devised to her by the said Thomas Nash in or by his said last will which writings concerning the Defend$^{ts'}$ Joynture shee may keepe for her life as shee is informed But the Defend$^{t.}$ is readie to produce the same by coppies or otherwise to make knowne the same to the Complainant in such manner as the Hon$^{ble.}$ Cort shall appoynt, And the Defend$^{t.}$ denies, that shee doth supresse or conceale the said writings or hath cancelled the same, or doth refuse to set forth the same, Or that this Defend$^{t.}$ doth knowe that the said writings doe concerne the Complainant dureing the Defend$^{ts.}$ life, Or that shee this Defend$^{t.}$ hath made or consented to the makeing any estate of the premises to any person or persons whatsoever other then as aforesaid, Without that that anie other matter or thing materiall or effectuall in the Lawe to bee Answered unto by this Defend$^{t.}$ and not herein and hereby well and sufficiently Answered unto confessed traversed or denyed is true All w$^{ch.}$ matters and thingst his Defend$^{t.}$ is and will bee readie to aver mayntayne and prove as this Hon$^{ble.}$ Cort shall award And humbly prayeth to bee hence dismissed w$^{th.}$ her reasonable costs and charges &c. &c.

Predict Def Jur xvij die Aprilis anno r. R. Carol. xxiiij ^{to} apud Stratford sup Avon in Com Warr. coram

Tho: Dighton
John Eston.

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[1] This declaration is interesting and important as proving that some of Shakespeare's papers were in his grand-daughter's custody after the death of her first husband, and coincides with the tradition mentioned by Sir Hugh Clopton to Macklin in 1742, that she carried away with her from Stratford many of her grandfather's manuscripts.

Veneris 11° Februarij Termino Hillarij Anno dni One thousand six hundred and forty eight

Inter Edru Nash Quer

and

Eliza Nash Deftem

Forasmuch as this Court was this present day informed by Mr. Catlin being of the Plaintiff's Counsel that the Plaintiff having exhibited his Bill into this Court to be relieved touching certain lands devised to the Defendant or her life, the remainder to the Plaintiff and his heirs the Defendant by her Answer hath confessed the having of the Original Will and the Plaintiff's estate which being an estate of an inheritance and the Defendants but an estate for life and witnesses being examined in the Cause it was prayed that the Defendant might bring the said Original Will confessed in her answer into this Court, there to remain indifferently for both parties which is ordered accordingly, unless the Defendant having notice thereof shall within a week after such notice shew unto this Court good cause to the contrary.

B 1648 folio 343 C. F. BODWELL, Clerk.

Lune 15° May Termino Pas Anno Regni Caroli Regis 24° One thousand six hundred and forty eight.

Inter Edwardu Nashe Quer.

Elizabeth Nashe executrix Thome Nash et Thoma Withers Deftes.

Upon Motion this day made unto this Court by Mr. Catlin being of the Plaintiff's Counsel It is Ordered that process of duces tecum be awarded against the Defendants to bring into this Court the will evidences and writings confessed by their answer to be in their custody or at the return thereof to shew unto this Court good cause to the contrary.

B 1647 folio 573 C. F. BODWELL, Clerk.

Sabbi 10° Junij Term Trin A° Rs Car 24° One thousand six hundred and forty eight.

Inter Edru. Nash Quer

Eliza Nash executrix Tho: Nash and Thoma Withers Deftes

Whereas by an order of the 15th of May last process of duces tecum was awarded against the Defendants to bring into this Court the will evidences and writings confessed by their answer to be in their custody or at the return thereof to shew unto this Court good cause to the contrary, upon opening of the matter this present day unto this Court by Mr. Dighton being of the Defendants Counsel in the presence of Mr. Chute being of the Plaintiffs Counsel and upon reading of the said Order It was alleged that the Defendant Elizabeth hath an estate for life in the Lands in question and being executrix of the said Thomas Nash hath proved the will and justifies the detaining of the said evidences in her hands for the maintenance of her title but the Plaintiffs Counsel alleging that the inheritance of the lands being in the Plaintiff the said evidences do properly belong to the Plaintiff, Whereupon and upon hearing what was alleged on either side It is Ordered that the will be brought into this Court to the end the Plaintiff may examine witnesses thereupon and then to be delivered back to the Defendant and that the Defendant shall also bring the said evidencies and writings into Court upon oath the first day of the next term there to remain for the equal benefit of both parties and shall within ten days after notice deliver unto the Plaintiff a true Schedule thereof.

B 1647 folio 742 C. F. BODWELL, Clerk.

NASH'S WILL.

By this will, dated August 25, 1642, which appears to have been kept in the Chapel of the Rolls from the period when Mrs. Nash was ordered to produce it in Court, Thomas Nash makes the following disposition of that portion of his property in which alone we are interested,—the inheritance of the poet's grand-daughter :—

"That is to saie ffirst I give dispose and bequeath unto Elizabeth my welbeloved wife and her assignes for and duringe the terme of her naturall life in liene of her Joynture and thirdes All that messuage or Tenemente wth thappurtenances scituate lyeinge and beinge in Stratford uppon Avon in the said County of Warwicke in a streete there called or knowen by the name of the Chappell streete and nowe in the tenure use and occupacon of one Johane Norman widowe, And alsoe one meadowe wth thappurtenances lyeinge and beinge wthin the parishe of Old Stratford in the said County of Warwicke and called or knowen by the name of the Square meadowe and lyeinge nere unto the greate stone bridge of Stratford aforesaid And nowe in the tenure use & occupacon of one Willm Abbottes Inholder And alsoe one other meadowe wth thappurtenances lyeinge and beinge wthin the parishe of

old Stratford aforesaid in the said County of Warwicke and Called or knowen by the name of the Washe meadowe and lyeinge nere unto the said greate stone bridge of Stratford * * * * * * Item I give dispose and bequeath unto my loveinge kindsman Edward Nash gentleman sonne and heire of my Uncle George Nashe of London gentleman and to his heires and assignes for ever after the death and deceasse of Elizabeth my said wife All that the said messuage or Tenement wth thappurtenances scituate lyeinge and being in Stratford uppon Avon aforesaid in the said County of Warwicke in the said Streete there Called the Chappell streete and nowe in the tenure use and occupacon of the said Johane Norman And alsoe the said meadowe wth the appurtenances lyeing and beinge w^th^in the parishe of old Stratford aforesaid in the said County of Warwicke Called or knowen by the name of the square meadowe and lyeinge nere unto the said greate stone bridge of Stratford aforesaid and nowe in the tenure use and occupacon of one Willm Abbottes Inholder * * * * * Item I give dispose and bequeath unto my said kindesman Edward Nash and to his heires and assignes for ever one messuage or Tenement wth the Appurtenances comonly called or knowen by the name of the Newe place scituate lyeing and being in Stratford uppon Avon Aforesiad in the said County of Warwicke in a streete there Called or knowen by the name of the Chappell streete Togeather alsoe wth all and singuler howses outhowses barnes stables orchardes gardens easementes proffittes and Comodities to the same belonginge or in anie wise appertayninge or reputed taken esteemed or enjoyed as thereunto belonging and nowe in the tenure use and occupacon of mee the said Thomas Nashe And alsoe floure yard land of earrable land meadowe and pasture wth Thappurtenances lyeinge and beinge in the Comon ffieldes of old Stratford in the said County of Warwicke togeather wth all easementes proffitts Comons Comodities and hereditaments to the same ffoure yard landes or anie of them belonging or in anie wise appertayninge * * * * And alsoe one other messuage or tenement wth thappurtenances scituate lyeinge & beinge in the parishe of in London and Called or knowen by the name of the wardropp and nowe in the tenure use and occupacon of one Dickes * * * And alsoe the said messuage or tenemente wth Thappurtenances scituate lyeinge and beinge in Stratford uppon Avon aforesaid in the said County of Warwicke in the said streete there Called the Henley streete and nowe in the tenure use & occupacon of the said John Horneby blacksmith And alsoe one other messuage or Tenem^t^ w^t^ Thappurtenances scituate lyeing and being in Stratford uppon Avon aforesaid in the said County of Warwicke in a certayne street there Called the Chappell streete and nowe in the tenure use and occupacon of the said Nicholas Ingram * * * * * * All the rest and other of my goodes Chattles Cattells leases Jewells plate howsehold-stuffe and Implementes of howsehold moveable and unmoveable my debtes and legacies being paid and my funerall expences being discharged I give and bequeath unto Elizabeth my wife whom I make full and whole Executrix of this my last will and Testament And I revoke and renownce all former & other Will and Wills by mee made And I appoynt and entreate my Loveinge ffrendes Edmund Rawlins gent Willm Smith and John Easton to bee the overseers of this my last Will and Testament desiringe them to see this my last Will to bee performed soe farre as in them lyeth And for their paines therein I give them and every of them fforty shillings apeece In witness to this my Will I have putt my hand & seale the day and yeare above Written.

Tho: Nashe.

Witnesses to the sealing and publishinge hereof,
John Soch.
Michaell Johnson.
Samuell Rawlins.

THE following are translations of two Recoveries hitherto unpublished, by which Mrs. Nash, after disputing the will in question, succeeded in limiting a portion of the poet's estates to his descendants. The first refers to the land purchased by him in 1602, of William and John Combe: the other to the house in Blackfriars, bought in 1612-13. It will be observed that the parties concerned with Mrs. Nash in this confirmation of the property are two of the Hathaways, or Hathways, an additional proof, to that afforded by her will, of her friendly intercourse with the members of her grandmother's family.

RECOVERY ROLL, 23. CHARLES 1. MICHAELMAS. ROLL 103 (*on the back*).

Pleas of Land Inrolled at Westminster before Peter Phesant and John Godbold Justices of the Lord the King of the Common Pleas, of Michaelmas Term in the twenty third year of the reign of Lord Charles by the grace of God of England Scotland France and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, &c.

Warwick Ss. William Hathway and Thomas Hathway in their proper persons demand against Richard Lane gentleman and William Smyth gentleman, three messuages, three gardens, one hundred and seven acres of land and twenty acres of pasture with appurtenances in Stratford upon Avon, Olde Stratforde, Bishopton and Welcombe as their right and inheritance And into which the same Richard and William Smyth have not entry

but after the disseisin which Hugh Hunt thereof unjustly and without judgment hath made to the aforesaid William Hathway and Thomas within thirty years &c And whereupon they say that they were seised of the tenements aforesaid with appurtenances in their demesne as of fee and right in time of peace in the time of our Lord the King that now is, by taking the profits thereof to the value &c And into which &c. And thereof they bring Suit &c.

And the aforesaid Richard and William Smyth in their proper persons come and defend their right when &c. And thereupon vouch to warrant Elizabeth Nashe widow who is present here in Court in her proper person And freely warrants the tenements aforesaid with appurtenances to them &c. And hereupon the aforesaid William Hathway and Thomas demand against the same Elizabeth tenant by her own warranty the tenements aforesaid with appurtenances in form aforesaid &c. And whereupon they say that they were seised of the tenements aforesaid with appurtenances in their demesne as of fee and right in time of peace in the time of our Lord the King that now is, by taking the profits thereof to the value &c. And into which &c. And thereof they bring Suit &c.

And the aforesaid Elizabeth Tenant by her own Warranty defends her right when &c. And thereupon further voucheth to warrant Robert Lee who is also present here in Court in his proper person And freely warrants the tenements aforesaid with appurtenances to her &c. And hereupon the aforesaid William Hathway and Thomas demand against the same Robert Tenant by his own warranty the tenements aforesaid with appurtenances in form aforesaid &c. And whereupon they say that they were seised of the tenements aforesaid with appurtenances in their demesne as of fee and right in time of peace in the time of Our Lord the King that now is by taking the profits thereof, to the value &c. And into which &c. And thereof they bring Suit &c.

And the aforesaid Robert Tenant by his own warranty defends his right when, &c. And saith that the aforesaid Hugh did not disseise the aforesaid William Hathway and Thomas of the tenements aforesaid with appurtenances as the same William Hathway and Thomas by their writ and declaration aforesaid above do suppose And of this he putteth himself upon the Country &c. And the aforesaid William Hathway and Thomas thereupon crave licence to imparl And they have it &c. And afterwards the same William Hathway and Thomas come again here into Court in this same Term in their proper persons And the aforsaid Robert although solemnly called cometh not again but departed in contempt of the Court And maketh default. Therefore it is considered that the aforesaid William Hathway and Thomas recover their seisin against the aforesaid Richard and William Smyth of the tenements aforesaid with appurtenances And that the same Richard and William Smyth have of the land of the aforesaid Elizabeth to the value &c. And that the same Elizabeth further have of the land of the aforesaid Robert to the value &c. And the same Robert in Mercy, &c. And hereupon the aforesaid William Hathway and Thomas pray a writ of our Lord the King to be directed to the Sheriff of the County aforesaid to cause full seisin of the tenements aforesaid with appurtenances to be delivered to them And it is granted to them returnable here without delay &c. Afterwards that is to say on the twenty ninth day of November in this same Term come here into Court the aforesaid William Hathway and Thomas in their proper persons And the Sheriff namely Richard Lucy Esquire now returns that he by virtue of the said writ to him directed on the twenty sixth day of November last past did cause full seisin of the tenements aforesaid with appurtenances to be delivered to the aforesaid William Hathway and Thomas as by the said writ he was commanded. &c.

RECOVERY ROLL, 23. CHARLES I. MICHAELMAS. ROLL 103 (*on the back*).

Pleas of Land Inrolled at Westminster before Peter Phesant and John Godbold Justices of the Lord the King of the Common Pleas, of Michaelmas Term in the twenty third year of the reign of Lord Charles by the grace of God of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, &c.

London ss. William Hathway and Thomas Hathway in their proper persons demand against Richard Lane gentleman and William Smyth gentleman, one messuage with appurtenances in the parish of St Anne Blackfriers as their right and inheritance And into which the same Richard and William Smyth have not entry but after the disseisin which Hugh Hunt thereof unjustly and without judgment hath made to the aforesaid William Hathway and Thomas within thirty years &c. And whereupon they say that they were seised of the messuage aforesaid with appurtenances in their demesne as of fee and right in time of peace in the time of our Lord the King that now is by taking the profits thereof to the value &c. And into which &c. And thereof they bring suit &c.

And the aforesaid Richard and William Smyth in their proper persons come and defend their right when &c. And thereupon vouch to warrant Elizabeth Nashe widow who is present here in Court in her proper person And freely warrants the messuage aforesaid with appurtenances to them &c. And hereupon the aforesaid William Hathway and Thomas demand against the same Elizabeth tenant by her own warranty the messuage aforesaid

with appurtenances in form aforesaid &c. And whereupon they say that they were seised of the messuage aforesaid with appurtenances in their demesne as of fee and right in time of peace in the time of the Lord the King that now is by taking the profits thereof to the value &c. And into which &c. And thereof they bring suit &c.

And the aforesaid Elizabeth Tenant by her own warranty defends her right when &c. And thereupon further voucheth to warrant Robert Lee who is also present here in Court in his proper person And freely warrants the messuage aforesaid with appurtenances to her &c. And hereupon the aforesaid William Hathway and Thomas demand against the said Robert Tenant by his own warranty the messuage aforesaid with appurtenances in form aforesaid &c. And whereupon they say that they were seised of the messuage aforesaid with appurtenances in their demesne as of fee and right in time of peace in the time of the Lord the King that now is by taking the profits thereof to the value &c. And into which &c. And thereof they bring suit &c. And the aforesaid Robert Tenant by his own warrantry defends his right when &c. And saith that the aforesaid Hugh did not disseise the aforesaid William Hathway and Thomas of the messuage aforesaid with appurtenances as the same William Hathway and Thomas by their writ and declaration aforesaid above do suppose And of this he putteth himself upon the Country &c.

And the aforesaid William Hathway and Thomas thereupon crave leave to imparl And they have it &c. And afterwards the same William Hathway and Thomas come again here into Court in this same Term in their proper persons And the aforesaid Robert although solemnly called cometh not again but departed in contempt of the Court And maketh default.

Therefore it is considered that the aforesaid William Hathway and Thomas recover their seisin against the aforesaid Richard and William Smyth of the messuage aforesaid with appurtenances And that the same Richard and William Smyth have of the land of the aforesaid Elizabeth to the value &c. And that the same Elizabeth have lastly of the land of the aforesaid Robert to the value &c. And the same Robert in mercy &c. And hereupon the aforesaid William Hathway and Thomas pray a writ of Our Lord the King to be directed to the Sheriffs of London aforesaid to cause full seisin of the messuage aforesaid with appurtenances to be delivered to them And it is granted to them returnable here without delay &c. Afterwards, that is to say, on the Twenty ninth day of November in this same Term come here into Court the aforesaid William Hathway and Thomas in their proper persons And the Sheriffs namely Samuel Averey and John Bide now return that they by virtue of the said writ to them directed on the twenty seventh day of November last past did cause full seisin of the messuage aforesaid with appurtenances to be delivered to the aforesaid William Hathway and Thomas as by the said writ they were prayed. &c.

THE SUPPOSITITIOUS SHAKESPEARE DOCUMENTS.

In addition to the MS. annotations of Mr. Collier's "Corrected folio, 1632," and those on the margins of Lord Ellesmere's folio, 1623, every one of which has been pronounced by the most competent authority to be of quite recent fabrication, the following documents, after careful inspection, have been found to present unmistakeable evidences of being counterfeit.

In Bridgewater House.

1. Memorial of the players, James Burbidge, Richard Burbidge, John Laneham, &c. &c. November, 1589 (*See note* [24], p. xxiii.) *and* Collier's *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 82.

2. List of Claims made by R. Burbidge: Laz. Fletcher: W. Shakspeare, &c. *No date*, which Mr. Collier describes as "a paper, which shows, with great exactness and particularity, the amount of interest then claimed by each sharer, those sharers being Richard Burbadge, Laurence Fletcher, William Shakespeare, John Heminge, Henry Condell, Joseph Taylor, and Lowin, with four other persons not named, each the owner of half a share."—Collier's *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 189.

"*For avoiding of the playhouse in the Blacke Friers.*

Impr	Richard Burbidge owith the Fee, and is alsoe a sharer therein. His interest he rateth at the grosse summe of 1000 li for the Fee, and for his foure Shares the summe of 933 li 6s 8d	1933 li	6s	8d
Item	Laz Fletcher owith three shares wch he rateth at 700 li, that is at 7 years purchase for eche share, or 33 li 6s 8d one year with an other.	700 li.		
Item	W. Shakspeare asketh for the Wardrobe and properties of the same playhouse 500 li, and for his 4 shares, the same as his fellowes Burbidge and Fletcher, viz. 933 li 6s 8d	1433 li	6s	8d
Item	Heminges and Condell eche 2 shares	933 li	6s	8d
Item	Joseph Taylor one share and an halfe	350 li		
Item	Lowing one share and an halfe	350 li		
Item	Foure more playeres with one halfe share unto eche of them	466 li	13s	4d
	Sum^a^ totalis	6166 li	13s	4d

"Moreover, the hired men of the Companie demaund some recompence for their greate losse, and the Widowes and Orphanes of players, who are paide by the Sharers at diuers rates and proporcōns, soe as in the whole it will coste the Lo. Mayor and Citizens at the least 7000 li."

3. A letter from Samuel Daniel to the Rt. Hon. Sir Thomas Egerton, from which, Mr. Collier remarks, "we may perhaps conclude that Shakespeare, as well as Michael Drayton, had been candidates for the post of Master of the Queen's revels."—(*See note* [75], p. xxxv.) *and* COLLIER'S *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 173.

To the Right honorable Sir Thomas Egerton, Knight, Lord Keeper of the great Seale of England.

I will not indeavour, Right honorable, to thanke you in wordes for this new great and vnlookt for favor showne vnto me, whereby I am bound to you for ever, and hope one day with true harte and simple skill to prove that I am not vnmindfull.

Most earnestly doe I wishe I could praise as your Honour has knowne to deserue, for then should I, like my maister Spencer, whose memorie your Honor cherisheth, leave behinde me some worthie worke, to be treasured by posteritie; What my pore muse could performe in haste is here set downe, and though it be farre below what other poets and better pennes have written it commeth from a gratefull harte and therefore maye be accepted. I shall now be able to liue free from those cares and troubles that hetherto haue been my continuall and wearisome companions. But a little time is paste since I was called vpon to thanke yor honor for my brothers advancement and nowe I thanke you for my owne wch double kindnes will alwaies receive double gratefullnes at both our handes.

I cannot but knowe that I am lesse deseruing then some that sued by other of the nobilitie vnto her Matie for this roome, if M. Drayton my good friend had bene chosen I should not have murmured for sure I am he wold have filled it most excellentlie: but it seemeth to myne humble iudgement that one which is the authour of playes now daylie presented on the publick stages of London and the possessor of no small gaines, and moreover himself an actor in the kinges companie of Commedias, could not with reason pretend to be m^r of the Queenes Maties Reuelles for as much as he wold sometimes be asked to approue and allowe of his owne writinge. Therfore he and more of like qualitie cannot iustly be disappointed because through yor Honors gracious interposition the chance was haply myne. I owe this and all else to yor Honors and if euer I haue time and abilitie to finishe anie noble vndertaking as God graunt one daye I shall, the worke will rather be yor Honors then myne. God maketh a poet but his creation would be in vaine if patrones did not make him to liue. Yo^r Honor hath ever showne yor selfe the friend of desert, and pitty it were if this should be the first exception to the rule. It shall not be whiles my poore witt and strength doe remaine to me, though the verses wch I nowe sende be indeed noe proofe of myne abilitie I onely intreat yor Honor to accept the same the rather as an earnest of my good will then as an example of my good deede. In all thinges I am yor Honors

Most bounden in dutie and obseruance,
S. DANYELL.

4. A letter assumed to be from Henry Lord Southampton to the Lord Chancellor Ellesmere on behalf of Shakespeare and Burbadge. No date.—(*See note* [82], p. xxxvii.) *and* Collier's *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 193:—

My verie honored Lo. the manie good offices I haue receiued at yor Lps handes wh^h ought to make me backward in asking further favours onely imbouldeneth me to require more in the same kinde. Yo^r Lp wilbe warned howe hereafter you graunt anie sute seeing it draweth on more and greater demaundes: this wch now presseth is to request yor Lp in all you can to be good to the poore players of the blacke Fryers who call themselues by authoritie the Servantes of his Matie and aske for the proteccōn of their most gracious maister and Soueraigne in ^this the tyme of there troble. They are threatened by the Lo. Maior and Aldermen of London never friendly to their calling wth the distruccōn of their meanes of liuelihood by the pulling downe of their plaiehouse wch is a priuate theatre and hath never giuen ocasion of anger by anie disorders. These bearers are two of the chiefe of the companie, one of them by name Richard Burbidge who humblie sueth for yor Lps kinde helpe for that he is a man famous as our english Roscius one who fitteth the action to the worde and the word to the action most admira[b]ly. By the exercise of his qualitie industry and good behaviour he hath become possessed of the Blacke Fryers playhouse wch hath bene imployed for playes sithence it was builded by his Father now nere 50 yeres agone. The other is a man no whitt less deseruing fauor and my especial friende till of late an actor of good account in the cumpanie, now a sharer in the same, and writer of some of our best english playes wch as your Lp. knoweth were most singulerly liked of Quene Elizabeth when the cumpanie was called vppon to performe before her Matie at Court at Christmas and Shrove tide. His most gracious Matie King James alsoe since his coming to the crowne hath extended his Royall favour to the companie in diuers waies and at sundrie tymes. This other hath to name William Shakespeare and they are both of one countie and indeede allmost of one towne, both are right famous in their qualities though it longeth not of yor Lo. grauitie and wisdome to resort vnto the places where they are wont to delight the publique eare. Their trust and sute nowe is not to bee molested in their waye of life whereby they

maintaine themselves and their wives and families (being both married and of good reputacōn) as well as the widowes and orphanes of some of their dead fellows. Yo^r Lo. most bounden at cōm.

Copia vera. H. S.

5. Draft of warrant appointing Robert Daborne, William Shakespeare, &c. instructors of the Children of the Queen's Revels—(*See note* [82], p. xxxvii.) *and* Collier's *Life of Shakespeare*, pp. 197-8 :—

Right trustie and well beloved &c. James, &c. To all Mayors, Sheriffes, Justices of the peace, &c. Whereas the Queene our dearest wife hath for her pleasure and recreacōn appointed her servauntes Robert Daborne &c. to prouide and bring uppe a convenient nomber of children who shalbe called the children of her Ma^tes revelles. Knowe yee that We have appointed and authorized and by these presentes doe appoint and authorize the saide Robert Daborne, Willm̄ Shakespeare, Nathaniel Field, and Edward Kirkham from time to time to prouide and bring vpp a convenient nomber of children, and them to instruct and exercise in the qualitie of playing Tragedies Comedies &c. by the name of the children of the ıcuelles to the Queene, within the blacke Fryers in our Cittie of London and els where within our realme of England. Wherefore we will and commaund you and everie of you to permitte her said servantees to keepe a convenient nomber of children by the name of the children of the reuelles to the Queene, and them to exercise in the qualitie of playing acording to our Royall pleasure. Provided allwayes that noe playes &c. shalbe by them presented, but such playes &c. as haue receiued the aprobacōn and allowance of our Maister of the Reuelles for the tyme being. And these our lr̄es shalbe yor sufficient warraunt in this behalfe. In Witnesse whereof &c. 4° die Janii, 1609.

Bl Fr and globe	Curten and fortune	All in & neere
Wh Fr and parishe garden	Hope and Swanne	London

Proude pouertie	Engl tragedie
Widdowes mite	False Friendes
Antonio kinsmen	Hate and loue
Triumph of truth	Taming of S
Touchstone	K. Edw. 2
Mirror of life	
Grissell	Stayed.

In Dulwich College.

1. Alleyn and Kempe's Wager, which Mr. Collier introduces as follows :—

"But there is another paper of a very similar kind, apparently referring to the preceding, or to some other like contest, but containing several remarkable allusions, which Malone did not notice. Perhaps it never met his eye, or perhaps he reserved it for his Life of Shakespeare, and was unwilling to forestall that production by inserting it elsewhere. It seems to be of a later date, and it mentions not only Tarlton, Knell, and Bentley, but Kempe, Phillips, and Pope, while Alleyn's rival Burbage is sneered at as 'Roscius Richard,' and Shakespeare introduced under the name of Will, by which we have Thomas Heywood's authoritie (in his 'Hierarchie of the blessed Angels,' 1635, p. 206) for saying he was known among his companions. The paper is in verse, and runs precisely as follows :

"'Swett Nedde, nowe wynne an other wager
For thine old friende and Fellow stager;
Tarlton himself thou dost excell,
And Bentley beate, and conquer Knell,
And nowe shall Kempe orecome aswell.
The moneys downe, the place the Hope,
Phillipes shall hide his head and Pope.
Fear not, the victorie is thyne;
Thou still as macheles Ned shall shyne.
If Roscius Richard foames and fumes,
The globe shall have but emptie roomes;
If thou doest act; and Willes newe playe
Shall be rehearst some other daye.
Consent, then, Nedde; doe us this grace:
Thou cannot faile in anie case;
For in the triall, come what maye,
All sides shall brave Ned Allin saye.'"

Memoirs of Alleyn, p. 13, ed. J. P. Collier, 1841

2. A list of players, added to a genuine memorandum; (*See note* [77], p. xxxv.) of which addition Mr. Collier says :—

"Malone also appears to have reserved another circumstance, of very considerable importance in relation to Shakespeare, for his life of the poet. To the last-quoted document, but in a different hand and in different ink, is appended a list of the king's players. The name of Shakespeare there occurs second, and as it could not be written at the bottom of the letter of the Council to the Lord Mayor, &c. prior to the date of that letter, it proves that up to 9th April, 1604, our great dramatist continued to be numbered among the *actors* of the company.

Hitherto the last trace we have had of Shakespeare as actually on the stage, has been as one of the performers in Ben Jonson's '*Sejanus*,' which was produced in 1603. We will insert the list as it stands at the foot of the Council's letter to the Lord Mayor, &c.

" 'Ks Comp.

Burbidge	Armyn
Shakespeare	Slye
Fletcher	Cowley
Phillips	Hostler
Condle	Day.' "
Hemminges	

COLLIER'S *Memoirs of Alleyn*, p. 68.

3. A letter from John Marston to Henslow, heralded thus :—

"The following undated note from Marston to Henslowe may not be unfitly introduced here : it refers to a play by Marston on the subject of Columbus, of which we hear on no other authority. It is one of the scraps of correspondence between Henslowe and the poets in his employ, existing at Dulwich College, of the major part of which Malone has given copies, but omitting the subsequent, which is certainly one of the most interesting of the whole collection.

" 'Mr. Hensloe, at the rose on the Bankside.

" 'If you like my play of Columbus, it is verie well and you shall give me no more than twentie poundes for it, but If nott, lett mee have it by this Bearer againe, as I knowe the kinges men will freelie give mee as much for it, and the profitts of the third daye moreover.

" 'Soe I rest yours

" 'JOHN MARSTON.' "

COLLIER'S *Memoirs of Alleyn*, p. 154.

4. A slip purporting to be a list of the inhabitants of Southwark who made a complaint,—against what is not specified,—in 1596, and which Mr. Collier's *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 126, represents as "valuable only because it proves distinctly that our great dramatist was an inhabitant of Southwark very soon after the Globe was in operation." (*See note* [61], p. xxxi.)

5. "A breif noat taken out of the poores booke, contayning the names of all thenhabitants of this Liberty which are rated and assesed to a weekely paim[t] towardes the relief of the poore, as it standes now encreased, this 6[e] day of Aprill, 1609," &c. This document is quoted by Mr. Collier in his *Memoirs of Edward Alleyn*, p. 91, and in his *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 187, to show that Shakespeare, at the date in question, was rated to the poor of the Clink in Southwark as an "inhabitant" at 6*d.* per week. Among the names on this list are Henslowe, Alleyne, Lee, Benfield, Lowins, Towne, Jubye, Hunt, Shakespeare, and Bird, all connected with the theatres of the period. (*See note* [62], p. xxxvii.)

IN THE STATE PAPER OFFICE.

1. A petition of Thomas Pope, Richard Burbadge, John Hemings, Augustine Phillips, William Shakespeare, &c. &c. For this instrument, see note [50], p. xxx.

Although the above are all of the documents brought to light by Mr. Collier which have been subjected to paleographic examination and are condemned as spurious, they form but a small part of his discoveries which stand suspected. But as the remainder will shortly undergo investigation by skilled paleographers, it is not prudent to offer an opinion on their authenticity based only upon internal evidence.

PRELIMINARY MATTER IN THE FOLIO OF 1623.[1]

THE DEDICATION.

To the Most Noble and Incomparable Paire of Brethren. William Earle of Pembroke, &c., Lord Chamberlaine to the Kings most excellent Majesty. And Philip Earle of Montgomery, &c., Gentleman of his Majesties Bed-chamber. Both Knights of the most noble Order of the Garter, and our singular good Lords.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

WHILST we studie to be thankful in our particular, for the many favors we have received from your LL., we are falne upon the ill fortune, to mingle two the most diverse things that can bee, feare, and rashnesse; rashnesse in the enterprize, and feare of the successe. For, when we valew the places your HH. sustaine, we cannot but know their dignity greater, then to descend to the reading of these trifles: and, while we name them trifles, we have depriv'd our selves of the defence of our Dedication. But since your LL. have beene pleas'd to thinke these trifles something, heeretofore; and have prosequuted both them, and their Authour living, with so much favour: we hope, that (they out-living him, and he not having the fate, common with some, to be exequutor to his owne writings) you will use the like indulgence toward them, you have done unto their parent. There is a great difference whether any Booke choose his Patrones, or finde them: This hath done both. For, so much were your LL. likings of the severall parts, when they were acted, as before they were published, the Volume ask'd to be yours. We have but collected them, and done an office to the dead, to procure his Orphanes, Guardians; without ambition either of selfe-profit, or fame: onely to keepe the memory of so worthy a Friend, & Fellow alive, as was our SHAKESPEARE, by humble offer of his playes, to your most noble patronage. Wherein, as we have justly observed, no man to come neere your LL. but with a kind of religious addresse; it hath bin the height of our care, who are the Presenters, to make the present worthy of your HH. by the perfection. But, there we must also crave our abilities to be considerd, my Lords. We cannot go beyond our owne powers. Country hands reach foorth milke, creame, fruites, or what they have: and many Nations (we have heard) that had not gummes & incense, obtained their requests with a leavened Cake. It was no fault to approch their Gods, by what meanes they could: And the most, though meanest, of things are made more precious, when they are dedicated to Temples. In that name therefore, we most humbly consecrate to your HH. these remaines of your servant Shakespeare; that what delight is in them, may be ever your LL., the reputation his, & the faults ours, if any be committed, by a payre so carefull to shew their gratitude both to the living, and the dead, as is

Your Lordshippes most bounden,

JOHN HEMINGE,
HENRY CONDELL.

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[1] In the preliminary matter of the first and second folio, I have thought it desirable to adhere to the old, quaint spelling, and, where the sense was not obscured by it, to the ancient punctuation also.

THE ADDRESS TO THE READER.

To the great Variety of Readers.

FROM the most able, to him that can but spell: There you are number'd. We had rather you were weighd. Especially, when the fate of all Bookes depends upon your capacities: and not of your heads alone, but of your purses. Well! It is now publique, & you wil stand for your priviledges wee know: to read and censure. Do so, but buy it first. That doth best commend a Booke, the Stationer saies. Then, how odde soever your braines be, or your wisedomes, make your licence the same, and spare not. Judge your sixe-pen'orth, your shillings worth, your five shillings worth at a time, or higher, so you rise to the just rates, and welcome. But, whatever you do, Buy. Censure will not drive a Trade, or make the Jacke go. And though you be a Magistrate of wit, and sit on the Stage at *Black-Friers*, or the *Cock-pit* to arraigne Playes dailie, know, these Playes have had their triall alreadie, and stood out all Appeales; and do now come forth quitted rather by a Decree of Court, then any purchas'd Letters of commendation.

It had bene a thing, we confesse, worthie to have bene wished, that the Author himselfe had liv'd to have set forth, and overseen his owne writings; But since it hath bin ordain'd otherwise, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you do not envie his Friends, the office of their care, and paine, to have collected & publish'd them; and so to have publish'd them, as where (before) you were abus'd with diverse stolne, and surreptitious copies, maimed, and deformed by the frauds and stealthes of injurious impostors, that expos'd them: even those, are now offer'd to your view cur'd, and perfect of their limbes; and all the rest, absolute in their numbers, as he conceived thē. Who, as he was a happie imitator of Nature, was a most gentle expresser of it. His mind and hand went together: And what he thought, he uttered with that easinesse, that wee have scarse received from him a blot in his papers. But it is not our province, who onelie gather his works, and give them you, to praise him. It is yours that reade him. And there we hope, to your divers capacities, you will finde enough, both to draw, and hold you: for his wit can no more lie hid, then it could be lost. Reade him, therefore; and againe, and againe: And if then you doe not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger, not to understand him. And so we leave you to other of his Friends, whom if you need, can bee your guides: if you neede them not, you can leade yourselves, and others. And such Readers we wish him.

JOHN HEMINGE,
HENRIE CONDELL.

COMMENDATORY VERSES

PREFIXED TO THE FOLIO OF 1623.

To the Reader.[a]

THIS Figure, that thou here seest put,
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut;
Wherein the Graver had a strife
With Nature, to out-doo the life:
O, could he but have drawne his wit
As well in brasse as he hath hit
His face; the print would then surpasse
All, that was ever writ in brasse,
But, since he cannot, Reader, looke
Not on his Picture, but his Booke.—B. J.

TO THE MEMORIE *of the deceased Authour Maister* W. SHAKESPEARE.

SHAKE-SPEARE, at length thy pious fellowes give
The world thy Workes: thy Workes, by which, out-live
Thy Tombe, thy name must: when that stone is rent,
And Time dissolves thy Stratford Moniment,
Here we alive shall view thee still. This booke,
When Brasse and Marble fade, shall make thee looke
Fresh to all Ages; when Posteritie
Shall loath what 's new, thinke all is prodegie
That is not Shake-speares; ev'ry Line, each Verse,
Here shall revive, redeeme thee from thy Herse.
Nor Fire, nor cankring Age, as Naso said,
Of his, thy wit-fraught Booke shall once invade.
Nor shall I e're beleeve, or thinke thee dead
(Though mist) until our bankrout Stage be sped
(Impossible) with some new strain t' out-do
Passions of Juliet, and her Romeo;
Or till I heare a Scene more nobly take,
Then when thy half-Sword parlying Romans spake,
Till these, till any of thy Volumes rest,
Shall with more fire, more feeling be exprest,
Be sure, our Shake-speare, thou canst never dye,
But crown'd with Lawrell, live eternally.

L. DIGGES.

To the Memorie of M. W. *Shake-speare.*

WEE wondred (Shake-speare) that thou went'st so soone
From the Worlds-Stage to the Graves-Tyring-roome.
Wee thought thee dead, but this thy printed worth,
Tels thy Spectators, that thou went'st but forth
To enter with applause. An Actor's Art
Can dye, and live to acte a second part.
That 's but an Exit of Mortalitie;
This, a Re-entrance to a Plaudite.—I. M.

To the memory of my beloved, the AUTHOR, MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *and what he hath left us.*

To draw no envy (Shakespeare) on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy Booke and Fame;
While I confesse thy writings to be such,
As neither Man nor Muse can praise too much.
'Tis true, and all men's suffrage. But these wayes
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise;
For seeliest Ignorance on these may light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but eccho's right;
Or blind Affection, which doth ne're advance
The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance;
Or crafty Malice might pretend this praise,
And thinke to ruine where it seem'd to raise.
These are, as some infamous Baud or Whore
Should praise a Matron:—what could hurt her more?
But thou art proofe against them, and, indeed,
Above th' ill fortune of them, or the need.
I, therefore, will begin. Soule of the Age!
The applause! delight! the wonder of our Stage!
My Shakespeare, rise! I will not lodge thee by[b]
Chaucer or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lye
A little further, to make thee a roome:
Thou art a Moniment, without a tombe,
And art alive still, while thy Booke doth live,
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.
That I not mixe thee so, my braine excuses,—
I meane with great, but disproportion'd Muses;
For if I thought my judgement were of yeeres,
I should commit thee surely with thy peeres,
And tell, how farre thou didst our Lily out-shine,
Or sporting Kid, or Marlowe's mighty line.
And though thou hadst small Latine, and lesse Greeke,
From thence to honour thee, I would not seeke
For names; but call forth thund'ring Æschilus,
Euripides, and Sophocles to us,

---

[a] These lines, written by Ben Jonson, refer to, and are placed opposite, the engraved portrait of Shakespeare in the first folio.

[b] Jonson here alludes to the following lines by W. Basse, which were for some time attributed to Donne, and printed among his poems:—

"Renownèd Spenser, lie a thought more nigh
To learnèd Chaucer; and, rare Beaumont, lie
A little nearer Spenser; to make room
For Shakespeare in your three-fold four-fold tomb:
To lodge all four in one bed make a shift
Until doomsday; for hardly will a fifth,
Betwixt this day and that, by fate be slain,
For whom your curtains may be drawn again.
But if precedency in death doth bar
A fourth place in your sacred sepulchre,
Under this carvèd marble of thine own,
Sleep, rare tragedian, Shakespeare, sleep alone:
Thy unmolested peace, unsharèd cave,
Possess as lord, not tenant, of thy grave;
That unto us and others it may be
Honour hereafter to be laid by thee."

Paccuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,
To life againe, to heare thy Buskin tread
And shake a Stage: Or, when thy Sockes were on,
Leave thee alone for the comparison
Of all that insolent Greece or haughtie Rome
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
Triumph, my Britaine! thou hast one to showe,
To whom all Scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time!
And all the Muses still were in their prime,
When, like Apollo, he came forth to warme
Our eares, or like a Mercury to charme!
Nature her-selfe was proud of his designes,
And joy'd to weare the dressing of his lines!
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
As, since, she will vouchsafe no other Wit.
The merry Greeke, tart Aristophanes,
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;
But antiquated and deserted lye,
As they were not of Natures family.
Yet must I not give Nature all; thy Art,
My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part:
For though the Poets matter, Nature be,
His Art doth give the fashion. And, that he,
Who casts to write a living line, must sweat
(Such as thine are) and strike the second heat
Upon the Muses anvile: turne the same,
(And himselfe with it) that he thinkes to frame;
Or, for the lawrell, he may gain a scorne,—
For a good Poet's made, as well as borne.
And such wert thou. Looke how the father's face
Lives in his issue, even so the race
Of Shakespeares minde and manners brightly shines
In his well-torned and true-filed lines:
In each of which, he seemes to shake a Lance,
As brandish't at the eyes of Ignorance.
Sweet Swan of Avon! what a sight it were
To see thee in our waters yet appeare,
And make those flights upon the bankes of Thames,
That so did take Eliza and our James!
But stay, I see thee in the Hemisphere
Advanc'd, and made a Constellation there!
Shine forth, thou Starre of Poets, and with rage
Or influence, chide or cheere the drooping Stage;
Which, since thy flight frō hence, hath mourn'd like night,
And despaires day, but for thy Volumes light.

BEN: JONSON.

Upon the Lines and Life of the Famous Scenicke Poet,
Master WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THOSE hands which you so clapt, go now and wring,
You Britaines brave; for done are Shakespeare's dayes:
His dayes are done, that made the dainty Playes
Which make the Globe of heav'n and earth to ring.
Dry'de is that veine, dry'd is the Thespian Spring,
Turn'd all to teares, and Phœbus clouds his rayes:
That corps, that coffin, now besticke those bayes,
Which crown'd him Poet first, then Poets' King.
If Tragedies might any Prologue have,
All those he made, would scarce make one to this:
Where Fame, now that he gone is to the grave,
(Death's publique tyring-house) the Nuncius is.
For, though his line of life went soone about,
The life yet of his lines shall never out.

HUGH HOLLAND.

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Timon of Athens.
The Life and Death of Julius Cæsar.
The Tragedy of Macbeth.
The Tragedy of Hamlet.
King Lear.
Othello, the Moore of Venice.
Anthony and Cleopater.
Cymbeline King of Britaine.

ADDITIONAL COMMENDATORY POEMS

PREFIXED TO THE FOLIO EDITION OF 1632.

Upon the Effigies of my worthy Friend, the Author, Master William Shakespeare, and his Workes.

SPECTATOR, this Life's Shaddow is; To see
The truer image and a livelier he,
Turne Reader. But, observe his Comicke vaine,
Laugh, and proceed next to a Tragicke straine,
Then weep, So when thou find'st two contraries,
Two different passions from thy rapt soule rise,
Say, (who alone effect such wonders could)
Rare Shake-speare to the life thou dost behold.

An Epitaph on the admirable Dramaticke Poet, W. Shakespeare.[b]

WHAT neede my Shakespeare for his honour'd bones
The labour of an Age in piled stones,
Or that his hallow'd Reliques should be hid
Under a star-ypointing Pyramid?
Dear Sonne of Memory, great Heire of Fame,
What needst thou such dull witness of thy Name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyselfe a lasting Monument:
For whil'st, to th' shame of slow-endevouring Art,
Thy easie numbers flow, and that each heart[c]
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued[d] Booke
Those Delphicke Lines with deep Impression tooke;
Then thou, our fancy of herself bereaving,
Dost make us Marble with too much conceiving;
And, so Sepulcher'd, in such pompe dost lie,
That Kings for such a Tombe would wish to die.

On Worthy Master Shakespeare and his Poems.

A MIND reflecting ages past, whose cleere
And equall surface can make things appeare
Distant a Thousand yeares, and represent
Them in their lively colours, just extent.
To out-run hasty Time, retrive the fates,
Rowle backe the heavens, blow ope the iron gates
Of Death and Lethe, where (confused) lye
Great heapes of ruinous mortalitie.
In that deepe duskie dungeon to discerne
A royal Ghost from Churles; By art to learne
The Physiognomie of shades, and give
Them suddaine birth, wondring how oft they live
What story coldly tells, what Poets faine
At second hand, and picture without braine,
Senselesse and soullesse showes. To give a Stage
(Ample and true with life) voice, action, age,
As Plato's yeare and new Scene of the world
Them unto us, or us to them had hurld:
To raise our auncient Soveraignes from their herse,
Make Kings his subjects; by exchanging verse
Enlive their pale trunkes, that the present age
Joyes in their joy, and trembles at their rage:
Yet so to temper passion, that our eares
Take pleasure in their paine: And eyes in teares
Both weepe and smile: fearefull at plots so sad,
Then, laughing at our feare; abus'd, and glad
To be abus'd; affected with that truth
Which we perceive is false; pleas'd in that ruth
At which we start; and by elaborate play
Tortur'd and tickled; by a crablike way
Time past made pastime, and in ugly sort
Disgorging up his ravaine for our sport——
——While the Plebeian Impe, from lofty throne,
Creates and rules a world, and workes upon
Mankind by secret engines; Now to move
A chilling pitty, then a rigorous love:
To strike up and stroake down, both joy and ire;
To steere th' affections; and by heavenly fire
Mould us anew. Stolne from ourselves———
This, and much more which cannot bee express'd
But by himselfe, his tongue, and his own brest,
Was Shakespeare's freehold; which his cunning braine
Improv'd by favour of the nine-fold traine,
The buskind Muse, the Commicke Queene, the grand
And lowder tone of Clio; nimble hand,
And nimbler foote of the melodious paire,
The silver-voyced Lady; the most faire
Calliope, whose speaking silence daunts,
And she whose prayse the heavenly body chants.
These jointly woo'd him, envying one another,
(Obey'd by all as Spouse, but lov'd as brother),
And wrought a curious robe of sable grave,
Fresh greene, and pleasant yellow, red most brave,
And constant blew, rich purple, guiltlesse white,
The lowly Russet, and the Scarlet bright;
Branch'd and embroidred like the painted Spring,
Each leafe match'd with a flower, and each string
Of golden wire, each line of silke; there run
Italian workes whose thred the Sisters spun;

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[a] *Troilus and Cressida* although not found in this list, is yet inserted in the collection. From this circumstance, and because the play has only one leaf paged, the figures of which, 79 and 80, do not correspond, any more than the signatures, with the preceding and following pages, Farmer inferred that the insertion of *Troilus and Cressida* was an after-thought of Heming and Condell. Its omission from the Catalogue may be accounted for by the supposition that the folio was printed off before the player editors had purchased the right of publishing it from Bonian and Whalley, who brought out the quarto impression in 1609.

[b] These famous lines are Milton's.

[c] The folio reads *part*, an obvious misprint for "heart," the word found in the edition of Milton's Minor Poems, 1645.

[d] —unvalued—] *Inestimable.*

And there did sing, or seeme to sing, the choyce
Birdes of a forraine note and various voyce.
Here hangs a mossey rocke; there playes a faire
But chiding fountaine, purled: Not the ayre,
Nor cloudes nor thunder, but were living drawne,
Not out of common Tiffany or Lawne,
But fine materialls, which the Muses know,
And onely know the countries where they grow.
Now, when they could no longer him enjoy,
In mortall garments pent, "death may destroy,"
They say, "his body, but his verse shall live,
And more then nature takes, our hands shall give.
In a losse volume, but more strongly bound,
Shakespeare shall breathe and speak, with Laurell crown'd
Which never fades. Fed with Ambrosian meate
In a well-lyned vesture, rich and neate."
So with this robe they cloath him, bid him weare it,
For time shall never staine, nor envy teare it.

The friendly admirer of his Endowments,
I. M. S.[a]

[a] The author of this magnificent tribute to the genius of Shakespeare is unknown By some writers it has been ascribed to Milton; by others to Jasper Mayne; Mr. Boaden conjectured it was from the pen of George Chapman; and the Rev. Joseph Hunter suggests the probability that the writer was *Richard James*, author of a poem called *Itur Lancastrense*, and that the initials *I. M. S.* represented *IaMeS*.

ADDENDA AND CORRIGENDA.

VOL. I.

Introduction to "The Two Gentlemen of Verona."

P. 1. "— *a work very popular in Spain towards the end of the* seventeenth *century.*" Read: "sixteenth *century.*"

Love's Labour's Lost.

P. 52. "*Why should I joy in any abortive birth?*
At Christmas I no more desire a rose,
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows:
But like of each thing that in season grows."

"Shows" here is a manifest misprint. I would read:—

"— a snow *on* May's new-fangled *wreath.*"

P. 53, note (a). Add, after "*very small game*":—But Steevens was evidently unconscious of its being a proverbial expression. It occurs in Whetstone's "Promos and Cassandra," Part I. Act III. Sc. 6:—

"A holie hood makes not a Frier devoute
He will playe at small game, or he *sitte out.*"

Ibid. note (b). "*Mr. Collier's old annotator proposes garrulity;*"—Read: Mr. Collier's annotator proposes *garrality*, which he borrowed no doubt from Theobald, who in 1729, suggested it to Warburton. See Nichols's *Illustrations*, Vol. II. p. 317.

P. 64, note (b). Add:—Belly-doublet is in fact nonsense. The doublets were made some without stuffing—thin bellied—and some bombasted out:—"Certain I am, there never was any kind of apparel ever invented, that could more disproportion the body of man, than these doublets with *great bellies* hanging down, and stuffed," &c. &c.—Stubbes.

Ibid. note (c). Add:—Mr. Collier's annotator reads, "By my *pain* of observation," a reading first suggested by Theobald in 1729. Nichols's *Illustrations*, Vol. II. p. 320.

P. 67. "*This senior-junior* (4) *giant-dwarf.*" Dele (4).

P. 80. "— *prisons up,*"—Read: with the old editions: *poisons up*, and, in corroboration, see Act V. Sc. 2:—

"If this, or more than this, I would deny,
To *flatter up* these powers of mine with rest,
The sudden hand of death close up mine eye:"

And, stronger still, the following from King John, Act IV. Sc. 3:—

"Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be, as all the ocean,
Enough to *stifle such a villain up.*"

Ibid. "*Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.*" A consonant idea occurs in Shirley's "Love Tricks," Act IV. Sc. 2:—

"Those eyes that grace the day, now shine on him,
He her Endymion, she his silver moon,
The tongue that's able to rock Heaven asleep,
And make the music of the spheres stand still."

P. 83, note (c). "— *and Mr. Dyce says nothing can be more evident than that Shakespeare so wrote,*" &c. Read: and Mr. Dyce says, "Nothing can be more evident than that Shakespeare wrote," &c.

P. 84, note (e). In this note, strike out the clause, "*Hence the equivoque, which was sometimes in allusion to snuff for the nose, and sometimes to the snuff of a candle.*"

P. 85. "*And shape his service wholly to my* behests;
And make him proud to make me proud that jests!"

I would now read, *hests*, with Mr. Sidney Walker, instead of *behests.*

Ibid. "*Arm'd* in arguments;—Read: "Armed *in arguments;* &c."

Ibid. note (e). It meant I now suspect, *deeply in love*, applied to a love-sick person. In this sense it occurs in the excellent old comedy of "Roister Doister," Act I. Sc. 2.

P. 91. "*Above this world: adding thereto, morever.*" Read: "moreover."

Comedy of Errors.

P. 120, note (a). See also note (b) Vol. III. p. 62.

P. 121, note (f). But to carry out this metaphor, *serious* hours, should be *several* hours. The integrity of the allusion is destroyed by *serious.* I suspect, however, the corruption lies in the word *common.*

P. 124, note (b). So also in Ben Jonson, "Sejanus," Act V. Sc. 4:—

"Cut down,
Drusus, that upright *elm;* wither'd his *vine.*"

P. 129. "*Sing, syren,*"—Read: "*Sing,* siren."

P. 136. "*With his mace.*" It ought to have been mentioned that the sergeants carried a staff or small *mace* in their hands. See "The Example," by Shirley, Act III. Sc. 1.

The Taming of The Shrew.

P. 227, note (d). Another instance may be added from Taylor, the Water Poet's, "Anagrams and Sonnets," fol. 1630:—

"He that's a mizer all the yeere beside
Will revell now, and for no cost will spare,
A poxe hang sorrow, *let the world go slide,*
Let's eate and drinke, and cast away all care."

P. 228, note (a). Add:—By "Brach Merriman,—the poor cur is emboss'd," &c. is meant, *Couple Merriman with a female hound,*—the poor cur is, &c. So in the next line, "and couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach."

P. 229, note (a). "*Sinclo to this line. Sinclo,*" &c. Read: "Sinklo *to this line.* Sinklo," &c.

P. 233. *I—wis, it is not half way to her heart.* Dele the hyphen.

P. 239. "*My mind presumes, for his own good, and yours.*" Mr. Collier's annotator, adopting a suggestion of Theobald's, (see Nichols's *Illustrations*, Vol. II. p. 334,) reads, "— *for his own good, and* ours."

P. 246. "*In cypress chests my arras, counterpoints,*" &c. —Read: "arras counterpoints," &c.

P. 264. "*What! up and down, carv'd like an apple tart?*" Read: "What up and down, carv'd like an apple tart!"

P. 266, note (c). I am now partly of opinion that "expect" here means, *attend, pay attention*, and that the passage should be pointed thus,—"I cannot tell. Expect! they are busied," &c. The word occurs with this sense apparently in Jonson's Masque of "Time Vindicated."

"Hark! it is Love begins to Time. Expect. [*Music*]."

P. 272, note (a). Perhaps, after all, the old text is right. but the two words have been inadvertently made into one "therefore, sir, *as surance,*" *i.e.* as proof.

P. 273. "*We three are married, but you two are sped.*" Of *sped*, in this place, the commentators can make no sense. It perhaps means *promised*. See "A Proper Sonet, Intituled, Maid will you Marrie," in "the Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions," part ii. p. 48:—

"Why then you will not wed me?—
No sure, Sir, I have *sped* me."

The lover then goes on in answer to say,

"It is a woman's honestie
To keep her *promise* faithfully."

King John.

P. 293, note (a). I now think the original text is possibly correct, and that the thought running through the passage and which sufficiently explains it, is, that there is peculiar hardship in Arthur suffering, not only for the sins of the grandmother, (which might be regarded as the common lot—"the canon of the law,") but by the instrumentality of the person whose sins were thus punished; the grandmother being the agent inflicting retribution on her grandson for her own guilt.

"I have but this to say,—
That he's not only plagued for her sin,
But God hath made her sin and her the plague
On this removed issue: plagued for her
And with [or by] her plague—her sin: his injury
Her injury—the beadle to her sin.
All [is] punished in the person of this child,
And all for her; a plague upon her."

P. 302, note (a). I am not at present so satisfied of the propriety of Mr. Dyce's ingenious emendation *uptrimmed* as I was formerly. In old times it was a custom for the bride at her wedding to wear her hair unbraided, and hanging loose over her shoulders. May not Constance by "— a new *untrimmed* bride," refer to this custom? Peacham in describing the marriage of the princess Elizabeth with the Palsgrave says that "the bride came into the chapell with a coronet of pearle on her head, and *her haire dischevelled* and hanging down over her shoulders." Compare, too, "Tancred and Gismunda," Act V. Sc. 1.:—

"So let thy tresses flaring in the wind
Untrimmed hang about thy bared neck."

P. 303, note (b). "*Against the thing thou swear'st*," query, "swearest by"?

P. 318, note (a). "Whose *confidential parley*." Rather whose *secret dispatch*. There is an instance of *private* used substantively in Ben Jonson's "Every Man in his Humour," Act IV. Sc. 5. "I will tell you, sir, by the way of *private*, and under seal."

P. 319. "*Thou'rt damn'd as black*—" It should have been remarked that Shakespeare had here probably in his mind the old religious plays of Coventry, some of which in his boyhood he might have seen, wherein the *damned souls had their faces blackened*.

In Sharp's Dissertation on these performances, the writer speaking of "White and Black Souls," observes:—"Of these characters the number was uniformly three of each, but sometimes they are denominated 'savyd' and 'dampnyd Sowles,' instead of white and black." And in the same work we meet with,

"Itm̃ payd to iij whyte sollys v^s"
"Itm̃ payd to iij blake sollys v^s"
"Itm̃ for makyng and mendynge of the blakke soules hose vj^d"
"p'd for blakyng the sollys fassys."

Ibid. note (c). Add the following example from Florio's "Worlde of Wordes." "Ruffare, *to rifle, to skamble*."

P. 321, note (c). Johnson is right. Florio after explaining *Foragio* to mean fodder, &c., says it had anciently the sense of *Fuora*, which is *out, abroad, forth, &c.*

A Midsummer Night's Dream.

P. 358. In some of the early copies of this edition, a part of Bottom's speech runs, "*Ladies, fair ladies, I would wish you, I would request you, I would entreat you not to fear*," *&c.* Read: "Ladies, or fair ladies, I would, wish you, or I would request you, or, I would entreat you, not to fear," &c.

P. 359. For "*Exit*," after "thou art translated:"—Read: *Exeunt Snout and Quince*.

P. 363, note (a). "*The critical remedy applied, afforded*." Dele *applied*.

Subsequent consideration induces me to believe that the emendation of Mr. Collier's annotator, mentioned in the above note, is uncalled for.

P. 365, note (b). "*O me! what means my love?*" I should now adhere to the old text,—

"O, me! what *news* my love?"

Mr. Collier's attempt to substantiate his annotator's reading *means* by reference to a passage in Nash and Marlowe's "Dido, Queen of Carthage," where he proposes the puerile change of "*newly* clad" for "*meanly* clad," is a signal failure. The passage in the original stands thus:—

"Achates, thou shalt be so *meanly* clad,
As sea-born nymphs shall swarm about thy ships,
And wanton mermaids court thee with sweet songs."

And *meanly* is an obvious misprint for "*mienly*," i.e. *shapely*.

P. 377. "*For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering gleams*." For *gleams*, I would now read with the second folio, "streams."

Merchant of Venice.

P. 417, note (f). Add: which the said corrector borrowed from Theobald. (See Nichols's *Illustrations*, Vol. II. p. 308.)

P. 419, note (a). "*For intermission*," after all may mean, *for fear of interruption*. So in "King Lear," Act II. Sc. 4:—

"*Delivered letters spite of* intermission."

P. 421. "*How true a gentleman you send relief*." See note (d), p. 342, Vol. I.

P. 425. "*A woollen bagpipe*." Mr. Collier's annotator reads, "*bollen* bagpipe," and Mr. Dyce adopts the change: for "What writer," he says, "ever used such an expression as a *woollen bagpipe*? Might he not, with almost equal propriety, talk of a *woollen lute*, or a *woollen fiddle*?" But see Massinger's play of "The Maid of Honour," Act IV. Sc. 4:—

"Walks she on *woollen feet*?"

Richard the Second.

P. 479. "*Great Duke of Lancaster, come to thee*," read:— "I *come to thee*."

Henry the Fourth. Part I.

P. 508. For "*Edward Mortimer*," Read: "Edmund *Mortimer*"

P. 511. After, "*spent with crying—bring in*," insert (d).

P. 525. For "*Or prisoner's ransom*," Read: "Of *prisoner's ransom*."

P. 531, note (b). Add: perhaps correctly; see "A Woman is a Weathercock," Act I. Sc. 2:—

"But did that little old dried neat's tongue, that *eel-skin* get him?"

P. 534. "*The likeness of a fat old man*." We should read as in the quarto, "*the likeness of* an old fat man."

P. 540, note (e). Add: It meant to *mix* or *mingle*: thus, in Greene's "Quip for an Upstart Courtier:"—"You *card* your beer (if you see your guests beginning to get drunk), half small half strong." Again, in Hackluyt's Voyages, Vol. II. p. 489:—"They drinke milke, or warme blood, and for the most part *card* them both together."

P. 631, note (1). For "*Asunctus*," read "Asunetus."

Merry Wives of Windsor.

P. 650, note (a). The emendation of "physician" for *precisian* is really Theobald's. (See Nichols's *Illustrations*, Vol. II. p. 274.)

P. 653, note (e). An antithesis was possibly intended between *firmly* and *frailty*. The meaning being,—"Who thinks himself so secure on what is a most brittle foundation."

P. 665, note (a). Add: The meaning being—I see what you would be if Fortune were as bountiful to you as Nature has been.

VOL. II.

All's Well that Ends Well.

P. 18. "*Where hope is coldest, and despair most fits.*" Mr. Collier assigns the emendation "*fits*" for *shifts* to a MS. correction in Lord Ellesmere's folio, 1623, but it is due to Theobald. (See Nichols's *Illustrations*, Vol. II. p. 343.)

P. 23, note (a). For "*Act V. Sc.* 2," read "*Act V. Sc.* 5."

P. 40, note (a). I believe now the old text is correct; *made*, in the sense of being fortunate, is a very common expression, even at this day.

King Henry the Fifth.

P. 87, note (a). "Nook-shotten isle," means, in fact, an isle *spawned* in *a corner*. *Shotten-herring* is a herring that has spawned his roe. "Here comes Romeo without his roe."—"Romeo and Juliet," Act II. Sc. 4.

Ibid. note (f). So in the "Taming of the Shrew," Act I. Sc. 1:—

> "Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,
> If *I achieve* not this young modest girl."

Again in "The Malcontent," Act V. Sc. 4:—

> "Slave take thy life:
> Wert thou defenc'd, through blood and wounds
> The sternest horror of a civil fight,
> Would *I atchieve* thee."

P. 92. Prefix "Cho," to the first line.

P. 108. Prefix "Cho," to the first line.

Pericles.

P. 183. "*Her face the book of praiess,*" Read: "*Her face the book of* praises."

P. 187. "*His seal'd commision,*" Read: "*His seal'd* commission."

P. 192. "*If it be a day fits you, scratch out of the calendar,*" &c. "Fits you," possibly means *disorders you, puts you out of sorts, wrenches you*. So in "Sonnet CXIX," "How have mine eyes out of their spheres been *fitted*," i.e. been *started, wrenched*.

P. 213, note (a). So in "Measure for Measure," Act IV. Sc. 2:—"And indeed, *his fact*, till now in the government of lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof."

Twelfth Night; or, What you Will.

P. 233. (Introduction.) In speaking of the Manningham *Diary*, I erred in attributing to Mr. Collier any share in the discovery of this interesting MS. I have before me now unquestionable evidence that the credit of its detection, as well as of determining its authorship, is solely due to the Rev. Joseph Hunter.

P. 249. "*Ass, I doubt not.*" This feeble pun upon the words *as* and *ass*, was an old joke. It occurs in a rare tract called, "A Pil to purge Melancholy," supposed to have been printed about 1599:—

"And for bidding me, come up *asse* into a higher roome."

P. 268, note (b). The literal meaning of "*I am for all waters,*" was, undoubtedly, "I am ready for any drink." The cant term for potations, in Shakespeare's time, was *waters;* and to "breathe in your *watering*," "Henry IV." Pt. I. Act II. Sc. 5, meant to take breath while drinking. See Taylor's (The Water Poet, "Drinke and welcome, or the famous history of the most part of Drinkes in use in Greate Britaine and Ireland; with an especial Declaration of the Potency, Vertue, and Operation of our English Ale: with a description of all sorts of *Waters*," &c.

Henry the Sixth. Part I.

P. 288, note (c). Add: which he took from Theobald. See Nichols's *Illustrations*, Vol. II. p. 452.

P. 289, note (a). Add: which we owe, not to Mr. Collier's annotator, but to Theobald. See Nichols's *Illustrations*, Vol. II. p. 414.

P. 320, note (a). *Lither* indisputably signified *lazy, sluggish*. See North's Plutarch, (Life of Sertorius) "— he saw that Octavius was but a slow and *lither* man." See also Florio in *voce* "*Badalone.*" And compare "Why then give way, *dull* clouds, to my *quick* curses." "Richard the Third," Act I. Sc. 2.

P. 325, note (a). But yet see "Richard the Third," Act I. Sc. 3:—

> "O princely Buckingham, I'll kiss *thy* hand,
> In sign of league and amity with thee."

Henry the Sixth. Part II.

P. 362, note (a). So in "Julius Cæsar," Act I. Sc. 2:—

> "Brutus had rather be a villager,
> Than to *repute* himself a son of Rome
> Under these hard conditions."

Timon of Athens.

P. 500, note (a). For "*own ault,*" read "*own* fault."

P. 502, note (a). I now prefer, "let him *make* his haste."

P. 507, note (4). For, "*writers of his period,*" Read: "*writers of* Shakespeare's *period.*" And at the end of the note add:—compare, too, the Water Poet's poem, called "A Thief," fol. 1630, p. 116.

King Richard the Third.

P. 575. "*Abate the edge of traitors.*" Mr. Collier, upon the authority of his MS. annotator, changes "Abate" to *Rebate*, and lauds the "emendation" as indisputable. This, however, is only one of innumerable instances where the "old corrector," by the needless ejection of an ancient and appropriate word, betrays the modern character of his handy-work. "Abate" here means, *to blunt, to dis-edge*. So Florio, in voce, "Spontare," "*to abate the edge or point of any thing or weapon, to blunt, to unpoint.*" See also, "Love's Labour's Lost," Act I. Sc. 1:—

"That honour which shall *bate* his scythe's keen edge."

Measure for Measure.

P. 612, note (a). The following extract from Markham's "Hunger's Prevention, or the whole Arte of Fowling, &c." 1621, substantiates the explanation given in this note. "For a Fowle is so wonderfully fearefull of a man, that albeit a Hawke *were turning over her to keepe her in awe*, yet upon the least show of a man she will rise and trust to her winges and fortune."

P. 637. "*Hark how the villain would close now.*" To the note (b) on the word "close," add: but most improperly; for "close" and not *gloze*, despite of all Mr. Collier can adduce in favour of the latter, is the genuine word. In proof of this take the following unanswerable quotations:—

> "It would become me better than to *close*
> In terms of friendship with thine enemies."
> *Julius Cæsar*, Act III. Sc. 1.
>
> "This *closing* with him fits his lunacy."
> *Titus Andronicus*, Act V. Sc. 2.
>
> "I will *close* with this country peasant very lovingly."
> Webster's *Works, Dyce's ed.* p. 281.
>
> "Thus cunningly she *clos'd* with him, and he conceaves her thoughts."—Warner's *Albion's England.*

P. 637, note (2). For "£6 13*s.* 4*d.*," read "£16 13*s.* 4*d.*" and for "£33 1*s.* 8*d.*," read "£133 6*s.* 8*d.*"

King Henry the Eighth.

P. 650. "*Things, that are known alike,* &c. Mr. Collier claims for his "corrector" the merit of reading here,—"Things, that are known *belike,* &c. but the substitution was made first by Theobald. See Nichols's *Illustrations,* Vol. II. p. 459.

P. 654, note (a). "*As first good company.*" We should, I think, read: "*As* feast, *good company.*"

P. 693, note (a). The reading of *culpable,* for "capable," which Mr. Collier assigns to his annotator, was I find originally proposed by Theobald. See Nichols's *Illustrations,* Vol. II. p. 468.

Cymbeline.

P. 712. After, "*Pays dear for my offences,*" insert [*Exit.*

P. 719, note (b). For "*number'd in the sense,*" Read; "cumber'd *in the sense.*"

VOL. III.

King Lear.

P. 58, note (b). For, "*misprint for 'but,'*" Read: "*misprint for* 'not.'"

P. 69, note (d). I now believe "*sovereignty,*" a misprint for "*sovereignly.*"

P. 90, note (e). I should prefer, "Wantonizeth *thou at trial Madam?*"

P. 114. For, "*se'st thou this object, Kent?*" Read: "see'st *thou this object, Kent?*"

Coriolanus.

P. 136, note (a). "*Take only the following examples, from plays which that gentleman must be familiar with.*" Read: "— *must be* acquainted *with.*"

P. 146. For "*scarfs and handkerchief,*" Read: "*scarfs and* handkerchiefs."

P. 156, note (b). See Shirley's "Bird in a Cage," for a similar obscure use of the word:—

> "Or for some woman's *lenity* accuse
> That fair creation."

P. 161. After "*my unbarbed,*" insert (*f*).

P. 169. For, "*think our fellows are asleep,*" Read: "I *think our fellows are asleep.*"

Winter's Tale.

P. 209, note (a). After "*Pliny,*" add: *Natural History.*

P. 229, note (b). So in "Antony and Cleopatra," Act IV. Sc. 15:

> "— *gentle,* hear me."

P. 241, note (a). Add: Sometimes this state was called *handling:* thus in the "London Prodigal;"—"Ay, but he is now in hucster's *handling* for (*i.e.* for fear of) running away."

P. 250. In the line "*Would I were dead, but that,*" &c. Dele the first comma.

Note (a). In addition to the examples given in this note, the following from Florio's "World of Words" deserves to be quoted. "*Poss'io morire,* an oath much used, as we say, *I would I were dead, I pray God I dye, may I dye.*"

Troilus and Cressida.

P. 272. "but, when the planets
In evil mixture, to disorder wander," &c.

Was Shakespear in this place thinking of a passage in Hooker's book "Concerning Laws, &c."? "If celestial spheres should forget their wonted motions, and by irregular volubility turn themselves any way as it might happen; if the prince of the light of heaven, which now as a giant doth run his unwearied course should, as it were, through a languishing faintness begin to stand and to rest himself; if the moon should wander from her beaten way, the times and seasons of the year blend themselves by *disorders and confused mixtures,* the winds breathe out their last gasp," &c. &c.

Hamlet.

P. 335. For, "*pray thee stay with us,*" Read: "*I pray thee stay with us.*"

P. 341, note (a). Add: So in Spenser's *Faerie Queene,* b. i. c. iii. s. 30:—

> "A *dram* of sweete is worth a *pound* of sowre."

P. 358, note (b). Another example of the phrase occurs in a letter from Thomas Wilkes to the Earl of Leicester, under the date 1586 (*Egerton* MS. 1694, *British Museum*):—"I am arrived here in such a time and *sea of troubles;*" and it is employed by Spenser in the *Faerie Queene,* b. vi. c. ix. s. 31:—

> "With storms of fortune and tempestuous fate,
> In *seas of troubles,* and of toylesome paine."

P. 396, note (a). For "*no lory:*" read "*no* glory."

Julius Cæsar.

P. 416, note (a). If the old text required further confirmation it would be supplied by the following couplet from Daniel's "Vanity of Fame:"—

> "Is this the *walke* of all your wide renowne,
> This little point, this scarce discerned ile?"

P. 418, note (b). Compare likewise (which put this interpretation beyond doubt) the following lines of Sir Philip Sydney, quoted by Harington in his Ariosto (Orlando Furioso):—

> "Not toying kynd, nor causlesly unkynd,
> Not stirring thoughts, nor yet denying right:
> Not spying faults, nor in plain errors blynd,
> Never *hard hand, nor ever rains to light.*"

P. 436, note (b). So also in *the Faerie Queene,* b. i. c. i., ii., s. 20.

> "— the thirsty land
> Dronke up his *life.*"

Macbeth.

P. 476. "*Whose horrid image doth* unfix *my hair.*" Query, *upfix?* That temptation whose horrid image *fixes* my *unstable* hair, and shakes my *seated* heart.

P. 477. "*The swiftest wing of recompence is slow,*" &c. The substitution of *wind* for "wing" in this line, which Mr. Collier credits his "annotator" with, was first proposed by Pope.

Antony and Cleopatra.

P. 543. For, "*Enthron'd 'n the market-place:*"—Read: "*Enthron'd i' the market-place.*"

P. 547. For, "*and therefore have:*"—Read: "*and therefore have* we."

P. 580. For, "*My country's high pyramids my gibbet:*"—Read: "*My country's high* pyramides *my gibbet.*"

Titus Andronicus.

P. 609. For, "*The snake ies rolled:*"—Read: "*The snake* lies *rolled.*"

Othello.

P. 675, note (*). After "*First folio,*" insert: "*your.*"

P. 687, line 35. For, "*Oth. What? what*" Read: "*Oth. What? what?*"

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

Page 33.

THE

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

THIS play, indisputably one of the earliest complete productions of Shakespeare's mind, was first printed in the folio of 1623, where, owing to the arbitrary manner in which the dramas are disposed, it is preceded by The Tempest, assuredly one of the poet's latest creations. Some of the incidents in The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Steevens conjectures, were taken from Sidney's Arcadia (Book I. Chapter vi.), where Pyrocles consents to lead the Helots; but the amount of Shakespeare's obligations to this source does not appear to be considerable. For a portion of the plot he was unquestionably indebted to the episode of Felismena, in the Diana of George of Montemayor, a work very popular in Spain towards the end of the sixteenth century, and which exhibits several incidents, and even some expressions, in common with that part of the present play, which treats of the loves of Proteus and Julia. Of this work there were two translations, one by Bartholomew Yong, the other by Thomas Wilson.* There is a strong probability, however, that Shakespeare derived his knowledge of Felismena's story from another source, namely: "The History of Felix and Philiomena," which was played before the Queen at Greenwich in 1584.† Be this as it may, the story of Proteus and Julia so closely corresponds with that of Felix and Felismena, that no one who has read the two can doubt his familiarity with that portion of the Spanish romance.

Mr. Malone, in his "Attempt to ascertain the Order in which The Plays of Shakespeare were Written," originally assigned The Two Gentlemen of Verona to the year 1595; but he subsequently fixed the date of its production as 1591; a change which he has thus explained: "The following lines in Act I. Scene 3, had formerly induced me to ascribe this play to the year 1595:

> '——— He wonder'd that your lordship
> Would suffer him to spend his youth at home;
> While other men, of slender reputation,
> Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:
> *Some, to the wars, to try their fortune there;*
> *Some, to discover islands far away.*'

"Shakespeare, as has been often observed, gives to almost every country the manners of his own; and though the speaker is here a Veronese, the poet, when he wrote the last two lines,

* The translation by Yong was not *published* until 1598; but from his "Preface to divers learned gentlemen," we learn that it was written many years before. "It hath lyen by me finished," he remarks, "Horace's *ten, and six yeeres* more." He further observes:—"Well might I have excused these paines, if onely *Edward Paston*, Esquier, who heere and there for his own pleasure, as I understood, hath aptly turned out of Spanish into English some leaves that liked him best, had also made an absolute and complete translation of all the parts of Diana; the which, for his travell in that countrey, and great knowledge in that language, accompanied with other learned and good parts in him, had of all others that ever I heard translate these Bookes, prooved the rarest and worthiest to be embraced." Thomas Wilson's version, Dr. Farmer informs us, was published two or three years before that of Yong. "But," he adds, "this work, I am persuaded, was never published *entirely*."

† See Cunningham's "Revels at Court," p. 189.

was thinking of England, where voyages, for the purpose of *discovering islands far away*, were at this time much prosecuted. In 1595, Sir Walter Raleigh undertook a voyage to the island of Trinidado, from which he made an expedition up the river Oronoque to discover Guiana. Sir Humphry Gilbert had gone on a similar voyage of discovery the preceding year.

"The particular situation of England in 1595, I had supposed, might have suggested the line above quoted—'Some, to the wars,' &c. In that year it was generally believed that the Spaniards meditated a second invasion of England with a much more powerful and better-appointed Armada than that which had been defeated in 1588. Soldiers were levied with great diligence and placed on the seacoasts, and two great fleets were equipped—one to encounter the enemy in the British seas; the other to sail to the West Indies, under the command of Hawkins and Drake, to attack the Spaniards in their own territories. About the same time, also, Elizabeth sent a considerable body of troops to the assistance of King Henry IV. of France, who had entered into an offensive and defensive alliance with the English queen, and had newly declared war against Spain. Our author, therefore, we see, had abundant reason for both the lines before us:—

> 'Some, to the wars, to try their fortune there;
> Some, to discover islands far away.'

"Among the marks of love, Speed in this play (Act II. Scene 1) enumerates the walking alone, 'like one that had the pestilence.' In the year 1593, there had been a great plague, which carried off near eleven thousand persons in London. Shakespeare was undoubtedly there at that time, and his own recollection might, I thought, have furnished him with this image. But since my former edition, I have been convinced that these circumstances by no means establish the date I had assigned to this play. When Lord Essex went in 1591, with 4,000 men, to assist Henry IV. of France, we learn from Sir Robert Carey's Memoirs, p. 59, that he was attended by many volunteers; and several voyages of discovery were undertaken about that very time by Raleigh, Cavendish, and others. There was a considerable plague in London in 1583."

Mr. Knight surmises that this play, Love's Labour's Lost, The Comedy of Errors, Midsummer-Night's Dream, Pericles, and Titus Andronicus, were written between 1585 and 1591; and we agree with him that this is a more probable division of the poet's labours, than ascribing to him the power of producing seventeen plays,—and such plays!—in seven years.

Persons Represented.

DUKE OF MILAN, *father of* SILVIA.
VALENTINE, PROTEUS, } *Gentlemen of* VERONA.
ANTONIO, *father of* PROTEUS.
THURIO, *a foolish rival to* VALENTINE.
EGLAMOUR, *agent for* SILVIA *in her escape.*
SPEED, *a clownish servant to* VALENTINE.
LAUNCE, *servant to* PROTEUS.
PANTHINO, *servant to* ANTONIO.
HOST, *with whom* JULIA *lodges in* MILAN.
Outlaws.

JULIA, *a lady of* VERONA, *beloved by* PROTEUS.
SILVIA, *beloved by* VALENTINE.
LUCETTA, *waiting-woman to* JULIA.

Servants, Musicians.

SCENE.—*Sometimes in* VERONA; *sometimes in* MILAN; *and on the frontiers of* MANTUA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An open Place in* Verona.

Enter VALENTINE *and* PROTEUS.

VAL. Cease to persuade, my loving Proteus;[a]
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits;[b]
Wer 't not affection chains thy tender days
To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love,
I rather would entreat thy company,
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Than, living dully sluggardiz'd at home,
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.
But, since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive therein,
Even as I would, when I to love begin.

PRO. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine, adieu!
Think on thy Proteus, when thou, haply, seest
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel:
Wish me partaker in thy happiness,
When thou dost meet good hap: and in thy danger,
If ever danger do environ thee,
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy bead's-man,[c] Valentine.

VAL. And on a love-book pray for my success?

---

[a] Proteus;] Throughout the old copy (folio 1623), the ancient spelling of Proteus, which was *Protheus*, is invariably adopted. "Our ancestors," Malone observes, "were fond of introducing the letter *h* into proper names to which it does not belong: and hence even to this day, our common Christian name, *Antony*, is written improperly *Anthony*."

[b] Homely *wits;*] Steevens has noted the same play of words in Milton's Comus:—

"*It is for* homely *features to* keep home,
They had their name thence."

[c] Bead's-man,—] A beadsman is one who offers up *prayers* for another. *Bead*, in Anglo-Saxon, meaning a prayer. "*To count one's beads*," means, to say the Rosary, a favourite devotion in the Roman Catholic Church, composed for meditating on the principal events in the life of our Saviour. The better to fix the attention during this exercise, recourse is had to a chaplet con-

PRO. Upon some book I love, I'll pray for thee.
VAL. That's on some shallow story of deep love,
How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont.[a]
PRO. That's a deep story of a deeper love;
For he was more than over shoes in love.
VAL. 'T is true; for[b] you are over boots in love,
And yet you never swom the Hellespont.
PRO. Over the boots? nay, give me not the boots.(1)
VAL. No, I will not, for it boots thee not.
PRO. What?
VAL. To be in love, where scorn is bought with groans;
Coy looks with heart-sore sighs; one fading moment's mirth,
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights:
If haply won, perhaps a hapless gain;
If lost, why then a grievous labour won;
However,[c] but a folly bought with wit,
Or else a wit by folly vanquished.
PRO. So, by your circumstance, you call me fool.
VAL. So, by your circumstance,[d] I fear, you 'll prove.
PRO. 'T is love you cavil at; I am not love.
VAL. Love is your master, for he masters you:
And he that is so yoked by a fool,
Methinks should not be chronicled for wise.
PRO. Yet writers say, as in the sweetest bud
The eating canker[e] dwells, so eating love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.
VAL. And writers say, as the most forward bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,
Even so by love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly; blasting in the bud,
Losing his verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee,
That art a votary to fond desire?
Once more adieu: my father at the road
Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.
PRO. And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.
VAL. Sweet Proteus, no; now let us take our leave.
To Milan let me hear from thee by letters,
Of thy success in love, and what news else
Betideth here in absence of thy friend;
And I likewise will visit thee with mine.

PRO. All happiness bechance to thee in Milan!
VAL. As much to you at home! and so, farewell. [*Exit* VALENTINE.
PRO. He after honour hunts, I after love:
He leaves his friends to dignify them more;
I leave[f] myself, my friends, and all for love.
Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphos'd me;
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
War with good counsel, set the world at nought;
Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought.

Enter SPEED.

SPEED. Sir Proteus, save you: Saw you my master?
PRO. But now he parted hence, to embark for Milan.
SPEED. Twenty to one then he is shipp'd already;
And I have play'd the sheep[g] in losing him.
PRO. Indeed a sheep doth very often stray,
An* if the shepherd be awhile away.
SPEED. You conclude that my master is a shepherd then, and I a sheep?[h]
PRO. I do.
SPEED. Why, then my horns are his horns, whether I wake or sleep.
PRO. A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.
SPEED. This proves me still a sheep.
PRO. True; and thy master a shepherd.
SPEED. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.
PRO. It shall go hard but I 'll prove it by another.
SPEED. The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the sheep the shepherd; but I seek my master, and my master seeks not me: therefore, I am no sheep.
PRO. The sheep for fodder follow the shepherd, the shepherd for food follows not the sheep; thou for wages followest thy master, thy master for wages follows not thee: therefore, thou art a sheep.
SPEED. Such another proof will make me cry baa.
PRO. But dost thou hear? gav'st thou my letter to Julia?
SPEED. Ay, sir; I, a lost mutton, gave your

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sisting of either fifty or a hundred and fifty beads, on each of which is repeated a short prayer.

[a] *How young* Leander *cross'd the* Hellespont.] This is believed to have reference to the poem of Musæus, entitled, "Hero and Leander;" but as Marlowe's translation of this piece, though entered on the Stationers' books in 1593, was not published till 1598, a probability is raised that Shakespeare took his allusion from a classical source. The commentators, however, prefer the supposition that he saw Marlowe's version in MS.

[b] For *you are over boots in love,*—] *for* appears to be a misprint, perhaps instead of *and* or *but*.

[c] *However,*—] That is, *any way*.

[d] *So, by your* circumstance,—] Malone says, "circumstance is used equivocally. It here means conduct; in the preceding line, circumstantial deduction."

(*) First folio, *and*.

[e] *The* eating canker—] Allusions to the canker are common in the old writers. It is mentioned both in Shakespeare's plays, in his "Sonnets," and in the "Rape of Lucrece." Topsell in his "Serpents," 1608, gives a dissertation which he heads, "Of Caterpillars or Palmer-worms, called of some Cankers," and he tells us, "They gnaw off and consume by eating both leaves, boughs, and flowers, yea, and some fruits also, as I have often seen in peaches."

[f] *I* leave *myself,*—] The original reads, "I love myself," which Pope corrected.

[g] *And I have play'd the* sheep—] In many English counties, a sheep is commonly pronounced a *ship*, even to this day.

[h] *And I a sheep?*] So the second folio, 1632. The first omits the article.

letter to her, a laced mutton;(2) and she, a laced mutton, gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labour!

PRO. Here 's too small a pasture for such store of muttons.

SPEED. If the ground be overcharged, you were best stick her.

PRO. Nay, in that you are astray;[a] 't were best pound you.

SPEED. Nay, sir, less than a pound shall serve me for carrying your letter.

PRO. You mistake; I mean the pound, a pinfold.

SPEED. From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over,
'T is threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

PRO. But what said she? [SPEED *nods.*] Did she nod?[b]

SPEED. I.[c]

PRO. Nod, I; why, that 's noddy.[d]

SPEED. You mistook, sir; I say she did nod: and you ask me if she did nod; and I say, I.

PRO. And that set together is—noddy.

SPEED. Now you have taken the pains to set it together, take it for your pains.

PRO. No, no, you shall have it for bearing the letter.

SPEED. Well, I perceive I must be fain to bear with you.

PRO. Why, sir, how do you bear with me?

SPEED. Marry, sir, the letter very orderly;[e] having nothing but the word, noddy, for my pains.

PRO. Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.

SPEED. And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

PRO. Come, come, open the matter in brief: what said she?

SPEED. Open your purse, that the money, and the matter, may be both at once delivered.

PRO. Well, sir, here is for your pains: what said she?

SPEED. Truly, sir, I think you 'll hardly win her.

PRO. Why? Couldst thou perceive so much from her?

SPEED. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; no, not so much as a ducat for delivering your letter: and being so hard to me that brought your mind, I fear she 'll prove as hard to you in telling your mind. Give her no token but stones; for she 's as hard as steel.

PRO. What, said she nothing?

SPEED. No, not so much as—*Take this for thy pains.* To testify your bounty, I thank you, you have testern'd me;(3) in requital whereof, henceforth carry your letters yourself: and so, sir, I 'll commend you to my master.

PRO. Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from wrack;
Which cannot perish, having thee aboard,
Being destin'd to a drier death on shore:—
I must go send some better messenger;
I fear my Julia would not deign my lines,
Receiving them from such a worthless post.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. Garden of* Julia's *House.*

Enter JULIA *and* LUCETTA.

JUL. But say, Lucetta, now we are alone,
Would'st thou then counsel me to fall in love?

LUC. Ay, madam; so you stumble not unheedfully.

JUL. Of all the fair resort of gentlemen,
That every day with parle encounter me,
In thy opinion, which is worthiest love?

LUC. Please you, repeat their names, I 'll show my mind
According to my shallow simple skill.

JUL. What think'st thou of the fair sir Eglamour?

LUC. As of a knight well-spoken, neat and fine;
But, were I you, he never should be mine.

JUL. What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio?

LUC. Well of his wealth; but of himself, so so.

JUL. What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus?

LUC. Lord, Lord! to see what folly reigns in us!

JUL. How now! what means this passion at his name?

LUC. Pardon, dear madam; 't is a passing shame,
That I, unworthy body as I am,

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[a] *In that you are* astray;] It has been proposed, to keep up this bout of petty quibbles, that we should read *a stray, i. e.* a stray sheep.

[b] *Did she nod?*] This query, and the stage-direction, *Speed nods*, were added by Theobald. The latter seems essential to what follows; but I have ventured to insert it at a different place to that in which it has hitherto been given.

[c] *I.*] The old spelling of the affirmative particle *Ay*, without which the conceit of Proteus would be unintelligible.

[d] *Why, that's* noddy.] There is a game at cards called Noddy, but the allusion is rather to the common acceptation of Noddy, which is, a noodle, a simpleton. In "Wit's Private Wealth," 1612, we find, "If you see a trull, scarce give her a *nod*, but do not follow her, lest you prove a *noddy*."

[e] *The letter very* orderly;] For *orderly*, I have sometimes thought we should read, *motherly*, or, according to the ancient spelling, *moderly*. From the words *bearing, bear with you*, my *pains, a quick* wit, and *delivered*, the humour appears to consist of allusions to *child-bearing*. None of the editors have noticed this; and yet, unless such conceit be understood, there seems no significance whatever in the last few passages.

Should censure[a] thus on lovely gentlemen.

JUL. Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest?

LUC. Then thus: of many good I think him best.

JUL. Your reason?

LUC. I have no other but a woman's reason;
I think him so,—because I think him so.

JUL. And wouldst thou have me cast my love on him?

LUC. Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.

JUL. Why, he of all the rest hath never mov'd me.

LUC. Yet he of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.

JUL. His little speaking shows his love but small.

LUC. Fire,[b] that's closest kept, burns most of all.

JUL. They do not love, that do not show their love.

LUC. O, they love least, that let men know their love.

JUL. I would I knew his mind.

LUC. Peruse this paper, madam.

JUL. *To Julia*,—Say, from whom?

LUC. That the contents will show.

JUL. Say, say; who gave it thee?

LUC. Sir Valentine's page; and sent, I think, from Proteus:
He would have given it you, but I, being in the way,
Did in your name receive it; pardon the fault, I pray.

JUL. Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker![c]
Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?
To whisper and conspire against my youth?
Now, trust me, 't is an office of great worth,
And you an officer fit for the place.
There, take the paper, see it be return'd;
Or else return no more into my sight.

LUC. To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.

JUL. Will you be gone?

LUC. That you may ruminate. [*Exit.*

JUL. And yet, I would I had o'erlook'd the letter.
It were a shame to call her back again,

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[a] *Should censure thus* on *lovely gentlemen.*] The corrector of *Mr. Collier's* folio reads, for the sake of rhyme—

"That I, unworthy body as I can,
Should censure thus *a* lovely gentleman."

The alteration is specious, but uncalled for. To *censure*, in Shakespeare's time, usually meant to pass judgment or opinion, and Julia's "Why not *on* Proteus?" &c. proves, I think, that *on* occurred in the preceding line.

[b] Fire, *that's closest kept*,—] *Fire* in old times was often spelt *fyer*, and appears here, as in other portions of these plays, to be used as a dissyllable.

[c] *A goodly* broker!] *A pander, a go-between, a procuress.*

And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.
What fool is she, that knows I am a maid,
And would not force the letter to my view!
Since maids, in modesty, say *No* to that
Which they would have the profferer construe *Ay*.
Fie, fie! how wayward is this foolish love,
That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,
And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod!
How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence,
When willingly I would have had her here!
How angerly I taught my brow to frown,
When inward joy enforc'd my heart to smile!
My penance is, to call Lucetta back,
And ask remission for my folly past:—
What ho! Lucetta!(4)

Re-enter LUCETTA.

LUC. What would your ladyship?
JUL. Is 't near dinner-time?
LUC. I would it were;
That you might kill your stomach on your meat,
And not upon your maid.
JUL. What is 't that you
Took up so gingerly?
LUC. Nothing.
JUL. Why didst thou stoop then?
LUC. To take a paper up that I let fall.
JUL. And is that paper nothing?
LUC. Nothing concerning me.
JUL. Then let it lie for those that it concerns.
LUC. Madam, it will not lie where it concerns,
Unless it have a false interpreter.
JUL. Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.
LUC. That I might sing it, madam, to a tune:
Give me a note: your ladyship can set.[a]
JUL. As little by such toys as may be possible:
Best sing it to the tune of *Light o' love*.(5)
LUC. It is too heavy for so light a tune.
JUL. Heavy? belike it hath some burthen then.(6)
LUC. Ay; and melodious were it, would you sing it.
JUL. And why not you?
LUC. I cannot reach so high.
JUL. Let 's see your song;—How now, minion?
LUC. Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out:
And yet, methinks, I do not like this tune.
JUL. You do not?
LUC. No, madam; 't is too sharp.
JUL. You, minion, are too saucy.
LUC. Nay, now you are too flat,
And mar the concord with too harsh a descant:[b]
There wanteth but a mean to fill your song.
JUL. The mean[c] is drown'd with your unruly base.[d]
LUC. Indeed, I bid the base for Proteus.(7)
JUL. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me.
Here is a coil with protestation!—
[*Tears the letter.*
Go, get you gone; and let the papers lie:
You would be fingering them, to anger me.
LUC. She makes it strange; but she would be best pleas'd
To be so anger'd with another letter. [*Exit.*
JUL. Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same![e]
O hateful hands, to tear such loving words!
Injurious wasps! to feed on such sweet honey,
And kill the bees, that yield it, with your stings!
I 'll kiss each several paper for amends.
Look, here is writ—*kind Julia*:—unkind Julia!
As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw thy name against the bruising stones,
Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.
And, here is writ—*love wounded Proteus*:—
Poor wounded name! my bosom, as a bed
Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be throughly heal'd;
And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.
But twice, or thrice, was—*Proteus*—written down:
Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,
Till I have found each letter in the letter,
Except mine own name: that some whirlwind bear
Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging rock,
And throw it thence into the raging sea!
Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ,—
Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus,
To the sweet Julia; that I 'll tear away;
And yet I will not, sith so prettily
He couples it to his complaining names;
Thus will I fold them one upon another:
Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

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[a] *Your ladyship can* set.] "When Lucetta says 'Give me a note [to sing to]: your ladyship can set [a song to music],' it adds one more to the many proofs of the superior cultivation of the science in those days. We should not now readily attribute to ladies, even to those who are generally considered to be well educated and accomplished, enough knowledge of harmony to enable them to set a song correctly to music, however agile their fingers may be."—CHAPPELL's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, p. 221.

[b] *Too harsh a* descant:] "The name of *Descant* is usurped of the musicians in divers significations; sometime they take it for the whole harmony of many voices; others sometime, for one of the voices or parts. Last of all, they take it for singing a part extempore upon a plain song, in which sense we commonly use it."—MORLEY's *Plain and Easy Introduction to Practical Music*, 1597.

[c] *The* mean—] That is, the intermediate part between the tenor and the treble.

[d] *Your unruly* base.] The original has, "*you* unruly base." The alteration was made in the second folio.

[e] *Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same!*] It is surprising that no one has hitherto pointed out the inconsistency of Julia's replying to an observation evidently intended to be spoken by her attendant *aside*, or remarked the utter absence of all meaning in such reply. I have little doubt that the line above is part of Lucetta's side speech. The expression of the wish "would *I* were so anger'd with the same!" from her is natural and consistent. In the mouth of her mistress it seems senseless and absurd.

Re-enter LUCETTA.

LUC. Madam, dinner is ready, and your father stays.
JUL. Well, let us go.
LUC. What, shall these papers lie like tell-tales here?
JUL. If you respect them, best to take them up.
LUC. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down:
Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold.[a]
JUL. I see you have a month's mind (8) to them.
LUC. Ay, madam, you may say what sights you see;
I see things too, although you judge I wink.
JUL. Come, come, will 't please you go?
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in* Antonio's *House.*

Enter ANTONIO *and* PANTHINO.

ANT. Tell me, Panthino,[b] what sad[c] talk was that,
Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?
PAN. 'T was of his nephew Proteus, your son.
ANT. Why, what of him?
PAN. He wonder'd that your lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home;
While other men, of slender reputation,
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:
Some, to the wars, to try their fortune there;
Some, to discover islands far away;
Some, to the studious universities.
For any, or for all these exercises,
He said that Proteus, your son, was meet:
And did request me to impórtune you,
To let him spend his time no more at home,
Which would be great impeachment to his age,
In having known no travel in his youth.
ANT. Nor need'st thou much impórtune me to that
Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have consider'd well his loss of time;
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being try'd and tutor'd in the world:
Experience is by industry achiev'd,
And perfected by the swift course of time:
Then, tell me, whither were I best to send him?
PAN. I think your lordship is not ignorant,
How his companion, youthful Valentine,
Attends the emperor in his royal court.
ANT. I know it well.
PAN. 'T were good, I think, your lordship sent him thither:
There shall he practise tilts and tournaments,
Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen;
And be in eye of every exercise,
Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.
ANT. I like thy counsel; well hast thou advis'd:
And, that thou mayst perceive how well I like it,
The execution of it shall make known:
Even with the speediest expedition,
I will despatch him to the emperor's court.
PAN. To-morrow, may it please you, Don Alphonso,
With other gentlemen of good esteem,
Are journeying to salute the emperor,
And to commend their service to his will.
ANT. Good company; with them shall Proteus go:
And,—in good time.[d]—Now will we break[e] with him.

Enter PROTEUS.

PRO. Sweet love! sweet lines! sweet life!
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn:
O, that our fathers would applaud our loves,
To seal our happiness with their consents!
O, heavenly Julia!
ANT. How now? what letter are you reading there?
PRO. May 't please your lordship, 't is a word or two
Of commendation sent from Valentine,
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.
ANT. Lend me the letter; let me see what news.
PRO. There is no news, my lord; but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well-belov'd,
And daily graced by the emperor;
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.
ANT. And how stand you affected to his wish?
PRO. As one relying on your lordship's will,
And not depending on his friendly wish.
ANT. My will is something sorted with his wish:
Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there an end.
I am resolv'd that thou shalt spend some time

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a *For catching cold.*] *i. e.* for *fear* of catching cold. A mode of expression very common in our author's day.
b *Panthino,*—] In the list of persons represented in the old copy this name is spelt *Panthion.* In the play, Act I. Sc. 3, he is designated *Panthino;* and in Act II. Sc. 3, *Panthion.*

c Sad *talk*—] *Grave, serious* talk.
d *And,*—in good time.] That is, *he comes in good time, apropos.* We have a saying now, *in the nick of time.*
e *Now will we* break *with him.*] Break the matter to him. Open the subject.

With Valentinus in the emperor's court;
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition[a] thou shalt have from me.
To-morrow be in readiness to go:
Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.

PRO. My lord, I cannot be so soon provided;
Please you, deliberate a day or two.

ANT. Look, what thou want'st shall be sent after thee:
No more of stay; to-morrow thou must go.—
Come on, Panthino; you shall be employ'd
To hasten on his expedition.

[*Exeunt* ANT. *and* PAN.

PRO. Thus have I shunn'd the fire, for fear of burning;
And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd:
I fear'd to show my father Julia's letter,
Lest he should take exceptions to my love;
And with the vantage of mine own excuse
Hath he excepted most against my love.
O, how this spring of love resembleth[b]
The uncertain glory of an April day;
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away!

Re-enter PANTHINO.

PAN. Sir Proteus, your father calls for you;
He is in haste; therefore, I pray you, go.

PRO. Why, this it is! my heart accords thereto;
And yet a thousand times it answers, No.

[*Exeunt.*

[a] *Like* exhibition—] *Pension, allowance.*
[b] *O, how this spring of love* resembleth—] *Resembleth* Mr. Tyrwhitt remarks, is here used as a quadrisyllable, and must be pronounced *resembeleth.*

PROTEUS.—"Sweet love! sweet lines! sweet life!"

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Milan. *A Room in the* Duke's *Palace.*

Enter VALENTINE *and* SPEED.

SPEED. Sir, your glove.

VAL. Not mine; my gloves are on.

SPEED. Why, then this may be yours, for this is but one.[a]

VAL. Ha! let me see: ay, give it me, it's mine:—

Sweet ornament, that decks a thing divine!
Ah Silvia! Silvia!

SPEED. Madam Silvia! madam Silvia!

VAL. How now, sirrah?

SPEED. She is not within hearing, sir.

VAL. Why, sir, who bade you call her?

SPEED. Your worship, sir; or else I mistook.

VAL. Well, you'll still be too forward.

SPEED. And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.

VAL. Go to, sir; tell me, do you know madam Silvia?

SPEED. She that your worship loves?

VAL. Why, how know you that I am in love?

SPEED. Marry, by these special marks: First, you have learned, like sir Proteus, to wreath your arms like a malcontent; to relish a love-song, like a robin-redbreast; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence; to sigh, like a schoolboy that had lost his A B C; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to fast, like one that takes diet;[b] to watch, like one that fears robbing; to speak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas.(1) You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cock; when you walked, to walk like one of the lions; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you looked sadly, it was for want of money: and now you are metamorphosed with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

VAL. Are all these things perceived in me?

SPEED. They are all perceived without ye.

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[a] *For this is but* one.] *On* and *one* were formerly pronounced alike, not I believe as *on*, but as *own*. Hence Speed's quibble. See note in "King John," Act III. Sc. 3,—

"*Sound* one *into the drowsy race of night.*"

[b] *Like one that takes* diet;] One under regimen for the restoration of health.

VAL. Without me?[a] they cannot.

SPEED. Without you? nay, that's certain, for without you were so simple, none else would;[b] but you are so without these follies, that these follies are within you, and shine through you like the water in an urinal; that not an eye that sees you, but is a physician to comment on your malady.

VAL. But tell me, dost thou know my lady Silvia?

SPEED. She that you gaze on so, as she sits at supper?

VAL. Hast thou observed that? even she I mean.

SPEED. Why, sir, I know her not.

VAL. Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet know'st her not?

SPEED. Is she not hard favoured, sir?

VAL. Not so fair, boy, as well favoured.

SPEED. Sir, I know that well enough.

VAL. What dost thou know?

SPEED. That she is not so fair as (of you) well favoured.

VAL. I mean, that her beauty is exquisite, but her favour infinite.

SPEED. That's because the one is painted, and the other out of all count.

VAL. How painted? and how out of count?

SPEED. Marry, sir, so painted, to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty.

VAL. How esteemest thou me? I account of her beauty.[c]

SPEED. You never saw her since she was deformed.

VAL. How long hath she been deformed?

SPEED. Ever since you loved her.

VAL. I have loved her ever since I saw her; and still I see her beautiful.

SPEED. If you love her, you cannot see her.

VAL. Why?

SPEED. Because love is blind. O, that you had mine eyes; or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have when you chid at sir Proteus for going ungartered![d]

VAL. What should I see then?

SPEED. Your own present folly, and her passing deformity: for he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose; and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.[e]

VAL. Belike, boy, then you are in love; for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.

SPEED. True, sir; I was in love with my bed: I thank you, you swinged me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

VAL. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

SPEED. I would you were set; so your affection would cease.

VAL. Last night she enjoined me to write some lines to one she loves.

SPEED. And have you?

VAL. I have.

SPEED. Are they not lamely writ?

VAL. No, boy, but as well as I can do them; —Peace! here she comes.

Enter SILVIA.

SPEED. O excellent motion! O exceeding puppet![f]
Now will he interpret to her.[g]

VAL. Madam and mistress, a thousand good-morrows.

SPEED. O, give ye good ev'n! here's a million of manners. [*Aside.*

SIL. Sir Valentine and servant,(2) to you two thousand.

SPEED. He should give her interest, and she gives it him.

VAL. As you enjoin'd me, I have writ your letter
Unto the secret nameless friend of yours;
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your ladyship.

SIL. I thank you, gentle servant: 't is very clerkly done.

VAL. Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off;
For, being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at random, very doubtfully.

SIL. Perchance you think too much of so much pains?

---

[a] Without *me?*] The *equivoque* consists in Speed's using the word *without* to signify his master's exterior, personal demeanour, &c., and Valentine taking it in the sense of non-existence, absence, &c., as, how could these peculiarities be seen in me unless I myself am present? In the next passage, Speed uses the word in its meaning of *unless*.

[b] None else would;] "None else would *be so simple*," says Johnson; and this appears to be what is implied.

[c] *I* account of *her beauty.*] *i. e.* I *value, estimate, appreciate.* "There dwelled sometime in the citie of Rome a baker named Astatio, who for his honest behaviour was well *accounted of* amongst his neighbours."—TARLTON's *Newes out of Purgatorie.*

[d] *For going* ungartered!] Negligence of dress, time out of mind, has been considered symptomatical of love, and going *ungartered*, an infallible and characteristic mark of Cupid's sworn liegemen.

[e] *Cannot see to* put on your hose.] The allusion, whatever it was, which gave point here, has evaporated, or a word on which to hang a quibble been misprinted.

[f] *O excellent* motion! *O exceeding* puppet!] *Motion*, the commentators say, meant a *puppet-show*, which is true; but assuredly it was also often used to signify one of the figures in it. Thus in "Measure for Measure," Act III. Sc. 2, Lucio, speaking of Angelo, calls him "a motion generative." So, too, in "Pericles," Act. V. Sc. 1:—

> "Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy?
> No *motion!*"

In the present case, Speed terms Silvia a *motion* and a *puppet*, because of her diminutive appearance. In "A Midsummer-Night's Dream," Act III. Sc. 2, Helena terms Hermia a *puppet*, whereupon the latter exclaims—

> "Puppet! why so? Ay, that way goes the game,
> Now I perceive that she hath made compare
> Between our statures."

So too in Massinger's play, "The Duke of Milan," Act II. Sc. 1, the tall Marcelia taunts the dwarfish Mariana—"For you, *puppet*—" which the latter retorts with—"What of me, pine-tree!"

[g] Interpret *to her.*] A motion or puppet-show was not complete without the interpreter, who probably sat behind the scenes and furnished the dialogue.

VAL. No, madam; so it stead you, I will write,
Please you command, a thousand times as much:
And yet,—

SIL. A pretty period! Well, I guess the sequel;
And yet—I will not name it;—and yet—I care not;—
And yet—take this again;—and yet—I thank you;
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

SPEED. And yet—you will; and yet—another yet. [*Aside.*

VAL. What means your ladyship? do you not like it?

SIL. Yes, yes; the lines are very quaintly writ:[a]
But since unwillingly, take them again;
Nay, take them.

VAL. Madam, they are for you.

SIL. Ay, ay, you writ them, sir, at my request;
But I will none of them; they are for you:
I would have had them writ more movingly.

VAL. Please you, I 'll write your ladyship another.

SIL. And when it 's writ, for my sake read it over:
And if it please you, so; if not, why, so.

VAL. If it please me, madam! what then?

SIL. Why, if it please you, take it for your labour.
And so good morrow, servant. [*Exit* SILVIA.

SPEED. O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible,
As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a steeple!
My master sues to her; and she hath taught her suitor,
He being her pupil, to become her tutor.
O excellent device! was there ever heard a better,
That my master, being scribe, to himself should write the letter?

VAL. How now, sir? what are you reasoning with yourself?

SPEED. Nay, I was rhyming; 't is you that have the reason.

VAL. To do what?

SPEED. To be a spokesman from madam Silvia.

VAL. To whom?

SPEED. To yourself: why, she wooes you by a figure.

VAL. What figure?

SPEED. By a letter, I should say.

VAL. Why, she hath not writ to me?

SPEED. What needs she, when she hath made you write to yourself? Why, do you not perceive the jest?

VAL. No, believe me.

SPEED. No believing you, indeed, sir: but did you perceive her earnest?

VAL. She gave me none, except an angry word.

SPEED. Why, she hath given you a letter.

VAL. That 's the letter I writ to her friend.

SPEED. And that letter hath she delivered, and there an end.

VAL. I would it were no worse.

SPEED. I 'll warrant you 't is as well.

For often have you writ to her, and she, in modesty,
Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply;
Or fearing else some messenger, that might her mind discover,
Herself hath taught her love himself, to write unto her lover.—

All this I speak in print,[b] for in print I found it.—
Why muse you, sir? 't is dinner-time.

VAL. I have dined.

SPEED. Ay, but hearken, sir; though the cameleon Love can feed on the air,[c] I am one that am nourished by my victuals, and would fain have meat. O, be not like your mistress; be moved, be moved. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Verona. *A Room in* Julia's *House*

Enter PROTEUS *and* JULIA.

PRO. Have patience, gentle Julia.

JUL. I must, where is no remedy.

PRO. When possibly I can, I will return.

JUL. If you turn not,[d] you will return the sooner:
Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.
[*Giving a ring*

PRO. Why, then we 'll make exchange; here, take you this.

JUL. And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.(3)

PRO. Here is my hand for my true constancy;
And when that hour o'erslips me in the day,
Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake,
The next ensuing hour some foul mischance
Torment me for my love's forgetfulness!
My father stays my coming; answer not;
The tide is now: nay, not thy tide of tears;
That tide will stay me longer than I should:
[*Exit* JULIA.
Julia, farewell.—What! gone without a word?

---

[a] *Very* quaintly *writ:*] *Quaint* formerly meant *clever, adroit, skilful,* not as now, *pleasant, odd, fanciful.*

[b] *All this I speak* in print.] *In print,* meant *precisely, exactly, to the letter.* Old Burton, in his "Anatomy of Melancholy," says—"He must speak *in print,* walke *in print,* eat and drink *in print,* and that which is all in all, he must be mad *in print.*"

[c] *The* cameleon *Love can feed on the air.*] "Oh Palmerin, Palmerin, how cheaply dost thou furnish out thy table of love! 'Canst feed upon a thought! live upon hopes! feast upon a look! fatten upon a smile! and surfeit and die upon a kiss! What a Cameleon lover is a Platonick!"—*The World in the Moon,* 1697.

[d] If you turn not,—] If you remain constant to your love.

Ay, so true love should do: it cannot speak;
For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.

Enter PANTHINO.

PAN. Sir Proteus, you are stay'd for.
PRO. Go; I come, I come:—
Alas! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. A Street.*

Enter LAUNCE, *leading a Dog.*

LAUN. Nay, 't will be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind of the Launces have this very fault: I have received my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am going with sir Proteus to the imperial's court. I think Crab my dog be the sourest-natured dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear: he is a stone, a very pebble-stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog: a Jew would have wept to have seen our parting; why, my grandam, having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I 'll show you the manner of it: This shoe is my father;—no, this left shoe is my father; no, no, this left shoe is my mother;—nay, that cannot be so neither:—yes, it is so, it is so; it hath the worser sole. This shoe, with the hole in it, is my mother, and this my father. A vengeance on 't! there 't is: now, sir, this staff is my sister; for, look you, she is as white as a lily, and as small as a wand: this hat is Nan, our maid; I am the dog:—no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog,—O, the dog is me, and I am myself; ay, so, so. Now come I to my father; *Father, your blessing;* now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping; now should I kiss my father; well, he weeps on:—now come I to my mother, (O, that shoe could speak now, like a wood woman;[a])—well, I kiss her;—why, there 't is; here 's my mother's breath up and down;[b] now come I to my sister; mark the moan she makes: now the dog all this while sheds not a tear, nor speaks a word; but see how I lay the dust with my tears.

Enter PANTHINO.

PAN. Launce, away, away, aboard; thy master is shipped, and thou art to post after with oars. What 's the matter? why weep'st thou, man? Away, ass; you 'll lose the tide if you tarry any longer.

LAUN. It is no matter if the tied were lost;[c] for it is the unkindest tied that ever man tied.

PAN. What 's the unkindest tide?

LAUN. Why, he that 's tied here; Crab, my dog.

PAN. Tut, man, I mean thou 'lt lose the flood; and, in losing the flood, lose thy voyage; and, in losing thy voyage, lose thy master; and, in losing thy master, lose thy service; and, in losing thy service,—Why dost thou stop my mouth?

LAUN. For fear thou shouldst lose thy tongue.

PAN. Where should I lose my tongue?

LAUN. In thy tale.

PAN. In thy tail?

LAUN. Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master, and the service, and the tied! Why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs.

PAN. Come, come away, man; I was sent to call thee.

LAUN. Sir, call me what thou darest.

PAN. Wilt thou go?

LAUN. Well, I will go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Milan. *A Room in the* Duke's *Palace.*

Enter VALENTINE, SILVIA, THURIO, *and* SPEED.

SIL. Servant!
VAL. Mistress.
SPEED. Master, sir Thurio frowns on you.
VAL. Ay, boy, it 's for love.
SPEED. Not of you.
VAL. Of my mistress then.
SPEED. 'T were good you knocked him.
SIL. Servant, you are sad.
VAL. Indeed, madam, I seem so.
THU. Seem you that you are not?
VAL. Haply I do.
THU. So do counterfeits.
VAL. So do you.
THU. What seem I that I am not?
VAL. Wise.

---

[a] *Like a wood woman;*] The folio, 1623, reads—"like a would woman." Theobald suggested the reading in the text. *Wood* means *mad, crazed, wild.*

The alteration of *she* to *shoe* in the same line was proposed by Blackstone, and after "now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping," seems a legitimate correction.

[b] Up and down;] An expression of the time, implying *exactly*, as we say "for all the world," or "all the world over." It occurs again in "Much Ado about Nothing," Act II. Sc. I:—

"Here 's his dry hand *up and down.*"

[c] *If the* tied *were lost;*] A similar quibble is quoted by Steevens from Chapman's "Andromeda." It is found also as early as Heywood's "Epigrams."

"The *tyde taryeth* no man, but here to scan
Thou art *tyed* so that thou taryest every man."

THU. What instance of the contrary?
VAL. Your folly.
THU. And how quote you my folly?
VAL. I quote[a] it in your jerkin.
THU. My jerkin is a doublet.
VAL. Well, then, I 'll double your folly.
THU. How?
SIL. What, angry, sir Thurio? do you change colour?
VAL. Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of cameleon.
THU. That hath more mind to feed on your blood, than live in your air.
VAL. You have said, sir.
THU. Ay, sir, and done too, for this time.
VAL. I know it well, sir; you always end ere you begin.
SIL. A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.
VAL. 'T is indeed, madam; we thank the giver.
SIL. Who is that, servant?
VAL. Yourself, sweet lady; for you gave the fire: Sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends what he borrows, kindly, in your company.
THU. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.
VAL. I know it well, sir; you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers; for it appears, by their bare liveries, that they live by your bare words.
SIL. No more, gentlemen, no more; here comes my father.

Enter DUKE.

DUKE. Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset.
Sir Valentine, your father 's in good health:
What say you to a letter from your friends,
Of much good news?
VAL. My lord, I will be thankful
To any happy messenger from thence.
DUKE. Know you don Antonio, your countryman?
VAL. Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman
To be of worth, and worthy estimation,
And not without desert so well reputed.
DUKE. Hath he not a son?
VAL. Ay, my good lord; a son that well deserves
The honour and regard of such a father.
DUKE. You know him well?
VAL. I know* him, as myself; for from our infancy
We have convers'd and spent our hours together:
And though myself have been an idle truant,
Omitting the sweet benefit of time
To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection,
Yet hath sir Proteus, for that 's his name,
Made use and fair advantage of his days;
His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe:
And, in a word, (for far behind his worth
Come all the praises that I now bestow,)
He is complete in feature[b] and in mind,
With all good grace, to grace a gentleman.
DUKE. Beshrew me, sir, but if he make this good,
He is as worthy for an empress' love,
As meet to be an emperor's counsellor.
Well, sir; this gentleman is come to me,
With commendation from great potentates;
And here he means to spend his time awhile:
I think 't is no unwelcome news to you.
VAL. Should I have wish'd a thing, it had been he.
DUKE. Welcome him then according to his worth;
Silvia, I speak to you: and you, sir Thurio:—
For Valentine, I need not 'cite him to it:
I will send him hither to you presently.
[*Exit* DUKE.
VAL. This is the gentleman I told your ladyship,
Had come along with me, but that his mistress
Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks.
SIL. Belike, that now she hath enfranchis'd them,
Upon some other pawn for fealty.
VAL. Nay, sure I think she holds them prisoners still.
SIL. Nay, then he should be blind; and, being blind,
How could he see his way to seek out you?
VAL. Why, lady, love hath twenty pair of eyes.
THU. They say that love hath not an eye at all—
VAL. To see such lovers, Thurio, as yourself;
Upon a homely object love can wink.

Enter PROTEUS.

SIL. Have done, have done; here comes the gentleman.
VAL. Welcome, dear Proteus!—Mistress, I beseech you,
Confirm his welcome with some special favour.

---

[a] *I* quote *it in your jerkin.*] A quibble springing from *quote* and *coat;* the former being pronounced and often spelt *cote,* in the time of our author.

[b] *He is complete in* feature *and in mind,*
With all good grace, to grace a gentleman.] *Feature* of old expressed both beauty of countenance and comeliness of person. Thus Spenser:—
"Which the fair *feature* of her limbs did hide."

(*) First folio, *knew.*

The punctuation I have adopted in this passage, though at variance with that of all the Editors, is fully authorized by the following one in "Henry VIII.," Act III. Sc. 2:—
"She is a gallant creature, and *complete*
In *mind and feature.*"

SIL. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,
If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear from.
VAL. Mistress, it is: sweet lady, entertain him
To be my fellow servant to your ladyship.
SIL. Too low a mistress for so high a servant.
PRO. Not so, sweet lady; but too mean a servant
To have a look of such a worthy mistress.
VAL. Leave off discourse of disability:—
Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.
PRO. My duty will I boast of, nothing else.
SIL. And duty never yet did want his meed;
Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress.
PRO. I'll die on him that says so, but yourself.
SIL. That you are welcome?
PRO. That you are worthless.

Enter SERVANT.

SER. Madam, my lord your father would speak with you.[a]
SIL. I wait upon his pleasure. [*Exit* SERVANT.
Come, sir Thurio,
Go with me:—once more, new servant, welcome:
I'll leave you to confer of home affairs;
When you have done, we look to hear from you.
PRO. We'll both attend upon your ladyship.
[*Exeunt* SILVIA, THURIO, *and* SPEED.
VAL. Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came?
PRO. Your friends are well, and have them much commended.
VAL. And how do yours?
PRO. I left them all in health.
VAL. How does your lady? and how thrives your love?
PRO. My tales of love were wont to weary you;
I know you joy not in a love-discourse.
VAL. Ay, Proteus, but that life is alter'd now:
I have done penance for contemning love;
Whose high imperious[b] thoughts have punish'd me
With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,
With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs;
For, in revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath chas'd sleep from my enthrall'd eyes,
And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.
O, gentle Proteus, Love 's a mighty lord;
And hath so humbled me, as, I confess,
There is no woe to his correction,[c]
Nor to his service no such joy on earth!
Now, no discourse, except it be of love;
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep,
Upon the very naked name of love.
PRO. Enough; I read your fortune in your eye;
Was this the idol that you worship so?
VAL. Even she; and is she not a heavenly saint?
PRO. No; but she is an earthly paragon.
VAL. Call her divine.
PRO. I will not flatter her.
VAL. O, flatter me, for love delights in praises.
PRO. When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills;
And I must minister the like to you.
VAL. Then speak the truth by her; if not divine,
Yet let her be a principality,[d]
Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.
PRO. Except my mistress.
VAL. Sweet, except not any;
Except thou wilt except against my love.
PRO. Have I not reason to prefer mine own?
VAL. And I will help thee to prefer her too:
She shall be dignified with this high honour:
To bear my lady's train; lest the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss,
And, of so great a favour growing proud,
Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower,[e]
And make rough winter everlastingly.
PRO. Why, Valentine, what braggardism is this?
VAL. Pardon me, Proteus: all I can is nothing
To her, whose worth makes other worthies nothing;
She is alone.
PRO. Then let her alone.
VAL. Not for the world: why, man, she is mine own;
And I as rich in having such a jewel
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,
Because thou seest me dote upon my love.
My foolish rival, that her father likes,
Only for his possessions are so huge,
Is gone with her along; and I must after,
For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.
PRO. But she loves you?
VAL. Ay, and we are betroth'd: Nay, more, our marriage hour,

---

[a] The first folio assigns this to Thurio.

[b] *Whose high* imperious *thoughts*—] Dr. Johnson proposed to read "Those high imperious thoughts;" conceiving the sense to be, "I have contemned love, and am punished." The misprint, if there is any, I rather take to be in the word *thoughts*, which our author has never elsewhere adopted to express *behests, dictates, commands*, &c.

[c] There is no woe to his correction,—] No sorrow *equal to* the punishment he inflicts. A very common idiom of the time.

"There is no comfort in the world,
To women that are kind."—*Cupid's Whirligig.*

An analogous ellipsis occurs in the very next line—

"Nor to his service no such joy on earth,"

i. e. "Nor, *compared* to his service," &c.

[d] *Yet let her be a* principality,—] If not a divinity, admit she is celestial. "The first he calleth Seraphim, the second, Cherubim, the third, thrones, the fourth, denominations, the fifth, virtues, the sixth, powers, the seventh, principalities, the eighth, archangels, the ninth and inferior sort, he calleth angels."—SCOT's *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, 1584, p. 500.

[e] *The* summer-swelling *flower*,—] Mr. Collier's old corrector changes this fine epithet to *summer-smelling*. Steevens also says, "I once thought that our poet had written *summer-smelling;* but the epithet which stands in the text, I have since met with in the translation of Lucan by Sir Arthur Gorges, 1614, b. viii. p. 354."

With all the cunning manner of our flight,
Determin'd of: how I must climb her window;
The ladder made of cords; and all the means
Plotted and 'greed on, for my happiness.
Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber,
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.

PRO. Go on before; I shall inquire you forth:
I must unto the[a] road, to disembark
Some necessaries that I needs must use;
And then I 'll presently attend you.

VAL. Will you make haste?

PRO. I will.— [*Exit* VAL.
Even as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
Is it her mien,[b] or Valentinus' praise,
Her true perfection, or my false transgression,
That makes me, reasonless, to reason thus?
She is fair; and so is Julia, that I love;—
That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd;
Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,(4)
Bears no impression of the thing it was.
Methinks, my zeal to Valentine is cold;
And that I love him not, as I was wont:
O! but I love his lady too-too[c] much;
And that 's the reason I love him so little.
How shall I dote on her with more advice,
That thus without advice begin to love her!
'T is but her picture[d] I have yet beheld,
And that hath dazzled[e] my reason's light;
But when I look on her perfections,
There is no reason but I shall be blind.
If I can check my erring love, I will;
If not, to compass her I 'll use my skill. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*The same. A Street.*

Enter SPEED *and* LAUNCE.

SPEED. Launce! by mine honesty, welcome to Milan.*

LAUN. Forswear not thyself, sweet youth; for I am not welcome. I reckon this always—that a man is never undone till he be hanged; nor never welcome to a place till some certain shot be paid, and the hostess say, Welcome.

SPEED. Come on, you madcap, I 'll to the alehouse with you presently; where, for one shot of fivepence, thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But, sirrah, how did thy master part with madam Julia?

LAUN. Marry, after they closed in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest.

SPEED. But shall she marry him?

LAUN. No.

SPEED. How then? shall he marry her?

LAUN. No, neither.

SPEED. What, are they broken?

LAUN. No, they are both as whole as a fish.

SPEED. Why then, how stands the matter with them?

LAUN. Marry, thus; when it stands well with him, it stands well with her.

SPEED. What an ass art thou! I understand thee not.

LAUN. What a block art thou, that thou canst not! My staff understands me.

SPEED. What thou say'st?

LAUN. Ay, and what I do, too: look thee, I'll but lean, and my staff understands me.

SPEED. It stands under thee, indeed.

LAUN. Why, stand under and understand is all one.

SPEED. But tell me true, will 't be a match?

LAUN. Ask my dog: if he say ay, it will; if he say no, it will; if he shake his tail, and say nothing, it will.

SPEED. The conclusion is then, that it will.

LAUN. Thou shalt never get such a secret from me but by a parable.

SPEED. 'T is well that I get it so. But, Launce, how say'st thou, that my master has become a notable lover?

LAUN. I never knew him otherwise.

SPEED. Than how?

LAUN. A notable lubber, as thou reportest him to be.

SPEED. Why, thou whoreson ass, thou mistakest me.

LAUN. Why, fool, I meant not thee, I meant thy master.

SPEED. I tell thee, my master is become a hot lover.

LAUN. Why, I tell thee, I care not though he burn himself in love. If thou wilt, go with me to

(*) First folio, *Padua.*

[a] *Unto the* road,—] *Roadstead, haven.* Place where vessels ride at anchor.

[b] Is it her mien,—] The original has—

"*It is mine* or Valentine's praise."

Steevens proposed—

"It is mine eye, or Valentine's praise."

The reading of the text was suggested to Malone by the Rev. Mr. Blakeway, and has since been generally adopted. It is certainly ingenious; but I believe we have not yet got what the poet wrote.

[c] *I love his lady* too-too *much;*] In this case I adopt the reading introduced by Halliwell, who has shown that *too-too* is "a genuine compound Archaism, used both as an adjective and an adverb, meaning *excessive* or *excessively.*"

[d] *'Tis but her* picture *I have yet beheld,*—] He has seen but her exterior yet, and that has *dazzled* his "reason's light;" when he looks upon her intellectual endowments, they will blind him quite. So in "Cymbeline," Act I. Sc. 7:—

"All of her that is *out of door*, most rich!
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,
She is alone the Arabian bird:—&c."

[e] *Dazzled*—] This word must be read here as a trisyllable *dazzeled;* so in the quotation Malone adduces from Drayton:—

"A diadem once *dazzling* the eye,
The day too darke to see affinitie."

the alehouse; if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian.

SPEED. Why?

LAUN. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee as to go to the ale(5) with a Christian: Wilt thou go?

SPEED. At thy service. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter PROTEUS.

PRO. To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn;
To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn;
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn;
And even that power, which gave me first my oath,
Provokes me to this threefold perjury.
Love bade me swear, and love bids me forswear:
O sweet-suggesting love,[a] if thou hast sinn'd,
Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it.
At first I did adore a twinkling star,
But now I worship a celestial sun.
Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;
And he wants wit that wants resolved will
To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better.—
Fie, fie, unreverend tongue! to call her bad,
Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferr'd
With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.
I cannot leave[b] to love, and yet I do;
But there I leave to love, where I should love.
Julia I lose, and Valentine I lose:
If I keep them, I needs must lose myself;
If I lose them, thus find I, by their loss,
For Valentine, myself; for Julia, Silvia.
I to myself am dearer than a friend,
For love is still most precious in itself:
And Silvia, witness Heaven, that made her fair!
Shows Julia but a swarthy Ethiope.
I will forget that Julia is alive,
Rememb'ring that my love to her is dead;
And Valentine I 'll hold an enemy,
Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend.
I cannot now prove constant to myself,
Without some treachery us'd to Valentine:—
This night, he meaneth with a corded ladder
To climb celestial Silvia's chamber-window;
Myself in counsel, his competitor:[c]
Now presently I 'll give her father notice
Of their disguising, and pretended flight;[d]
Who, all enrag'd, will banish Valentine;
For Thurio, he intends, shall wed his daughter:
But, Valentine being gone, I 'll quickly cross,
By some sly trick, blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.
Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,
As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift! [*Exit.*

---

[a] *O sweet* suggesting *love.*—] *To suggest* is *to entice, to tempt, to seduce.* Thus, in "The Tempest," Act II. Sc. 1:—

"——— For all the rest
They'll take *suggestion* as a cat laps milk."

And in the present play, Act III. Sc. 1:—

"Knowing that tender youth is soon *suggested.*"

[b] *I cannot* leave *to love,*—] *i. e.* I cannot *cease* to love. This use of *leave* is very frequent in the old writers.

[c] *Myself in counsel, his* competitor:] *In counsel* is *in secret;* and *competitor* here, as in other places, means *coadjutor, auxiliary, confederate.* In "Richard III." Act IV. Sc. 4, we have,—

"——The Guildfords are in arms,
And every hour more *competitors*
Flock to the rebels;"

and in "Love's Labour's Lost,"—

"The king and his *competitors* in oath."

[d] Pretended *flight;*] *i. e. intended, purposed* flight.

SPEED.—Launce! by mine honesty, welcome to Milan.

SCENE VII.—Verona. *A Room in* Julia's *House.*

Enter Julia *and* Lucetta.

Jul. Counsel, Lucetta! gentle girl, assist me!
And, even in kind love, I do conjure thee,—
Who art the table[a] wherein all my thoughts
Are visibly character'd and engrav'd,—
To lesson me; and tell me some good mean,
How, with my honour, I may undertake
A journey to my loving Proteus.
Luc. Alas! the way is wearisome and long.
Jul. A true devoted pilgrim is not weary
To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps;
Much less shall she that hath love's wings to fly!
And when the flight is made to one so dear,
Of such divine perfection, as sir Proteus.
Luc. Better forbear, till Proteus make return.
Jul. O, know'st thou not, his looks are my soul's food?
Pity the dearth that I have pined in,
By longing for that food so long a time.
Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,[b]
Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow,
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.
Luc. I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire;
But qualify the fire's extreme rage,
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.
Jul. The more thou damm'st it up, the more it burns;
The current that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
But, when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with the enamell'd stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And so by many winding nooks he strays,
With willing sport, to the wild ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my course:
I 'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my love;
And there I 'll rest, as, after much turmoil,
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

---

a *Who art the* table—] Alluding to the table-book, or tables made of slate and ivory, and used as a note or memorandum-book. Thus Hamlet,—

"My *tables*—meet it is I set it down.'

b *The* inly *touch of love,*—] *Inly*, Halliwell says, is used as an adjective:—

"Trust me, Lorrique, besides the *inlie* grief,
That swallowes my content."—*The Tragedy of Hoffman*, 4to. 1631.

LUC. But in what habit will you go along?
JUL. Not like a woman; for I would prevent
The loose encounters of lascivious men:
Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds
As may beseem some well-reputed page.
LUC. Why, then, your ladyship must cut your hair.
JUL. No, girl; I'll knit it up in silken strings,
With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots:
To be fantastic, may become a youth
Of greater time than I shall show to be.
LUC. What fashion, madam, shall I make your breeches?
JUL. That fits as well as—"Tell me, good my lord,
What compass will you wear your farthingale?"
Why, ev'n what fashion thou best lik'st, Lucetta.
LUC. You must needs have them with a cod-piece, madam.
JUL. Out, out, Lucetta! that will be ill favour'd.
LUC. A round hose, madam, now 's not worth a pin,
Unless you have a cod-piece to stick pins on.
JUL. Lucetta, as thou lov'st me, let me have
What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly.
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me,
For undertaking so unstaid a journey?
I fear me, it will make me scandalis'd.
LUC. If you think so, then stay at home, and go not.
JUL. Nay, that I will not.
LUC. Then never dream on infamy, but go.
If Proteus like your journey, when you come,
No matter who 's displeas'd, when you are gone:
I fear me, he will scarce be pleas'd withal.
JUL. That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear:
A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,
And instances of infinite of love,*
Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.
LUC. All these are servants to deceitful men.
JUL. Base men, that use them to so base effect!
But truer stars did govern Proteus' birth:
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears, pure messengers sent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.
LUC. Pray Heaven he prove so, when you come to him!
JUL. Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that wrong,
To bear a hard opinion of his truth:
Only deserve my love, by loving him;
And presently go with me to my chamber,
To take a note of what I stand in need of,
To furnish me upon my longing journey.
All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,
My goods, my lands, my reputation;
Only, in lieu thereof, despatch me hence;
Come, answer not, but to it presently:
I am impatient of my tarriance. [*Exeunt.*

* *And instances* of infinite of love,—] So in Fenton's "Tragicall Discourses," 4to. 1567, fol. 45:—"Wherewyth hee using the benefit of hys fortune, forgat not to embrace hys Lady with an *infinite* of kysses." The construction in the text seems harsh; but we are not for that reason to conclude the passage is corrupt. The second folio reads:—

"And instances *as* infinite of love."

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Milan. *An Ante-room in the* Duke's *Palace.*

Enter Duke, Thurio, *and* Proteus.

Duke. Sir Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile;
We have some secrets to confer about. [*Exit* Thurio.
Now, tell me, Proteus, what 's your will with me?

Pro. My gracious lord, that which I would discover,
The law of friendship bids me to conceal:
But, when I call to mind your gracious favours
Done to me, undeserving as I am,
My duty pricks me on to utter that
Which else no worldly good should draw from me.
Know, worthy prince, sir Valentine, my friend,
This night intends to steal away your daughter;
Myself am one made privy to the plot.
I know you have determin'd to bestow her
On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates;
And should she thus be stolen away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose
To cross my friend in his intended drift,
Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
A pack of sorrows, which would press you down,
Being unprevented, to your timeless grave.

Duke. Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care;
Which to requite, command me while I live.
This love of theirs myself have often seen,
Haply, when they have judg'd me fast asleep;
And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid
Sir Valentine her company, and my court:
But, fearing lest my jealous aim[a] might err,
And so, unworthily, disgrace the man,
(A rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd,)
I gave him gentle looks; thereby to find
That which thyself hast now disclos'd to me.
And, that thou mayst perceive my fear of this,
Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,[b]
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,
The key whereof myself have ever kept;
And thence she cannot be convey'd away.

Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devis'd a mean
How he her chamber-window will ascend,

---

[a] *My jealous* aim *might err,*—] *Aim,* as Malone and Steevens remark, in this instance, implies *guess, surmise,* as in "Romeo and Juliet:"—
"I aim'd so near, when I supposed you lov'd."

[b] *Soon* suggested,—] See Note (a) at p. 17.

And with a corded ladder fetch her down;
For which the youthful lover now is gone,
And this way comes he with it presently;
Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.
But, good my lord, do it so cunningly,
That my discovery be not aimed at;[a]
For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publisher of this pretence.[b]

DUKE. Upon mine honour, he shall never know
That I had any light from thee of this.

PRO. Adieu, my lord; sir Valentine is coming.
[*Exit.*

Enter VALENTINE.

DUKE. Sir Valentine, whither away so fast?

VAL. Please it your grace, there is a messenger
That stays to bear my letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.

DUKE. Be they of much import?

VAL. The tenor of them doth but signify
My health, and happy being at your court.

DUKE. Nay then, no matter; stay with me a while;
I am to break with thee of some affairs,
That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret.
'T is not unknown to thee, that I have sought
To match my friend, sir Thurio, to my daughter.

VAL. I know it well, my lord; and, sure, the match
Were rich and honourable; besides, the gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities
Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter:
Cannot your grace win her to fancy him?

DUKE. No, trust me; she is peevish, sullen, froward,
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty;
Neither regarding that she is my child,
Nor fearing me as if I were her father:
And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers,
Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her;
And, where[c] I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cherish'd by her childlike duty,
I now am full resolv'd to take a wife,
And turn her out to who will take her in:
Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower;
For me and my possessions she esteems not.

VAL. What would your grace have me to do in this?

DUKE. There is a lady, sir, in Milan[d] here,
Whom I affect; but she is nice, and coy,
And nought esteems my aged eloquence:
Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor,
(For long agone I have forgot to court;
Besides, the fashion of the time is chang'd:)
How, and which way, I may bestow myself,
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

VAL. Win her with gifts, if she respect not words;
Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,
More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.

DUKE. But she did scorn a present that I sent her.

VAL. A woman sometimes scorns what best contents her:
Send her another; never give her o'er;
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.
If she do frown, 't is not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you:
If she do chide, 't is not to have you gone;
For why, the fools are mad, if left alone.
Take no repulse, whatever she doth say:
For *get you gone*, she doth not mean *away*:
Flatter, and praise, commend, extol their graces;
Though ne'er so black, say they have angels' faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

DUKE. But she I mean is promis'd by her friends
Unto a youthful gentleman of worth;
And kept severely from resort of men,
That no man hath access by day to her.

VAL. Why then I would resort to her by night.

DUKE. Ay, but the doors be lock'd, and keys kept safe,
That no man hath recourse to her by night.

VAL. What lets,[e] but one may enter at her window?

DUKE. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground;
And built so shelving, that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his life.

VAL. Why, then, a ladder, quaintly[f] made of cords,
To cast up with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would serve to scale another Hero's tower,
So bold Leander would adventure it.

DUKE. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
Advise me where I may have such a ladder.

VAL. When would you use it? pray, sir, tell me that.

DUKE. This very night; for love is like a child,
That longs for everything that he can come by.

VAL. By seven o'clock I 'll get you such a ladder.

DUKE. But, hark thee; I will go to her alone;

---

[a] *Be not aimed at;*] *Guessed at.* The word has the same meaning as in the passage referred to in Note (a), p. 20.

[b] *This pretence.*] *Design, device.*

[c] *And, where I thought*—] *Where* for *whereas.* It may be observed of these words, as also of *when* and *whenas*, that, with the writers of Shakespeare's era, they were "convertible terms."

[d] *In Milan here,*—] The original reads,—
"There is a lady in *Verona* here."
An error of the same kind occurs in Act II. Sc. 5, where Speed says,—"Welcome to *Padua*," instead of *Milan*. The corrections were made by Pope.

[e] *What* lets,—] What *stops*, what *debars*. So "Hamlet," Act I. Sc. 4,—
"By Heaven, I 'll make a ghost of him that *lets* me."

[f] Quaintly *made of cords*,—] *Cleverly, skilfully* made of cords.

How shall I best convey the ladder thither?

VAL. It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it
Under a cloak, that is of any length.

DUKE. A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn?

VAL. Ay, my good lord.

DUKE. Then let me see thy cloak:
I 'll get me one of such another length.

VAL. Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.

DUKE. How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?—
I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.—
What letter is this same? What 's here?—*To Silvia?*
And here an engine fit for my proceeding!
I 'll be so bold to break the seal for once. [*Reads.*

My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly;
And slaves they are to me, that send them flying:
O, could their master come and go as lightly,
Himself would lodge, where senseless they are lying.
My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them;
While I, their king, that thither them importune,
Do curse the grace that with such grace hath bless'd them,
Because myself do want my servants' fortune:
I curse myself, for they are sent by me,
That they should harbour where their lord should be.

What 's here?

Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee.

'T is so; and here 's the ladder for the purpose.
Why, Phaëton, (for thou art Merops' son,)[a]
Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car,
And with thy daring folly burn the world?
Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?
Go, base intruder! overweening slave!
Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates;
And think, my patience, more than thy desert,
Is privilege for thy departure hence:
Thank me for this, more than for all the favours,
Which, all too much, I have bestow'd on thee.
But if thou linger in my territories,
Longer than swiftest expedition
Will give thee time to leave our royal court,
By Heaven, my wrath shall far exceed the love
I ever bore my daughter, or thyself.
Be gone; I will not hear thy vain excuse,
But, as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence.
[*Exit* DUKE.

VAL. And why not death, rather than living torment?
To die, is to be banish'd from myself;
And Silvia is myself: banish'd from her,
Is self from self: a deadly banishment!
What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?
What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?
Unless it be to think that she is by,
And feed upon the shadow of perfection.
Except I be by Silvia in the night,
There is no music in the nightingale;
Unless I look on Silvia in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon:
She is my essence; and I leave to be,
If I be not by her fair influence
Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive.
I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom:[b]
Tarry I here, I but attend on death;
But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter PROTEUS *and* LAUNCE.

PRO. Run, boy, run, run, and seek him out.

LAUN. So-ho! so-ho!

PRO. What seest thou?

LAUN. Him we go to find:
There 's not a hair[c] on 's head, but 't is a Valentine.

PRO. Valentine?

VAL. No.

PRO. Who then? his spirit?

VAL. Neither.

PRO. What then?

VAL. Nothing.

LAUN. Can nothing speak? Master, shall I strike?

PRO. Who wouldst thou strike?

LAUN. Nothing.

PRO. Villain, forbear.

LAUN. Why, sir, I 'll strike nothing: I pray you,—

PRO. Sirrah, I say, forbear: Friend Valentine, a word.

VAL. My ears are stopp'd, and cannot hear good news,
So much of bad already hath possess'd them.

PRO. Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,
For they are harsh, untuneable, and bad.

VAL. Is Silvia dead?

PRO. No, Valentine.

---

[a] Merops' son,—] "Thou art Phaëton in thy rashness, but without his pretensions: thou art not the son of a divinity, but a *terræ filius*, a low-born wretch; Merops is thy true father, with whom Phaëton was falsely reproached."—JOHNSON.

[b] I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom:] This is somewhat obscure. Mr. Singer reads:—

"———; to fly *is* deadly doom:"

but the original may mean,—

"I escape not death in flying his (the Duke's) deadly doom."

[c] *There's not* a hair—] "Launce is still quibbling. He is now running down the *hare* that he started when he entered."—MALONE.

VAL. No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia!—
Hath she forsworn me?
PRO. No, Valentine.
VAL. No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn me!—
What is your news?
LAUN. Sir, there is a proclamation that you are vanished.
PRO. That thou art banished. O, that 's the news;
From hence, from Silvia, and from me, thy friend.
VAL. O, I have fed upon this woe already,
And now excess of it will make me surfeit.
Doth Silvia know that I am banished?
PRO. Ay, ay; and she hath offer'd to the doom
(Which, unrevers'd, stands in effectual force)
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears:
Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd;
With them, upon her knees, her humble self;
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them,
As if but now they waxed pale for woe:
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire;
But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die.
Besides, her intercession chaf'd him so,
When she for thy repeal was suppliant,
That to close prison he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of 'biding there.
VAL. No more; unless the next word that thou speak'st
Have some malignant power upon my life;
If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,
As ending anthem of my endless dolour.
PRO. Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,
And study help for that which thou lament'st.
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.
Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love;
Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.
Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that,
And manage it against despairing thoughts.
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence;
Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd
Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.
The time now serves not to expostulate:
Come, I 'll convey thee through the city gate;
And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concern thy love-affairs:
As thou lov'st Silvia, though not for thyself,
Regard thy danger, and along with me.
VAL. I pray thee, Launce, an if thou seest my boy,
Bid him make haste, and meet me at the north gate.
PRO. Go, sirrah, find him out. Come, Valentine.
VAL. O my dear Silvia! hapless Valentine!
[*Exeunt* VALENTINE *and* PROTEUS.
LAUN. I am but a fool, look you; and yet I have the wit to think my master is a kind of a knave: but that 's all one, if he be but one knave.* He lives not now that knows me to be in love: yet I am in love; but a team of horse shall not pluck that from me; nor who 't is I love, and yet 't is a woman: but what woman, I will not tell myself; and yet 't is a milkmaid; yet 't is not a maid, for she hath had gossips: yet 't is a maid, for she is her master's maid, and serves for wages. She hath more qualities than a water-spaniel,—which is much in a bare Christian. Here is the cate-log [*pulling out a paper*] of her conditions. Imprimis, *She can fetch and carry.* Why, a horse can do no more: nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry; therefore is she better than a jade. Item, *She can milk;* look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

Enter SPEED.

SPEED. How now, signior Launce? what news with your mastership?
LAUN. With my master's ship? why, it is at sea.
SPEED. Well, your old vice still; mistake the word: What news then in your paper?
LAUN. The blackest news that ever thou heard'st.
SPEED. Why, man, how black?
LAUN. Why, as black as ink.
SPEED. Let me read them.
LAUN. Fie on thee, jolt-head! thou canst not read.
SPEED. Thou liest, I can.
LAUN. I will try thee: tell me this: Who begot thee?
SPEED. Marry, the son of my grandfather.
LAUN. O illiterate loiterer! it was the son of thy grandmother: this proves that thou canst not read.
SPEED. Come, fool, come: try me in thy paper.
LAUN. There; and St. Nicholas be thy speed! (1)
SPEED. Imprimis, *She can milk.*
LAUN. Ay, that she can.
SPEED. Item, *She brews good ale.*

---

* *If he be but* one knave.] Warburton very plausibly proposed to read—"if he be but one *kind*." Something, however, leading to Launce's love confession, appears to have been omitted. Possibly the poet wrote, "But that's all one, if he be but one *in love*."

The second *knave* may have been repeated, repetition being a very common compositor's error, instead of the words *in love*, which seem naturally enough to precede, "He lives not now that knows me to be in love."

LAUN. And thereof comes the proverb,—Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale.[a]

SPEED. Item, *She can sew.*

LAUN. That 's as much as to say, can she so?

SPEED. Item, *She can knit.*

LAUN. What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock?

SPEED. Item, *She can wash and scour.*

LAUN. A special virtue; for then she need not be washed and scoured.

SPEED. Item, *She can spin.*

LAUN. Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living.

SPEED. Item, *She hath many nameless virtues.*

LAUN. That 's as much as to say, bastard virtues; that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

SPEED. *Here follow her vices.*

LAUN. Close at the heels of her virtues.

SPEED. Item, *She is not to be fasting,*[b] *in respect of her breath.*

LAUN. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast: Read on.

SPEED. Item, *She hath a sweet mouth.*[c]

LAUN. That makes amends for her sour breath.

SPEED. Item, *She doth talk in her sleep.*

LAUN. It 's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.

SPEED. Item, *She is slow in words.*

LAUN. O villain, that set this down among her vices! To be slow in words is a woman's only virtue: I pray thee, out with 't; and place it for her chief virtue.

SPEED. Item, *She is proud.*

LAUN. Out with that too; it was Eve's legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

SPEED. Item, *She hath no teeth.*

LAUN. I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.

SPEED. Item, *She is curst.*

LAUN. Well; the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

SPEED. *She will often praise her liquor.*

LAUN. If her liquor be good, she shall: if she will not, I will; for good things should be praised.

SPEED. Item, *She is too liberal.*

LAUN. Of her tongue she cannot; for that 's writ down she is slow of: of her purse she shall not; for that I'll keep shut: now of another thing she may; and that cannot I help. Well, proceed.

SPEED. Item, *She hath more hair than wit,*[d] *and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.*

---

[a] *You* brew good ale.]

"Our ale 's o' the best,
And each good guest
Prays for their souls that brew it."
Masque of Augurs, BEN JONSON.

[b] *She is not to be fasting,*—] So the folio. The word *kissed*, which is found in the modern editions, was added by Rowe.

[c] *She hath a* sweet mouth.] As we now say, *a liquorish tooth.*

[d] More hair than wit,—] A well-known old English proverb. Steevens has given many instances of its occurrence in the old writers.

LAUN. Stop there; I 'll have her: she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that last article: rehearse that once more.

SPEED. Item, *She hath more hair than wit,*—

LAUN. More hair than wit,—it may be; I 'll prove it: the cover of the salt hides the salt, and therefore it is more than the salt; the hair that covers the wit is more than the wit; for the greater hides the less. What 's next?

SPEED. *And more faults than hairs,*—

LAUN. That 's monstrous: O, that that were out!

SPEED. *And more wealth than faults.*

LAUN. Why, that word makes the faults gracious: well, I 'll have her: and if it be a match, as nothing is impossible,—

SPEED. What then?

LAUN. Why, then will I tell thee,—that thy master stays for thee at the north gate.

SPEED. For me?

LAUN. For thee? ay: who art thou? he hath stayed for a better man than thee.

SPEED. And must I go to him?

LAUN. Thou must run to him, for thou hast stayed so long, that going will scarce serve the turn.

SPEED. Why didst not tell me sooner? 'pox of your love-letters! [*Exit.*

LAUN. Now will he be swinged for reading my letter: an unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets!—I 'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room in the* Duke's *Palace.*

Enter DUKE *and* THURIO; PROTEUS *behind.*

DUKE. Sir Thurio, fear not but that she will love you,
Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.

THU. Since his exile she hath despis'd me most,
Forsworn my company, and rail'd at me,
That I am desperate of obtaining her.

DUKE. This weak impress of love is as a figure
Trenched in ice; which with an hour's heat
Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form.
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,
And worthless Valentine shall be forgot.—
How now, sir Proteus! Is your countryman,
According to our proclamation, gone?

PRO. Gone, my good lord.

DUKE. My daughter takes his going grievously.

PRO. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.

DUKE. So I believe; but Thurio thinks not so.—
Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee,
(For thou hast shown some sign of good desert,)
Makes me the better to confer with thee.

PRO. Longer than I prove loyal to your grace,
Let me not live to look upon your grace.

DUKE. Thou know'st how willingly I would effect
The match between sir Thurio and my daughter.

PRO. I do, my lord.

DUKE. And also, I think, thou art not ignorant
How she opposes her against my will.

PRO. She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.

DUKE. Ay, and perversely she persévers so.
What might we do, to make the girl forget
The love of Valentine, and love sir Thurio?

PRO. The best way is, to slander Valentine
With falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent;
Three things that women highly hold in hate.

DUKE. Ay, but she 'll think that it is spoke in hate.

PRO. Ay, if his enemy deliver it:
Therefore it must, with circumstance, be spoken
By one whom she esteemeth as his friend.

DUKE. Then you must undertake to slander him.

PRO. And that, my lord, I shall be loth to do:
'T is an ill office for a gentleman;
Especially, against his very friend.[a]

DUKE. Where your good word cannot advantage him,
Your slander never can endamage him;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being entreated to it by your friend.

PRO. You have prevail'd, my lord: if I can do it,
By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,
She shall not long continue love to him.
But, say this weed[b] her love from Valentine,
It follows not that she will love sir Thurio.

THU. Therefore, as you unwind her love from him,
Lest it should ravel, and be good to none,
You must provide to bottom it on me;[c]
Which must be done by praising me as much
As you in worth dispraise sir Valentine.

DUKE. And, Proteus, we dare trust you in this kind;
Because we know, on Valentine's report,

---

[a] *His very friend.*] *True friend.* In modern phraseology, *particular friend.*

[b] *Say this* weed—] Mr. Collier's corrector reads *wean;* and the same substitution was made by B. Victor in his alteration of this play, 1763.

[c] *To* bottom *it on me;*] A *bottom* of thread every housewife is familiar with:—

"A *bottome* for your silke it seems
My letters are become,
Which oft with winding off and on
Are wasted whole and some."

GRANGE's *Garden*, 1557.

You are already love's firm votary,
And cannot soon revolt and change your mind.
Upon this warrant shall you have access
Where you with Silvia may confer at large;
For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,
And, for your friend's sake, will be glad of you;
Where you may temper her, by your persuasion,
To hate young Valentine, and love my friend.

PRO. As much as I can do, I will effect:—
But you, sir Thurio, are not sharp enough;
You must lay lime, to tangle her desires,
By wailful sonnets, whose composed rhymes
Should be full fraught with serviceable vows.

DUKE. Ay, much is the force of heaven-bred poesy.

PRO. Say that upon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart.
Write till your ink be dry; and with your tears
Moist it again; and frame some feeling line,
That may discover such integrity:[a]
For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews;
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans
Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.
After your dire lamenting elegies,
Visit by night your lady's chamber-window,
With some sweet consort:[b] to their instruments
Tune a deploring dump: the night's dead silence
Will well become such sweet complaining grievance:
This, or else nothing, will inherit her.[c]

DUKE. This discipline shows thou hast been in love.

THU. And thy advice this night I'll put in practice.
Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver,
Let us into the city presently
To sort some gentlemen well skill'd in music:
I have a sonnet that will serve the turn,
To give the onset to thy good advice.

DUKE. About it, gentlemen.

PRO. We'll wait upon your grace till after supper;
And afterward determine our proceedings.

DUKE. Even now about it: I will pardon you.
[*Exeunt.*

---

[a] *Discover* such integrity:] Malone supposed that a line following this had been lost. I rather suspect some corruption in the words *such integrity*.

[b] *With some sweet* consort:] *Consort* is the reading of the old copy, and is certainly correct. The modern editors, for the most part, read *concert*. *Consort*, in Shakespeare's time, appears to have been used as we use the word *band*, a *set* or *company of musicians*.

[c] *Will* inherit *her*.] That is, "*obtain possession* of her," Steevens says.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Forest, near* Mantua.

Enter certain Outlaws.

1 Out. Fellows, stand fast; I see a passenger.
2 Out. If there be ten, shrink not, but down with 'em.

Enter Valentine *and* Speed.

3 Out. Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about you;
If not, we 'll make you sit, and rifle you.
Speed. Sir, we are undone! these are the villains
That all the travellers do fear so much.
Val. My friends,—
1 Out. That 's not so, sir; we are your enemies.
2 Out. Peace! we 'll hear him.
3 Out. Ay, by my beard, will we; for he is a proper man![a]
Val. Then know, that I have little wealth to lose;
A man I am cross'd with adversity:
My riches are these poor habiliments,
Of which if you should here disfurnish me,
You take the sum and substance that I have.
2 Out. Whither travel you?
Val. To Verona.
1 Out. Whence came you?

[a] *A* proper *man!*] *Well-proportioned, comely* man.

VAL. From Milan.
3 OUT. Have you long sojourn'd there?
VAL. Some sixteen months; and longer might have stay'd,
If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.
1 OUT. What, were you banish'd thence?
VAL. I was.
2 OUT. For what offence?
VAL. For that which now torments me to rehearse:
I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent;
But yet I slew him manfully in fight,
Without false vantage, or base treachery.
1 OUT. Why, ne'er repent it, if it were done so:
But were you banish'd for so small a fault?
VAL. I was, and held me glad of such a doom.
1 OUT. Have you the tongues?
VAL. My youthful travel therein made me happy;
Or else I often had been miserable.
3 OUT. By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar,[a]
This fellow were a king for our wild faction!

1 OUT. We 'll have him; sirs, a word.
SPEED. Master, be one of them;
It is an honourable kind of thievery.
VAL. Peace, villain!
2 OUT. Tell us this: have you anything to take to?
VAL. Nothing but my fortune.
3 OUT. Know then, that some of us are gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
Thrust from the company of awful men:[b]
Myself was from Verona banished,
For practising to steal away a lady,
An heir, and near allied unto the duke.[c]
2 OUT. And I from Mantua, for a gentleman,
Whom, in my mood, I stabb'd unto the heart.
1 OUT. And I, for such like petty crimes as these.
But to the purpose,—for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawless lives,
And, partly, seeing you are beautified
With goodly shape; and by your own report
A linguist; and a man of such perfection,

[a] *Of Robin Hood's* fat friar,—] Friar Tuck, the well-known associate and *quasi* confessor of Robin Hood, whom Scott has immortalized in his "Ivanhoe," and of whom Drayton sings in his "Polyolbion,"—

"Of *Tuck the merry friar*, which many a sermon made
In praise of Robin Hoode, his outlawes and his trade."

[b] *Of awful men:*] *Men of worth and station.* "An awful man is to this day used in the North to denote a man of dignity." —THOMAS WHITE, 1793.

[c] An *heir, and* near *allied unto the duke.*] The folio, 1623, reads,—

"And heire and Neece, alide vnto the Duke."

The folio, 1664, corrected the first word; Theobald substituted *near* for *neece.*

As we do in our quality much want;—
2 OUT. Indeed, because you are a banish'd man,
Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you:
Are you content to be our general?
To make a virtue of necessity,
And live, as we do, in this wilderness?
3 OUT. What say'st thou? wilt thou be of our consort?[b]
Say, ay, and be the captain of us all:
We 'll do thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,
Love thee as our commander, and our king.
1 OUT. But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou diest.
2 OUT. Thou shalt not live to brag what we have offer'd.
VAL. I take your offer, and will live with you;
Provided that you do no outrages
On silly women, or poor passengers.
3 OUT. No, we detest such vile base practices.
Come, go with us, we 'll bring thee to our crews,[c]
And show thee all the treasure we have got;
Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Milan. *Court of the Palace.*

Enter PROTEUS.

PRO. Already have I been false to Valentine,
And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.
Under the colour of commending him,
I have access my own love to prefer;
But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.
When I protest true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falsehood to my friend:
When to her beauty I commend my vows,
She bids me think how I have been forsworn
In breaking faith with Julia whom I lov'd:
And, notwithstanding all her sudden quips,[d]
The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,
Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,
The more it grows, and fawneth on her still.
But here comes Thurio: now must we to her window,
And give some evening music to her ear.

Enter THURIO *and* Musicians.

THU. How now, sir Proteus; are you crept before us?
PRO. Ay, gentle Thurio; for you know that love
Will creep in service where it cannot go.
THU. Ay, but I hope, sir, that you love not here.
PRO. Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.
THU. Who?[e] Silvia?
PRO. Ay, Silvia,—for your sake.
THU. I thank you for your own. Now, gentlemen,
Let 's tune, and to it lustily awhile.

Enter Host, *at a distance; and* JULIA, *in boy's clothes.*

HOST. Now, my young guest! methinks you 're allycholly; I pray you, why is it?
JUL. Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry.
HOST. Come, we 'll have you merry: I 'll bring you where you shall hear music, and see the gentleman that you asked for.
JUL. But shall I hear him speak?
HOST. Ay, that you shall.
JUL. That will be music. [*Music plays.*
HOST. Hark! hark!
JUL. Is he among these?
HOST. Ay: but peace, let 's hear 'em.

SONG.

Who is Silvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise[f] is she,
The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness:
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness;
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing,
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

---

[a] *In our* quality—] *Our profession* or *calling.* Thus in "Hamlet," Act II. Sc. 2:—

"Will they pursue the *quality* no longer than they can sing?"

and subsequently:—

"Come, give us a taste of your *quality.*"

[b] *Of our* consort?] *Of our fellowship, confederacy, fraternity.*

[c] *We'll bring thee to our* crews,—] Mr. Collier's corrector reads, *cave;* Mr. Singer, *caves* I have not ventured to alter the original text; but can hardly believe *crews* to be what the poet wrote.

[d] *Her* sudden quips,—] *Her angry gibes, scoffs, taunts.*

[e] Who?] "Our author, throughout his plays, has confounded the personal pronouns, &c. and uses one for the other (*who* for *whom, she* for *her, him* for *he*); nor was this inaccuracy peculiar to him, being very common when he wrote, even among persons of good education."—MALONE.

[f] *Holy, fair, and* wise is *she,*—] Mr. Collier's corrector reads, wise as *free;* free is certainly a most inappropriate epithet applied to Silvia. Proteus had just before described her as

"too *fair,* too *true,* too *holy;*"

and *true,* no doubt, was the becoming term; but as the object of the serenade was to make her break faith, it would have been somewhat out of place in the song; and hence *wise* was substituted in its stead.

Host. How now? are you sadder than you were before? How do you, man? the music likes you not.[a]

Jul. You mistake; the musician likes me not.

Host. Why, my pretty youth?

Jul. He plays false, father.

Host. How? out of tune on the strings?

Jul. Not so; but yet so false that he grieves my very heart-strings.

Host. You have a quick ear.

Jul. Ay, I would I were deaf! it makes me have a slow heart.

Host. I perceive you delight not in music.

Jul. Not a whit, when it jars so.

Host. Hark, what fine change is in the music!

Jul. Ay, that change is the spite.

Host. You would have them always play but one thing.

Jul. I would always have one play but one thing.
But, host, doth this sir Proteus, that we talk on,
Often resort unto this gentlewoman?

Host. I tell you what Launce, his man, told me; he loved her out of all nick.[b]

Jul. Where is Launce?

Host. Gone to seek his dog; which, tomorrow, by his master's command, he must carry for a present to his lady.

Jul. Peace! stand aside! the company parts.

Pro. Sir Thurio, fear not you! I will so plead,
That you shall say, my cunning drift excels.

Thu. Where meet we?

Pro. At Saint Gregory's well.

Thu. Farewell.

[*Exeunt* Thurio *and* Musicians.

Silvia *appears above, at her window.*

Pro. Madam, good even to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you for your music, gentlemen:
Who is that, that spake?

Pro. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth,
You'd quickly learn to know him by his voice.

Sil. Sir Proteus, as I take it.

Pro. Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant.

Sil. What's your will?

Pro. That I may compass yours.

---

[a] *The music* likes *you not.*] That is, *pleases you not.*

[b] *Out of all* nick.] *Beyond all reckoning.* It was the custom formerly to reckon by the *nicks* or *notches* cut upon the tally-stick. Steevens, in a note to this passage, quotes a very apposite passage from Rowley's play of "A Woman never Vexed," where the innkeeper says,—

"I have carried
The tallies at my girdle seven years together,
For I did ever love to deal honestly in the *nick.*"

SIL. You have your wish; my will is even this,—
That presently you hie you home to bed.
Thou subtle, perjur'd, false, disloyal man!
Think'st thou, I am so shallow, so conceitless,
To be seduced by thy flattery,
That hast deceiv'd so many with thy vows?
Return, return, and make thy love amends.
For me,—by this pale queen of night I swear,
I am so far from granting thy request,
That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit;
And by and by intend to chide myself,
Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.

PRO. I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady;
But she is dead.

JUL. 'T were false, if I should speak it;
For I am sure she is not buried. [*Aside.*

SIL. Say that she be; yet Valentine, thy friend,
Survives; to whom, thyself art witness,
I am betroth'd: And art thou not asham'd
To wrong him with thy importunacy?

PRO. I likewise hear that Valentine is dead.

SIL. And so suppose am I; for in his grave
Assure thyself my love is buried.

PRO. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.

SIL. Go to thy lady's grave, and call hers thence;
Or, at the least, in hers sepulchre thine.

JUL. He heard not that. [*Aside.*

PRO. Madam, if your heart be so obdurate,
Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,
The picture that is hanging in your chamber;
To that I 'll speak, to that I 'll sigh and weep:
For, since the substance of your perfect self
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow;
And to your shadow will I make true love.

JUL. If 't were a substance, you would, sure, deceive it,
And make it but a shadow, as I am. [*Aside.*

SIL. I am very loth to be your idol, sir;
But, since your falsehood shall become you[a] well
To worship shadows, and adore false shapes,
Send to me in the morning, and I 'll send it:
And so, good rest.

PRO. As wretches have o'er-night,
That wait for execution in the morn.

[*Exeunt* PROTEUS; *and* SILVIA, *from above.*

JUL. Host, will you go?

HOST. By my halidom,[b] I was fast asleep.

JUL. Pray you, where lies sir Proteus?

HOST. Marry, at my house: trust me, I think 't is almost day.

JUL. Not so; but it hath been the longest night
That e'er I watch'd, and the most heaviest[c]

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same.*

Enter EGLAMOUR.

EGL. This is the hour that madam Silvia
Entreated me to call, and know her mind;
There 's some great matter she 'd employ me in.—
Madam, madam!

SILVIA *appears above, at her window.*

SIL. Who calls?

EGL. Your servant, and your friend;
One that attends your ladyship's command.

SIL. Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good-morrow.

EGL. As many, worthy lady, to yourself.
According to your ladyship's impose,[d]
I am thus early come, to know what service
It is your pleasure to command me in.

SIL. O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman,
(Think not I flatter, for I swear I do not,)
Valiant, wise, remorseful,[e] well accomplish'd.
Thou art not ignorant what dear good will
I bear unto the banish'd Valentine;
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhorr'd.
Thyself hast lov'd; and I have heard thee say,
No grief did ever come so near thy heart
As when thy lady and thy true love died,
Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.(1)
Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,
To Mantua, where, I hear, he makes abode;
And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,
I do desire thy worthy company,
Upon whose faith and honour I repose.
Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour,
But think upon my grief, a lady's grief;
And on the justice of my flying hence,
To keep me from a most unholy match,
Which Heaven and fortune still reward with plagues.
I do desire thee, even from a heart
As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,
To bear me company, and go with me:
If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.

---

[a] *Shall* become *you well*—] *i. e.* "'since your falsehood shall *adapt*, or *render you fit*, to worship shadows.' *Become* here answers to the Latin *convenire*, and is used according to its genuine Saxon meaning."—DOUCE.

[b] *By my* halidom,—] "*Halidome*, or *holidome*, an old word used by old countrywomen by manner of swearing; by my *halidome*, of the Saxon word, *haligdome*, ex. *halig*, i.e. *sanctum*, and *dome*, *dominium aut judicium*."—MINSHEU'S *Dict.*, folio, 1617.

[c] Most heaviest.] The use of the double superlative is not peculiar to Shakespeare; it is found in all the authors of his time.

[d] *Your ladyship's* impose,—] *Impose* is *bidding*, *injunction*, *requirement*.

[e] *Remorseful*,—] *Compassionate*, *full of pity*.

"—— —— he was none of those *remorseful* men,
Gentle and affable; but fierce at all times, and mad then."
G. CHAPMAN'S *Iliad*, 1598.

EGL. Madam, I pity much your grievances;[a]
Which since I know they virtuously are plac'd,
I give consent to go along with you;
Recking as little what betideth me
As much I wish all good befortune you.
When will you go?
SIL. This evening coming.
EGL. Where shall I meet you?
SIL. At friar Patrick's cell,
Where I intend holy confession.
EGL. I will not fail your ladyship:
Good morrow, gentle lady.
SIL. Good morrow, kind sir Eglamour. [*Exeunt.*

[a] — *I pity much your* grievances;
Which since I know they virtuously are plac'd, &c.]
Mr. Collier's old annotator, seeing the difficulty here, intercalates a line:—

"Madam, I pity much your grievances,
And the most true affections that you bear,
Which since I know," &c.

But this, as it has been remarked, would make Sir Eglamour bestow his pity on the *most true affections* as well as on the *grievances*. Unless, as I have sometimes thought, *grievances* in Shakespeare's age occasionally bore the meaning of *sorrowful* or *crossed affections*, the corruption would seem to lie in the word *plac'd*, which may have been a misprint for *caused*, or some word to the same effect.

SCENE IV.—*The same.*

Enter LAUNCE, *with his dog.*

When a man's servant shall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard: one that I brought up of a puppy; one that I saved from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it! I have taught him—even as one would say precisely, Thus I would teach a dog. I was sent to deliver him, as a present to mistress Silvia, from my master; and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber, but he steps me to her trencher, and steals her capon's leg. O, 't is a foul thing

when a cur cannot keep himself in all companies! I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hanged for 't; sure as I live he had suffer'd for 't: you shall judge. He thrusts me himself into the company of three or four gentlemanlike dogs, under the duke's table: he had not been there (bless the mark!) a pissing while, but all the chamber smelt him. *Out with the dog*, says one; *What cur is that?* says another; *Whip him out*, says a third; *Hang him up*, says the duke. I, having been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab; and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs: *Friend*, quoth I, *you mean to whip the dog? Ay, marry, do I*, quoth he. *You do him the more wrong*, quoth I; *'t was I did the thing you wot of.* He makes me no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many masters would do this for their* servant? Nay, I 'll be sworn, I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stolen, otherwise he had been executed: I have stood on the pillory for geese he hath killed, otherwise he had suffered for 't: thou think'st not of this now!—Nay, I remember the trick you served me when I took my leave of madam Silvia; did not I bid thee still mark me, and do as I do? When didst thou see me heave up my leg, and make water against a gentlewoman's farthingale? didst thou ever see me do such a trick?

Enter PROTEUS *and* JULIA.

PRO. Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well,
And will employ thee in some service presently.

JUL. In what you please.—I 'll do what I can.

PRO. I hope thou wilt.—How now, you whoreson peasant; [*To* LAUNCE.
Where have you been these two days loitering?

LAUN. Marry, sir, I carried mistress Silvia the dog you bade me.

PRO. And what says she to my little jewel?

LAUN. Marry, she says, your dog was a cur; and tells you, currish thanks is good enough for such a present.

PRO. But she received my dog?

LAUN. No, indeed, did she not: here have I brought him back again.

PRO. What, didst thou offer her this from me?

LAUN. Ay, sir; the other squirrel was stolen from me by the hangman's boys in the market-place: and then I offered her mine own; who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

PRO. Go, get thee hence, and find my dog again,
Or ne'er return again into my sight.
Away, I say: Stay'st thou to vex me here? [*Exit* LAUNCE.
A slave, that still an end[a] turns me to shame.
Sebastian, I have entertained thee,
Partly, that I have need of such a youth,
That can with some discretion do my business,
For 't is no trusting to yon foolish lout;
But, chiefly, for thy face and thy behaviour;
Which (if my augury deceive me not)
Witness good bringing up, fortune, and truth:
Therefore know thee, for this I entertain thee.
Go presently, and take this ring with thee,
Deliver it to madam Silvia:
She lov'd me well, deliver'd it to me.

JUL. It seems you lov'd not her to leave[b] her token:
She is dead, belike?

PRO. Not so; I think she lives.

JUL. Alas!

PRO. Why dost thou cry, alas!

JUL. I cannot choose but pity her.

PRO. Wherefore shouldst thou pity her?

JUL. Because, methinks, that she lov'd you as well
As you do love your lady Silvia:
She dreams on him that has forgot her love;
You dote on her that cares not for your love.
'T is pity, love should be so contrary;
And thinking on it makes me cry, alas!

PRO. Well, give her that ring, and therewithal
This letter;—that 's her chamber.—Tell my lady,
I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.
Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,
Where thou shalt find me, sad and solitary. [*Exit* PROTEUS.

JUL. How many women would do such a message?
Alas, poor Proteus! thou hast entertain'd
A fox, to be the shepherd of thy lambs:
Alas, poor fool! why do I pity him
That with his very heart despiseth me?
Because he loves her, he despiseth me;
Because I love him, I must pity him.
This ring I gave him, when he parted from me,

(*) First folio, *his*.

[a] *That* still an end—] *Still an end* and *most an end* were common forms of speech, and signified *constantly, perpetually*.

"Now help, good heaven, 'tis such an uncouth thing
To be a widow out of term time! I
Do feel such aguish qualms, and dumps, and fits,
And shakings *still an end*."—*The Ordinary*.

[b] To leave *her token*:] The old copy has—

"It seems you lov'd not her, not leave her token."

The second *not*, there can be little doubt, was a misprint for *to*. *To leave* means *to part with, to give away*.

To bind him to remember my good will:
And now am I (unhappy messenger)
To plead for that, which I would not obtain;
To carry that, which I would have refus'd;
To praise his faith, which I would have disprais'd.
I am my master's true confirmed love;
But cannot be true servant to my master,
Unless I prove false traitor to myself.
Yet will I woo for him; but yet so coldly,
As, Heaven it knows, I would not have him speed.

Enter Silvia, *attended.*

Gentlewoman, good day! I pray you, be my mean
To bring me where to speak with madam Silvia.
Sil. What would you with her, if that I be she?
Jul. If you be she, I do entreat your patience
To hear me speak the message I am sent on.
Sil. From whom?
Jul. From my master, sir Proteus, madam.
Sil. O!—he sends you for a picture?

Jul. Ay, madam.
Sil. Ursula, bring my picture there.
[*Picture brought.*
Go, give your master this: tell him, from me,
One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,
Would better fit his chamber, than this shadow.
Jul. Madam, please you peruse this letter.——
Pardon me, madam; I have, unadvis'd
Deliver'd you a paper that I should not:
This is the letter to your ladyship.
Sil. I pray thee, let me look on that again.
Jul. It may not be; good madam, pardon me.
Sil. There, hold.
I will not look upon your master's lines:
I know they are stuff'd with protestations,
And full of new-found oaths; which he will break,
As easily as I do tear his paper.
Jul. Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.
Sil. The more shame for him that he sends it me;
For, I have heard him say a thousand times,

His Julia gave it him at his departure:
Though his false finger have profan'd the ring,
Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.

JUL. She thanks you.

SIL. What say'st thou?

JUL. I thank you, madam, that you tender her:
Poor gentlewoman! my master wrongs her much.

SIL. Dost thou know her?

JUL. Almost as well as I do know myself:
To think upon her woes I do protest
That I have wept a hundred several times.

SIL. Belike, she thinks that Proteus hath forsook her.

JUL. I think she doth, and that's her cause of sorrow.

SIL. Is she not passing fair?

JUL. She hath been fairer, madam, than she is:
When she did think my master lov'd her well,
She, in my judgment, was as fair as you;
But since she did neglect her looking-glass,
And threw her sun-expelling mask away, (2)
The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks,
And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face,
That now she is become as black as I.

SIL. How tall was she?

JUL. About my stature: for, at Pentecost,
When all our pageants of delight were play'd,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
And I was trimm'd in madam Julia's gown;
Which served me as fit, by all men's judgments,
As if the garment had been made for me:
Therefore, I know she is about my height.
And, at that time, I made her weep a-good,[a]
For I did play a lamentable part;
Madam, 't was Ariadne, passioning[b]
For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight;
Which I so lively acted with my tears,
That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly; and, would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow!

SIL. She is beholden to thee, gentle youth!—
Alas, poor lady! desolate and left!—
I weep myself to think upon thy words.
Here, youth, there is my purse; I give thee this
For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lov'st her.
Farewell. [*Exit* SILVIA.

JUL. And she shall thank you for 't, if e'er you know her.
A virtuous gentlewoman, mild, and beautiful.
I hope my master's suit will be but cold,
Since she respects my mistress' love so much.
Alas, how love can trifle with itself!
Here is her picture: let me see; I think,
If I had such a tire, this face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of hers:
And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,
Unless I flatter with myself too much.
Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow:
If that be all the difference in his love,
I 'll get me such a colour'd periwig. (3)
Her eyes are gray as glass;[c] and so are mine:
Ay, but her forehead 's low, and mine 's as high.
What should it be, that he respects in her,
But I can make respective[d] in myself,
If this fond love were not a blinded god?
Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up,
For 't is thy rival. O thou senseless form,
Thou shalt be worshipp'd, kiss'd, lov'd, and ador'd;
And, were there sense in his idolatry,
My substance should be statue[e] in thy stead.
I 'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,
That used me so; or else, by Jove I vow,
I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes,
To make my master out of love with thee! [*Exit.*

---

[a] *I made her* weep a-good,—] That is, *weep in good earnest.*

"And therewithall their knees have rankled so,
That I have laughed *a-good.*"—MARLOWE'S *Jew of Malta.*

[b] *'Twas Ariadne,* passioning—] *To passion* as, a verb, is not at all unfrequent in writers contemporary with our author, and meant, I believe, not merely to feel emotion, but to display it by voice or gesture, or both. So in "Venus and Adonis"—

"Dumbly she *passions,* frantickly she doteth."

[c] *Her eyes are* gray as glass;] "By a *gray* eye was meant what we now call a blue eye: gray, when applied to the eye, is rendered by Coles in his Dict., 1679, *ceruleus, glaucus.*"—MALONE. Old glass is said to have a bluish tinge.

[d] *I can make* respective—] That is, *regardful, considerative, observable.*

[e] *My substance should be* statue—] It is true enough, as the commentators have shown, that the words *statue* and *picture* were of old used indiscriminately; but is not *image* here meant? and had not the poet in his mind the story of Pygmalion? That he was conversant with it we know:—

"What, is there none of *Pygmalion's images,* newly made woman to be had—"—*Measure for Measure.*

Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.
JUL. 'T is true,[a] such pearls as put out ladies' eyes;
For I had rather wink than look on them. [*Aside.*
THU. How likes she my discourse?
PRO. Ill, when you talk of war.
THU. But well, when I discourse of love and peace?
JUL. But better, indeed, when you hold your peace. [*Aside.*
THU. What says she to my valour?
PRO. O, sir, she makes no doubt of that.
JUL. She needs not, when she knows it cowardice. [*Aside.*
THU. What says she to my birth?
PRO. That you are well deriv'd.
JUL. True; from a gentleman to a fool. [*Aside.*
THU. Considers she my possessions?
PRO. O, ay; and pities them.
THU. Wherefore?
JUL. That such an ass should owe them. [*Aside.*
PRO. That they are out by lease.[b]
JUL. Here comes the duke.

Enter DUKE.

DUKE. How now, sir Proteus? how now, Thurio?
Which of you saw sir Eglamour of late?
THU. Not I.
PRO. Nor I.
DUKE. Saw you my daughter?
PRO. Neither.
DUKE. Why, then, she 's fled unto that peasant Valentine;
And Eglamour is in her company.
'T is true; for friar Lawrence met them both,
As he in penance wander'd through the forest:
Him he knew well, and guess'd that it was she;
But, being mask'd, he was not sure of it:
Besides, she did intend confession
At Patrick's cell this even; and there she was not:
These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.
Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,
But mount you presently, and meet with me
Upon the rising of the mountain-foot
That leads toward Mantua, whither they are fled.
Despatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me. [*Exit.*
THU. Why, this it is to be a peevish girl,
That flies her fortune when it follows her:
I 'll after; more to be reveng'd on Eglamour,
Than for the love of reckless Silvia. [*Exit.*
PRO. And I will follow, more for Silvia's love,
Than hate of Eglamour that goes with her. [*Exit.*
JUL. And I will follow, more to cross that love,
Than hate for Silvia, that is gone for love. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*Frontiers of* Mantua. *The Forest.*

Enter SILVIA *and* Outlaws.

1 OUT. Come, come;
Be patient, we must bring you to our captain.
SIL. A thousand more mischances than this one
Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.
2 OUT. Come, bring her away.
1 OUT. Where is the gentleman that was with her?
3 OUT. Being nimble-footed, he hath outrun us,
But Moyses and Valerius follow him.
Go thou with her to the west end of the wood,
There is our captain: we 'll follow him that 's fled,
The thicket is beset, he cannot 'scape.
1 OUT. Come, I must bring you to our captain's cave;
Fear not; he bears an honourable mind,
And will not use a woman lawlessly.
SIL. O Valentine, this I endure for thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Enter VALENTINE.

VAL. How use doth breed a habit in a man!
This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns:
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my distresses, and record[c] my woes.
O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless;
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was!
Repair me with thy presence, Silvia;
Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain!
What hallooing, and what stir, is this to-day?
These are my mates, that make their wills their law,
Have some unhappy passenger in chase:
They love me well; yet I have much to do,
To keep them from uncivil outrages.
Withdraw thee, Valentine; who 's this comes here? [*Steps aside.*

---

[a] 'Tis true, *&c.*] In the folio, 1623, this line is given to Thurio. There can be no doubt that it belongs to Julia.

[b] *That they are* out by lease.] The meaning has been controverted. Lord Hailes explains it thus:—"By Thurio's *possessions* he himself understands his *lands*. But Proteus chooses to take the word likewise in a figurative sense, as signifying his *mental endowments;* and when he says they *are out by lease*, he means that they are no longer enjoyed by their master, (who is a fool,) but are *leased out* to another."

[c] *And* record *my woes.*] *To record* refers to the *singing of birds*, and is derived, Douce says, from the *recorder*,—a sort of flute *by* which they were taught to sing.

Enter PROTEUS, SILVIA, *and* JULIA.

PRO. Madam, this service I have done for you,
(Though you respect not aught your servant doth,)
To hazard life, and rescue you from him
That would have forc'd your honour and your love.
Vouchsafe me, for my meed, but one fair look;
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,
And less than this, I am sure, you cannot give.

VAL. How like a dream is this I see and hear!
Love, lend me patience to forbear a while. [*Aside.*

SIL. O miserable, unhappy that I am!

PRO. Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came;
But, by my coming, I have made you happy.

SIL. By thy approach thou mak'st me most unhappy.

JUL. And me, when he approacheth to your presence. [*Aside.*

SIL. Had I been seized by a hungry lion,
I would have been a breakfast to the beast,
Rather than have false Proteus rescue me.
O, Heaven be judge how I love Valentine,
Whose life 's as tender to me as my soul;
And full as much (for more there cannot be)
I do detest false perjur'd Proteus:
Therefore be gone, solicit me no more.

PRO. What dangerous action, stood it next to death,
Would I not undergo for one calm look?
O, 't is the curse in love, and still approv'd,[a]
When women cannot love where they 're belov'd.

SIL. When Proteus cannot love where he 's belov'd.
Read over Julia's heart, thy first best love,
For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy faith
Into a thousand oaths; and all those oaths
Descended into perjury, to love me.
Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou 'dst two,
And that 's far worse than none; better have none
Than plural faith, which is too much by one:
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!

PRO. In love,
Who respects friend?

SIL. All men but Proteus.

PRO. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form,
I 'll woo you like a soldier, at arms' end;
And love you 'gainst the nature of love, force you.

SIL. O Heaven!

PRO. I 'll force thee yield to my desire.

VAL. Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch;
Thou friend of an ill fashion!

PRO. Valentine!

VAL. Thou common friend, that 's without faith or love;
(For such is a friend now;) treacherous man!
Thou hast beguil'd my hopes; nought but mine eye
Could have persuaded me: now I dare not say
I have one friend alive; thou wouldst disprove me.
Who should be trusted when one's own* right hand
Is perjur'd to the bosom? Proteus,
I am sorry I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.
The private wound is deepest: O time most accurs'd!
'Mongst all foes, that a friend should be the worst.

PRO. My shame, and guilt, confounds me.—
Forgive me, Valentine: if hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
I tender it here; I do as truly suffer
As e'er I did commit.

VAL. Then I am paid;
And once again I do receive thee honest:—
Who by repentance is not satisfied
Is nor of heaven, nor earth; for these are pleas'd;
By penitence the Eternal's wrath 's appeas'd,—
And, that my love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine, in Silvia, I give thee.[b]

JUL. O me, unhappy! [*Faints.*

PRO. Look to the boy.

VAL. Why, boy!
Why, wag! how now? what 's the matter? Look up; speak.

JUL. O good sir, my master charged me to deliver a ring to madam Silvia; which, out of my neglect, was never done.

PRO. Where is that ring, boy?

JUL. Here 't is: this is it. [*Gives a ring.*

PRO. How! let me see:
Why, this is the ring I gave to Julia.

JUL. O, cry you mercy, sir, I have mistook;

---

[a] *And still approv'd,* | That is, *always proved.* So in "Othello," Act I. Sc. 3,

"My very noble and *approv'd* good masters."

[b] All that was mine, in Silvia, I give thee.] No passage in the play has caused so much perplexity to the commentators as this. "It is, I think, very odd," remarks Pope, "to give up his mistress thus at once, without any reason alleged;"—and every reader thinks so too; and innumerable have been the expedients suggested to remove the anomaly. It has been proposed to transfer the lines to Thurio in another scene; and Mr. Knight intimates that, with a slight alteration, they might be given to Silvia. Mr. Baron Field suggested we should read,—

"All that was *thine*, in Silvia I give thee."

i.e. "I will make up my love for you as large as the love you once had for Silvia." The most plausible correction is, I think,

(*) *Own* is not in First folio.

the transferring the disputed lines to Proteus, but reading *Julia* for *Silvia*, thus:—

"And, that my love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine, in *Julia*, I give thee."

All the love I once felt for Julia, I will henceforth dedicate to my friendship for you.

Whatever may be thought of this conjecture, no one can believe the lines were spoken by Valentine, after seeing the vehemence with which he repels the advances of Thurio to his mistress subsequently, even in the presence of her father, the Duke:—

"Do not name Silvia thine; if once again,
Verona shall not hold thee. Here she stands;
Take but possession of her with a touch;—
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love."

This is the ring you sent to Silvia.

[*Shows another ring.*

PRO. But how camest thou by this ring?
At my depart, I gave this unto Julia.

JUL. And Julia herself did give it me;
And Julia herself hath brought it hither.

PRO. How! Julia!

JUL. Behold her that gave aim[a] to all thy oaths,
And entertain'd them deeply in her heart:
How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root?[b]
O Proteus, let this habit make thee blush!
Be thou asham'd, that I have took upon me
Such an immodest raiment; if shame live
In a disguise of love:
It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,
Women to change their shapes, than men their minds.

PRO. Than men their minds! 't is true; O Heaven! were man
But constant, he were perfect: that one error
Fills him with faults; makes him run through all th' sins:
Inconstancy falls off ere it begins:
What is in Silvia's face, but I may spy
More fresh in Julia's with a constant eye?

VAL. Come, come, a hand from either:
Let me be bless'd to make this happy close;
'T were pity two such friends should be long foes.

PRO. Bear witness, Heaven, I have my wish for ever.

JUL. And I mine.

Enter Outlaws, *with* DUKE *and* THURIO.

OUT. A prize, a prize, a prize!

VAL. Forbear, forbear, I say; it is my lord the duke.
Your grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,
Banished Valentine.

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[a] *That gave aim*—] *To give aim*, and *to cry aim*, have been so admirably explained and discriminated by Mr. Gifford, that we cannot do better than append his note upon the expressions:—"*Aim!* for so it should be printed, and not *cry aim*, was always addressed to the person about to shoot; it was an hortatory exclamation of the bystanders, or, as Massinger has it, of the idle lookers-on, intended for his encouragement. To cry *aim!* was in two ways; *to give aim* was *to direct;* and in these distinct and appropriate senses the words perpetually occur. Those who cried *aim!* stood by the archers; he who *gave it*, was stationed near the butts, and pointed out, after every discharge, how wide, or how short, the arrow fell of the mark."

[b] *Cleft* the root!] That is, of her heart. She is carrying on the allusion to archery. *To cleave the pin* was to split the wooden peg which attached the target to the butt.

DUKE. Sir Valentine!
THU. Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia's mine.
VAL. Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy death;
Come not within the measure of my wrath:
Do not name Silvia thine; if once again,
Verona shall not hold thee.[a] Here she stands;
Take but possession of her with a touch;—
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.—
THU. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I;
I hold him but a fool, that will endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not:
I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.
DUKE. The more degenerate and base art thou,
To make such means for her as thou hast done,
And leave her on such slight conditions.—
Now, by the honour of my ancestry,
I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,
And think thee worthy of an empress' love!
Know then, I here forget all former griefs,
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again.—
Plead a new state in thy unrivall'd merit,[b]
To which I thus subscribe,—Sir Valentine,
Thou art a gentleman, and well deriv'd;
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserv'd her.
VAL. I thank your grace; the gift hath made me happy.
I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,
To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.
DUKE. I grant it, for thine own, whate'er it be.
VAL. These banish'd men, that I have kept withal,
Are men endued with worthy qualities;
Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recall'd from their exile:
They are reformed, civil, full of good,
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.
DUKE. Thou hast prevail'd; I pardon them, and thee;
Dispose of them, as thou know'st their deserts.
Come, let us go; we will include all jars
With triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity.(1)
VAL. And, as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our discourse to make your grace to smile:
What think you of this page, my lord?
DUKE. I think the boy hath grace in him; he blushes.
VAL. I warrant you, my lord; more grace than boy.
DUKE. What mean you by that saying?
VAL. Please you, I'll tell you as we pass along,
That you will wonder what hath fortuned.—
Come, Proteus; 't is your penance, but to hear
The story of your loves discovered:
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours;
One feast, one house, one mutual happiness.
[*Exeunt.*

[a] Verona *shall not hold thee.*] This is the reading of the only authentic edition of the present play we possess. Theobald, upon the ground that Thurio was a Milanese, and that the scene is between the confines of Milan and Mantua, changed the reading to—

"*Milan* shall not *behold thee;*"

and he has been followed by nearly every editor but Malone.

[b] Plead a new state in thy unrivall'd merit,—] There is some obscurity here. Mr. Singer says,—"Do thou put in a plea for reinstatement in forfeited honours, or claim an enhancement of dignity, and I set my hand to it in these terms:—'Sir Valentine, thou art a gentleman!'"

ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

ACT I.

(1) SCENE I.—*Nay, give me not the boots.*] To give one the boots, like the French equivalent, *donner le change à quelqu'un*, means, to sell him a bargain.

> "*Acc.* What, doo you *give me the boots?*
> *Half.* Whether will they, here be right
> Cobler's cuts."
> LILLY'S *Mother Bombie*, 1594.

So also in "The Weakest go to the Wall," 1618 :—

> "'Tis not your big belly nor your fat bacon can carry it away, if you *offer us the boots.*"

Steevens thinks the expression arose from a sport the country people in Warwickshire use at their harvest-home, where one sits as judge to try misdemeanours committed in harvest; and the punishment for the men is to be laid on a bench and slapped on the breech with a *pair of boots.*

But he remarks, the allusion may be to the dreadful punishment known as the *boots.* In Harl. MSS., 6999—48, Mr. T. Randolph writes to Lord Hunsdon, and mentions in the P.S. to his letter, that George Fluke *had* yesterday night *the boots,* and is said to have confessed that the Earl of Morton was privy to the poisoning the Earl of Athol, 16th March, 1580; and in another letter, March 18th, 1580, "that the Laird of Wittingham *had the boots,* but without torment, confess'd," &c. The punishment consisted in putting on the victim a pair of iron boots, fitting close to the leg, and then driving wedges with a mallet between those and the limb. Not a great while before this play was written, Douce tells us it was inflicted on a poor wretch, one Fian, in Scotland, in the presence of King James (afterwards our James the First). Fian was supposed to be a wizard, and to have been concerned in raising the storms which the King encountered in his matrimonial expedition to Denmark. The account of the transaction, which is contained in a very curious old pamphlet, states that Fian "was with all convenient speed, by commandement, convaied againe to the *torment of the boots,* wherein he continued a long time, and did abide so many blows in them, that his legges were crushte and beaten togeather as small as might bee, and the bones and flesh so brused that the bloud and marrowe spouted forth in great abundance, whereby they were made unserviceable for ever." The miserable man was afterwards burned.

(2) SCENE I.—*I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her, a laced mutton.*] *Laced mutton* was, from a very early period of our history, a cant phrase to express a courtesan. In our author's time, according to Malone, it was so established a term for one of these unfortunates, that a street in Clerkenwell, much frequented by them, was then called *Mutton* Lane. Mr. Dyce suggests that, in the present instance, the expression might not be regarded as synonymous with courtesan; and that Speed applied the term to Julia in the much less offensive sense of—*a richly-attired piece of woman's flesh.* We believe there was but one meaning attached to the term; and the only palliation for Speed's application of it in this case is, that in reality it was not the lady, but her waiting-maid, to whom he gave the letter.

(3) SCENE I.—*You have testern'd me.*] The old copy reads *cestern'd*—a palpable corruption. The *tester, testern, teston,* derives its name, some suppose, from the French *teston,* so called on account of the King's head first appearing on this coin,—Louis XII. 1513; or from an Italian coin of the same denomination. In England the name is said to have been first applied to the shilling (originally coined by Henry VII.), at the beginning of the reign of Henry VIII., and was at first of the value of twelve silver pennies; it subsequently became much reduced; and its debasement by an admixture of copper, temp. 1551, and again, 1560, is satirized in Heywood's "Epigrams:"—

> "These testons, look, read; how like you the same?
> 'Tis a token of grace—they blush for shame."

At the latter period named, it was so far reduced as to be worth but fourpence halfpenny; but it afterwards rose in value again to the value of sixpence.

> "*Sir Toby.* Come on; there is *sixpence* for you, let's have a song.
> *Sir Andrew.* There's a *testril* of me too; if one knight give a—
> *Clown.* Would you have a love song," &c.
> *Twelfth Night*, Act II. Sc. 3.

And it appears to have ever since continued as a popular name for that coin.

(4) SCENE II.—*What ho! Lucetta!*] It may be interesting to compare this scene with the corresponding portion of Felismena's story in Book II. of Bartholomew Yong's translation of the "Diana" of Montemayor, 1598:—

"But to see the meanes that Rosina made unto me (for so was she called), the dutifull services and unwoonted circumstances, before she did deliver it, the othes that she sware unto me, and the subtle words and serious protestations she used, it was a pleasant thing, and woorthie the noting. To whom (neverthelesse) with an angrie countenance I turned againe, saying, If I had not regard of mine owne estate, and what hereafter might be said, I would make this shamelesse face of thine be knowne ever after for a marke of an impudent and bolde minion: but bicause it is the first time, let this suffice that I have saide, and give thee warning to take heed of the second.

"Me thinkes I see now the craftie wench, how she helde her peace, dissembling very cunningly the sorrow that she conceived by my angrie answer; for she fained a counterfaite smiling, saying, Jesus, mistresse! I gave it you, bicause you might laugh at it, and not to moove your patience with it in this sort; for if I had any thought that it would have provoked you to anger, I praie God he may shew his wrath as great towards me as ever he did to the daughter of any mother. And with this she added many wordes more (as she could do well enough) to pacifie the fained anger and ill opinion that I had conceived of her, and taking her letter with her, she departed from me. This having passed thus, I began to imagine what might ensue thereof, and love (me thought) did put a certaine desire into my minde to see the letter, though modestie and shame forbad me to ask it of my maide, especially for the wordes that had passed betweene us, as you have heard. And so I continued all that day untill night, in varietie of many thoughts; but when *Rosina* came to helpe me to

[illegible] have her entreat
[illegible] never speake
[illegible] as once
[illegible] or some occa-
[illegible] and is it so,
[illegible] regard to mine
[illegible] are things, mis-
[illegible] that are com-
[illegible] pardon
[illegible] you with it, I
[illegible] How
[illegible] yet did I dis-
[illegible] remaine that
[illegible] occasion of little
[illegible] thought) was
[illegible] ever I passed.
[illegible] desired: the wished
[illegible] *sinus* came into
[illegible] remaine. In doeing
[illegible] rather closely fall, which,
[illegible] howne! said I)
[illegible] said she. Come, come,
[illegible] not, or else tell
[illegible] said she: why will
[illegible] you yester-
[illegible] wherefore shewe it me,
[illegible] sooner said so,
[illegible] never give me
[illegible] although I knewe it
[illegible] not the same, for
[illegible] of thy lovers
[illegible] he standeth

[illegible] *me.*"] "*Light of*
[illegible] writers of the six-
[illegible] regretted that the
[illegible] undiscovered. When
[illegible] the air is beautiful.
[illegible] of Canonbury, is
[illegible] *Lyricis Lore*," which
[illegible] may not have been
[illegible] Love" was used in the
[illegible] employed, instead of its

[illegible] a right one,
[illegible] half a petticoat."
[illegible] *Case*, Act IV. Sc. 1.
[illegible] *Olden Time*, p. 221.

[illegible] "Much Ado about

[illegible] that goes without a

[illegible] *some burthen then.*]
[illegible] acceptation of the word, was the base, foot, or under-song. It was sung throughout, and not merely at the end of the verse. Burden is derived from *bourdoun*, a drone bass (French, *bourdon*).

> "This Sompnour bear to him a stiff burdoun,
> Was never trompe of half so gret a'soun."
>
> CHAUCER.

We find, as early as 1250, that *Somer is icumen in*, was sung with a foot or burden in two parts throughout ("Sing, Cuckoo, Sing Cuckoo"); and in the preceding century Giraldus had noticed the peculiarity of the English in singing under-parts to their songs.—CHAPPELL'S *Popular Music, &c.*

(7) SCENE II. — *I bid the base for Proteus.*] Lucetta, playing on the word *base*, turns the allusion to an ancient and still practised sport, known as *the base*, or *prison base*, or *prison bars*. This game is frequently mentioned by the old writers. It consisted in a number of men or boys congregating within certain spaces, from whence one of them issued some hundred or more yards, and challenged any other to come out and catch him before the challenger could make his way to a privileged spot equi-distant from where the two parties were placed. The party who went out and challenged the other was said to *bid the base*.

> "—— lads more like to run
> The country *base*, than to commit such slaughter."
>
> *Cymbeline*, Act IV. Sc. 2.

> "To drinke half pots, or deale at the whole Canne:—
> To play at *Base* or Ben, and Iuck-horn, Sir Ihan."
>
> *The Letting of Humours Blood in the Head Vaine.*
> S. ROWLAND, 1600

> "Yet was no better than our *prison base*."
>
> *Annalia Dubrensia*, 4to. 1636.

(8) SCENE II.—*I see you have a month's mind to them.*] The *month's mind*, i. e. the religious observances for the dead performed daily for one month after the death of the person on whose behalf they were offered, was generally prompted by regard for the deceased. To perform a *month's mind* might be taken, therefore, as a proof of *strong affection* for some one; and when these religious ceremonies ceased with the Reformation, the expression came by degrees to have only the meaning we find attached to it in Shakespeare and his contemporaries, implying a hankering after, or as we now express it, a *great mind* for, anything.

> "*Diss.* ———— I had of late
> A *moneth's mind*, sir, to you, y'ave the right make
> To please a lady."
>
> RANDOLPH'S *Jealous Lovers*, 1646.

"These verses Euphues sent also under his glasse, which having finished, he gave himself to his booke, determining to end his life in Athens, although he had a *moneth's minde* to England."—*Euphues and his England*, 1623.

ACT II.

[illegible] *a Beggar at Hallow-*
[illegible] observes Tollet, "that
[illegible] people in Staffordshire, and,
[illegible] go from parish to parish
[illegible] begging and *galing* (or
[illegible] Dictionary explains *galing*) for
[illegible] to make them merry. This
[illegible] and seems a remnant of Popish superstition to pray for departed souls, particularly those of friends." In Lancashire and Herefordshire it was usual at this period for the wealthy to dispense cakes, cakes, called *soul-mass-cakes*, to the poor, who, upon receiving them, repeated the following couplet in acknowledgment:—

> God have poor soul,
> Bones and all.

(2) SCENE I.—*Sir Valentine and servant.*] By *servant*, in this and numerous instances of a similar kind, where the word occurs in the old writers, we are to understand, not an *accepted lover*, as some commentators suppose, but a *follower*, an *admirer*.

"Sweet sister, let's sit in judgement a little; faith upon my *servant*, Monsieur Laverdure.
Mel. Troth, well for a *servant*, but for a husband!"
What You Will, 1607.

(3) SCENE II.—*And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.*] "This," Douce remarks, "was the mode of plighting troth between lovers in private. It was sometimes done in the church with great solemnity; and the service on this occasion is preserved in some of the old rituals." The latter ceremony is described by the priest in "Twelfth Night," Act V. Sc. 1,

"A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings.'

And will be further alluded to in the Notes to that Comedy.

(4) SCENE IV.—*Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire.*] Among the practices imputed to the hapless wretches who in former times had the misfortune to incur the charge of witchcraft, was that of making clay or waxen images of the individuals they were supposed to be hostile to, and roasting them before a fire. By doing which it was supposed they melted and wasted away the body of the person represented. Thus Holinshed, speaking of the witchcraft employed to destroy King Duffe,—"whereupon learning by her confessor in what house in the town (Fores) they wrought their mischiefous mysteries, he sent forth soldiers about the middest of the night, who, breaking into the house, found one of the witches resting upon a wooden broch an image of wax at the fier, resembling in each feature the king's person, made and devised (as is to be thought) by craft and art of the devil; another of them sat reciting certein words of inchantment, and still basted the image with a certein liquor verie busilie . . . . . They confessed they went about such manner of inchantment to the end to make awaie with the king; for as the image did waste afore the fire, so did the bodie of the king break forth in sweat. And as for the words of the inchantment, they served to keepe him still waking from sleepe, so that as the wax ever melted so did the king's flesh; by the which means it should have come to passe, that when the wax was once cleane consumed, the death of the king should immediately follow."

So Webster also, in his *Duchess of* MALFY, 1623:—

"—— it *wastes* me more
Than wert my picture fashion'd out of wax,
Stuck with a magick needle, and then buried
In some foul dunghill."

(5) SCENE V. — *To go to the ale with a Christian.*] Launce is here supposed, though I think erroneously, to refer *not* to the ale-house he had before mentioned, but to one of those periodical festivities which our rustic ancestors delighted in observing about the sixteenth century, called *Ales*. Such as the Leet-ale, Lamb-ale, Bride-ale, Clerk-ale, Church-ale, and Whitsun-ale.

The Church-ale, we learn from Drake, was instituted generally for the purpose of contributing towards the repair or decoration of the church. On this occasion, it was the business of the churchwardens to brew a considerable quantity of strong ale, which was sold to the populace in the churchyard, and to the better sort in the church itself—a practice which, independent of the profit arising from the sale of the liquor, led to great pecuniary advantages; for the rich thought it a meritorious duty, besides paying for their ale, to offer largely to the holy fund. Other *Ales*, however, were held by agreement, annually or oftener, by the inhabitants of one or more parishes, each individual contributing a certain sum towards the expenses. An interesting proof of this is found in a MS. from the "Dodsworth Collection" in the Bodleian Library: "The parishioners of Elveston and Okebrook, in Derbyshire, agree jointly to brew four *Ales*, and every *Ale* of one quarter of malt, betwixt this (the time of contract) and the feast of St. John Baptist, next coming; and that every inhabitant of the said town of Okebrook shall be at the several *Ales*; and every husband and his wife shall pay twopence, and every cottager one penny; and all the inhabitants of Elveston shall have and receive all the profits and advantages coming of the said *Ales*, to the use and behoof of the said church of Elveston. And the inhabitants of Elveston shall brew *eight Ales* betwixt this and the feast of Saint John Baptist, at the which *Ales* the inhabitants of Okebrook shall come and pay, as before rehearsed; and if he be away at one *Ale*, to pay at the toder *Ale* for both," *&c.*

ACT III.

(1) SCENE I.—*St. Nicholas be thy speed!*] Launce invokes St. Nicholas to be *Speed's speed*, because this saint was the patron of scholars. The reason of his being so chosen may be gathered, Douce tells us, from the following story in his life, translated from the French verse of *Maître Wace*, chaplain to Henry the Second:—"Three scholars were on their way to school, (I shall not make a long story of it,) their host murdered them in the night, and hid their bodies; their ——* he reserved. St. Nicholas was informed of it by God Almighty, and according to his pleasure, went to the place. He demanded the scholars of the host, who was not able to conceal them, and therefore showed them to him. St. Nicholas, by his prayers, restored the souls to their bodies. Because he conferred such honour on scholars, they at this day celebrate a festival."

Whether the election of St. Nicholas as the tutelary saint of scholars, had really its origin in the belief of this legend, is perhaps too much to say. He appears to have been very early and very generally so acknowledged in this country. The parish clerks of London were incorporated as a guild, with this saint for their patron, in 1233; and we find that the first statutes of St. Paul's School required the children to attend divine service in the cathedral on his anniversary.

* *A word defaced in the manuscript.*

ACT IV.

(1) SCENE III.—*Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.*] "It was common," Steevens observes, "in former ages for widowers and widows to make vows of chastity in honour of their deceased wives or husbands. In 'Dugdale's Antiquities of Warwickshire,' p. 10—13, there is the form of a commission by the bishop of the diocese for taking a vow of chastity made by a widow. It seems that, besides observing the vow, the widow was for life to wear a veil and a mourning habit. The same distinction we may suppose to have been made in respect of male votaries; and, therefore, this circumstance might inform the players how Sir Eglamour should be drest, and will account for Silvia's having chosen him as a person in whom she could confide without injury to her own character."

(2) SCENE IV.—*And threw her sun-expelling mask away.*] "When they use to ride abroad they have *masks and vizors made of velvet*, wherewith they cover all their faces, having holes made in them against their eyes, whereout they looke. So that if a man that knew not their guise before, should chaunce to meet one of them, he would think he met a monster or a Devil, for face he can shew none, but two broad holes against their eyes, with glasses in them."—STUBB'S *Anatomie of Abuses*, 4to. p. 59, 1595.

So Randle Holme, "Academy of Armory," book iii. c. 5, speaks of *vizard masks* that covered all the face, having holes only for the eyes, a case for the nose, and a slit for the mouth. They were easily disengaged, being held in the teeth by means of a round bead fastened in the inside. These masks were usually made of leather, covered with black velvet.

(3) SCENE IV.—*I 'll get me such a colour'd periwig.*] *Periwigs* are said to have been first introduced into England about 1572, and were worn of different colours by ladies long before the use of false hair was adopted by men. Heywood has a passage in which he makes Sardanapalus exclaim:—

> "Curl'd periwigs upon my head I wore,
> And, being man, the shape of woman bore."

And *perwickes* are mentioned in one of Churchyard's earliest poems. So also in Barnabe Rich's "Honestie of the Age," 1615:—"The attire-makers within this forty years were not known by that name, and but now very lately they kept their lowzie commodity of *periwigs*, and their monstrous attires closed in boxes; and those women that used to weare them would not buy them but in secret. But now they are not ashamed to set them forthe upon their stalls—such monstrous mop-powles of haire, so proportioned and deformed, that but within this twenty or thirty years would have drawne the passers-by to stand and gaze, and to wonder at them."

ACT V.

(1) SCENE IV.—*With triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity.*] We shall have occasion hereafter to speak at large on the subject of those magnificent and costly spectacles, the delight alike of the monarch and the people, called TRIUMPHS, MASQUES and PAGEANTS, of the grandeur and stateliness of which in Shakespeare's time, some conception may be formed from a description of an entertainment of the kind Ben Jonson has left us in his *Hymenæi*, or *the Solemnities of Masque and Barriers at a Marriage.* "Hitherto extended the first night's solemnity, whose grace in the execution left not where to add to it, with wishing; I mean (nor do I court them) in those, that sustained the nobler parts. Such was the *exquisite performance*, as (beside the *pomp, splendor*, or what we may call *apparelling* of such *presentments*), that alone (had all else been absent) was of power *to surprise with delight, and steal away the spectators from themselves.* Nor was there wanting whatsoever might give [add] to the furniture or complement; either in *riches*, or *strangeness of the habits, delicacy of dances, magnificence of the scene, or divine rapture of musick.* Only the envy was, that it lasted not still! or (now it is past) *cannot* by *imagination, much less description, be recovered to a part of that spirit it had in the gliding by.*" Speaking of the attire of those who on this occasion assumed the part of actors, he tells us, "that of the Lords had part of it taken from the *antique Greek* statues; mixed with some *moderne* additions; which made it both gracefull and strange. On their heads they wore Persick crowns that were with scroles of *gold-plate* turned outward and wreathed about with a *carnation* and *silver* net-lawne; the one end of which hung carelessly on the left shoulder; the other was tricked up before, in severall degrees of folds between the plaits, and set with *rich jewels* and *great pearles.* Their bodies were of *carnation* cloth of *silver*, richly wrought, and cut to express the *naked*, [the flesh] in manner of the *Greek Thorax;* girt under the brests with a *broad belt of cloth of gold imbroydered, and fastened before with jewels:* Their Labels were of *white cloth of silver, laced and wrought curiously between*, sutable to the upper halfe of their sleeves; whose nether parts with their bases, were of *watchet cloth of silver, chev'rond all over with lace.* Their Mantils were of *severall coloured silkes*, distinguishing their qualities, as they were coupled in paires; the first, *skie colour;* the second, *pearle colour;* the third, *flame colour;* the fourth, *tawny;* and these cut in leaves, which were subtilly tacked up and imbroydered with Oo's, and between every ranck of leaves, a *broad silver lace.* They were fastened on the right shoulder, and fell compasse down the back in gracious [graceful] folds, and were again tyed with a round knot, to the fastening of their swords. Upon their legs they wore *silver greaves.*"—*The Workes of* BENJAMIN JONSON, folio, 1640. Masques, p. 143.

CRITICAL OPINIONS

ON

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

"In this play there is a strange mixture of knowledge and ignorance, of care and negligence. The versification is often excellent, the allusions are learned and just, but the author conveys his heroes by sea from one inland town to another in the same country. He places the Emperor at *Milan*, and sends his young men to attend him, but never mentions him more. He makes *Protheus*, after an interview with *Silvia*, say he has only seen her picture; and, if we may credit the old copies, he has, by mistaking places, left his scenery inextricable. The reason of all this confusion seems to be that he took his story from a novel, which he sometimes followed and sometimes forsook, sometimes remembered and sometimes forgot.

"That this play is rightly attributed to *Shakespeare*, I have little doubt. If it be taken from him, to whom shall it be given? This question may be asked of all the disputed plays, except *Titus Andronicus;* and it will be found more credible that *Shakespeare* might sometimes sink below his highest flights, than that any other should rise up to his lowest."—Johnson.

"Mr. Pope has expressed his surprise that 'the style of this comedy is less figurative, and more natural and unaffected, than the greater part of this author's, though supposed to be one of the first he wrote.' But I conceive it is natural and unaffected, and less figurative, than some of his subsequent productions, in consequence of the very circumstance which has been mentioned—because it was a youthful performance. Though many young poets of ordinary talents are led by false taste to adopt inflated and figurative language, why should we suppose that such should have been the course pursued by this master genius? The figurative style of 'Othello,' 'Lear,' and 'Macbeth,' written when he was an established and long-practised dramatist, may be ascribed to the additional knowledge of men and things which he had acquired during a period of fifteen years; in consequence of which his mind teemed with images and illustrations, and thoughts crowded so fast upon him, that the construction in these, and some other of his plays of a still later period, is much more difficult and involved than in the productions of his youth, which in general are distinguished by their ease and perspicuity; and this simplicity and unaffected elegance, and not its want of success, were, I conceive, the cause of its being less corrupted than some others. Its perspicuity rendered any attempt at alteration unnecessary. Who knows that it was not successful? For my own part, I have no doubt that it met with the highest applause. Nor is this mere conjecture; for we know from the testimony of a contemporary well acquainted with the stage, whose eulogy on our author I have already produced, that he was very early distinguished for his comic talents, and that before the end of the year 1592, he had excited the jealousy of one of the most celebrated dramatick poets of the time.

"In a note on the first scene of this comedy, Mr. Pope has particularly objected to the low and trifling conceits which, he says, are found there and in various other parts of the play before us; but this censure is pronounced without sufficient discrimination, or a due attention to the period when it was produced. Every composition must be examined with a constant reference to the opinions that

prevailed when the piece under consideration was written ; and, if the present comedy be viewed in that light, it will be found that the conceits here objected to were not denominated by any person of Shakespeare's age low and trifling, but were very generally admired, and were considered pure and genuine wit. Nothing can prove the truth of this statement more decisively than a circumstance which I have had occasion to mention elsewhere,—that Sir John Harrington was commonly called by Queen Elizabeth her WITTY godson, and was very generally admired in his own time for the liveliness of his talents and the playfulness of his humour; yet, when we examine his writings,* we find no other proof of his wit than those very conceits which have been censured in some of our author's comedies as mean, low, and trifling. It is clear, therefore, that the notions of our ancestors on this subject were very different from ours. What we condemn, they highly admired ; and what we denominate true wit, they certainly would not have relished, and perhaps would scarcely have understood.

"Mr. Pope should also have recollected that, in Shakespeare's time, and long before, it was customary in almost every play to introduce a jester, who, with no great propriety, was denominated a CLOWN, whose merriment made a principal part of the entertainment of the lower ranks, and, I believe, of a large portion of the higher orders also. When no clown or jester was introduced in a comedy, the servants of the principal personages sustained his part, and the dialogue attributed to them was written with a particular view to supply that deficiency, and to amuse the audience by the promptness of their pleasantry, and the liveliness of their conceits. Such is the province assigned to those characters in Lilly's comedies, which were performed with great success and admiration for several years before Shakespeare's time ; and such are some of the lower characters in this drama, 'The Comedy of Errors,' 'Love's Labour's Lost,' and some others. On what ground, therefore, is our poet to be condemned for adopting a mode of writing universally admired by his contemporaries, and for not foreseeing that, in a century after his death, these dialogues which set the audience in a roar would, by more fastidious criticks, be denominated low quibbles and trifling comments ? †

"With respect to his neglect of geography in this and some other plays, it cannot be defended by attributing his errour in this instance to his youth, for one of his latest productions is liable to the same objection. The truth, I believe, is, that as he neglected to observe the rules of the drama with respect to the unities, though before he began to write they had been enforced by Sidney in a treatise, which doubtless he had read, so he seems to have thought that the whole terraqueous globe was at his command ; and as he brought in a child in the beginning of a play, who, in the fourth act, appears as a woman, so he seems to have wholly set geography at defiance, and to have considered countries as inland or maritime, just as it suited his fancy or convenience.

"With the qualifications and allowances which these considerations demand, the present comedy, viewed as a first production, may surely be pronounced a very elegant and extraordinary performance.

"Having already given the reasons why I suppose this to have been our author's first play, it is only necessary to say here, that I believe it to have been written in 1591. See the Essay on the Chronological Order of Shakespeare's Plays."—MALONE.

"The 'Two Gentlemen of Verona' paints the irresolution of love, and its infidelity to friendship, pleasantly enough, but in some degree superficially—we might almost say, with the levity of mind which a passion suddenly entertained, and as suddenly given up, presupposes. The faithless lover is at last, on account of a very ambiguous repentance, forgiven without much difficulty by his first mistress. For the more serious part, the premeditated flight of the daughter of a prince, the capture of her father along with herself by a band of robbers, of which one of the Two Gentlemen, the betrayed and banished friend, has been against his will elected captain : for all this a peaceful solution is soon found. It is as if the course of the world was obliged to accommodate itself to a transient youthful caprice, called love. Julia, who accompanies her faithless lover in the disguise of a page, is, as it were, a light sketch of the tender female figures of a Viola and an Imogen, who, in the latter pieces of Shakespeare, leave their home in similar disguises on love adventures, and to whom a peculiar charm is communicated by the display of the most virginly modesty in their hazardous and problematical situation."—SCHLEGEL.

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* See particularly his "Supplie" (or Supplement) to Godwin's Account of the English Bishops, which abounds in almost every page with such conceits as we are now speaking of. The titles of some of our poet's comedies, which appear to have been written by the booksellers for whom they were printed, may also be cited for the same purpose; thus we have, "A pleasant *conceited* comedy called Love's Labour's Lost," &c. 1598; that is, a comedy full of pleasant *conceits*. The bookseller, doubtless, well knew the publick taste, and added this title as more likely to attract purchasers than any other he could devise. See also "A most pleasant and excellent *conceited* comedy of Syr John Falstaffe," &c., 1602, *i.e.* a comedy full of excellent *conceits*.

† See this topick further discussed in the preliminary observations to the "Comedy of Errors."

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

"A PLEASANT Conceited Comedie called Loves labor's lost. As it was presented before her Highnes this last Christmas. Newly corrected and augmented. By W. Shakespeare. Imprinted at London by W. W., for Cuthbert Burby. 1598. 4to." Such is the title of the first edition we possess of the present comedy. Whether any impression was published prior to the corrections and augmentations mentioned, or between the date of this quarto and the folio, 1623, has yet to be discovered. Like The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Love's Labour's Lost bears unmistakeable traces of Shakespeare's earliest style. We find in both, though in different degree, the same fluency and sweetness of measure, the same frequency of rhymes, the same laborious addiction to quibbling, repartees, and doggerel verse, and in both it is observable that depth of characterization is altogether subordinate to elegance and sprightliness of dialogue. In the former, however, the wit and fancy of the poet are infinitely more subdued; the events are within the range of probability; and the humour, for the most part, is confined to the inferior personages of the story. But Love's Labour's Lost is an extravaganza for *Le bon Roi*, René, and the Court of Provence; "a humoursome display of frolic," as Schlegel calls it, "in which every one is a jester; and the sparkles of wit fly about in such profusion that they resemble a blaze of fireworks; while the dialogue is in the same hurried style in which the masks at a carnival attempt to banter each other."

From the circumstance that Armado is sometimes styled "the Braggart," and Holofernes "the Pedant," it has been conjectured that Shakespeare borrowed his plot from the Italian stage, where these buffoons once formed a staple source of entertainment.* But, judging from the names of the characters, and an evident Gallicism in the Fourth Act,† Douce attributes its origin to a French novel, and his opinion is in some degree countenanced by the following passage in the Chronicles of Monstrelet (Lond. 1810, i. 108, ed. Johnes), first pointed out by Mr. Hunter:—"Charles king of Navarre came to Paris to wait on the King. He negotiated so successfully with the King and Privy Council, that he obtained a gift of the castle of Nemours with some of its dependant castlewicks, which territory was made a duchy. He instantly did homage for it, and at the same time surrendered to the King the castle of Cherbourg, the county of Evreux, and all the other lordships he possessed within the kingdom of France, renouncing all claims or profits in them to the King and to his successors, on condition that with the duchy of Nemours the king of France *engaged to pay him two hundred thousand gold crowns of the coin of the King our lord.*"‡

This passage is interesting because it shows that the original story, whether French or Italian, whence Shakespeare drew the outline of his plot, was founded in part at least upon an historical event, and because it enables us to fix the time of the play to about 1425, in which year

* "I was often," says Montaigne, "when a boy, wonderfully concerned to see in the Italian farce, a *pedant* always brought in as the *fool of the play*."—Vol. i. p. 190.

† Where the Princess speaking of the love-letter says,—

Boyet, you can carve:
Break up this *capon*.

using the same metaphor of a *poulet* for a love epistle, that the French adopt.

‡ KING. Madam, your father here doth intimate
The payment of a hundred thousand crowns;
Being but the one-half of an entire sum,
Disbursed by my father in his wars. Act II. Sc. I.

the king of Navarre died. To the date of its production we have no such clue; it is one of the plays enumerated by Meres in the oft-quoted passage from his *Palladis Tamia*, 1598, "As Plautus and Seneca are accounted the best for comedy and tragedy among the Latins, so Shakespeare among ye English is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage; for comedy, witness his Gētlemē of Verona, his Errors, his Love Labor 's Lost, his Love Labour 's Wonne, his Midsummer's Night Dreame, and his Merchant of Venice; for tragedy, his Richard the II., Richard the III., Henry the IV., King John, Titus Andronicus, and his Romeo and Juliet."

It is noticed also, and in a manner which seems to imply that the writer had seen it some time before, in the rare poem by R[obert T[ofte, intituled "Alba; or, The Month's Minde of a Melancholy Lover, 8vo, 1598."

"Love's Labour Lost! I *once* did see a play
Ycleped so, so called to my paine,
Which I to heare to my small joy did stay,
Giving attendance on my froward dame:
My misgiving minde presaging to me ill,
Yet was I drawne to see it 'gainst my will.

The play, no play, but plague was unto me,
For there I lost the love I liked most,
And what to others seemde a jest to be,
I that in earnest found unto my cost,
To every one save me, 'twas comicall;
While trajick-like to me it did befall.

Each actor plaid in cunning wise his part,
But chiefly those entrapt in Cupid's snare;
Yet all was fained, 'twas not from the hart,
They seeme to grieve, but yet they felt no care;
'Twas I that griefe indeed did beare in brest,
The others did but make a shew in jest."

Beyond these two allusions we have no external evidence positive or negative to aid us in ascertaining the precise date when this comedy was written. We do not despair, however, of the first draft, like the Hamlet of 1603, turning up some day, and in the meantime shall not be far wrong if we assign its production to a period somewhere between 1587 and 1591.

Persons Represented.*

FERDINAND, *king of* NAVARRE.
BIRON, LONGAVILLE, DUMAINE, } *Lords attending on the King.*
BOYET, MERCADE, } *Lords attending on the Princess of* FRANCE.
DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO, *a Spaniard.*
SIR NATHANIEL, *a Curate.*
HOLOFERNES, *a schoolmaster.*
DULL, *a constable.*
COSTARD, *a clown.*
MOTH, *page to* ARMADO.
A Forester.

Princess of FRANCE.
ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, } *Ladies attending on the Princess.*
JAQUENETTA, *a country wench.*

Officers and others, attendant on the King and Princess.

SCENE.—NAVARRE.

* This list of characters was first printed by Rowe.

LOVE'S
LABOUR'S LOST.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Navarre. *A Park, with a Palace in it.*

Enter the KING, BIRON,[a] LONGAVILLE, *and* DUMAIN.

KING. Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live register'd upon our brazen[b] tombs,
And then grace us in the disgrace of death;
When, spite of cormorant devouring time,
Th' endeavour of this present breath may buy
That honour, which shall bate his scythe's keen edge,
And make us heirs of all eternity.

Therefore, brave conquerors!—for so you are,
That war against your own affections,
And the huge army of the world's desires,—(1)
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force:
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world;
Our court shall be a little Academe,
Still and contemplative in living art.
You three, Biron, Dumain, and Longaville,
Have sworn for three years' term to live with me,
My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes
That are recorded in this schedule here:

[a] *Biron,*—] In the old copies the name is spelt *Berowne*, pro-
[illegible] in accordance with the ancient pronunciation of Biron,
[illegible] appears to have been *Beroon*, with the accent on the last
[illegible]. Thus in Act IV. Sc. 3, we find it rhyming to *moon*—
"My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon;—
My eyes are then no eyes, nor I *Biron*."

[b] *Live register'd upon our* brazen *tombs,*—] The allusion here is to the figures and inscriptions on *plates of brass*, with which it was the fashion to ornament the tombs of distinguished persons, from the thirteenth to the seventeenth century. Numerous examples still remain in the churches throughout England, and in those of Belgium and Germany.

Your oaths are pass'd, and now subscribe your names;
That his own hand may strike his honour down,
That violates the smallest branch herein:
If you are arm'd to do, as sworn to do,
Subscribe to your deep oaths, and keep them* too.

LONG. I am resolv'd: 'tis but a three years' fast;
The mind shall banquet, though the body pine:
Fat paunches have lean pates,[a] and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bankrupt† quite the wits.

DUM. My loving lord, Dumain is mortified.
The grosser manner of these world's delights
He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves:
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die;
With all these living in philosophy.

BIRON. I can but say their protestation over;
So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,
That is, to live and study here three years.
But there are other strict observances:
As, not to see a woman in that term;
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there:
And, one day in a week to touch no food,
And but one meal on every day beside;
The which, I hope, is not enrolled there:
And then to sleep but three hours in the night,
And not be seen to wink of all the day;
(When I was wont to think no harm all night,
And make a dark night too of half the day;)
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there:
O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep;
Not to see ladies,—study,—fast,—not sleep.

KING. Your oath is pass'd to pass away from these.

BIRON. Let me say no, my liege, an if you please;
I only swore, to study with your grace,
And stay here in your court for three years' space.

LONG. You swore to that, Biron, and to the rest.

BIRON. By yea and nay, sir, then I swore in jest.
What is the end of study? let me know.

KING. Why, that to know, which else we should not know.

BIRON. Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from common sense?

KING. Ay, that is study's god-like recompense.

BIRON. Come on then, I will swear to study so,
To know the thing I am forbid to know:
As thus,—To study where I well may dine,
When I to feast‡ expressly am forbid;
Or, study where to meet some mistress fine,
When mistresses from common sense are hid:
Or, having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath,
Study to break it, and not break my troth.

(*) Old copies, *it*.
(†) The folio, 1623, *bankerout*, omitting *quite*.
(‡) Old copies, *fast*.

a Fat paunches have lean pates, &c.]

"*Pinguis venter non gignit sensum tenuem.*"

There is a more elegant Greek proverb, mentioned by Hierom, to the same effect; and the whole couplet is given in Clark's

If study's gain be thus, and this be so,
Study knows that, which yet it doth not know:
Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say, no.

KING. These be the stops that hinder study quite,
And train our intellects to vain delight.

BIRON. Why, all delights are vain; but* that most vain,
Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain:
As, painfully to pore upon a book,
To seek the light of truth; while truth the while
Doth falsely blind the eye-sight of his look:
Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile:
So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,
Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.
Study me how to please the eye indeed,
By fixing it upon a fairer eye;
Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed,
And give him light that it was blinded by.
Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks;
Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority from others' books.
These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixed star,
Have no more profit of their shining nights,
Than those that walk, and wot not what they are.
Too much to know, is, to know nought but fame;
And every godfather can give a name.

KING. How well he's read, to reason against reading!

DUM. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding!

LONG. He weeds the corn, and still lets grow the weeding.

BIRON. The spring is near, when green geese are a-breeding.

DUM. How follows that?

BIRON. Fit in his place and time.

DUM. In reason nothing.

BIRON. Something then in rhyme.

KING. Biron is like an envious sneaping frost,
That bites the first-born infants of the spring.

BIRON. Well, say I am; why should proud summer boast,
Before the birds have any cause to sing?
Why should I joy in any abortive birth?
At Christmas I no more desire a rose,
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows;
But like of each thing that in season grows.
So you, to study now it is too late,
Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate.[b]

(*) First folio, *and*.

"Parœmiologia Anglo-Latina; or, Proverbs English and Latine," &c., 8vo. 1630—

"Fat paunches make lean pates; and grosser bits
Enrich the ribs, but bankrupt quite the wits."

b Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate.] This is the reading of the quarto. The folio has—

"That were to climb o'er the house to unlock the gate."

KING. Well, sit you out;[a] go home, Biron; adieu!
BIRON. No, my good lord; I have sworn to stay with you:
And, though I have for barbarism spoke more,
Than for that angel knowledge you can say;
Yet, confident I'll keep what I have swore,*
And bide the penance of each three years' day.
Give me the paper,—let me read the same;
And to the strict'st decrees I'll write my name.
KING. How well this yielding rescues thee from shame!
BIRON. [*Reads.*]

Item, That no woman shall come within a mile of my court—

Hath this been proclaim'd?
LONG. Four days ago.
BIRON. Let's see the penalty. [*Reads.*]

—on pain of losing her tongue.—

Who devis'd this penalty?
LONG. Marry, that did I.
BIRON. Sweet lord, and why?
LONG. To fright them hence with that dread penalty,
A dangerous law against gentility.[b]
BIRON. [*Reads.*]

Item, If any man be seen to talk with a woman within the term of three years, he shall endure such public shame as the rest of the court can† possibly devise.—

This article, my liege, yourself must break;
For, well you know, here comes in embassy
The French king's daughter, with yourself to speak,—
A maid of grace, and cómplete majesty,—
About surrender-up of Aquitain
To her decrepit, sick, and bed-rid father:
Therefore this article is made in vain,
Or vainly comes th' admired princess hither.

(*) Old copies, *sworne.* (†) First folio, *shall.*

[a] *Well,* sit *you out;*] The folio reads, *fit you out,* which is a palpable misprint. To *sit out,* a phrase borrowed from the card table, was a common expression in Shakespeare's age. Steevens quotes the following illustration from Bishop Sanderson:—

"They are glad, rather than *sit out,* to play very small game."

To this may be added another given by Mr. Dyce, from *The Tryall of Chevalry,* 1605, sig. G. 3:—

"*Lewis.* . . . . . .
King of Nauar, will onely *you sit out?*
"*Nau.* No, king of Fraunce, my bloud's as hot as thine:
And this my weapon shall confirme my words."

[b] LONG. *To fright them hence with that dread penalty,*
A dangerous law against gentility.]

So the old copies, but Theobald first, and all the modern editors since, have deprived Longaville of the second line, and given it to Biron. I have no hesitation in restoring it to the proper speaker. The only difficulty in the passage is the word *gentility,* (in the quarto, *gentletie,*) which could never have been the expression of the poet. Mr. Collier's old annotator proposes *garrulity;* that, or *scurrility,* certainly comes nearer to the sense, but neither is satisfactory. By a *dangerous* law, we are to understand a *biting* law. In Act I. Sc. 2, there is a similar use of the word:—

"A *dangerous* rhyme, master, against the reason of white and red."

KING. What say you, lords? why, this was quite forgot.
BIRON. So study evermore is over-shot;
While it doth study to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it should:
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
'T is won, as towns, with fire; so won, so lost.
KING. We must, of force, dispense with this decree;
She must lie[c] here on mere necessity.
BIRON. Necessity will make us all forsworn
Three thousand times within this three years' space;
For every man with his affects is born,
Not by might master'd, but by special grace.
If I break faith, this word shall speak* for me,
I am forsworn on mere necessity.—
So to the laws at large I write my name:
[*Subscribes.*
And he that breaks them in the least degree,
Stands in attainder of eternal shame:
Suggestions[d] are to others, as to me;
But, I believe, although I seem so loth,
I am the last that will last keep his oath.
But is there no quick[e] recreation granted?
KING. Ay, that there is: our court, you know, is haunted
With a refined traveller of Spain;
A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain:
One who the music of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish, like enchanting harmony;
A man of complements,[f] whom right and wrong
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny:
This child of fancy, that Armado hight,
For interim to our studies, shall relate,
In high-born words, the worth of many a knight
From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.
How you delight, my lords, I know not, I;
But, I protest, I love to hear him lie,
And I will use him for my minstrelsy.
BIRON. Armado is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire-new words,[g] fashion's own knight.

(*) First folio, *break.*

[c] *She must* lie *here*—] *i. e.* reside here.

[d] Suggestions—] Temptations, seducements.

[e] *No* quick *recreation*—] i.e. *lively* pastime, *brisk* diversion.

"—— the *quick* comedians
Extemporally will stage us."
Antony and Cleopatra, Act V. Sc. 2.

[f] A *man of* complements,—] One versed in punctilios, of *point-de-vice* manners,—a formalist.

"He walks most commonly with a clove or pick-tooth in his mouth; he is the very mint of compliment; all his behaviours are printed; his face is another volume of essays; and his beard is an Aristarchus."—BEN JONSON's *Cynthia's Revels,* (Gifford's Ed.) vol. ii. p. 264.

[g] Fire-new words,—] Words freshly coined; *brand-new.*

"Your *fire-new* stamp of honour scarce is current."
Richard the Third, Act I. Sc. 3.

Again, in "Twelfth Night," Act III. Sc. 2:—

"And with some excellent jest, *fire-new* from the mint," &c.

LONG. Costard the swain, and he, shall be our sport;
And, so to study, three years is but short.

Enter DULL,* *with a letter, and* COSTARD.

DULL. Which is the duke's own person?

BIRON. This, fellow; what wouldst?

DULL. I myself reprehend his own person, for I am his grace's tharborough;[a] but I would see his own person in flesh and blood.

BIRON. This is he.

DULL. Signior Arme—Arme—commends you. There's villainy abroad; this letter will tell you more.

(*) Old copies, *constable.*

[a] Tharborough;] A corruption of *thirdborough;* a constable.

[b] A *high hope for a low* heaven:] This passage has occasioned a great deal of controversy. Theobald proposed to read *a low having;* Mr. Collier's manuscript-corrector reads, *a low hearing;* and some critics will have, *a low haven.* The allusion may be to the representations of *Heaven,* and the attendant personifications of Faith, *Hope,* &c. in the ancient Pageants.

COST. Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching me.

KING. A letter from the magnificent Armado.

BIRON. How low soever the matter, I hope in God for high words.

LONG. A high hope for a low heaven:[b] (2) God grant us patience!

BIRON. To hear? or forbear laughing?[c]

LONG. To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh moderately; or to forbear both.

BIRON. Well, sir, be it as the style shall give us cause to climb in the merriness.

COST. The matter is to me, sir, as concerning Jaquenetta. The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.[d]

BIRON. In what manner?

COST. In manner and form following, sir; all

[c] Or *forbear* laughing?] The old copies have, "forbear *hearing.*" The emendation is due to Capell.

[d] I *was taken with the* manner.] Costard quibbles on *manner,* written *mainour* in the old law-books; *i.e.* the thing stolen, and *manor* house, where he was arrested. *With the manner,* meant *in the fact.*

"—— and being taken *with the manner,* had nothing to say for himself."—HEYWOOD's *Rape of Lucrece,* 1630.

those three: I was seen with her in the manor house, sitting with her upon the form, and taken following her into the park; which, put together, is in manner and form following. Now, sir, for the manner,—it is the manner of a man to speak to a woman: for the form,—in some form.

BIRON. For the following, sir?

COST. As it shall follow in my correction: and God defend the right!

KING. Will you hear this letter with attention?

BIRON. As we would hear an oracle.

COST. Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh.

KING. [*Reads.*]

Great deputy, the welkin's vicegerent, and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's God, and body's fostering patron,—

COST. Not a word of Costard yet.

KING.

So it is,—

COST. It may be so: but if he say it is so, he is, in telling true, but so.

KING. Peace!

COST. —be to me, and every man that dares not fight!

KING. No words!

COST. —of other men's secrets, I beseech you.

KING.

So it is, besieged with sable-coloured melancholy, I did commend the black-oppressing humour to the most wholesome physic of thy health-giving air; and, as I am a gentleman, betook myself to walk. The time when? About the sixth hour; when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper. So much for the time when: Now for the ground which; which, I mean, I walked upon: it is ycleped, thy park. Then for the place where; where, I mean, I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous event, that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon-coloured ink, which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest: But to the place where,—it standeth north-north-east and by east from the west corner of thy curious-knotted[a] garden: there did I see that low-spirited swain, that base minnow of thy mirth,

COST. Me.

KING.

—that unletter'd small-knowing soul,

COST. Me.

KING.

—that shallow vassal,

COST. Still me.

KING.

—which, as I remember, hight Costard,

COST. O me!

KING.

—sorted, and consorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canon, with—with,—O with—but with this I passion to say wherewith,*

COST. With a wench.

KING.

—with a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman. Him I (as my ever-esteemed duty pricks me on) have sent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment, by thy sweet grace's officer, Antony Dull; a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation.

DULL. Me, an 't shall please you; I am Antony Dull.

KING.

For Jaquenetta, (so is the weaker vessel called, which I apprehended with the aforesaid swain,) I keep her as a vessel of thy law's fury; and shall, at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine in all complements of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty,

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

BIRON. This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that ever I heard.

KING. Ay, the best for the worst. But, sirrah, what say you to this?

COST. Sir, I confess the wench.

KING. Did you hear the proclamation?

COST. I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

KING. It was proclaimed a year's imprisonment, to be taken with a wench.

COST. I was taken with none, sir; I was taken with a damosel.

KING. Well, it was proclaimed damosel.

COST. This was no damosel, neither, sir; she was a virgin.

KING. It is so varied too; for it was proclaimed virgin.

COST. If it were, I deny her virginity; I was taken with a maid.

KING. This maid will not serve your turn, sir.

COST. This maid will serve my turn, sir.

KING. Sir, I will pronounce your sentence: you shall fast a week with bran and water.

---

[a] *Thy curious-knotted garden:*] Ancient gardens, Steevens observes, abounded with figures, of which the lines intersected each other in many directions. Thus in "Richard II." Act III. Sc. 4.—

(*) Old copies, *which* with.

"Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,
Her *knots* disorder'd," &c.

COST. I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

KING. And don Armado shall be your keeper.—
My lord Biron, see him deliver'd o'er.—
And go we, lords, to put in practice that
Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.—
[*Exeunt* KING, LONGAVILLE, *and* DUMAIN.

BIRON. I'll lay my head to any good man's hat,
These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn.—
Sirrah, come on.

COST. I suffer for the truth, sir: for true it is, I was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl; and therefore, Welcome the sour cup of prosperity! Affliction may one day smile again, and till then, Sit thee down, sorrow!*

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another part of the same. Armado's House.*

Enter ARMADO *and* MOTH.

ARM. Boy, what sign is it, when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?

MOTH. A great sign, sir, that he will look sad.

ARM.[a] Why, sadness is one and the self-same thing, dear imp.

MOTH. No, no; O lord, sir, no.

ARM. How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenal?

MOTH. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough senior.†

ARM. Why tough senior?† why tough senior?†

MOTH. Why tender juvenal? why tender juvenal?

ARM. I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent epitheton, appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate, tender.

MOTH. And I, tough senior,† as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name, tough.

ARM. Pretty, and apt.

MOTH. How mean you, sir; I pretty, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying pretty?

ARM. Thou pretty, because little.[b]

MOTH. Little pretty, because little: Wherefore apt?

ARM. And therefore apt, because quick.

MOTH. Speak you this in my praise, master?

(*) First folio, *until then sit down*, &c.
(†) First folio, *signeur*.

[a] Armado.] Here and throughout the scene in the old copies we have *Braggart*, instead of Armado.

[b] *Thou* pretty, because little:] So in Ben Jonson's play of "The Fox," (Gifford's edition,) vol. iii. p. 236:—

"First for your dwarf, he's little and witty,
And every thing, *as it is little is pretty*."

[c] Crosses *love not him*.] A punning allusion, very frequent in

ARM. In thy condign praise.

MOTH. I will praise an eel with the same praise.

ARM. What? that an eel is ingenious?*

MOTH. That an eel is quick.

ARM. I do say, thou art quick in answers: Thou heat'st my blood.

MOTH. I am answered, sir.

ARM. I love not to be crossed.

MOTH. He speaks the mere contrary, crosses[c] love not him. [*Aside.*

ARM. I have promised to study three years with the duke.

MOTH. You may do it in an hour, sir.

ARM. Impossible.

MOTH. How many is one thrice told?

ARM. I am ill at reckoning; it fitteth† the spirit of a tapster.

MOTH. You are a gentleman, and a gamester, sir.(3)

ARM. I confess both; they are both the varnish of a complete man.

MOTH. Then, I am sure, you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to.

ARM. It doth amount to one more than two.

MOTH. Which the base vulgar do‡ call, three.

ARM. True.

MOTH. Why, sir, is this such a piece of study? Now here's three studied, ere you'll thrice wink: and how easy it is to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing horse (4) will tell you.

ARM. A most fine figure!

MOTH. To prove you a cipher. [*Aside.*

ARM. I will hereupon confess, I am in love: and, as it is base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Desire prisoner, and ransom him to any French courtier for a new devised courtesy. I think scorn to sigh; methinks, I should outswear Cupid. Comfort me, boy: What great men have been in love?

MOTH. Hercules, master.

ARM. Most sweet Hercules!—More authority, dear boy, name more; and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

MOTH. Sampson, master; he was a man of

(*) First folio, *ingenuous*. (†) First folio, *fits*.
(‡) First folio, *vulgar call*.

Shakespeare's day, probably to the ancient penny, which Stowe describes as having a double cross, with a crest stamped on it, so that it might easily be broken in half or into quarters. In "Henry IV. Part II." Act I. Sc. 2, we meet with the same quibble:—

"Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to *bear crosses*." And again, in "As You Like It," Act II. Sc. 4:—

"For my part, I had rather bear with you than bear you; yet I should bear no *cross* if I did bear you."

good carriage, great carriage; for he carried the town-gates on his back, like a porter: and he was in love.

ARM. O well-knit Sampson! strong-jointed Sampson! I do excel thee in my rapier, as much as thou didst me in carrying gates. I am in love, too—Who was Sampson's love, my dear Moth?

MOTH. A woman, master.

ARM. Of what complexion?

MOTH. Of all the four, or the three, or the two; or one of the four.

ARM. Tell me precisely of what complexion?

MOTH. Of the sea-water green, sir.

ARM. Is that one of the four complexions?

MOTH. As I have read, sir: and the best of them too.

ARM. Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers; but to have a love of that colour, methinks, Sampson had small reason for it. He, surely, affected her for her wit.

MOTH. It was so, sir; for she had a green wit.

ARM. My love is most immaculate white and red.

MOTH. Most maculate * thoughts, master, are masked under such colours.

ARM. Define, define, well-educated infant.

MOTH. My father's wit, and my mother's tongue, assist me.

ARM. Sweet invocation of a child; most pretty, and pathetical!

MOTH. If she be made of white and red,
Her faults will ne'er be known;
For blushing † cheeks by faults are bred,
And fears by pale-white shown:

(*) First folio, *immaculate.* (†) Old copies, *blush-in.*

Then, if she fear, or be to blame,
By this you shall not know;
For still her cheeks possess the same,
Which native she doth owe.

A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of white and red.

ARM. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar? (5)

MOTH. The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since: but, I think, now 't is not to be found; or, if it were, it would neither serve for the writing, nor the tune.

ARM. I will have that subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digression by some mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl that I took in the park with the rational hind Costard; she deserves well.

MOTH. To be whipped; and yet a better love than my master. [*Aside.*

ARM. Sing, boy; my spirit grows heavy in love.

MOTH. And that 's great marvel, loving a light wench.

ARM. I say, sing.

MOTH. Forbear till this company be past.

**Enter* DULL, COSTARD, *and* JAQUENETTA.

DULL. Sir, the duke's pleasure is that you keep Costard safe: and you must let him take no delight, nor no penance; but a' † must fast three days a week. For this damsel, I must keep her at the park; she is allowed for the day-woman.[a] Fare you well.

ARM. I do betray myself with blushing.—Maid.

JAQ. Man.

ARM. I will visit thee at the lodge.

JAQ. That 's hereby.[b]

ARM. I know where it is situate.

JAQ. Lord, how wise you are!

ARM. I will tell thee wonders.

JAQ. With that face?[c]

ARM. I love thee.

JAQ. So I heard you say.

ARM. And so farewell.

JAQ. Fair weather after you!

DULL. Come, Jaquenetta, away.

[*Exeunt* DULL *and* JAQUENETTA.

ARM. Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences ere thou be pardoned.

COST. Well, sir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomach.

ARM. Thou shalt be heavily punished.

COST. I am more bound to you than your fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

ARM. Take away this villain; shut him up.

MOTH. Come, you transgressing slave; away.

COST. Let me not be pent up, sir; I will fast, being loose.

MOTH. No, sir; that were fast and loose:[d] thou shalt to prison.

COST. Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation that I have seen, some shall see—

MOTH. What shall some see?

COST. Nay, nothing, master Moth, but what they look upon. It is not for prisoners to be too* silent in their words; and, therefore, I will say nothing: I thank God, I have as little patience as another man; and, therefore, I can be quiet.

[*Exeunt* MOTH *and* COSTARD.

ARM. I do affect[e] the very ground, which is base, where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot, which is basest, doth tread. I shall be forsworn (which is a great argument of falsehood) if I love: and how can that be true love, which is falsely attempted? Love is a familiar; love is a devil: there is no evil angel but love. Yet Sampson was so tempted; and he had an excellent strength: yet was Solomon so seduced; and he had a very good wit. Cupid's butt-shaft is too hard for Hercules' club, and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The first and second cause[f] will not serve my turn; the passado he respects not, the duello he regards not: his disgrace is to be called boy; but his glory is to subdue men. Adieu, valour! rust, rapier! be still, drum! for your manager[g] is in love; yea, he loveth. Assist me, some extemporal god of rhyme, for, I am sure, I shall turn sonnets. Devise, wit; write, pen; for, I am for whole volumes in folio.

[*Exit.*

(*) Old copies, *Enter Clowne, Constable, and Wench.*
(†) First folio, *he.*

[a] —*for the* day-woman.] *A day-woman* is a *dairy*-woman, a *milk*-woman. Johnson, in his Dictionary, derives *dairy* from *day*, which, he says, though without adducing any authority, was an old word for *milk*.

[b] That 's hereby.] She means, scoffingly, *that's as it may happen; that's to be seen.* Armado understands her in the literal sense, *close by.*

[c] With that face?] An old bantering phrase, hardly obsolete now. The folio mars it by reading, "With *what* face?"

[d] *That were* fast and loose:] An allusion to a well-known game of the time, now called "pricking i' the garter."

[e] I *do* affect—] *i.e.* I do love, &c. *Affect*, in this sense, is so common an expression with the old writers, as scarcely to require explanation.

(*) First folio omits *too.*

[f] The first and second cause *will not serve my turn;* the passado *he respects not,*—] These are terms borrowed from the school of fence, and the fantastical treatises on the Duello by Saviolo and Caranza. See the Illustrative Comments on Act II. of "Romeo and Juliet."

[g] —*for your* manager *is in love;*] The corrector of Mr. Collier's copy of the folio 1632, with much plausibility, suggests for *manager* that we should read *armiger;* and two lines lower, instead of *sonnet*, as in the old editions, *sonnet-maker.* In the latter case, I prefer *sonnets*, the happy emendation of an American critic, Dr. Verplanck.

ARMADO.—I do betray myself with blushing.—Maid.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Another part of the Park. A Pavilion and Tents at a distance.*

Enter the PRINCESS OF FRANCE, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, Lords, *and other* Attendants.

BOYET. Now, madam, summon up your dearest[a] spirits;
Consider who the king your father sends;
To whom he sends; and what's his embassy:
Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem,
To parley with the sole inheritor
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchless Navarre: the plea, of no less weight
Than Aquitain, a dowry for a queen.
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,
As Nature was in making graces dear,
When she did starve the general world beside,
And prodigally gave them all to you.

PRIN. Good lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise;
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues:
I am less proud to hear you tell my worth,
Than you much willing to be counted wise
In spending your wit in the praise of mine.
But now to task the tasker,—Good Boyet,
You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
Doth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,
Till painful study shall out-wear three years,

[a] *Your* dearest *spirits.*] That is, your *choicest, rarest* spirits.

No woman may approach his silent court:
Therefore to us seemeth it a needful course,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleasure: and in that behalf,
Bold of your worthiness, we single you
As our best-moving fair solicitor.
Tell him, the daughter of the king of France,
On serious business, craving quick despatch,
Importunes personal conference with his grace.
Haste, signify so much; while we attend,
Like humble-visag'd suitors, his high will.

BOYET. Proud of employment, willingly I go.
Exit.

PRIN. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so.—
Who are the votaries, my loving lords,
That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke?[a]

1 LORD. Longaville is one.

PRIN. Know you the man?

MAR. I know him, madam: at a marriage feast,
Between lord Perigort and the beauteous heir
Of Jaques Falconbridge, solemnized
In Normandy, saw I this Longaville:
A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd:
Well fitted in the[b] arts, glorious in arms:
Nothing becomes him ill, that he would well.
The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss
(If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil),
Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will;
Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills
It should none spare that come within his power.

PRIN. Some merry mocking lord, belike: is't so?

MAR. They say so most, that most his humours know.

PRIN. Such short-liv'd wits do wither as they grow.
Who are the rest?

KATH. The young Dumain, a well-accomplish'd youth,
Of all that virtue love, for virtue lov'd:
Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill;
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace though he[c] had no wit.
I saw him at the duke Alençon's once;
And much too little of that good I saw,
Is my report, to his great worthiness.

ROS. Another of these students at that time
Was there with him: if I have heard a truth,
Biron they call him, but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal:
His eye begets occasion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth moving jest;
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor)
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

PRIN. God bless my ladies! are they all in love
That every one her own hath garnished
With such bedecking ornaments of praise?

MAR. Here comes Boyet.

Re-enter BOYET.

PRIN. Now, what admittance, lord?

BOYET. Navarre had notice of your fair approach;
And he and his competitors in oath
Were all address'd to meet you, gentle lady,
Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learnt,
He rather means to lodge you in the field,
(Like one that comes here to besiege his court,)
Than seek a dispensation for his oath,
To let you enter his unpeopled house.
Here comes Navarre. [*The Ladies mask.*

Enter KING, LONGAVILLE, DUMAIN, BIRON, *and* Attendants.

KING. Fair princess, welcome to the court of Navarre.

PRIN. Fair, I give you back again; and welcome I have not yet: the roof of this court is too high to be yours; and welcome to the wide fields too base to be mine.

KING. You shall be welcome, madam, to my court.

PRIN. I will be welcome then; conduct me thither.

KING. Hear me, dear lady,—I have sworn an oath.

PRIN. Our Lady help my lord! he'll be forsworn.

KING. Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.

PRIN. Why, will shall break it; will, and nothing else.

KING. Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.

PRIN. Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise,
Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.
I hear, your grace hath sworn-out house-keeping:
'T is deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord,
And sin to break it:
But pardon me, I am too sudden-bold;
To teach a teacher ill beseemeth me.
Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,
And suddenly resolve me in my suit.
[*Gives a paper.*

KING. Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.

PRIN. You will the sooner, that I were away;

(a) Folio, 1664, *she*. (b) Folio, 1623, *as*.

[a] *vow-fellows with this virtuous duke?*] The titles of *king* and *duke* were used indifferently by Shakespeare and his contemporaries.

[b] *Well fitted in the arts,*—] The older copies omit the article, which was supplied in the second folio.

For you'll prove perjur'd, if you make me stay.

BIRON. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

ROS. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

BIRON. I know you did.

ROS. How needless was it then to ask the question!

BIRON. You must not be so quick.

ROS. 'T is long of you that spur me with such questions!

BIRON. Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast, 't will tire.

ROS. Not till it leave the rider in the mire.

BIRON. What time o' day?

ROS. The hour that fools should ask.

BIRON. Now fair befall your mask!

ROS. Fair fall the face it covers!

BIRON. And send you many lovers!

ROS. Amen, so you be none.

BIRON. Nay, then will I be gone.

KING. Madam, your father here doth intimate
The payment of a hundred thousand crowns;
Being but the one-half of an entire sum,
Disbursed by my father in his wars.
But say, that he, or we, (as neither have,)
Receiv'd that sum; yet there remains unpaid
A hundred thousand more; in surety of the which,
One part of Aquitain is bound to us,
Although not valued to the money's worth.
If then the king your father will restore
But that one-half which is unsatisfied,

We will give up our right in Aquitain,
And hold fair friendship with his majesty.
But that, it seems, he little purposeth,
For here he doth demand to have repaid
An hundred thousand crowns; and not demands,
On payment of a hundred thousand crowns,
To have his title live in Aquitain;
Which we much rather had depart[a] withal,
And have the money by our father lent,
Than Aquitain so gelded as it is.
Dear princess, were not his requests so far
From reason's yielding, your fair self should make
A yielding, 'gainst some reason, in my breast,
And go well satisfied to France again.

PRIN. You do the king my father too much wrong,
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In so unseeming to confess receipt
Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.

KING. I do protest, I never heard of it;
And, if you prove it, I 'll repay it back,
Or yield up Aquitain.

PRIN. We arrest your word:—
Boyet, you can produce acquittances,
For such a sum, from special officers
Of Charles his father.

KING. Satisfy me so.

BOYET. So please your grace, the packet is not come,
Where that and other specialties are bound;
To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.

KING. It shall suffice me: at which interview,
All liberal reason I will* yield unto.
Meantime, receive such welcome at my hand
As honour, without breach of honour, may
Make tender of to thy true worthiness:
You may not come, fair princess, in my gates;
But here without you shall be so receiv'd,
As you shall deem yourself lodg'd in my heart,
Though so denied fair† harbour in my house.
Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell:
To-morrow we shall visit you again.

PRIN. Sweet health and fair desires consort your grace!

KING. Thy own wish wish I thee in every place! [*Exeunt* KING *and his train.*

BIRON. Lady, I will commend you to my own heart.[b]

ROS. 'Pray you, do my commendations; I would be glad to see it.

BIRON. I would you heard it groan.

ROS. Is the fool sick?

BIRON. Sick at the heart.

(*) First folio, *would I.* (†) First folio, *farther.*

[a] Depart *withal,*—] *Depart,* for *part.* "*Which we would much rather part with.*"

[b] Lady, I will commend you to my own heart.] In the folio, 1623, this speech, and the speeches of Biron immediately following, are given to Boyet.

ROS. Alack, let it blood.

BIRON. Would that do it good?

ROS. My physic says, ay.

BIRON. Will you prick 't with your eye?

ROS. No *poynt,*[c] with my knife.

BIRON. Now, God save thy life!

ROS. And yours from long living!

BIRON. I cannot stay thanksgiving. [*Retiring.*

DUM. Sir, I pray you a word: What lady is that same?

BOYET. The heir of Alençon, Rosaline her name.

DUM. A gallant lady! Monsieur, fare you well. [*Exit.*

LONG. I beseech you a word: What is she in the white?

BOYET. A woman sometimes, an* you saw her in the light.

LONG. Perchance, light in the light: I desire her name.

BOYET. She hath but one for herself; to desire that were a shame.

LONG. Pray you, sir, whose daughter?

BOYET. Her mother's, I have heard.

LONG. God's blessing on your beard!

BOYET. Good sir, be not offended:
She is an heir of Falconbridge.

LONG. Nay, my choler is ended.
She is a most sweet lady.

BOYET. Not unlike, sir; that may be. [*Exit* LONG.

BIRON. What's her name, in the cap?

BOYET. Katharine, by good hap.

BIRON. Is she wedded, or no?

BOYET. To her will, sir, or so.

BIRON. You are welcome, sir; adieu!

BOYET. Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to you. [*Exit* BIRON.—*Ladies unmask.*

MAR. That last is Biron, the merry madcap lord;
Not a word with him but a jest.

BOYET. And every jest but a word.

PRIN. It was well done of you to take him at his word.

BOYET. I was as willing to grapple, as he was to board.

MAR. Two hot sheeps, marry!

BOYET. And wherefore not ships?
No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your lips.

MAR. You sheep, and I pasture: Shall that finish the jest?

BOYET. So you grant pasture for me. [*Offering to kiss her.*

MAR. Not so, gentle beast;

(*) First folio, *if.*

[c] *No poynt,*—] The same diminutive pun on the French negation, *Non point,* is repeated in Act V. Sc. 2:—

"Dumain was at my service, and his sword;
No point, quoth I."

My lips are no common, though several[a] they be.
BOYET. Belonging to whom?
MAR. To my fortunes and me.
PRIN. Good wits will be jangling; but, gentles, agree:
This civil war of wits were much better us'd
On Navarre and his book-men; for here 't is abus'd.
BOYET. If my observation, (which very seldom lies,)
By the heart's still rhetoric, disclosed with eyes,
Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.
PRIN. With what?
BOYET. With that which we lovers entitle, affected.
PRIN. Your reason?
BOYET. Why, all his behaviours did* make their retire
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire:
His heart, like an agate, with your print impressed,
Proud with his form, in his eye pride expressed:
His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,
Did stumble with haste in his eye-sight to be;
All senses to that sense did make their repair,
To feel only looking on fairest of fair:
Methought all his senses were lock'd in his eye,
As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy;
Who, tend'ring their own worth, from where* they were glass'd,
Did point you† to buy them, along as you pass'd.
His face's own margent (1) did quote‡ such amazes,
That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes:
I'll give you Aquitain, and all that is his,
An you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.
PRIN. Come, to our pavilion: Boyet is dispos'd—
BOYET. But to speak that in words, which his eye hath disclos'd:
I only have made a mouth of his eye,
By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.
ROS. Thou art an old love-monger, and speak'st skilfully.
MAR. He is Cupid's grandfather, and learns news of him.
ROS. Then was Venus like her mother; for her father is but grim.
BOYET. Do you hear, my mad wenches?
MAR. No.
BOYET. What, then, do you see?
ROS. Ay, our way to be gone.
BOYET. You are too hard for me.
[*Exeunt.*

(*) First folio, *do.*

[a] *My lips are no* common, *though* several they be.] The difficulty in this passage has arisen from the particle *though*, which appears to destroy the antithesis between *common*, i.e. public land, and *several*, which, in the ordinary acceptation, implies enclosed or private property. If, however, we take both as places devoted to pasture,—the one for general, the other for particular use,—the meaning is easy enough. Boyet asks permission to graze on her lips. "Not so," she answers; "my lips, though intended for the purpose, are not for general use."

(*) First folio, *whence.* (†) First folio, *out.* (‡) Old editions, *coate.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Another part of the Park.*

Enter Armado *and* Moth.

Arm. Warble, child; make passionate my sense of hearing.

Moth. *Concolinel,*(1)—— [*Singing.*

Arm. Sweet air!—Go, tenderness of years! take this key, give enlargement to the swain, bring him festinately hither; I must employ him in a letter to my love.

Moth. Master,* will you win your love with a French brawl? (2)

Arm. How meanest thou? brawling in French?

Moth. No, my complete master: but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary[a] to it with your † feet, humour it with turning up your eyelids; ‡ sigh a note, and sing a note; sometime through the throat, as if you swallowed love with singing love; sometime through the nose, as if you snuffed up love by smelling love; with your hat, penthouse-like, o'er the shop of your eyes; with your arms crossed on your thin-belly doublet,[b] like a rabbit on a spit; or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting; and keep not too long in one tune, but a snip and away: These are complements, these are humours; these betray nice wenches, that would be betrayed without these; and make them men of note, (do you note, men?) that most are affected to these.

Arm. How hast thou purchased this experience?

Moth. By my penny[c] of observation.(3)

Arm. But O,—but O—

Moth. —the hobby-horse is forgot.(4)

(*) First folio omits *Master.* (†) First folio, *the.* (‡) First folio, *eye.*

[a] Canary *to it with your feet,*—] The *canary* was a favourite dance, probably of Spanish origin, and supposed to derive its name from the Canary Islands, where it was much in vogue. The folio, 1623, reads, "With *the* feet."

[b] *Your* thin-belly doublet,—] Modern editors, except Capell, have *thin belly-doublet;* but surely *thin-belly,* "like a rabbit on a spit," is more humorous.

[c] *By* my penny *of observation.*] The early copies read *penne,* which, with *peny, penni, pennie,* was an old form of spelling the word. "My penny," "his penny," "her penny," was a popular phrase formerly. See Note (3), Illustrative Comments on Act III.

ARM. Callest thou my love, hobby-horse?

MOTH. No, master; the hobby-horse is but a colt, and your love, perhaps, a hackney. But have you forgot your love?

ARM. Almost I had.

MOTH. Negligent student! learn her by heart.

ARM. By heart, and in heart, boy.

MOTH. And out of heart, master: all those three I will prove.

ARM. What wilt thou prove?

MOTH. A man, if I live; and this, by, in, and without, upon the instant: by heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her: in heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her: and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

ARM. I am all these three.

MOTH. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

ARM. Fetch hither the swain; he must carry me a letter.

MOTH. A message well sympathised; a horse to be ambassador for an ass!

ARM. Ha, ha! what sayest thou?

MOTH. Marry, sir, you must send the ass upon the horse, for he is very slow-gaited: but I go.

ARM. The way is but short; away.

MOTH. As swift as lead, sir.

ARM. Thy meaning, pretty ingenious?
Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and slow?

MOTH. *Minimè*, honest master; or, rather [a] master, no.

ARM. I say, lead is slow.

MOTH. You are too swift, sir, to say so: [b]
Is that lead slow which is fired from a gun?

ARM. Sweet smoke of rhetoric!
He reputes me a cannon; and the bullet, that's he:—
I shoot thee at the swain.

MOTH. Thump, then, and I flee. [*Exit.*

ARM. A most acute juvenal; voluble and free of grace!
By thy favour, sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy face:
Most rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.
My herald is return'd.

Re-enter MOTH *with* COSTARD.

MOTH. A wonder, master; here's a Costard [c] broken in a shin.

ARM. Some enigma, some riddle: come,—thy *l'envoy*;—begin.

COST. No egma, no riddle, no *l'envoy*; no salve in the male, sir: [d] O sir, plantain, a plain plantain; no *l'envoy*, no *l'envoy*, no salve, sir, but a plantain! [e]

ARM. By virtue, thou enforcest laughter; thy silly thought, my spleen; the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous smiling: O, pardon me, my stars! Doth the inconsiderate take salve for *l'envoy*, and the word *l'envoy* for a salve?

MOTH. Do the wise think them other? is not *l'envoy* a salve?

ARM. No, page: it is an epilogue or discourse, to make plain
Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been sain.*
I will example it: [f]
The fox, the ape, and the humble bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.
There's the moral: now the *l'envoy*.

MOTH. I will add the *l'envoy*; say the moral again.

ARM. The fox, the ape, and the humble bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

MOTH. Until the goose came out of door,
And stay'd the odds by adding four.
Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my *l'envoy*.
The fox, the ape, and the humble bee,
Were still at odds, being but three:

ARM. Until the goose came out of door,
Staying the odds by adding four.

MOTH. A good *l'envoy*, ending in the goose; would you desire more?

COST. The boy hath sold him a bargain, a goose, that's flat:—
Sir, your pennyworth is good, an your goose be fat.—
To sell a bargain well is as cunning as fast and loose:
Let me see a fat *l'envoy*; ay, that's a fat goose.

---

[a] *Honest master*, or, rather *master*,—] This is always punctuated "or, rather, master." But, from the context, which is a play on *swift* and *slow*, I apprehend Moth to mean by *rather* master, *hasty* master; *rather*, of old, meaning *quick*, *eager*, *hasty*, &c.

[b] To say so:] Should we not read *slow* for *so*?

[c] *Here's* a Costard *broken in a shin.*] *Costard* means *head*. Thus:—

"I wyll rappe you on the *costard* with my horne."
HYCKE SCORNER.

And in "King Lear," Act IV. Sc. 6:—

"Keepe out, che vor'ye, or ice try whether your *costard* or my bat be the harder"

(*) First folio, *faine*.

[d] *No salve in* the male, *sir*:] The old copies have—"No salve in thee male, sir," which Johnson, Malone, and Steevens interpret, "in the bag or wallet." Tyrwhitt proposed to remove the ambiguity by reading: "No salve in them all, sir;" which, if not decisive, is certainly a very ingenious conjecture.

[e] —plantain!] "All the *plantanes* are singular good wound herbes, to heale fresh or old wounds and sores, either inward or outward."—PARKINSON'S *Theater of Plantes*, 1640, p. 498.

[f] I will example it:] This, and the eight lines following it, are omitted in the folio, 1623.

ARM. Come hither, come hither; how did this argument begin?

MOTH. By saying that a Costard was broken in a shin.

Then called you for the *l'envoy*.

COST. True, and I for a plantain: thus came your argument in;

Then the boy's fat *l'envoy*, the goose that you bought,

And he ended the market.

ARM. But tell me; how was there a Costard broken in a shin?

MOTH. I will tell you sensibly.

COST. Thou hast no feeling of it, Moth; I will speak that *l'envoy*.

I, Costard, running out, that was safely within,

Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.

ARM. We will talk no more of this matter.

COST. Till there be more matter in the shin.

ARM. Marry,* Costard, I will enfranchise thee.

COST. O, marry me to one Frances;—I smell some *l'envoy*, some goose, in this.

ARM. By my sweet soul, I mean, setting thee at liberty, enfreedoming thy person; thou wert immured, restrained, captivated, bound.

COST. True, true; and now you will be my purgation, and let me loose.

ARM. I give thee thy liberty, set thee from durance; and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this: bear this significant to the country maid

(*) Old editions, *Sirrah Costard*. "*Marry*, Costard," was, I believe, first suggested in Mr. Knight's "Stratford Shakspere."

Jaquenetta: there is remuneration [*giving him money*]; for the best ward of mine honour* is rewarding my dependents. Moth, follow. [*Exit.*

MOTH. Like the sequel, I.—Signor Costard, adieu.

COST. My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my incony Jew![a] [*Exit* MOTH.

Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration! O, that's the Latin word for three farthings: three farthings—remuneration.—*What's the price of this inkle? a penny:—No, I'll give you a remuneration:* why, it carries it.—Remuneration!—why, it is a fairer name than French crown. I will never buy and sell out of this word.

Enter BIRON.

BIRON. O, my good knave Costard! exceedingly well met.

COST. Pray you, sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

BIRON. What is a remuneration?

COST. Marry, sir, half-penny farthing.

BIRON. O, why then, three-farthings-worth of silk.

COST. I thank your worship: God be wi' you!

BIRON. O, stay, slave; I must employ thee:
As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave,
Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

COST. When would you have it done, sir?

BIRON. O, this afternoon.

COST. Well, I will do it, sir: fare you well.

BIRON. O, thou knowest not what it is.

COST. I shall know, sir, when I have done it.

BIRON. Why, villain, thou must know first.

COST. I will come to your worship to-morrow morning.

BIRON. It must be done this afternoon. Hark, slave, it is but this;—
The princess comes to hunt here in the park,
And in her train there is a gentle lady;
When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,
And Rosaline they call her; ask for her,
And to her white hand see thou do commend
This seal'd-up counsel. There's thy guerdon; go. [*Gives him money.*

COST. Guerdon,—O sweet guerdon! better than remuneration,[b] eleven-pence farthing better: most sweet guerdon!—I will do it, sir, in print.—Guerdon—remuneration. [*Exit.*

BIRON. O!—And I, forsooth, in love! I that have been love's whip;
A very beadle to a humorous sigh;
A critic; nay, a night-watch constable;
A domineering pedant o'er the boy;
Than whom no mortal so magnificent!
This wimpled,[c] whining, purblind, wayward boy;
This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid:
Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,
The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,
Liege of all loiterers and malcontents,
Dread prince of plackets, king of cod-pieces,
Sole imperator, and great general
Of trotting paritors.[d] O my little heart!—
And I to be a corporal of his field,[e]
And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop!
What! I love! I sue! I seek a wife!
A woman, that is like a German clock,* (5)
Still a-repairing; ever out of frame;
And never going aright, being a watch,
But being watch'd that it may still go right!
Nay, to be perjur'd, which is worst of all;
And, among three, to love the worst of all;
A whitely[f] wanton with a velvet brow,
With two pitch-balls stuck in her face for eyes;

(*) First folio, *honours.*

[a] *My* incony Jew!] *Incony* is defined to mean *fine, delicate, pretty.* It occurs occasionally in our old plays, and is repeated in the present one, Act IV. Sc. 1. Of *Jew*, as a term of endearment, I remember no other example, except that in "Midsummer Night's Dream," Act III. Sc. 1, where Thisbe calls Pyramus "Most lovely Jew." (See note (b), p. 71.)

[b] Guerdon,—O *sweet* guerdon! better than remuneration,—] In reference to this passage, Farmer has pointed attention to a parallel one, which is given in a tract called "A Health to the Gentlemanly Profession of Serving-men," by J. M., 1598. "There was, sayth he, a man, (but of what estate, degree, or calling, I will not name, least thereby I might incurre displeasure of any,) that comming to his friend's house, who was a gentleman of good reckoning, and being there kindly entertayned and well used as well of his friende the gentleman, as of his servantes; one of the sayd servantes doing him some extraordinarie pleasure during his abode there, at his departure he comes unto the sayd servant and saith unto him, Holde thee, here is a remuneration for thy paynes; which the servant receyving, gave him utterly for it (besides his paynes) thankes, for it was but a three-farthing piece! and I holde thankes for the same a small price as the market goes. Now another comming to the sayd gentleman's house, it was the foresayd servant's good hap to be neare him at his going away, who, calling the servant unto him, sayd, Holde thee, heere is a guerdon for thy desartes. Now the servant payde no deerer for the guerdon than he did for the remuneration, though the guerdon was xj *d.* farthing better, for it was a shilling, and the other but a three-farthinges." The joke was probably older than either the play or the tract quoted.

[c] *This* wimpled,—] *Hooded, veiled, blindfolded.*

"Justice herself there sitteth *wimpled* about the eyes," &c.
Comedy of Midas, 1592.

[d] *Of trotting* paritors.] An apparitor is an officer of the spiritual court. As his duty, in former times, often consisted in summoning offenders against chastity, he is very properly described as under Cupid's command.

[e] A corporal of his field,—] *A corporal of the field*, according to some authorities, was an officer like an *aide-de camp*, whose employment was to convey instructions from head-quarters, or from the higher officers of the field.

[f] A whitely *wanton*—] The old editions have "*A whitly* wanton," which is, perhaps, a misprint for *witty* wanton. *Whitely* is not a suitable epithet to apply to a dark beauty. In Vicar's "Virgil," 1632, it is applied befittingly enough to the moon,—

"Night-gadding Cynthia with her *whitely* face."

(*) Old editions, *cloake.*

Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed,
Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard!
And I to sigh for her! to watch for her!
To pray for her! go to; it is a plague
That Cupid will impose for my neglect
Of his almighty dreadful little might.
Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, groan;
Some men must love my lady, and some Joan.
[*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Another part of the Park.*

Enter the Princess, Rosaline, Maria, Katharine, Boyet, Lords, Attendants, *and a* Forester.

Prin. Was that the King, that spurr'd his horse so hard
Against the steep uprising of the hill?
Boyet. I know not; but, I think, it was not he.
Prin. Whoe'er he was, he show'd a mounting mind.
Well, lords, to-day we shall have our despatch;
On Saturday we will return to France.—
Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush
That we must stand and play the murtherer in?
For. Hereby, upon the edge of yonder coppice;
A stand where you may make the fairest shoot.
Prin. I thank my beauty, I am fair that shoot,
And thereupon thou speak'st, the fairest shoot.
For. Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.
Prin. What, what! first praise me, and * again say, no?
O short-liv'd pride! Not fair? alack for woe!
For. Yes, madam, fair.
Prin. Nay, never paint me now;
Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.
Here, good my glass, take this for telling true;
[*Giving him money.*
Fair payment for foul words is more than due.
For. Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.
Prin. See, see, my beauty will be sav'd by merit.
O heresy in fair,[a] fit for these days!
A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.—
But come, the bow:—now Mercy goes to kill,
And shooting well is then accounted ill.
Thus will I save my credit in the shoot:
Not wounding, pity would not let me do 't;
If wounding, then it was to show my skill,
That more for praise, than purpose, meant to kill.
And, out of question, so it is sometimes,
Glory grows guilty of detested crimes;
When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,
We bend to that the working of the heart:
As I, for praise alone, now seek to spill
The poor deer's blood that my heart means no ill.
Boyet. Do not curst[b] wives hold that self-sovereignty
Only for praise' sake, when they strive to be
Lords o'er their lords?
Prin. Only for praise: and praise we may afford
To any lady that subdues a lord.

Enter Costard.

Boyet. Here comes a member of the common-wealth.
Cost. God dig-you-den all![c] Pray you, which is the head lady?
Prin. Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest that have no heads.
Cost. Which is the greatest lady, the highest?
Prin. The thickest, and the tallest.
Cost. The thickest, and the tallest! it is so; truth is truth.
An your waist, mistress, were as slender as my wit,
One o' these maids' girdles for your waist should be fit.
Are not you the chief woman? you are the thickest here.
Prin. What 's your will, sir? what 's your will?
Cost. I have a letter from monsieur Biron, to one lady Rosaline.
Prin. O, thy letter, thy letter; he 's a good friend of mine:
Stand aside, good bearer.—Boyet, you can carve;
Break up this capon.[d]

(*) First folio, and *then* again.

[a] O heresy in fair,—] Mr. Collier's old annotator suggests, "O heresy in *faith*," &c.; but this alteration would destroy the point of the allusion. *Fair* is used here, as in many other instances, for *beauty*; and the *heresy* is, that merit should be esteemed equivalent to beauty.

[b] *Do not curst wives*—] That is, *sour, cross-grained, intractable* wives. A very ancient sense of the word, and one in which it is repeatedly used by Shakespeare. Thus, in "Taming of the Shew," Act I. Sc. 1:—

"Her elder sister is so *curst* and shrewd."

Again, in Act I. Sc. 2, of the same Play,—

"——— and as *curst* and shrewd
As Socrates' Xantippe."

[c] God dig-you-den *all!*—] A vulgar corruption of *God give you good even.* It is sometimes contracted to *God ye good den;* as in "Romeo and Juliet," Act II. Sc. 4.

[d] Break up this capon.] A Gallicism. *Poulet*, with the French, meaning both a young fowl and a *billet-doux*. The Italians use

BOYET. I am bound to serve,—
This letter is mistook, it importeth none here;
It is writ to Jaquenetta.

PRIN. We will read it, I swear:
Break the neck of the wax, and every one give ear.

BOYET. [*Reads.*]

By heaven, that thou art fair is most infallible; true, that thou art beauteous; truth itself, that thou art lovely: More fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer than truth itself, have commiseration on thy heroical vassal! The magnanimous and most illustrate king Cophetua *set eye upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar* Zenelophon;[a] *and he it was that might rightly say* veni, vidi, vici; *which to annothanize, in the vulgar,* (*O base and obscure vulgar!*) videlicet, *he came, saw, and overcame: he came, one; saw, two; overcame, three. Who came? the king; why did he come? to see; why did he see? to overcome: to whom came he? to the beggar; what saw he? the beggar; who overcame he? the beggar: the conclusion is victory; on whose side? the king's: the captive is enrich'd; On whose side? the beggar's: the catastrophe is a nuptial; on whose side? the king's?—no, on both in one, or one in both. I am the king; for so stands the comparison: thou the beggar; for so witnesseth thy lowliness. Shall I command thy love? I may: shall I enforce thy love? I could: shall I entreat thy love? I will: what shalt thou exchange for rags? robes: for tittles, titles: for thyself, me. Thus, expecting thy reply, I profane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part.*

Thine, in the dearest design of industry,

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar
'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey;
Submissive fall his princely feet before,
And he from forage will incline to play:
But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then?
Food for his rage, repasture for his den.

PRIN. What plume of feathers is he that indited this letter?
What vane? * what weathercock? did you ever hear better?

BOYET. I am much deceived, but I remember the style.

(*) First folio, *veine.*

the same metaphor, calling a love-letter, *una pollicetta amorosa.*

To break up, Percy says, was a peculiar phrase in carving. Undoubtedly,

"We carve a hare, or else *breake up* a hen."
FLORIO'S *Montaigne*, p. 166, 1603.

But Shakespeare is not singular in applying it to the opening of a letter. In Ben Jonson's "Every Man Out of His Humour," Act I. Sc. 1, Carlo Buffone recommends Sogliardo to have letters brought to him when dining or supping out,—"And there, while you intend circumstances of news, or inquiry of their health, or so, one of your familiars, whom you must carry about you still, *breaks it up*, as 't were in a jest, and reads it publicly at the table."

PRIN. Else your memory is bad, going o'er it erewhile.

BOYET. This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps here in court;
A phantasm, a Monarcho,(1) and one that makes sport
To the prince, and his book-mates.

PRIN. Thou, fellow, a word:
Who gave thee this letter?

COST. I told you; my lord.

PRIN. To whom shouldst thou give it?

COST. From my lord to my lady.

PRIN. From which lord, to which lady?

COST. From my lord Biron, a good master of mine,
To a lady of France, that he call'd Rosaline.

PRIN. Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come, lords, away,
Here, sweet, put up this; 't will be thine another day. [*Exeunt* PRINCESS *and train.*

BOYET. Who is the suitor? who is the suitor?[b]

ROS. Shall I teach you to know?

BOYET. Ay, my continent of beauty.

ROS. Why, she that bears the bow.
Finely put off!

BOYET. My lady goes to kill horns; but, if thou marry,
Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry.
Finely put on!

ROS. Well, then, I am the shooter.

BOYET. And who is your deer?

ROS. If we choose by the horns, yourself: come not near.
Finely put on, indeed!—

MAR. You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she strikes at the brow.

BOYET. But she herself is hit lower: have I hit her now?

ROS. Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that was a man when king Pepin of France was a little boy, as touching the hit it?

BOYET. So I may answer thee with one as old, that was a woman when queen Guinever of Britain was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

ROS. [*Singing.*]

Thou canst not hit it,[c] *hit it, hit it,*
Thou canst not hit it, my good man.

[a] Zenelophon;] In the old ballad of "A Song of a Beggar and a King," 1612, the name is *Penelophon*, but the misspelling may have been intentional.

[b] *Who is the* suitor?] The jest lies in pronouncing *suitor*, as it is spelt in the old copies, *shooter;* which, indeed, appears to have been the ancient pronunciation.

[c] Thou canst not hit it,—] Alluding to a song, or dance, mentioned in S. Gosson's "Pleasant Quippes for Upstart New-fangled Gentlewomen," 1596:—

"*Can you hit it?* is oft their daunce,
Deuce-ace fals stil to be their chance."

And in "Wily Beguiled," 1606:—

"And then dance, *Canst thou not hit it?*"

BOYET.

An I cannot, cannot, cannot,
An I cannot, another can.

[*Exeunt* ROS. *and* KATH.

COST. By my troth, most pleasant! how both did fit it!

MAR. A mark marvellous well shot: for they both did hit it.

BOYET. A mark! O, mark but that mark! A mark, says my lady!
Let the mark have a prick in 't to mete at, if it may be.

MAR. Wide o' the bow hand! I' faith your hand is out.

COST. Indeed, a' must shoot nearer, or he 'll ne'er hit the clout.

BOYET. An if my hand be out, then, belike your hand is in.

COST. Then will she get the upshot by cleaving the pin.[a]

MAR. Come, come, you talk greasily, your lips grow foul.

COST. She 's too hard for you at pricks, sir; challenge her to bowl.

BOYET. I fear too much rubbing. Good night, my good owl.

[*Exeunt* BOYET *and* MARIA.

COST. By my soul, a swain! a most simple clown!
Lord, lord! how the ladies and I have put him down!
O' my troth, most sweet jests! most incony vulgar wit!
When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were, so fit.
Armado o' the one side,[b]—O, a most dainty man!
To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan!
To see him kiss his hand! and how most sweetly a' will swear!—
And his page o' t'other side, that handful of wit!
Ah, heavens, it is a most pathetical nit!
Sola, sola!

*Shouting within.** *Exit* COSTARD, *running.*

(*) Old copies, *shoote within.*

[a] By cleaving the pin.] The quarto, 1598, and the folio, 1623, read, by mistake, *is in.* *To cleave the pin* is explained in Act V. Sc. 4, of "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," p. 59.

[b] *Armado* o' the one side,—] *O' the one side,* is a modern correction: the quarto, 1598, reads, *ath toothen side;* and the folio, 1623, *ath to the side.* Nor are these, I believe, the only misdeeds in connexion with this particular passage for which the old copies are amenable. The reference to Armado and the Page is so utterly irrelevant to anything in the scene, that every one must be struck with its incongruity. I have more than a suspicion that the whole passage, from

"O' my troth, most sweet jests! most incony vulgar wit!"

or, at least, from

"Armado o' the one side," &c.

down to,

"Ah, heavens, it is a most pathetical nit!"

belongs to the previous Act, and in the original MS. followed Costard's panegyric on the Page,—

"My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my incony Jew!"

It is evidently out of place in the present scene, and quite appropriate in the one indicated.

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter HOLOFERNES, *Sir* NATHANIEL, *and* DULL.

NATH. Very reverend sport, truly; and done in the testimony of a good conscience.

HOL. The deer was, as you know, *sanguis,*—in blood;[c] ripe as a pomewater, who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of *cœlo,*—the sky, the welkin, the heaven; and anon falleth like a crab, on the face of *terra,*—the soil, the land, the earth.

NATH. Truly, master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least; but, sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head.

HOL. Sir Nathaniel, *haud credo.*

DULL. 'T was not a *haud credo;* 't was a pricket.(2)

HOL. Most barbarous intimation! yet a kind of insinuation, as it were *in viâ,* in way, of explication; *facere,* as it were, replication, or, rather, *ostentare,* to show, as it were, his inclination,—after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather unlettered, or, ratherest, unconfirmed fashion,—to insert again my *haud credo* for a deer.

DULL. I said the deer was not a *haud credo;* 't was a pricket.

HOL. Twice sod simplicity, *bis coctus!*—
O, thou monster, Ignorance, how deformed dost thou look!

NATH. Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book.
He hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink: his intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts;
And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be
(Which we of[d] taste and feeling are) for those parts that do fructify in us more than he.
For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet, or a fool,
So, were there a patch set on learning, to see him in a school:
But, *omne bene,* say I; being of an old father's mind,
Many can brook the weather, that love not the wind.

[c] In blood;] To be *in blood,* a phrase of the chase, has been explained, *to be fit for killing;* but it appears also to have meant an animal with its *blood up*—ready to turn and attack its pursuers; like a stag at bay. See the passage in "Henry VI. Part I." Act IV. Sc. 2, beginning—

"If we be English deer, be then *in blood;*
Not rascal like," &c.

[d] *Which we* of *taste*—] The preposition *of* is not found in the old copies. It was inserted by Tyrwhitt.

DULL. You two are book-men: can you tell by your wit,
What was a month old at Cain's birth, that 's not five weeks old as yet?

HOL. Dictynna,[a] goodman Dull; Dictynna, goodman Dull.

DULL. What is Dictynna?

NATH. A title to Phœbe, to Luna, to the moon.

HOL. The moon was a month old, when Adam was no more;
And raught not to five weeks, when he came to five-score.
The allusion holds in the exchange.

DULL. 'T is true indeed; the collusion holds in the exchange.

HOL. God comfort thy capacity! I say, the allusion holds in the exchange.

DULL. And I say the pollusion holds in the exchange; for the moon is never but a month old: and I say, beside, that 't was a pricket that the princess killed.

HOL. Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer? and, to humour the ignorant, I have[b] called the deer the princess killed, a pricket.

NATH. *Perge*, good master Holofernes, *perge;* so it shall please you to abrogate scurrility.

HOL. I will something affect the letter; for it argues facility.

The preyful princess pierc'd and prick'd a pretty pleasing pricket;
Some say a sore; but not a sore, till now made sore with shooting.
The dogs did yell; put l to sore, then sorel jumps from thicket;
Or pricket, sore, or else sorel; the people fall a hooting.

[a] Dictynna, *goodman Dull;* Dictynna,—] The old copies have *Dictinna* and *Dictima*. Rowe made the corrections.

[b] I have *called the deer*—] *I have*, not in the ancient copies, was inserted by Rowe.

If sore be sore, then L to sore makes fifty sores;
O sore L!
Of one sore I an hundred make, by adding but one more L.

NATH. A rare talent!

DULL. If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him with a talent.[a]

HOL. This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions: these are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of *pia mater*,* and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion: but the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

NATH. Sir, I praise the Lord for you; and so may my parishioners; for their sons are well tutor'd by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you: you are a good member of the commonwealth.

HOL. *Mehercle!* if their sons be ingenious, they shall want no instruction: if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them: but, *vir sapit qui pauca loquitur.* A soul feminine saluteth us.

Enter JAQUENETTA *and* COSTARD.

JAQ. God give you good morrow, master person.[b]

HOL. Master person,—*quasi* pers-on. And if one should be pierced, which is the one?

COST. Marry, master schoolmaster, he that is likest to a hogshead.

HOL. Of piercing a hogshead! a good lustre of conceit in a turf of earth; fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine: 'tis pretty; it is well.

JAQ. Good master parson, be so good as read me this letter; it was given me by Costard, and sent me from don Armatho; I beseech you, read it.

HOL. *Fauste, precor gelidâ quando pecus omne sub umbrâ Ruminat*,[c]—and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan! I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice:

——*Vinegia, Vinegia,*
Chi non te vede, ei non te pregia.(3)

Old Mantuan! old Mantuan! who understandeth thee not, loves thee not.*—*Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa.*—Under pardon, sir, what are the contents? Or, rather, as Horace says in his—What, my soul, verses?

NATH. Ay, sir, and very learned.

HOL. Let me hear a staff, a stanza, a verse; *Lege, domine.*

NATH.

If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?
Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd!
Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove;
Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers bow'd.
Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes,
Where all those pleasures live that art would comprehend:
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;
Well learned is that tongue that well can thee commend:
All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder;
(Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire;)
Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder,
Which, not to anger bent, is music, and sweet fire.
Celestial as thou art, oh, pardon, love, this wrong,
That sings heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue!

HOL. You find not the apostrophes, and so miss the accent: let me supervise the canzonet. Here are only numbers ratified;[d] but, for the elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poesy, *caret.* Ovidius Naso was the man: and why, indeed, Naso; but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention? *Imitari*[e] is nothing: so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the tired[f] horse his rider. But, damosella virgin, was this directed to you?

(*) Old copies, *primater.*

[a] *If a* talent *be a claw*, &c.—] Goodman Dull's small pun is founded on *talon* of a bird or beast being often of old spelt *talent*, and on *claw*, in one sense, meaning *to flatter, to fawn upon.*

[b] *Master* person.] *Parson* was formerly very often pronounced and spelt *person;* which, indeed, is more correct than *parson*, as the word comes from *persona ecclesiæ.* "Though we write *Parson* differently, yet 'tis but *Person;* that is, the individual Person set apart for the service of the Church, and 'tis in Latin *Persona*, and *Personatus* is a *Personage.*"—SELDEN's *Table Talk*, Art. "Parson."

[c] *Fauste, precor gelidâ*—] In the old copies this passage is assigned to Nathaniel. There can be no doubt of its belonging to Holofernes, who probably reads it, or recites it from memory, while the curate is intent upon the letter. Like all quotations from a foreign language, the Latin here, and the Italian proverb which follows, are printed most vilely in both quarto and folio. The "good old Mantuan" was Baptista Spagnolus, a writer of poems, who flourished late in the fifteenth century, and was called Mantuanus, from the place of his birth.

(*) First folio omits *loves thee not.*

[d] Here are only numbers ratified;] In the old copies Sir Nathaniel is now made to proceed with this speech; so to other passages in the present scene, which clearly belong to Holofernes, *Nath.* has been mistakenly prefixed.

[e] Imitari *is nothing:*] The quarto and folio, 1623, read *invention imitarie.* Theobald made the obvious correction.

[f] *The* tired *horse*—] Banks' horse is thought to be here again alluded to; but perhaps by *tired horse* (in the original *tyred*) any horse adorned with ribbons or trappings may be meant.

JAQ. Ay, sir, from one monsieur Biron, one of the strange queen's lords.[a]

HOL. I will overglance the superscript. *To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous lady Rosaline.* I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing* to the person written unto:

Your ladyship's in all desired employment,
BIRON.

Sir Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the votaries with the king; and here he hath framed a letter to a sequent of the stranger queen's, which, accidentally, or by way of progression, hath miscarried.—Trip and go, my sweet; deliver this paper into the royal† hand of the king; it may concern much: stay not thy compliment; I forgive thy duty; adieu!

JAQ. Good Costard, go with me.—Sir, God save your life!

COST. Have with thee, my girl.

[*Exeunt* COST. *and* JAQ.

NATH. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously; and, as a certain father saith——

HOL. Sir, tell not me of the father, I do fear colourable colours. But, to return to the verses: did they please you, sir Nathaniel?

NATH. Marvellous well for the pen.

HOL. I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine; where if, before* repast, it shall please you to gratify the table with a grace,

(*) Old copies, *written.* (†) First folio omits *royal.*

[a] Monsieur Biron, one of the strange queen's lords.] Unless Jaquenetta is intended to blunder or prevaricate, the poet has committed an oversight here. As Mason remarks, "Jaquenetta knew nothing of Biron, and had said just before that the letter had been sent to her from *Don Armatho*, and given to her by Costard."

(*) First folio, *being.*

I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the foresaid child or pupil, undertake your *ben venuto;* where I will prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither savouring of poetry, wit nor invention: I beseech your society.

NATH. I thank you too: for society (saith the text) is the happiness of life.

HOL. And, certes, the text most infallibly concludes it.—Sir, [*to* DULL] I do invite you too; you shall not say me nay: *pauca verba.* Away; the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another part of the same.*

Enter BIRON *with a paper.*

BIRON. The king he is hunting the deer; I am coursing myself: they have pitched a toil; I am toiling in a pitch; pitch, that defiles; defile! a foul word. Well, Set thee down, sorrow! for so they say the fool said, and so say I, and I the fool. Well proved, wit! By the Lord, this love is as mad as Ajax: it kills sheep; it kills me, I a sheep: well proved again o'my side! I will not love: if I do, hang me; i'faith, I will not. O, but her eye,—by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love; and it hath taught me to rhyme, and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one o'my sonnets already: the clown bore it, the fool sent it, and the lady hath it: sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady! By the world, I would not care a pin if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper; God give him grace to groan. [*Gets up into a tree.*[a]

Enter the KING, *with a paper.*

KING. Ay me!

BIRON. [*Aside.*] Shot by heaven!—Proceed, sweet Cupid; thou hast thump'd him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap.—I' faith, secrets.—

KING. [*Reads.*]

So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not
To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,
As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smot
The dew of night that on my cheeks down flows:*
Nor shines the silver moon one-half so bright
Through the transparent bosom of the deep,
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light:
Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep;
No drop but as a coach doth carry thee,
So ridest thou triumphing in my woe:
Do but behold the tears that swell in me,
And they thy glory through my grief will show:
But do not love thyself; then thou wilt keep
My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.
O queen of queens, how far dost thou excel!
No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.—

How shall she know my griefs? I'll drop the paper;
Sweet leaves, shade folly. Who is he comes here? [*Steps aside.*

Enter LONGAVILLE *with a paper.*

What, Longaville! and reading! listen, ear.

BIRON. Now, in thy likeness, one more fool appear! [*Aside.*

LONG. Ay me! I am forsworn.

BIRON. Why, he comes in like a perjure,[b] wearing papers. [*Aside.*

KING. In love, I hope:[c] sweet fellowship in shame! [*Aside.*

BIRON. One drunkard loves another of the name. [*Aside.*

LONG. Am I the first that have been perjur'd so?

BIRON. [*Aside.*] I could put thee in comfort; not by two, that I know:
Thou mak'st the triumviry, the corner cap of society,
The shape of Love's Tyburn that hangs up simplicity.[d]

LONG. I fear these stubborn lines lack power to move:
O sweet Maria, empress of my love!
These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.

BIRON. [*Aside.*] O, rhymes are guards on wanton Cupid's hose:
Disfigure not his shape.[e]

LONG. This same shall go.— [*He reads the sonnet.*

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye
('Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument)
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.

(*) Old copies, *night of dew.*

[a] Gets up into a tree.] A modern stage direction. The old one is, "He stands aside."

[b] *He comes in like* a perjure, wearing papers.] For *perjure,* some modern editors, Mr. Collier among them, read *perjurer;* but in the old play of "King John," Act II., Constance says,—

"But now black-spotted *perjure* as he is,
He takes a truce with Elnor's damn'd brat."

Wearing appers is an allusion to the custom of making persons convicted of perjury wear papers, while undergoing punishment, descriptive of their offence. Thus Hollinshed, p. 383, says of Wolsey,—"he so punished a perjurie with open punishment, and *open paper wearing,* that in his time it was less used."

[c] In love, I hope:] The early copies give this line to Longaville.

[d] *Thou mak'st the triumviry, the corner cap of society,*
The shape of Love's Tyburn, &c.]

The old gallows at Tyburn was of a triangular form.

[e] *Disfigure not his* shape.] The quarto and folio, 1623, read *shop,* which has been altered by some editors to *slop.* If any change is necessary, of which I am not sure—for *shop* may have been an old word for *garb*—I prefer that in the text, which is a MS. correction in the margin of Lord Ellesmere's copy of the first folio.

A woman I forswore; but, I will prove,
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.
Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is:
Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,
Exhal'st this vapour vow; in thee it is:
If broken then, it is no fault of mine,
If by me broke, what fool is not so wise,
To lose an oath to win a paradise?

BIRON. [*Aside.*] This is the liver vein, which makes flesh a deity;
A green goose, a goddess: pure, pure idolatry.
God amend us, God amend! we are much out o' the way.

Enter DUMAIN, *with a paper.*

LONG. By whom shall I send this?—Company! stay. [*Stepping aside.*
BIRON. [*Aside.*] All hid, all hid, an old infant play:
Like a demi-god here sit I in the sky,
And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye.

More sacks to the mill! O heavens, I have my wish;
Dumain transform'd: four woodcocks in a dish!
DUM. O most divine Kate!
BIRON. O most profane coxcomb! [*Aside.*
DUM. By heaven, the wonder of a mortal eye!
BIRON. By earth, she is not; corporal, there you lie.[a] [*Aside.*
DUM. Her amber hairs for foul hath amber quoted.
BIRON. An amber-colour'd raven was well noted. [*Aside.*
DUM. As upright as the cedar.
BIRON. Stoop, I say;
Her shoulder is with child. [*Aside.*
DUM. As fair as day.
BIRON. Ay, as some days: but then no sun must shine. [*Aside.*
DUM. O that I had my wish!
LONG. And I had mine! [*Aside.*
KING. And I * mine too, good lord! [*Aside.*
BIRON. Amen, so I had mine! Is not that a good word? [*Aside.*
DUM. I would forget her; but a fever she
Reigns in my blood, and will remember'd be.
BIRON. A fever in your blood! why, then incision
Would let her out in saucers: sweet misprision! [*Aside.*
DUM. Once more I'll read the ode that I have writ.
BIRON. Once more I'll mark how love can vary wit. [*Aside.*
DUM.

On a day, (alack the day!)
Love, whose month is ever † May
Spied a blossom, passing fair,
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, 'gan ‡ passage find;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish'd[b] himself the heaven's breath.
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;
Air, would I might triumph so!
But alack, my hand is sworn,
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn!
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet;
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.
Do not call it sin in me,
That I am forsworn for thee:
Thou for whom Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiop were;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.

This will I send; and something else more plain,
That shall express my true love's fasting pain.
O, would the King, Biron, and Longaville,
Were lovers too! Ill, to example ill,
Would from my forehead wipe a perjur'd note;
For none offend, where all alike do dote.
LONG. Dumain [*advancing*], thy love is far from charity,
That in love's grief desir'st society:
You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,
To be o'erheard, and taken napping so.
KING. Come, sir [*advancing*], you blush; as his, your case is such;
You chide at him, offending twice as much:
You do not love Maria; Longaville
Did never sonnet for her sake compile;
Nor never lay his wreathed arms athwart
His loving bosom, to keep down his heart.
I have been closely shrouded in this bush,
And mark'd you both, and for you both did blush.
I heard your guilty rhymes, observ'd your fashion;
Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion:
Ay me! says one; O Jove! the other cries;
One,* her hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes:
You would for paradise break faith and troth; [*To* LONG.
And Jove, for your love, would infringe an oath. [*To* DUMAIN.
What will Biron say, when that he shall hear
Faith infringed, which such zeal did swear?
How will he scorn! how will he spend his wit!
How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it!
For all the wealth that ever I did see,
I would not have him know so much by me.
BIRON. Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy.—
Ah, good my liege, I pray thee, pardon me: [*Descends from the tree.*
Good heart, what grace hast thou, thus to reprove
These worms for loving, that art most in love?
Your eyes do make no coaches;[c] in your tears
There is no certain princess that appears:
You'll not be perjur'd, 'tis a hateful thing;
Tush, none but minstrels like of sonneting.
But are you not asham'd? nay, are you not,
All three of you, to be thus much o'ershot?

(*) First folio and quarto omit *I*. (†) First folio, *every*. (‡) First folio and quarto, *can*.

a By earth, she is not; corporal, there you lie.] This is usually read—

"By earth she is *but* corporal," &c.

but the old lection is to me more intelligible than the new. Biron has previously called himself a *corporal* of Cupid's field; he now terms Dumain *corporal* in the same sense, but uses the word for *corporeal* also, in allusion to the *mortal* eye of the preceding line.

b Wish'd *himself*—] The old editions have *wish* here for *wish'd*; and, a little lower, *throne* instead of *thorn*. The corrections were made in "England's Helicon," 1600, where this poem appeared.

c *No* coaches;] An allusion to the line in the King's sonnet:—

"No drop but as a *coach* doth carry thee."

The old copies have *couches*.

(*) First folio, *On*.

You found his mote *; the king your mote * did see;
But I a beam do find in each of three.
O, what a scene of foolery have I seen,
Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of teen!
O me, with what strict patience have I sat,
To see a king transformed to a gnat! [a]
To see great Hercules whipping a gig,
And profound Solomon tuning a jig,
And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,
And critic Timon laugh at idle toys!
Where lies thy grief, O tell me, good Dumain?
And, gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?
And where my liege's? all about the breast:—
A caudle,† ho!

KING. Too bitter is thy jest.
Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?

BIRON. Not you by me, but I betray'd to you:
I, that am honest; I that hold it sin
To break the vow I am engaged in;
I am betray'd, by keeping company
With men-like men, of strange inconstancy.[b]
When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme?
Or groan for Joan? [c] or spend a minute's time
In pruning me? When shall you hear that I
Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,
A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,
A leg, a limb?—

KING. Soft; whither away so fast?
A true man, or a thief, that gallops so?

BIRON. I post from love; good lover, let me go.

Enter JAQUENETTA *and* COSTARD.

JAQ. God bless the king!

KING. What present hast thou there?

COST. Some certain treason.

KING. What makes treason here?

COST. Nay, it makes nothing, sir.

KING. If it mar nothing neither,
The treason, and you, go in peace away together.

JAQ. I beseech your grace, let this letter be read;
Our person misdoubts it; it was treason, he said.

KING. Biron, read it over. [*Giving him the letter.*
Where hadst thou it?

JAQ. Of Costard.

KING. Where hadst thou it?

COST. Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.
[*Biron tears the paper.*

KING. How now! what is in you? why dost thou tear it?

BIRON. A toy, my liege, a toy; your grace needs not fear it.

LONG. It did move him to passion, and therefore let 's hear it.

DUM. It is Biron's writing, and here is his name. [*Picks up the pieces.*

BIRON. Ah, you whoreson loggerhead [*to* COSTARD], you were born to do me shame.—
Guilty, my lord, guilty; I confess, I confess.

KING. What?

BIRON. That you three fools lack'd me fool to make up the mess;
He, he, and you; and you, my liege, and I,
Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.
O, dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you more.

DUM. Now the number is even.

BIRON. True, true; we are four:—
Will these turtles be gone?

KING. Hence, sirs; away.

COST. Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors stay. [*Exeunt* COST. *and* JAQ.

BIRON. Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O let us embrace!
As true we are, as flesh and blood can be:
The sea will ebb and flow, heaven show his face;
Young blood doth not obey an old decree:
We cannot cross the cause why we were * born;
Therefore, of all hands must we be forsworn.

KING. What, did these rent lines show some love of thine?

BIRON. Did they, quoth you? Who sees the heavenly Rosaline,
That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,
At the first opening of the gorgeous east,
Bows not his vassal head; and, strucken blind,
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?
What peremptory eagle-sighted eye
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her majesty?

KING. What zeal, what fury hath inspir'd thee now?
My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon;

(*) Old editions, *moth*. (†) First folio, *A candle*.

[a] *A king transformed* to a gnat!] Instead of *gnat*, which seems to be without meaning in this place, it has been proposed to read *knot* or *sot*; but both are rhythmically inadmissible. I have some notion that the true word is *quat*, which appears to have been a cant term applied to a simpleton, or green-horn. Thus Iago, "Othello," Act V. Sc. 1, speaking of his silly tool Roderigo, says:—"I have rubb'd this young *quat* almost to the sense," &c. So also, in Decker's "Gul's Hornbook," 1609: "—whether he be a *young quat* of the first yeere's revennew, or some austere and sullen-fac'd steward." It is worth remarking, too, that in the passage from "Othello," quoted above, the early quarto prints *gnat* for *quat*.

* First folio, *are*.

[b] *With men-like men*, of strange *inconstancy*.] So the old copies, except that they omit *strange*, which was added by the editor of the folio, 1632. As the expression *men-like men* is obscure, Hanmer reads "*vane*-like men;" Mason proposes "*moon*-like men;" and Mr. Collier suggests that we should read—

"With men-like *women* of inconstancy."

Which, but that *men-like* might have been a term of reproach as *man-kind* was, I should have preferred to either of the other emendations.

[c] *Or groan for* Joan?] The quarto in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire reads, "Or grone for *Love*."

She, an attending star,[a] scarce seen a light.
BIRON. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Biron:
O, but for my love, day would turn to night!
Of all complexions, the cull'd sovereignty
Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek,
Where several worthies make one dignity;
Where nothing wants, that want itself doth seek.
Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues,—
Fie, painted rhetoric! O, she needs it not:
To things of sale a seller's praise belongs;
She passes praise: then praise too short doth blot.
A wither'd hermit, five-score winters worn,
Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye:
Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,
And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy.
O, 't is the sun that maketh all things shine!
KING. By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.
BIRON. Is ebony like her? O wood* divine!
A wife of such wood were felicity.
O, who can give an oath? where is a book?
That I may swear, beauty doth beauty lack,
If that she learn not of her eye to look:
No face is fair, that is not full so black.
KING. O paradox! Black is the badge of hell,
The hue of dungeons, and the stole† of night;
And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.
BIRON. Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of light.
O, if in black my lady's brows be deck'd,
It mourns, that painting, and[b] usurping hair,

[a] *She, an* attending star,—] It was a prevailing notion formerly that the moon had an attending star. Lilly calls it *Lunisequa*, and Sir Richard Hawkins, in his "Observations on a Voyage to the South Seas, in 1593," published in 1622, remarks:—"Some I have heard say, and others write, that there is a starre which never separateth itself from the moon, but a small distance," &c.

(*) Old editions, *word*. (†) Old editions, *school*.

[b] And *usurping hair*,—] *And* is not in the early editions. The folio of 1632, *an*.

Should ravish doters with a false aspect;
And therefore is she born to make black fair.
Her favour turns the fashion of the days,
For native blood is counted painting now;
And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,
Paints itself black to imitate her brow.

DUM. To look like her, are chimney-sweepers black.

LONG. And, since her time, are colliers counted bright.

KING. And Ethiops of their sweet complexion crack.

DUM. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.

BIRON. Your mistresses dare never come in rain,
For fear their colours should be wash'd away.

KING. 'T were good, yours did; for, sir, to tell you plain,
I'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day.

BIRON. I'll prove her fair, or talk till doomsday here.

KING. No devil will fright thee then so much as she.

DUM. I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.

LONG. Look, here's thy love: my foot and her face see. [*Showing his shoe.*

BIRON. O, if the streets were paved with thine eyes,
Her feet were much too dainty for such tread!

DUM. O vile! then as she goes, what upward lies
The street should see as she walk'd over head.

KING. But what of this? Are we not all in love?

BIRON. O, nothing so sure; and thereby all forsworn.

KING. Then leave this chat; and, good Biron, now prove
Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.

DUM. Ay, marry, there;—some flattery for this evil.

LONG. O, some authority how to proceed;
Some tricks, some quillets, how to cheat the devil.

DUM. Some salve for perjury.

BIRON. O, 't is more than need!—
Have at you then, affection's men at arms:[a]
Consider, what you first did swear unto;—
To fast,—to study,—and to see no woman:—
Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.
Say, can you fast? your stomachs are too young;
And abstinence engenders maladies.
And where that you have vow'd to study, lords,
In that each of you hath forsworn his book:
Can you still dream, and pore, and thereon look?
For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,
Have found the ground of study's excellence,
Without the beauty of a woman's face?
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive: (4)
They are the ground, the books, the academes,
From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.
Why, universal plodding poisons up
The nimble spirits in the arteries;
As motion, and long-during action, tires
The sinewy vigour of the traveller.
Now, for not looking on a woman's face,
You have in that forsworn the use of eyes;
And study too, the causer of your vow:
For where is any author in the world,
Teaches such beauty[b] as a woman's eye?
Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,
And where we are, our learning likewise is.
Then, when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,[c] (4)
Do we not likewise see our learning there?
O, we have made a vow to study, lords,
And in that vow we have forsworn our books;
For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,
In leaden contemplation, have found out
Such fiery numbers, as the prompting eyes
Of beauty's tutors have enrich'd you with?
Other slow arts entirely keep the brain;
And therefore finding barren practisers,
Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil:
But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain;
But with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in every power;
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious seeing to the eye;
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind:
A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,
When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd:
Love's feeling is more soft, and sensible,
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails:
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste:
For valour, is not Love a Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?
Subtle as sphynx; as sweet, and musical,
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;
And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes* heaven drowsy with the harmony.
Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink were temper'd with Love's sighs;
O, then his lines would ravish savage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humility.

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a Affection's men at arms:] That is to say, *Love's soldiers.*

b *Such beauty as a woman's eye?*] Mr. Collier's annotator suggests, "Such *learning*," &c. If any change is necessary, I should prefer reading, "Such *study*," &c.

(*) Old editions, *Make.*

c We see in ladies' eyes,—] After this line, the words, "*With ourselves*," have, apparently by inadvertence, been inserted in the early copies. See Note (4), Illustrative Comments on Act IV.

n women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
y sparkle still the right Promethean fire;
y are the books, the arts, the academes,
t show, contain, and nourish all the world;
, none at all in aught proves excellent:
n fools you were, these women to forswear;
keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.
wisdom's sake, a word that all men love;
for love's sake, a word that loves all men;
for men's sake, the authors * of these women;
women's sake, by whom we men are men;
us once lose our oaths to find ourselves,
else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths:
is religion to be thus forsworn:
r charity itself fulfils the law;
nd who can sever love from charity?

KING. Saint Cupid, then! and, soldiers, to the field!

BIRON. Advance your standards, and upon them, lords;
ell-mell, down with them! but be first advis'd,
n conflict that you get the sun of them.

LONG. Now to plain-dealing; lay these glozes by;
Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France?

KING. And win them too: therefore let us devise
Some entertainment for them in their tents.

BIRON. First, from the park let us conduct them thither;
Then, homeward, every man attach the hand
Of his fair mistress: in the afternoon
We will with some strange pastime solace them,
Such as the shortness of the time can shape;
For revels, dances, masks, and merry hours,
Forerun fair Love, strewing her way with flowers.

KING. Away, away! no time shall be omitted,
That will betime,[a] and may by us be fitted.

BIRON. *Allons! Allons!*[b] — Sow'd cockle reap'd no corn;
And justice always whirls in equal measure:
Light wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn;
If so, our copper buys no better treasure.

[*Exeunt.*

(*) Old editions, *author*.

[a] *That will* betime, &c.] This is invariably printed, "That will be time," &c.; with what meaning, I am at a loss to know. If *betime* is right, it appears to be used like *beteem*, from the Anglo-Saxon, *Tyen-an*, to bear, to yield, &c.; but I suspect Shakespeare wrote, "That will *betide*," &c., i. e. *will fall out*, will come to pass, &c.

[b] *Allons! Allons!*—] The old copies, read, "Alone, alone;" which may be right, and mean *along*. The word occurs again at the end of the first scene of Act V. of this Play, in "The Tempest," Act IV. Sc. 1,—*Let's alone*, where it has been the source of interminable controversy; and in other places in these dramas,—in the sense of *along*; and, in every instance, it is spelt *alone*. I find it with the same meaning in Beaumont and Fletcher's Play of "The Loyal Subject," Act III. Sc. 5, where it rhymes to *gone*; and could hardly, therefore, in that case, be a misprint.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Another part of the same.*

Enter HOLOFERNES, *Sir* NATHANIEL, *and* DULL.[a]

HOL. *Satis quod*[b] *sufficit.*

NATH. I praise God for you, sir: your reasons at dinner have been sharp and sententious; pleasant without scurrility, witty without affection,[c] audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy. I did converse this *quondam* day with a companion of the king's, who is intituled, nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armado.

HOL. *Novi hominem tanquam te:* His humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thrasonical. He is too picked,[d] too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it.

NATH. A most singular and choice epithet.

[*Takes out his table-book.*

HOL. He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such fanatical phantasms, such insociable and point-devise companions; such rackers of

---

a Enter Holofernes, Sir Nathaniel, and Dull.] In the quarto and the folio, 1623, the direction here is, "Enter the Pedant, Curate, and Dull." And Holofernes is styled the "Pedant," to the end of the Scene.

b *Satis quod sufficit.*] The ancient copies have *quid;* and in them the errors in the Latinity are so frequent and so barbarous that, for mercy to the reader, I have refrained from noting them severally, and have silently adopted the obvious corrections of my predecessors.

c *without affection,*—] That is, without *affectation.* Thus, in "Hamlet," Act II. Sc. 2,—

"No matter that might indite the author of *affection*."

d *He is too* picked,—] *Picked* was applied both to manners and to dress. It seems to have meant, *scrupulously nice;* or, as we should now term it, *priggish, foppish.* "Hamlet," Act. V. Sc. 1, says,

"—— the age is grown so *picked.*"

So Chaucer, "Prologue to the Canterbury Tales," speaking of the dresses of the haberdasher, dyer, &c. tells us, l. 367,—

"Ful freshe and newe ther geare *ypicked* was."

Again, in Chapman's Play of "All Fools," Act V. Sc. 1,—

"I think he was some barber's son, by the mass,
'Tis such a *picked* fellow, not a hair
About his whole bulk, but it stands in print."

orthography, as to speak, dout, fine, when he should say, doubt: det, when he should pronounce debt;—d, e, b, t; not d, e, t:—he clepeth a calf, cauf; half, hauf; neighbour, *vocatur*, nebour; neigh, abbreviated, ne: This is abhominable,[a] (which he would call abominable*) it insinuateth me of insanie:[b] *Ne intelligis, domine?* to make frantic, lunatic.

NATH. *Laus Deo, bone intelligo.*

HOL. *Bone?——bone*, for *benè:* Priscian a little scratch'd; 't will serve.

Enter ARMADO, MOTH, *and* COSTARD.

NATH. *Videsne quis venit?*

HOL. *Video et gaudeo.*

ARM. Chirra! [*To* MOTH.

HOL. *Quare* Chirra, not sirrah?

ARM. Men of peace, well encountered.

HOL. Most military sir, salutation.

MOTH. They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps. [*To* COSTARD *aside.*

COST. O, they have lived long on the alms-basket of words! I marvel, thy master hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not so long by the head as *honorificabilitudinitatibus:* thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon.

MOTH. Peace! the peal begins.

ARM. Monsieur [*to* HOL.], are you not lettered?

MOTH. Yes, yes; he teaches boys the horn-book:—
What is a, b, spelt backward, with the horn on his head?

HOL. Ba, *pueritia*, with a horn added.

MOTH. Ba, most silly sheep, with a horn.—You hear his learning.

HOL. *Quis, quis*, thou consonant?

MOTH. The third † of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth, if I.

HOL. I will repeat them, a, e, i.—

MOTH. The sheep: the other two concludes it; o, u.

ARM. Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterraneum, a sweet touch, a quick venew (1) of wit: snip, snap, quick, and home; it rejoiceth my intellect: true wit.

MOTH. Offer'd by a child to an old man; which is wit-old.

HOL. What is the figure? what is the figure?

MOTH. Horns.

HOL. Thou disputest like an infant: go, whip thy gig.

MOTH. Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy *circùm circà:* A gig of a cuckold's horn!

COST. An I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy gingerbread: hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou halfpenny purse of wit, thou pigeon-egg of discretion. O, an the heavens were so pleased that thou wert but my bastard! what a joyful father wouldst thou make me! Go to; thou hast it *ad dunghill*, at the fingers' ends, as they say.

HOL. O, I smell false Latin; dunghill for *unguem.*

ARM. Arts-man, *præambula;* we will be singled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-house on the top of the mountain?

HOL. Or, *mons*, the hill.

ARM. At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain.

HOL. I do, sans question.

ARM. Sir, it is the king's most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate the princess at her pavilion, in the posteriors of this day; which the rude multitude call the afternoon.

HOL. The posterior of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the afternoon: the word is well culled; choice,* sweet, and apt, I do assure you, sir, I do assure.

ARM. Sir, the king is a noble gentleman; and my familiar, I do assure you, very good friend:—For what is inward between us, let it pass:—I do beseech thee, remember thy courtesy:[c]—I beseech thee, apparel thy head:—And among other importunate and most serious designs,—and of great import indeed, too;—but let that pass:—for I must tell thee, it will please his grace (by the world) sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder; and with his royal finger, thus, dally with my excrement, with my mustachio: but, sweet heart, let that pass. By the world, I recount no fable; some certain special honours it

(*) Old copies, *abhominable.* (†) Old editions, The *last.*

[a] Abhominable,—] The antiquated mode of spelling the word, which appears to have been in a transition state at the period when the present Play was written.

[b] *It insinuateth me of* insanie:] The old editions have *infamie.* For this and other corrections in the speech we are indebted to Theobald.

[c] *I do beseech thee*, remember thy courtesy:] The words *remember thy courtesy* have been a stumbling-block to all the commentators. Mr. Malone wrote a very long note to prove that we should read, "remember *not* thy courtesy;" and Mr. Dyce says, nothing can be more evident than that Shakespeare so wrote. Whatever may have been the meaning of the words, or whether they were a mere complimentary periphrasis, without

(*) First folio, *culd, chose, &c.*

any precise signification, the following quotations prove, I think beyond question, that the old text is right; and that the expression refers—not, as Mr. Knight supposes, to any obligation of secrecy, but simply to the Pedant's standing bare-headed,—

"I pray you *be remembred*, and cover your head."
Lusty Juventus. Hawkins' Edition, p. 142.

"Then I pray *remember your courtesy.*"
MARLOWE'S *Faustus*, Act IV. Sc. 3.

"Pray you *remember your courts'y* * *
* * * * * Nay, pray you be cover'd."
BEN JONSON'S *Every Man in His Humour*, Act I. Sc. 1. Gifford's Edition.

pleaseth his greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world: but let that pass.—The very all of all is,—but, sevet heart, I do implore secrecy,—that the king would have me present the princess, sweet chuck, with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antic, or fire-work. Now, understanding that the curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions, and sudden breaking out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance.

HOL. Sir, you shall present before her the nine Worthies.—Sir Nathaniel,* as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be rendered by our assistance,—the king's command, and this most gallant, illustrate, and learned gentleman,—before the princess; I say, none so fit as to present the nine Worthies.

NATH. Where will you find men worthy enough to present them?

HOL. Joshua, yourself; myself, or† this gallant gentleman, Judas Maccabæus; this swain, because of his great limb or joint, shall pass Pompey the great; the page, Hercules.

ARM. Pardon, sir, error: he is not quantity enough for that worthy's thumb: he is not so big as the end of his club.

HOL. Shall I have audience? he shall present Hercules in minority: his *enter* and *exit* shall be strangling a snake; and I will have an apology for that purpose.

MOTH. An excellent device! so, if any of the audience hiss, you may cry, *Well done, Hercules! now thou crushest the snake!* that is the way to make an offence gracious; though few have the grace to do it.

ARM. For the rest of the Worthies?—

HOL. I will play three myself.

MOTH. Thrice-worthy gentleman!

ARM. Shall I tell you a thing?

HOL. We attend.

ARM. We will have, if this fadge[a] not, an antic. I beseech you, follow.

HOL. *Via*, goodman Dull! thou hast spoken no word all this while.

DULL. Nor understood none neither, sir.

HOL. *Allons!*[b] we will employ thee.

DULL. I'll make one in a dance, or so; or I will play on the tabor to the Worthies, and let them dance the hay.[c]

HOL. Most dull, honest Dull, to our sport, away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another part of the same. Before the* Princess's *Pavilion.*

Enter the PRINCESS, KATHARINE, ROSALINE, *and* MARIA.

PRIN. Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,
If fairings come thus plentifully in:
A lady wall'd about with diamonds!
Look you, what I have from the loving king.

ROS. Madam, came nothing else along with that?

PRIN. Nothing but this? yes, as much love in rhyme,
As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper,
Writ on both sides of the leaf, margent and all;
That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.

ROS. That was the way to make his godhead wax;[d]
For he hath been five thousand years a boy.

KATH. Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.

ROS. You'll ne'er be friends with him; 'a kill'd your sister.

KATH. He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy;
And so she died: had she been light, like you,
Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,
She might have been a grandam ere she died:
And so may you; for a light heart lives long.

ROS. What's your dark meaning, mouse, of this light word?

KATH. A light condition in a beauty dark.

ROS. We need more light to find your meaning out.

KATH. You'll mar the light, by taking it in snuff;[e]
Therefore, I'll darkly end the argument.

(*) Old editions, Sir *Holofernes.* (†) Old editions, *and.*

[a] *If this* fadge *not,*—] *To fadge* is *to fit, to suit, to agree with.*

[b] Allons!] See note (b) at page 81.

[c] *And let them dance the* hay.] This dance, Doi ce informs us, was borrowed from the French, and is classed among the *brawls* in Thoinot Arbeau's "Orchesographie," 4to. 1588.

[d] *To make his godhead* wax;] *To wax,* is *to grow.* We say, he *waxes* in years. The moon *waxes* and *wanes.*

"So ripe is vice, so green is virtue's bud,
The world doth *wax* in ill, but wane in good."
SOUTHWELL, *Rursus ad Eundem.*

[e] *Taking it* in snuff;] This was a favourite conceit with Shakespeare and the writers of his time. To take anything *in snuff,* was *to take it in dudgeon, to be in ill temper.* Hence the equivoque, which was sometimes in allusion to snuff for the nose, and sometimes to the snuff of a candle. Everybody is familiar with Hotspur's fop and his pouncet-box,—

"—— which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took 't away again;—
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff."

So in "Midsummer-Night's Dream," Act V. Sc. 1.—

"He dares not come there, for the candle; for you see, it is already *in snuff.*"

So, too, in Decker's "Satiro-mastix," where the characters are speaking of tobacco,—

"—— 'tis enough,
Having so much fool, to *take him in snuff.*"

ROS. Look, what you do; you do it still i' the dark.
KATH. So do not you; for you are a light wench.
ROS. Indeed, I weigh not you; and therefore light.
KATH. You weigh me not,—O, that's you care not for me.
ROS. Great reason; for, Past cure is still past care.[a]
PRIN. Well bandied both; a set of wit well play'd.
But, Rosaline, you have a favour too:
Who sent it? and what is it?
ROS. I would, you knew:
An if my face were but as fair as yours,
My favour were as great; be witness this.
Nay, I have verses too, I thank Biron:
The numbers true; and, were the numb'ring too,
I were the fairest goddess on the ground:
I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs.
O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter!
PRIN. Anything like?
ROS. Much, in the letters; nothing in the praise.
PRIN. Beauteous as ink; a good conclusion.
KATH. Fair as a text B in a copy-book.
ROS. 'Ware pencils,[b] Ho! let me not die your debtor,
My red dominical, my golden letter:[c]
O that your face were not so* full of O's!
PRIN. A pox of that jest! and I[d] beshrew all shrows!
But, Katharine, what was sent to you from fair Dumain?
KATH. Madam, this glove.
PRIN. Did he not send you twain?
KATH. Yes, madam; and moreover,
Some thousand verses of a faithful lover;
A huge translation of hypocrisy,
Vilely compil'd, profound simplicity.
MAR. This, and these pearls, to me sent Longaville;
The letter is too long by half a mile.
PRIN. I think no less: Dost thou not† wish in heart,
The chain were longer, and the letter short?

(*) First folio omits *not so*. (†) First folio omits *not*.

a Past cure is still past care.] The old editions transpose the words *cure* and *care*; but Rosaline is quoting a familiar adage,—"Things past *cure*, past *care*."

b 'Ware pencils, Ho!] The elder copies read, *Ware pensals. How?* Mr. Dyce has shown that, in books of the period, *Ho!* is frequently printed *How?* but he is wrong in saying that all editions have hitherto retained the old reading. Sir Thomas Hanmer, in his edition, 1744, gives the lection in the text.

c *My* golden *letter*:] Rosaline was a "darke ladye;" Katharine fair and golden haired; and, as in the early alphabets for children, A was printed in red, and B in black, ink, the taunting allusions are sufficiently expressive.

MAR. Ay, or I would these hands might never part.
PRIN. We are wise girls to mock our lovers so.
ROS. They are worse fools to purchase mocking so.
That same Biron I'll torture ere I go.
O, that I knew he were but in by the week![e]
How I would make him fawn, and beg, and seek;
And wait the season, and observe the times,
And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhymes;
And shape his service wholly to my behests;*
And make him proud to make me proud that jests!
So portent-like[f] would I o'ersway his state,
That he should be my fool, and I his fate.
PRIN. None are so surely caught, when they are catch'd,
As wit turn'd fool: folly, in wisdom hatch'd,
Hath wisdom's warrant, and the help of school;
And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.
ROS. The blood of youth burns not with such excess,
As gravity's revolt to wantonness.†
MAR. Folly in fools bears not so strong a note,
As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote;
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

Enter BOYET.

PRIN. Here comes Boyet, and mirth is‡ in his face.
BOYET. O, I am stabb'd with laughter! Where's her grace?
PRIN. Thy news, Boyet?
BOYET. Prepare, madam, prepare!—
Arm, wenches, arm! encounters mounted are
Against your peace: Love doth approach disguis'd,
Arm'd in arguments; you'll be surpris'd:
Muster your wits; stand in your own defence;
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.
PRIN. Saint Dennis to Saint Cupid! What are they,
That charge their breath against us? say, scout, say.
BOYET. Under the cool shade of a sycamore,
I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour;
When, lo! to interrupt my purpos'd rest,

(*) The quarto and first folio have *device*.
(†) The quarto and first folio read *wantons be*.
(‡) First folio omits *is*.

d *And* I beshrew *all shrows!*] *To beshrew*, is *to imprecate sorrow*, or *evil*, on any person or thing, *to curse*, &c.

e *He were but* in by the week!] To be *in by the week*, i.e. for a fixed period, was a frequent saying in former times; and is supposed to be taken from the custom of hiring servants, or operatives, generally.

f *So* portent-like—] The old copies have *pertaunt-like*. Hanmer first suggested *portent-like;* and he has been followed by most of the subsequent editors.

Toward that shade I might behold address'd
The king and his companions: warily
I stole into a neighbour thicket by,
And overheard what you shall overhear;
That, by and by, disguis'd they will be here.
Their herald is a pretty knavish page,
That well by heart hath conn'd his embassage:
Action, and accent, did they teach him there;
Thus must thou speak, and thus thy body bear:
And ever and anon they made a doubt,
Presence majestical would put him out;
For, quoth the king, *an angel shalt thou see;*
Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously.
The boy replied, *An angel is not evil;*
I should have fear'd her had she been a devil.
With that all laugh'd, and clapp'd him on the shoulder;
Making the bold wag by their praises bolder.
One rubb'd his elbow, thus; and fleer'd, and swore,
A better speech was never spoke before:
Another with his finger and his thumb,
Cried, *Via! we will do't, come what will come:*
The third he caper'd, and cried, *All goes well.;*
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.
With that, they all did tumble on the ground,
With such a zealous laughter, so profound,
That, in this spleen ridiculous, appears,
To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.[a]

PRIN. But what, but what, come they to visit us?

BOYET. They do, they do; and are apparell'd thus,—
Like Muscovites, or Russians, as I guess.
Their purpose is, to parle, to court, and dance:
And every one his love-feat will advance
Unto his several mistress; which they'll know
By favours several, which they did bestow.

PRIN. And will they so? the gallants shall be task'd:—
For, ladies, we will every one be mask'd;
And not a man of them shall have the grace,
Despite of suit, to see a lady's face.
Hold, Rosaline, this favour thou shalt wear,
And then the king will court thee for his dear;

[a] To check their folly, *passion's* solemn *tears.*] Mr. Collier's annotator, for "*solemn* tears," reads "*sudden* tears," which is, at least, a very plausible suggestion. But whether we have *sudden*, or *solemn* tears, I cannot help believing the line should run,—

To check their *folly's passion*, &c.

Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine;
So shall Biron take me for Rosaline.—
And change your favours too; so shall your loves
Woo contrary, deceiv'd by these removes.

ROS. Come on then; wear the favours most in sight.

KATH. But, in this changing, what is your intent?

PRIN. The effect of my intent is, to cross theirs:
They do it but in mocking merriment;
And mock for mock is only my intent.
Their several counsels they unbosom shall
To loves mistook; and so be mock'd withal,
Upon the next occasion that we meet,
With visages display'd, to talk and greet.

ROS. But shall we dance, if they desire us to't?

PRIN. No; to the death we will not move a foot,
Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace:
But, while 'tis spoke, each turn away her* face.

BOYET. Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's † heart,
And quite divorce his memory from his part.

PRIN. Therefore I do it; and, I make no doubt,
The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out.
There's no such sport as sport by sport o'erthrown;
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own:
So shall we stay, mocking intended game;
And they, well mock'd, depart away with shame.
[*Trumpets sound within.*

BOYET. The trumpet sounds; be mask'd, the maskers come. [*The ladies mask.*

Enter the KING, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, *and* DUMAIN, *in Russian habits, and masked;* MOTH, Musicians, *and* Attendants.

MOTH. *All hail the richest beauties on the earth!*

BIRON. Beauties no richer than rich taffata.
[*Aside.*

MOTH. *A holy parcel of the fairest dames,*
[The ladies turn their backs to him.
That ever turn'd their—backs—to mortal views!

BIRON. *Their eyes,* villain, *their eyes!*

MOTH. *That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views!*
Out—

BOYET. True; *out,* indeed.

MOTH. *Out of your favours, heavenly spirits, vouchsafe*
Not to behold—

BIRON. *Once to behold,* rogue.

MOTH. *Once to behold with your sun-beamed eyes,—*
With your sun-beamed eyes—

(*) Old copies, *his.* (†) First folio, *keeper's.*

BOYET. They will not answer to that epithet,
You were best call it, daughter-beamed eyes.

MOTH. They do not mark me, and that brings me out.

BIRON. Is this your perfectness? begone, you rogue!

ROS. What would these strangers? know their minds, Boyet:
If they do speak our language, 'tis our will
That some plain man recount their purposes:
Know what they would.

BOYET. What would you with the princess?

BIRON. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.

ROS. What would they, say they?

BOYET. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.

ROS. Why, that they have; and bid them so be gone.

BOYET. She says, you have it, and you may be gone.

KING. Say to her, we have measur'd many miles,
To tread a measure(2) with her* on the grass.

BOYET. They say that they have measur'd many a mile,
To tread a measure with you on this grass.

ROS. It is not so; ask them how many inches
Is in one mile: if they have measur'd many,
The measure then of one is easily told.

BOYET. If, to come hither, you have measur'd miles,
And many miles, the princess bids you tell,
How many inches do † fill up one mile.

BIRON. Tell her, we measure them by weary steps.

BOYET. She hears herself.

ROS. How many weary steps,
Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,
Are number'd in the travel of one mile?

BIRON. We number nothing that we spend for you;
Our duty is so rich, so infinite,
That we may do it still without accompt.
Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face,
That we, like savages, may worship it.

ROS. My face is but a moon, and clouded too.

KING. Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds do!
Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to shine
(Those clouds remov'd) upon our watery eyne.

ROS. O vain petitioner! beg a greater matter;
Thou now request'st but moonshine in the water.

KING. Then, in our measure, do but vouchsafe one change:
Thou bidd'st me beg; this begging is not strange.

ROS. Play, music, then: nay, you must do it soon. [*Music plays.*

(*) First folio, *you.* (†) Old editions, *doth.*

Not yet;—no dance:—thus change I like the moon.

KING. Will you not dance? How come you thus estrang'd?

ROS. You took the moon at full; but now she's chang'd.

KING. Yet still she is the moon, and I the man.[a]

The music plays; vouchsafe some motion to it.[b]

ROS. Our ears vouchsafe it.

KING. But your legs should do it.

ROS. Since you are strangers, and come here by chance,

We'll not be nice: take hands;—we will not dance.

KING. Why take we * hands, then?

ROS. Only to part friends:—

Court'sy, sweet hearts, and so the measure ends.

KING. More measure of this measure; be not nice.

ROS. We can afford no more at such a price.

KING. Prize you † yourselves: What buys your company?

[a] — *she is the* moon, *and I the* man.] An allusion to a stage character, with whom the audience of Shakespeare's day was perfectly familiar—*the Man in the Moon.*

(*) First folio, *you.* (†) First folio omits *you.*

[b] Vouchsafe some motion to it.] The early copies assign this line to Rosaline.

ROS. Your absence only.
KING. That can never be.
ROS. Then cannot we be bought: and so adieu;
Twice to your visor, and half once to you!
KING. If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.
ROS. In private then.
KING. I am best pleas'd with that.
[*They converse apart.*
BIRON. White-handed mistress, one sweet word with thee.
PRIN. Honey, and milk, and sugar; there is three.
BIRON. Nay, then, two treys (an if you grow so nice),
Metheglin, wort, and malmsey.—Well run, dice!
There's half a dozen sweets.
PRIN. Seventh sweet, adieu!
Since you can cog,[a] I'll play no more with you.
BIRON. One word in secret.
PRIN. Let it not be sweet.
BIRON. Thou griev'st my gall.
PRIN. Gall? bitter.
BIRON. Therefore meet.
[*They converse apart.*
DUM. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?
MAR. Name it.
DUM. Fair lady,—
MAR. Say you so? Fair lord,—
Take* that for your fair lady.
DUM. Please it you,
As much in private, and I'll bid adieu.
[*They converse apart.*
KATH. What, was your visor made without a tongue?
LONG. I know the reason, lady, why you ask.
KATH. O, for your reason! quickly, sir; I long.
LONG. You have a double tongue within your mask,
And would afford my speechless visor half.
KATH. Veal, quoth the Dutchman:—Is not veal a calf?
LONG. A calf, fair lady?
KATH. No, a fair lord calf.
LONG. Let's part the word.
KATH. No, I'll not be your half:
Take all, and wean it; it may prove an ox.
LONG. Look, how you butt yourself in these sharp mocks!
Will you give horns, chaste lady? do not so.
KATH. Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.
LONG. One word in private with you, ere I die.
KATH. Bleat softly then, the butcher hears you cry.
[*They converse apart.*
BOYET. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
As is the razor's edge invisible,
Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen;
Above the sense of sense: so sensible
Seemeth their conference; their conceits have wings,
Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter things.
ROS. Not one word more, my maids; break off, break off.
BIRON. By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff!
KING. Farewell, mad wenches; you have simple wits.
[*Exeunt* KING, Lords, MOTH, *Music, and* Attendants.
PRIN. Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovits.—
Are these the breed of wits so wonder'd at?
BOYET. Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths puff'd out.
ROS. Well-liking wits they have; gross, gross; fat, fat.
PRIN. O poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout![b]
Will they not, think you, hang themselves to-night?
Or ever, but in visors, show their faces?
This pert Biron was out of countenance quite.
ROS. O! they were all in lamentable cases!
The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.
PRIN. Biron did swear himself out of all suit.
MAR. Dumain was at my service, and his sword;
No *point*,[c] quoth I; my servant straight was mute.
KATH. Lord Longaville said, I came o'er his heart;
And trow you what he call'd me?
PRIN. Qualm, perhaps.
KATH. Yes, in good faith.
PRIN. Go, sickness as thou art!
ROS. Well, better wits have worn plain statute-caps,(3)
But will you hear? the king is my love sworn.
PRIN. And quick Biron hath plighted faith to me.
KATH. And Longaville was for my service born.
MAR. Dumain is mine, as sure as bark on tree.
BOYET. Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear:

(*) First folio, "Take *you* that."

[a] *Since you can* cog,—] *To cog* the dice is to load them for cheating; and hence when any one deceives or defrauds another, he is said *to cog*.

[b] *O poverty in wit*, kingly-poor flout!] No ingenuity has yet succeeded in extracting sense from this passage. It appears to me manifestly corrupt, and the misprint to have been occasioned by a transposition. *Kingly-poor*, I suspect, is no other than a printer's error for *poor-lyking*. Rosaline, in irony, speaks of their visitors having rich, *well-liking*, i.e. good-conditioned, wits; to which the Princess replies:—

"O poverty in wit, *poor-liking* flout!"

Liking, of old, was spelt, indifferently, *liking*, or *lyking*.

[c] *No* point,—] See note (c), p. 62.

Immediately they will again be here
In their own shapes; for it can never be,
They will digest this harsh indignity.
PRIN. Will they return?
BOYET. They will, they will, God knows,
And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows:
Therefore, change favours; and, when they repair,
Blow like sweet roses in this summer air.
PRIN. How blow? how blow? speak to be understood.
BOYET. Fair ladies, mask'd, are roses in their bud:
Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture shown,
Are angels vailing clouds, or roses blown.
PRIN. Avaunt, perplexity! What shall we do,
If they return in their own shapes to woo?
ROS. Good madam, if by me you'll be advis'd,
Let's mock them still, as well known, as disguis'd:
Let us complain to them what fools were here,
Disguis'd like Muscovites, in shapeless gear;
And wonder what they were; and to what end
Their shallow shows, and prologue vilely penn'd,
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our tent to us.
BOYET. Ladies, withdraw: the gallants are at hand.
PRIN. Whip to our tents, as roes run over land.*
[*Exeunt* PRINCESS, ROS., KATH., *and* MARIA.

Enter the KING, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, *and* DUMAIN, *in their proper habits.*

KING. Fair sir, God save you! Where is† the princess?
BOYET. Gone to her tent: Please it your majesty,
Command me any service to her thither?‡
KING. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.
BOYET. I will; and so will she, I know, my lord. [*Exit.*
BIRON. This fellow pecks § up wit, as pigeons peas,
And utters it again when God‖ doth please:
He is wit's pedler; and retails his wares
At wakes, and wassails, meetings, markets, fairs;
And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with such show.
This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve;
Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve:
He can carve (4) too, and lisp: Why, this is he,
That kiss'd away his hand in courtesy;
This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,
That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice
In honourable terms; nay, he can sing
A mean most meanly; and, in ushering,
Mend him who can: the ladies call him, sweet;
The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet:
This is the flower that smiles on every one,
To show his teeth as white as whales' bone:
And consciences, that will not die in debt,
Pay him the due* of *honey-tongued* Boyet.
KING. A blister on his sweet tongue, with my heart,
That put Armado's page out of his part!

Enter the PRINCESS, *ushered by* BOYET; ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, *and* Attendants.

BIRON. See where it comes!—Behaviour, what wert thou,
Till this† man show'd thee? and what art thou now?
KING. All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of day!
PRIN. Fair, in all hail, is foul, as I conceive.
KING. Construe my speeches better, if you may.
PRIN. Then wish me better, I will give you leave.
KING. We came to visit you; and purpose now
To lead you to our court; vouchsafe it then.
PRIN. This field shall hold me; and so hold your vow:
Nor God, nor I, delights in perjur'd men.
KING. Rebuke me not for that which you provoke;
The virtue of your eye must break my oath.
PRIN. You nick-name virtue: vice you should have spoke;
For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.
Now, by my maiden honour, yet as pure
As the unsullied‡ lily, I protest,
A world of torments though I should endure,
I would not yield to be your house's guest:
So much I hate a breaking-cause to be
Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.
KING. O, you have liv'd in desolation here,
Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.
PRIN. Not so, my lord, it is not so, I swear;
We have had pastimes here, and pleasant game;
A mess of Russians left us but of late.
KING. How, madam? Russians?
PRIN. Ay, in truth, my lord;
Trim gallants, full of courtship, and of state.
ROS. Madam, speak true:—It is not so, my lord;
My lady (to the manner of the days),
In courtesy, gives undeserving praise.
We four, indeed, confronted were with four

(*) Old copies, *runnes ore land.* (†) Old copies, *where's.*
(‡) First folio omits *thither.* (§) First folio, *picks.*
‖ First folio, *Jore.*

(*) First folio, *duty.* (†) Old editions. *madman.*
(‡) Old editions, *unsullied.*

bit; here they stay'd an hour,
ace; and in that hour, my lord,
bless us with one happy word.
l them fools; but this I think,
e thirsty, fools would fain have drink.
is jest is dry to me. Fair gentle-
et,[a]
kes wise things foolish; when we
et
t seeing heaven's fiery eye,
ose light: Your capacity
ure, that to your huge store
eem foolish, and rich things but poor.
proves you wise and rich, for in my
,—
m a fool, and full of poverty.
hat you take what doth to you belong,
t to snatch words from my tongue.
I am yours, and all that I possess.
he fool mine?
I cannot give you less.
h of the visors was it that you wore?
here? when? what visor? why de-
nd you this?
e, then, that visor; that superfluous
e,
worse, and show'd the better face.
are descried: they 'll mock us now
vnright.
us confess, and turn it to a jest.
az'd, my lord? Why looks your
hness sad?
, hold his brows! he 'll swoon! Why
k you pale?—
ink, coming from Muscovy.
ius pour the stars down plagues for
jury.
ce of brass hold longer out?—
, lady; dart thy skill at me;
with scorn, confound me with a flout;
arp wit quite through my ignorance;
pieces with thy keen conceit;
sh thee never more to dance
more in Russian habit wait.
l I trust to speeches penn'd,
motion of a schoolboy's tongue;
ne in visor to my friend;
rhyme, like a blind harper's song:
es, silken terms precise,
hyperboles, spruce affectation,*
ational; these summer-flies
n me full of maggot ostentation:
them: and I here protest,

By this white glove, (how white the hand, God knows!)
Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd
In russet yeas, and honest kersey noes:
And, to begin, wench,—so God help me, la!—
My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.

Ros. *Sans* SANS, I pray you.

BIRON. Yet I have a trick
Of the old rage:—bear with me, I am sick;
I 'll leave it by degrees. Soft, let us see;—
Write *Lord have mercy on us*,(5) on those three;
They are infected, in their hearts it lies;
They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes:
These lords are visited; you are not free,
For the Lord's tokens on you do I see.

PRIN. No, they are free that gave these tokens to us.

BIRON. Our states are forfeit, seek not to undo us.

Ros. It is not so. For how can this be true,
That you stand forfeit, being those that sue?

BIRON. Peace; for I will not have to do with you.

Ros. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.

BIRON. Speak for yourselves, my wit is at an end.

KING. Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude transgression
Some fair excuse.

PRIN. The fairest is confession.
Were you not here, but even now, disguis'd?

KING. Madam, I was.

PRIN. And were you well advis'd?

KING. I was, fair madam.

PRIN. When you then were here,
What did you whisper in your lady's ear?

KING. That more than all the world I did respect her.

PRIN. When she shall challenge this, you will reject her.

KING. Upon mine honour, no.

PRIN. Peace, peace, forbear;
Your oath once broke, you force[b] not to forswear.

KING. Despise me, when I break this oath of mine.

PRIN. I will: and therefore keep it:—Rosaline,
What did the Russian whisper in your ear?

Ros. Madam, he swore that he did hold me dear
As precious eye-sight: and did value me
Above this world: adding thereto, moreover,
That he would wed me, or else die my lover.

PRIN. God give thee joy of him! the noble lord
Most honourably doth uphold his word.

(*) Old copies, *affection*.

[a] *eet,*—] *Fair* was supplied by the second folio, ie reads "*My*."

[b] *to forswear.*] To *force not* is *to care not*. Mr. Collier gives a very apposite illustration of this old use of the word,—

"O Lorde! some good body for God's sake, gyve me meate,
I *force* not what it were, so that I had to eate."
Int. of Jacob and Esau, 1568, Act II. Sc. 2.

KING. What mean you, madam? by my life, my troth,
I never swore this lady such an oath.
ROS. By heaven, you did; and to confirm it plain,
You gave me this; but take it, sir, again.
KING. My faith, and this, the princess I did give;
I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.
PRIN. Pardon me, sir, this jewel did she wear;
And lord Biron, I thank him, is my dear:—
What; will you have me, or your pearl again?
BIRON. Neither of either; I remit both twain.
I see the trick on 't:—Here was a consent,
(Knowing aforehand of our merriment,)
To dash it like a Christmas comedy:
Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight zany,
Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some Dick,—
That smiles his cheek in years;[a] and knows the trick
To make my lady laugh, when she 's dispos'd,—
Told our intents before: which once disclos'd,
The ladies did change favours; and then we,
Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she.
Now to our perjury to add more terror,
We are again forsworn: in will, and error.
Much upon this it is:*—And might not you,
[*To* BOYET.
Forestal our sport, to make us thus untrue?
Do not you know my lady's foot by the squire,[b]
And laugh upon the apple of her eye?
And stand between her back, sir, and the fire,
Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?
You put our page out: Go, you are allow'd;[c]
Die when you will, a smock shall be your shroud.
You leer upon me, do you? there 's an eye,
Wounds like a leaden sword.
BOYET. Full merrily
Hath this brave manage,[d] this career, been run.
BIRON. Lo, he is tilting straight! Peace; I have done.

Enter COSTARD.

Welcome, pure wit! thou partest a fair fray.
COST. O Lord, sir, they would know,
Whether the three Worthies shall come in, or no.
BIRON. What, are there but three?
COST. No, sir; but it is vara fine,
For every one pursents three.
BIRON. And three times thrice is nine.
COST. Not so, sir: under correction, sir; I hope, it is not so:
You cannot beg us,(6) sir, I can assure you, sir; we know what we know;
I hope, sir, three times thrice, sir,—
BIRON. Is not nine.
COST. Under correction, sir, we know whereuntil it doth amount.
BIRON. By Jove, I always took three threes for nine.
COST. O Lord, sir, it were pity you should get your living by reckoning, sir.
BIRON. How much is it?
COST. O Lord, sir, the parties themselves, the actors, sir, will show whereuntil it doth amount: for mine own part, I am, as they say, but to parfect one man, in one poor man; Pompion the great, sir.
BIRON. Art thou one of the Worthies?
COST. It pleased them to think me worthy of Pompey the great;[e] for mine own part, I know not the degree of the Worthy; but I am to stand for him.
BIRON. Go, bid them prepare.
COST. We will turn it finely off, sir; we will take some care. [*Exit* COSTARD.
KING. Biron, they will shame us, let them not approach.
BIRON. We are shame-proof, my lord: and 't is some policy
To have one show worse than the king's and his company.
KING. I say, they shall not come.
PRIN. Nay, my good lord, let me o'er-rule you now:
That sport best pleases that doth least know how:
Where zeal strives to content, and the contents
Dies in the zeal of that which it presents,[f]
Their form confounded makes most form in mirth;
When great things labouring perish in their birth.
BIRON. A right description of our sport, my lord.

(*) Old copies, *'tis.*

[a] *That smiles his cheek* in years;] One that by incessant grinning wears his face into wrinkles. Thus, in the "Merchant of Venice," Act I. Sc. 1,—

"With mirth and *laughter* let old *wrinkles* come."

[b] *By the* squire,—] From the French *esquiere, a square,* or *rule.*

[c] Go, you are allow'd;] That is, you are *hired, licensed* as a fool or jester,—

"There is no slander in an *allow'd* fool."
Twelfth Night, Act I. Sc. 5.

[d] *Hath this brave* manage,—] The quarto has *nuage,* and the folio, 1623, *manager.*

[e] Pompey *the great;*] Some surprise has been expressed at Costard's first pronouncing the name *Pompion,* and then giving it, immediately after, correctly; but his former speeches show either that his rusticity is merely assumed, and put on and off at pleasure, or that Shakespeare had never finally settled whether to make him a fool natural or artificial, and so left him neither one nor the other.

[f] Where zeal strives to content, and the contents
Dies in the zeal of that which it presents,—]

This passage, as it stands, looks like a printer's jumble. Some editors have attempted to render it intelligible by substituting *die* for *dies,* and *them* for *that;* and others, *lies,* in place of *dies.* Perhaps we should read:—

Where zeal strives to content, and *discontent*
Dies in the zeal of them which it present.

Shakespeare has before indulged in the same antithesis,—

"Sister, *content* you in my *discontent.*"
Taming of the Shrew, Act I. Sc. 1.

Enter ARMADO.

ARM. Anointed, I implore so much expense of thy royal sweet breath, as will utter a brace of words. [ARMADO *converses with the* KING, *and delivers him a paper.*

PRIN. Doth this man serve God?

BIRON. Why ask you?

PRIN. He speaks not like a man of God's making.

ARM. That 's all one, my fair, sweet, honey monarch: for, I protest, the schoolmaster is exceedingly fantastical; too-too vain; too-too vain: But we will put it, as they say, to *fortuna della guerra.** I wish you the peace of mind, most royal couplement! [*Exit* ARMADO.

KING. Here is like to be a good presence of Worthies: He presents Hector of Troy; the swain, Pompey the great; the parish curate, Alexander; Armado's page, Hercules; the pedant, Judas Machabæus.

And if these four Worthies in their first show thrive,
These four will change habits, and present the other five.

BIRON. There is five in the first show.

KING. You are deceiv'd, 't is not so.

BIRON. The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest, the fool, and the boy:—

Abate[a] throw at novum; and the whole world again
Cannot prick out five such, take each one in his vein.

KING. The ship is under sail, and here she comes amain.

[*Seats brought for the* KING, PRINCESS, *&c.*

Pageant of the Nine Worthies.(7)

Enter COSTARD, *armed, for* Pompey.

COST. *I Pompey am,—*

BOYET. You lie,[b] you are not he.

COST. *I Pompey am,—*

BOYET. With libbard's head on knee.

BIRON. Well said, old mocker; I must needs be friends with thee.

COST. *I Pompey am, Pompey surnam'd the big,—*

DUM. *The great.*

(*) Old editions, *fortuna delaguar.*

[a] Abate throw at novum;] *Novum*, or *novem*, was a game played with dice, at which five and nine appear to have been the best throws; but what *abate* means here, has yet to be shown. The usual reading is,—

"Abate *a* throw," &c.

COST. It is *great*, sir;—*Pompey surnam'd the great;*
That oft in field, with targe and shield, did make my foe to sweat:
And travelling along this coast, I here am come by chance;
And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass of France.
If your ladyship would say, *Thanks, Pompey,* I had done.

PRIN. Great thanks, great Pompey.

COST. 'T is not so much worth; but, I hope, I was perfect: I made a little fault in *great.*

BIRON. My hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves the best Worthy.

Enter NATHANIEL, *armed, for* Alexander.

NATH. *When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander;*
By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquering might:
My 'scutcheon plain declares that I am Alisander.

BOYET. Your nose says, no, you are not; for it stands too right.

BIRON. Your nose smells, no, in this, most tender-smelling knight.

PRIN. The conqueror is dismay'd: Proceed, good Alexander.

NATH. *When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander.*

BOYET. Most true, 't is right; you were so, Alisander.

BIRON. Pompey the great,—

COST. Your servant, and Costard.

BIRON. Take away the conqueror, take away Alisander.

COST. O, sir [*to* NATH.], you have overthrown Alisander the conqueror! You will be scraped out of the painted cloth for this: your lion, that holds his poll-ax sitting on a close stool, will be given to A-jax: he will be the ninth Worthy. A conqueror, and afeard* to speak! run away for shame, Alisander. [NATH. *retires.*] There, an 't shall please you; a foolish mild man; an honest man, look you, and soon dash'd! He is a marvellous good neighbour, in sooth; and a very good bowler: but, for Alisander, alas, you see how 't is;—a little o'erparted:—But there are Worthies a coming will speak their mind in some other sort.

PRIN. Stand aside, good Pompey.

(*) First folio, *afraid.*

[b] *You* lie,—] We must suppose that, on his entrance, Costard prostrates himself before the court; hence Boyet's joke.

Enter HOLOFERNES *for* Judas, *and* MOTH *for* Hercules.

HOL. *Great Hercules is presented by this imp,*
Whose club killed Cerberus, that three-headed canus:
And when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,
Thus did he strangle serpents in his manus:
Quoniam, he seemeth in minority;
Ergo, I come with this apology.—
Keep some state in thy exit, and vanish.
[*Exit* MOTH.

Judas, I am.—

DUM. A Judas!

HOL. Not Iscariot, sir.—
Judas, I am, ycleped Machabæus.

DUM. Judas Machabæus clipt, is plain Judas.

BIRON. A kissing traitor:—How art thou prov'd Judas?

HOL. *Judas, I am.*—

DUM. The more shame for you, Judas.

HOL. What mean you, sir?

BOYET. To make Judas hang himself.

HOL. Begin, sir; you are my elder.

BIRON. Well followed: Judas was hang'd on an elder.

HOL. I will not be put out of countenance.

BIRON. Because thou hast no face.

HOL. What is this?

BOYET. A cittern-head.

DUM. The head of a bodkin.

BIRON. A death's face in a ring.

LONG. The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.

BOYET. The pummel of Cæsar's faulchion.

DUM. The carved bone face[a] on a flask.

BIRON. St. George's half-cheek in a brooch.

DUM. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.

BIRON. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer. And now, forward; for we have put thee in countenance.

HOL. You have put me out of countenance.

BIRON. False: we have given thee faces.

HOL. But you have out-fac'd them all.

BIRON. An thou wert a lion, we would do so.

BOYET. Therefore, as he is an ass, let him go. And so adieu, sweet Jude! nay, why dost thou stay?

DUM. For the latter end of his name.

BIRON. For the ass to the Jude; give it him: —Jud-as,(8) away!

HOL. This is not generous; not gentle; not humble.

BOYET. A light for monsieur Judas: it grows dark, he may stumble.

PRIN. Alas, poor Machabæus, how hath he been baited!

Enter ARMADO, *armed, for* Hector.

BIRON. Hide thy head, Achilles; here comes Hector in arms.

DUM. Though my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry.

KING. Hector was but a Trojan in respect of this.

BOYET. But is this Hector?

DUM. I think Hector was not so clean-timbered.

LONG. His leg is too big for Hector.

DUM. More calf, certain.

BOYET. No; he is best indued in the small.

BIRON. This cannot be Hector.

DUM. He's a god or a painter; for he makes faces.

ARM. *The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,*
Gave Hector a gift,—

DUM. A gilt nutmeg.

BIRON. A lemon.

LONG. Stuck with cloves.

DUM. No, cloven.

ARM. Peace![*]

The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,
Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion:
A man so breath'd that certain he would fight ye[†]
From morn till night, out of his pavilion.
I am that flower,—

DUM. That mint.

LONG. That columbine.

ARM. Sweet lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.

LONG. I must rather give it the rein, for it runs against Hector.

DUM. Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.

ARM. The sweet war-man is dead and rotten; sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried: when he breathed, he was a man[b]—But I will forward with my device: Sweet royalty [*to the* PRINCESS], bestow on me the sense of hearing.

[BIRON *whispers* COSTARD.

PRIN. Speak, brave Hector: we are much delighted.

ARM. I do adore thy sweet grace's slipper.

BOYET. Loves her by the foot.

DUM. He may not by the yard.

ARM. *This Hector far surmounted Hannibal,*—

COST. The party is gone, fellow Hector, she is gone; she is two months on her way.

---

a *bone face on a flask.*] *Query, Boni-face, or Bon-face?*

b When he breathed, he was a man—] These words are from the quarto. The folio, 1623, omits them.

(*) First folio omits *Peace.* (†) Old copies *yea.*

ARM. What meanest thou?

COST. Faith, unless you play the honest Trojan, the poor wench is cast away: she 's quick; the child brags in her belly already; 't is yours.

ARM. Dost thou infamonize me among potentates? thou shalt die.

COST. Then shall Hector be whipped for Jaquenetta that is quick by him; and hanged for Pompey that is dead by him.

DUM. Most rare Pompey!

BOYET. Renowned Pompey!

BIRON. Greater than great, great, great, great Pompey! Pompey the huge!

DUM. Hector trembles.

BIRON. Pompey is moved:—More Ates, more Ates; stir them on! stir them on!

DUM. Hector will challenge him.

BIRON. Ay, if he have no more man's blood in 's belly than will sup a flea.

ARM. By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

COST. I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man; I 'll slash; I 'll do it by the sword:—I pray you, let me borrow my arms again.

DUM. Room for the incensed Worthies.

COST. I 'll do it in my shirt.

DUM. Most resolute Pompey!

MOTH. Master, let me take you a button-hole lower. Do you not see, Pompey is uncasing for the combat? What mean you? you will lose your reputation.

ARM. Gentlemen, and soldiers, pardon me; I will not combat in my shirt.

DUM. You may not deny it; Pompey hath made the challenge.

ARM. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

BIRON. What reason have you for 't?

ARM. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt; I go woolward for penance.[a]

BOYET. True, and it was enjoin'd him in Rome for want of linen; since when, I 'll be sworn, he wore none but a dishclout of Jaquenetta's; and that 'a* wears next his heart, for a favour.

Enter MERCADE.

MER. God save you, madam!

PRIN. Welcome, Mercade;
But that thou interrupt'st our merriment.

MER. I am sorry, madam; for the news I bring
Is heavy in my tongue. The king, your father—

PRIN. Dead, for my life.

MER. Even so; my tale is told.

BIRON. Worthies, away; the scene begins to cloud.

ARM. For mine own part, I breathe free breath: I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole of discretion, and I will right myself like a soldier. [*Exeunt* Worthies.

KING. How fares your majesty?

PRIN. Boyet, prepare; I will away to-night.

KING. Madam, not so; I do beseech you, stay.

PRIN. Prepare, I say.—I thank you, gracious lords,
For all your fair endeavours; and entreat,
Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe
In your rich wisdom, to excuse, or hide,
The liberal opposition of our spirits:
If over-boldly we have borne ourselves
In the converse of breath, your gentleness
Was guilty of it.—Farewell, worthy lord!
A heavy heart bears not a humble tongue:[b]
Excuse me so, coming too* short of thanks
For my great suit so easily obtain'd.

KING. The extreme parts[c] of time extremely forms
All causes to the purpose of his speed;
And often, at his very loose, decides
That which long process could not arbitrate:
And though the mourning brow of progeny
Forbid the smiling courtesy of love,
The holy suit which fain it would convince;[d]
Yet, since love's argument was first on foot,
Let not the cloud of sorrow justle it
From what it purpos'd; since, to wail friends lost,
Is not by much so wholesome-profitable,
As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

PRIN. I understand you not; my griefs are double.*

(*) Folio, 1623, *he*.

a *I go* woolward *for penance.*] To go *woolward*, i. e. to go with a woollen garment next the skin, was a penance appointed for pilgrims and penitents; and from this arose the saying, when any one was shirtless, that he went *woolward*. Thus, in Lodge's "Incarnate Devils," 1596,—"His common course is to go always untrust; except when his *shirt is a washing*, and then he goes *woolward*."

And in Samuel Rowland's collection of Epigrams and Satyres, which he quaintly intitules, "The Letting of Humour's Blood in the Head Vaine," &c., Satyre 4:—

"He takes a common course to goe untrust,
Except his shirt 's a washing; then he must
Goe *wool ward* for the time."

b *A heavy heart bears not* a humble *tongue:*] I am very doubtful of the genuineness of this line; the true lection is probably,—

"A heavy heart bears *but* a humble tongue."

Or, as Theobald suggested,

"A heavy heart bears not a *nimble* tongue."

c *The extreme* parts *of time*] The word *parts* here is an admitted interpolation. Mr. Singer proposes to substitute *haste*. Mr. Collier's corrector rewrites the line, —

"The extreme *parting* time *expressly* forms," &c.

A much slighter change will render the sense clear. I would read,

"The extreme *dart* of time extremely forms
All causes to the purpose of his speed," &c.

And I am strengthened in my belief that *parts* is a corruption for *dart* by the next line, —

"And often, at his very *loose*, decides," &c.

(*) First folio, *so*.

To *loose* an arrow is to discharge it from the bow:—"th' Archers terme, who is not said to finish the feate of his shot before he give the *loose*, and deliver his arrow from his bow."—PUTTENHAM's *Arte of English Poesie*, 1589, p. 145.

Thus, in "Midsummer-Night's Dream," Act II. Sc. 1,—

"And *loos'd* his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts."

So also in Ben Jonson's "Every Man out of His Humour," Act III. Sc. 3 (Gifford's Edition): "—— her brain 's a very quiver of jests! and she does dart them abroad with that sweet *loose*, and judicial aim, that you would —" &c. Where, from not knowing, strangely enough, the technical meaning of this term, the accomplished editor has punctuated the passage thus,—"She does dart them abroad with that sweet, loose, and judicial aim," &c.

By the *extreme dart* of time, the King means as he directly after explains it,—"The latest minute of the hour."

d *Which fain it would* convince;] *To convince* is *to conquer, to overcome*. So in "Macbeth," Act I. Sc. 7,

"—— his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassel so *convince*," &c.

* *I understand you not; my griefs are* double.] For *double*, which seems a very inapposite expression, Mr. Collier's corrector suggests *dull*,—a good conjecture; but, as coming nearer to the letters in the text, I think it more likely the poet wrote,

"—— my griefs *hear dully*."

Which, besides, appears to lead more naturally to Biron's rejoinder:—

"Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief."

BIRON. Honest plain words best pierce the ear* of grief;—
And by these badges understand the king.
For your fair sakes have we neglected time;
Play'd foul play with our oaths: your beauty, ladies,
Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humours
Even to the opposed end of our intents;
And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,—
As love is full of unbefitting strains,
All wanton as a child, skipping, and vain;
Form'd by the eye, and, therefore, like the eye,
Full of strange† shapes, of habits, and of forms,
Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll
To every varied object in his glance:
Which party-coated presence of loose love
Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,
Have misbecom'd our oaths and gravities,
Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults,
Suggested us to make: Therefore, ladies,
Our love being yours, the error that love makes
Is likewise yours: we to ourselves prove false,
By being once false, for ever to be true
To those that make us both,—fair ladies, you:
And even that falsehood, in itself a sin,
Thus purifies itself, and turns to grace.

PRIN. We have receiv'd your letters, full of love;
Your favours, the ambassadors of love;
And, in our maiden council, rated them
At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy,
As bombast, and as lining to the time;*
But more devout than this, in‡ our respects,
Have we not been; and therefore met your loves
In their own fashion, like a merriment.

DUM. Our letters, madam, show'd much more than jest.

LONG. So did our looks.

ROS. We did not quote§ them so.

KING. Now, at the latest minute of the hour,
Grant us your loves.

PRIN. A time, methinks, too short
To make a world-without-end bargain in:
No, no, my lord, your grace is perjur'd much,
Full of dear guiltiness; and, therefore this,—
If for my love (as there is no such cause)
You will do aught, this shall you do for me:
Your oath I will not trust; but go with speed
To some forlorn and naked hermitage,
Remote from all the pleasures of the world;
There stay, until the twelve celestial signs
Have brought about their annual reckoning:
If this austere insociable life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;
If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds,
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,
But that it bear this trial, and last love;[b]
Then, at the expiration of the year,
Come challenge me, challenge me by these deserts,
And, by this virgin palm, now kissing thine,
I will be thine; and, till that instant, shut
My woeful self up in a mourning house,
Raining the tears of lamentation
For the remembrance of my father's death.
If this thou do deny, let our hands part,
Neither intitled in the other's heart.

KING. If this, or more than this, I would deny,
To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,
The sudden hand of death close up mine eye!
Hence ever, then, my heart is in thy breast.[c]

DUM. But what to me, my love? but what to me?

KATH. A wife!—A beard, fair health, and honesty;
With three-fold love I wish you all these three.

DUM. O, shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife?

KATH. Not so, my lord;—a twelvemonth and a day,
I'll mark no words that smooth-fac'd wooers say:
Come when the king doth to my lady come,
Then, if I have much love, I'll give you some.

DUM. I'll serve thee true and faithfully till then.

KATH. Yet swear not, lest you be forsworn agen.[d]

LONG. What says Maria?

MAR. At the twelvemonth's end,
I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.

LONG. I'll stay with patience; but the time is long.

MAR. The liker you; few taller are so young.

BIRON. Studies my lady? mistress, look on me,
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,
What humble suit attends thy answer there;
Impose some service on me for thy* love.

(*) First folio, *ears*. † Old copies, *straying*.
(‡) The quarto omits *in*. First folio reads *these are*.
(§) First folio, *coat*.

* *As bombast, and as lining to the time;*] *Bombast* was a sort of wadding used to fill out the dresses formerly.

[b] —*and last love;*] The old copies concur in this reading, but *love* is not improbably a misprint for *proof*,—
"But that it bear this trial and last proof."

[c] In the old copies, and in most of the modern editions also, the following lines now occur:—
"BIRON. And what to me, my love? and what to me?
ROS. You must be purged too, your sins are rank;
You are attaint with faults and perjury;
Therefore if you my favour mean to get,
A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never rest,
But seek the weary beds of people sick."
On comparing these five lines of Rosaline with her subsequent speech, of which they are a comparatively tame and feeble abridgement, it is evident that Biron's question and the lady's reply in this place are only part of the poet's first draft, and were intended by him to be struck out when the Play was augmented and corrected. Their retention in the text answers no purpose but to detract from the force and elegance of Rosaline's expanded answer immediately afterwards, and to weaken the dramatic interest of the two leading characters. See Note (4) of the Illustrative Comments on Act IV.

[d] —*forsworn* agen.] So the old copies, and rightly. Modern editors, regardless of the rhyme, have substituted, *again*.

(*) First folio, *my*.

[illegible] heard of you, my lord Biron,
[illegible] the world's large tongue
[illegible] with mocks:
[illegible] and wounding flouts.
[illegible] will encounter.
[illegible] of your wit.
[illegible] from your fruitful brain.
[illegible] to win me, if you please.
[illegible] I am not to be won.
[illegible] from day to day.
[illegible] sick, and still converse
[illegible] wrenches, and your task shall be,
[illegible] endeavour of your wit.
[illegible] pained impotent to smile.
Biron. To move wild laughter in the throat of death?
It cannot be; it is impossible:
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.
Kath. Why, that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools:
A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then, if sickly ears,
Deafed with the clamours of their own dear groans,
Will hear your idle scorns, continue then,
And I will have you, and that fault withal;
But, if they will not, throw away that spirit,
And I shall find you, empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your reformation.
Biron. A twelvemonth? well, befal what will befal,
I'll jest a twelvemonth in an hospital.
Prin. Ay, sweet my lord; and so I take my leave. [*To the* King.
King. No, madam, we will bring you on your way.
Biron. Our wooing doth not end like an old play;
Jack hath not Jill: these ladies' courtesy
Might well have made our sport a comedy.
King. Come, sir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day,
And then 't will end.
Biron. That 's too long for a play.

Enter Armado.

Arm. Sweet majesty vouchsafe me,—
Prin. Was not that Hector?
Dum. The worthy knight of Troy.

[a] *When daisies pied,* | *Pied* means *party-coloured*, of *different* [illegible] Thus, in the "Merchant of Venice," Act I. Sc. 3:—

"That all the eanlings which were streaked and *pied*."

[b] And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,] In the old copies the four first lines of the stanza are arranged in couplets, and run thus:—

"When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And cuckoo buds of yellow hue,

Arm. I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave: I am a votary; I have vowed to Jaquenetta to hold the plough for her sweet love three years. But, most esteemed greatness, will you hear the dialogue that the two learned men have compiled, in praise of the owl and the cuckoo? it should have followed in the end of our show.

King. Call them forth quickly, we will do so.

Arm. Holla! approach.

Enter Holofernes, Nathaniel, Moth, Costard, *and others.**

This side is Hiems, winter: this Ver, the spring: the one maintained by the owl, the other by the cuckoo. Ver, begin.

The Song.

I.

Spring. *When daisies pied,*[a] *and violets blue,*
And lady-smocks all silver white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,[b]
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

II.

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer-smocks,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

III.

Winter. *When icicles hang by the wall,*
And Dick *the shepherd blows his nail,*
And Tom *bears logs into the hall,*
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who;[c]
Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan *doth keel the pot.*

* First folio, *Enter all.*

And lady-smocks all silver white,
Do paint the meadows with delight."

But, as in all the other stanzas the rhymes are alternate, this was most probably an error of the compositor; and I have adopted the transposition, which Theobald was the first to make.

[c] To-who;] A modern addition, to correspond with "cuckoo" in the previous verses, and without which the two last verses could hardly be sung to the same tune.

IV.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's *nose looks red and raw;*
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who;
Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan *doth keel the pot.*

ARM. The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo. You, that way; we, this way. [*Exeunt.*

ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

ACT I.

(1) SCENE I.—

> — *brave conquerors!—for so you are,*
> *That war against your own affections,*
> *And the huge army of the world's desires.*]

There is a passage in "The Hystorie of Hamblet, Prince of Denmarke," (London, 1608,) which strikingly resembles the above both in thought and expression. It is there said that Hamlet "in all his honorable actions made himself worthy of perpetuall memorie, if one onely spotte had not blemished and darkened a good part of his prayses. For that *the greatest victorie that a man can obtaine is to make himselfe victorious and lord over his owne affections, and that restraineth the unbridled desires of his concupiscence;*" see Mr. Collier's reprint in "Shakespeare's Library," vol. i. p. 180.

(2) SCENE I.—*A high hope for a low heaven.*] Upon maturer consideration, I am disposed to believe the *low heaven*, and the *god* from whom Biron expected *high words*, refer to the *Stage* Heaven, and its hectoring Jupiter, whose lofty, huff-cap style was a favourite topic for ridicule.

> "If Jove speak English, in a thundering cloud,
> 'Thwick, thwack,' and 'riff-raff,' roars he out aloud."
> HALL'S *Satires, Book I. Sat. VI.*

See an interesting and suggestive article on the *Heaven* of the old theatres in "A Specimen of a Commentary on Shakspeare," by W. Whiter, 1794, pp. 153—166.

(3) SCENE II.—*You are a gentleman, and a gamester.*] Of the extent to which the practice of gambling was carried in Shakespeare's time, we have abundant testimony in the literature of that period. There are few plays or books of any description, illustrative of the social habits of the people, which have not some allusion to this prevalent vice. According to Drake, it "had become almost universal in the days of Elizabeth; and," he remarks, "if we may credit George Whetstone,* had reached a prodigious degree of excess. Speaking of the licentiousness of the stage previous to the appearance of Shakspeare, he adds:—'But, there are in the bowels of this famous citie, farre more daungerous playes, & little reprehended: that wicked playes of the dice, first invented by the devyll, (as Cornelius Agrippa wryteth) & frequented by unhappy men: the detestable roote, upon which a thousand villanies growe.

"'The nurses of thease (worse than heathnysh) hellish exercises are places called *ordinary tables:* of which there are in London more in nomber, to honor the devyll, then churches to serve the living God.—P. 24.

"'I constantly determine to crosse the streets where these vile houses (ordinaries) are planted, to blesse me from the entisements of thō, which in very deed are many, and the more dangerous, in that they please with a vain hope of gain. Insomuch on a time, I heard a distemperate dicer solemnly sweare that he faithfully beleeved, *that dice were first made of the bones of a witch, & cards of her skin,* in which there hath ever sithence remained an inchantment, yt whosoever once taketh delight in either, he shall never have power utterly to leave them; for quoth he, I a hundred times vowed to leave both, yet have not the grace to forsake either.'—P. 32.

"No opportunity for the practice of this ruinous habit seems to have been omitted, and we find the modern mode of gambling, by taking the odds, to have been fully established towards the latter end of the sixteenth century; for Gilbert Talbot, writing to his father, the Earl of Shrewsbury, on May the 15th, 1579, after informing His Lordship that the matter of the Queen's marriage with Monsieur 'is growne very colde,' subjoins, 'and yet I know a man may take a thousande pounds, in this towne, to be bounde to pay doble so muche when Monsr cūmethe into Inglande, and treble so muche when he marryethe the Q. Matie, and if he nether doe the one nor the other, to gayne the thousande poundes cleare.'"

(4) SCENE II.—*The dancing horse will tell you.*] This famous quadruped and his exploits are often referred to by the old writers. He was called *Marocco*, but is usually mentioned as "Bankes's horse," from the name of his owner, and appears to have been an animal of wonderful aptitude and docility. His first exhibition is said to have been in 1589; and Sir Kenelm Digby observes, that he "would restore a glove to the due owner, after the master had whispered the man's name in his ear; would tell the just number of pence in any piece of silver coin, newly showed him by his master," &c.—*A Treatise on Bodies*, c. xxxviii. p. 393.

His most celebrated performance was the ascent to the top of St. Paul's, in 1600, an exploit referred to in Decker's "Gull's Horn-Booke," 1609:—"from hence you may descend to talk about the horse that went up; and strive if you can to know his keeper;" &c. And also in the Blacke Booke, by Middleton, 1604:—"May not the devil, I pray you, walk in Paul's, as well as the horse go a' top of Paul's, for I am sure I was not far from his keeper."

In a rare quarto, called "Tarlton's Jests," &c. published in 1611, we are told,—"There was one Banks (in the time of Tarlton), who served the Earle of Essex, and had a horse of strange qualities; and being at the Crosse-keyes in Gracious street, getting money with him, as he was mightily resorted to; Tarlton, then (with his fellowes) playing at the Bell by, came into the Crosse-keyes (amongst many people) to see fashions; which Banks perceiving, (to make the people laugh,) saies, 'Signor,' (to his horse,) 'go fetch me the veryest foole in the company.' The jade comes immediately, and with his mouth drawes Tarlton forth. Tarlton (with merry words) said nothing but '*God a mercy, horse!*' In the end, Tarlton, seeing the people laugh so, was angry inwardly, and said, 'Sir, had I power of your horse, as you have, I would do more than that.' 'Whate'er it be,' said Banks (to please

* Has the *second* part of his work, "The Enemie to Unthryftiness" (1586), entitled, "An Addition or Touchstone for the times; exposing the dangerous Mischiefes, that the dycing Houses (commonly called) Ordinarie Tables, and other (like) Sanctuaries of Iniquitie do dayly breede within the Bowelles of the famous Citie of London, by George Whetstone, *Gent.*"

him), 'I will charge him to do it.' 'Then,' saies Tarlton, 'charge him to bring me the veriest —— master in the company.' 'He shall,' (saies Banks.) 'Signor,' (saies he,) 'bring master Tarlton here, the veriest —— master in the company.' The horse leades his master to him. '*Then, God a mercy, horse, indeed!*' saies Tarlton. The people had much ado to keep peace; but Banks and Tarlton had like to have squared, and the horse by to give aim. But ever after it was a by-word thorow London, '*God a mercy, horse!*' and is to this day."

In 1601 he was exhibited at the Golden Lion, Rue Saint Jaques, in Paris; and in the notes to a French translation of the "Golden Ass" of Apuleius, by Jean de Montlyard, Sieur de Melleray, first pointed out by Douce, he is described as *a middle-sized bay English gelding, about fourteen years old*. This work furnishes a very good account of his tricks, which seem to have been much of the same description as those practised by the learned pigs, dogs, and horses of our own time. While in France, poor Bankes and his curtail ran a narrow escape of being sacrificed as magicians,—a fate it has been feared, from a passage in Ben Jonson's 134th Epigram, and a note in the mock-romance of "Don Zara del Fogo," 1660, which really did befal them not long afterwards in Rome.

(5) SCENE II.—*Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the beggar?*] Two versions of this once popular ditty have come down to us. The elder is probably that printed in "Percy's Reliques," vol. i. p. 183, ed. 1767, from Richard Johnson's "Crown garland of Goulden Roses," 1612, and intituled, "A Song of a Beggar and a King." Whether this was the original of which Moth declares "The world was very guilty some three ages since," it is not easy to determine. It begins:—

"I read that once in Affrica,
A princely wight did raine,
Who had to name Cophetua,
As poets they did faine.
From nature's laws he did decline,
For sure he was not of my mind,
He cared not for women-kinde,
But did them all disdaine.
But marke what hapned on a day,
As he out of his window lay
He saw a beggar all in gray,
The which did cause his paine."

The second stanza is memorable, from Mercutio's quoting the opening line:—

"Young Abraham Cupid, he that *shot so trim*,
When King Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid."
Romeo and Juliet, Act II. Sc. 1.

"The blinded boy that shootes so trim
From heaven downe did hie;
He drew a dart and shot at him
In place where he did lye;
Which soone did pierse him to the quicke,
And when he felt the arrow pricke,
Which in his tender heart did sticke,
He looketh as he would dye.
What sudden chance is this, quoth he,
That I to love must subject be,
Which never thereto would agree,
But still did it defie?"

There are in all ten stanzas, of which that descriptive of the wedding of the king with "Penelophon" is, perhaps, the best:—

"And when the wedding day was come
The king commanded strait
The nobiemen, both all and some,
Upon the queene to wait.
And she behav'd herself that day
As if she had never walk't the way;
She had forgot her gowne of gray,
Which she did weare of late.
The proverbe old is come to passe,
The priest when he begins his masse,
Forgets that ever clerke he was;
He knowth not his estate."

ACT II.

(1) SCENE I.—
His face's own margent did quote such amazes,
That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes.]

In the "Rape of Lucrece" we have the same metaphor:—

"But she, that never cop'd with stranger eyes,
Could pick no meaning from their parling looks,
Nor read the subtle shining secrecies
Writ in the glassy *margent* of such books."

Shakespeare was evidently fond of resembling the face to a book, and having once arrived at this similitude, the comparison, however odd, of the eyes to the margin, wherein of old the commentary on the text was printed, is not altogether unnatural. The following passage, which presents both the primary and subordinate metaphor, is the best example he has given us of this peculiar association of ideas:—

"What say you? can you love the gentleman?
This night you shall behold him at our feast;
Read o'er the *volume* of young Paris' *face*,
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;
Examine every married lineament,
And see how one another lends content;
And what obscur'd in this fair *volume* lies,
Find written in the *margent* of his eyes."
Romeo and Juliet, Act I. Sc. 3.

ACT III.

(1) SCENE I.—*Concolinel,——* [*Singing.*]

This might have been the beginning, or the title of some *pastorale*, usually sung here by the actor who represented Moth.

Steevens has cited several passages to show that the songs introduced in the old Plays were frequently left to the taste of the singer. From among the instances he has produced, the following are sufficiently decisive:—

"In Marston's "Dutch Courtesan," 1605:—"*Cantat Gallice.*" But no song is set down. In the same Play, Act V.:—

"*Cantat saltatque cum Cithara.*"

"Not one out of the many songs supposed to be sung in Marston's 'Antonio's Revenge,' 1602, are inserted; but instead of them, *cantant.*"—STEEVENS.

He has shown, too, that occasionally a still greater latitude was allowed to the players. In Greene's "Tu Quoque," 1614, the stage direction says:—

"Here they two talk and rail *what they list.*"

And in "King Edward IV. Part II." 1619:—

"Jockey is led whipping over the stage, speaking some words, but of no importance."

(2) SCENE I.—*Master, will you win your love with a French brawl?*] Marston, in his "Malcontent," describes this dance, but in a way that is quite unintelligible. It appears to have been performed by several persons joined hand to hand in a circle, and to have been the opening dance of a ball. Douce quotes the following account of "*Le branle du bouquet*," from "*Deux dialogues du nouveau langage François, Italianizé*," *&c.* Anvers, 1579, 24mo :—"Un des gentil-hommes et une des dames, estans les premiers en la danse, laissent les autres (qui cependant continuent la danse) et se mettans dedans la dicte compagnie, *vont baisans par ordre toutes les personnes qui y sont:* à sçavoir le gentil-homme les dames, et la dame les gentils-hommes. Puis ayans achevé leurs baisemens, au lieu qu'ils estoyent les premiers en la danse, se mettent les derniers. Et ceste façon de faire se continue par le gentil-homme et la dame qui sont les plus prochains, jusques à ce qu'on vienne aux derniers."—P. 385.

In Thoinot Arbeau's curious treatise on dancing, intituled "Orchesographie," Lengres, 1588, 4to, there is a *Scottish brawl*, the music of which is given in Douce's "Illustrations of Shakspeare," Vol. I. p. 219.

(3) SCENE I.—*By my penny of observation, &c.*] *Penny*, in days of yore, was used metaphorically to signify money, or means generally. In vol. i. p. 400, of the celebrated "Roxburgh Collection of Ballads," in the British Museum, is an old ballad,—"There's nothing to be had without Money;" the burden of which is, "But God a mercy penny." It is much too long to quote in full; but a few of the stanzas may be amusing to those who are not familiar with the quaint old lays which solaced and delighted our forefathers :—

"1. You gallants, and you swaggering blades,
Give ear unto my ditty;
I am a boon companion known
In country, town, or city;
I always lov'd to wear good clothes,
And ever scorned to take blows;
I am belov'd of all me know,
But God a mercy penny.

2. My father was a man well known,
That us'd to hoard up money;
His bags of gold, he said, to him
More sweeter were than honey.
But I, his son, will let it fly
In tavern, or in ordinary;
I am beloved in company,
But God a mercy penny.

3. Bear garden, when I do frequent,
Or the Globe on the Bankside,
They afford to me most rare content
As I full oft have tried.
The best pastime that they can make
They instantly will undertake,
For my delight and pleasure sake,
But God a mercy penny.

9. In every place whereas I came,
Both I and my sweet penny,
Got entertainment in the same,
And got the love of many;
Both tapsters, cooks, and vintners fine,
With other jovial friends of mine,
Will pledge my health in beer or wine,
But God a mercy penny."

If further proof of this figurative use of *penny* is required, it may readily be found in our old comedies; but perhaps the following will be sufficient :—

"—— a man may buy it with *his penny*."
All Fools, Act IV. Sc. 1.

"She had purchased with *her penny*."
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER'S *Wit without Money*.
Act IV. Sc. 3.

(4) SCENE I.—*The hobby-horse is forgot.*] "The Morris and the May-game of Robin Hood attained their most perfect form," Drake remarks, "when united with the *Hobby-horse* and the *Dragon*. Of these, the former was the resemblance of the head and tail of a horse, manufactured in pasteboard, and attached to a person, whose business it was, whilst he seemed to ride gracefully on its back, to imitate the prancings and curvetings of that noble animal, whose supposed feet were concealed by a footcloth reaching to the ground." Considerable practice, and some little skill, must have been required for the most perfect specimens of this burlesque *manege*. In "The Vow Breaker" of Sampson, one of these centaurs, enraged with the mayor of the town for being his rival, exclaims,—"Let the mayor play the hobby-horse among his brethren, an he will, I hope our towne-lads cannot want a hobby-horse. Have I practic'd my reines, my careeres, my pranckers, my ambles, my false trotts, my smooth ambles and Canterbury paces, and shall master mayor put me besides the hobby-horse?"

One of the first steps taken by the puritanical zealots of those days, for the suppression of the ancient May-day sports, was to prohibit this popular favourite; and the playwrights and ballad-mongers seem never weary of satirizing his banishment by their ludicrous repining. Shakespeare again refers to it in "Hamlet," Act III. Sc. 2 :—

"For O, for O, the *hobby-horse* is forgot."

And Ben Jonson, in his "Entertainment for the Queen and Prince at Althorpe :—

"But see *the hobby-horse is forgot*.
Fool, it must be your lot,
To supply his want with faces
And some other buffoon graces."

So, too, Beaumont and Fletcher, in their "Women Pleased," Act IV. Sc. 1 :—

"Shall *the hobby-horse be forgot, then*,
The hopeful *hobby-horse*, shall he lie founder'd?"

And in Greene's "Tu Quoque," 1614 :

"The other *hobby-horse*, I perceive, is not forgotten."

(5) SCENE I.—*Like a German clock.*] The earliest clocks used in this country came from Germany, and from their cumbrous, inartificial construction were likely to be often out of gear. Weston tells us he heard a French proverb that compared anything intricate and out of order to the coq de Strasburg, that belonged to the machinery of the town clock. The first clock of English manufacture is said to be the one at Hampton Court; which, according to the inscription once attached to it, was set up in 1540. Shakespeare is not singular in comparing a woman, from the elaboration of her toilet, to the complicated mechanism of a German clock. Ben Jonson, in his "Silent Woman," Act IV. Sc. 1. (Gifford's Ed.), has the same simile :—

"She takes herself asunder still when she goes to bed, into some twenty boxes; and about next day noon is put together again, like a great *German clock*."

So, also, Middleton, in "A Mad World, My Masters," 1608 :—

"What, is she took asunder from her clothes?
Being ready she consists of hundred pieces,
Much like a *German clock*, and near ally'd."

Thus, too, Decker and Webster in "Westward Hoe!" 1607 :—

"No *German clock*, no mathematical engine
Whatsoever, requires such reparation."

ACT IV.

(1) SCENE I.—*A Monarcho.*] This *Monarcho* was a crazy Italian, to whom allusion is made by many writers of the age. His mania consisted in believing himself king of the world!—

"Sole Monarch of the universal earth."

In "A Brief Discourse of the Spanish State," &c. 4to. 1590, p. 39, the following incident connected with his delusion is recorded:—"The actors were, that Bergamasco (for his phantastick humors) named *Monarcho*, and two of the Spanish embassadors retinue, who being about foure and twenty years past, in Paules Church in London, contended who was soveraigne of the world; the *Monarcho* maintained himself to be he, and named their King to be but his viceroy for Spain; the other two with great fury denying it." &c.

Churchyard wrote an epitaph, published in 1580, on this poor crack-brained being; an extract from which, as it contains the best account of him yet discovered, may not be unacceptable:—

"THE PHANTASTICALL *Monarckes* EPITAPHE.

"Though Dant be dedde, and Marrot lies in graue,
And Petrark's sprite bee mounted past our vewe,
Yet some doe liue (that poets humours haue)
To keepe old course with vains of verses newe:
Whose penns are prest to paint out people plaine,
That els a sleepe in silence should remaine:
Come poore old man that boare the *Monarks* name,
Thyne Epitaphe shall here set forthe thy fame.

Thy climyng mynde aspierd beyonde the starrs,
Thy loftie stile no yearthly titell bore:
Thy witts would seem to see through peace and warrs,
Thy tauntyng tong was pleasant sharpe and sore.
And though thy pride and pompe was somewhat vaine,
The *Monarcke* had a deepe discoursyng braine:
Alone with freend he could of wonders treate,
In publike place pronounce a sentence greate.

* * * * *

When straungers came in presence any wheare,
Straunge was the talke the *Monarke* uttred than:
He had a voice could thonder through the eare,
And speake mutche like a merry Christmas man:
But sure small mirthe his matter harped on.
His forme of life who lists to look upon,
Did shewe some witte, though follie fedde his will:
The man is dedde, yet *Monarks* liueth still."

(2) SCENE II.—'*Twas a pricket.*] In the Play called "The Return from Parnassus," 1606, we have the several appellations of the deer at his different stages of growth:—"Now, sir, a Bucke the first yeare is a Fawne; the second yeare a *pricket;* the third yeare a Sorell; the fourth yeare a Soare; the fift, a Buck of the first head; the sixt yeare a compleat Buck."

(3) SCENE II.—

——*Vinegia, Vinegia,*
Chi non te vede, ei non te pregia.]

A well-known proverbial sentence. In Howell's "Letters," b. I. sect. i. l. 36, it is quoted thus:—

"*Venetia, Venetia, chi non te vede, non te pregia,*
Ma chi t'ha troppo veduto le dispregia."

"Venice, Venice, none thee unseen can prize,
Who thee hath seen too much, will thee despise."

(4) SCENE III. *For when would you, my lord, or you, or you.*] In the present speech, as in that of Rosaline (p. 97), we appear to have got both the first sketch and the completed form of the poet's intention, which makes it extremely probable that the 4to. 1598, was composed from his own MS. There can be little doubt that the passage beginning as above, and the one lower down, both enclosed in brackets, commencing—

"For where is any author in the world,"

are a portion of the original draft of Biron's address, and were meant by the author to be erased after he corrected and enlarged the play. In a subsequent part of the speech we have the same ideas, and even the same expressions. It has been contended, indeed, that these repetitions were intentional, and the iteration an artifice of rhetoric; but Shakespeare never repeats himself unnecessarily, and it is too much to believe that he would lengthen out an address, already long enough, by conveying the same thoughts in the same language. The words, too, "With ourselves," which in the old copies occur under a line that bears a similar expression, point irresistibly to the conclusion, that the passages indicated were inadvertently left uncancelled, and so got into print with the amended version.

ACT V.

(1) SCENE I. *A quick venew of wit.*] The meaning of *venew*, or *venue*, a term used of old by fencers, was made the subject of a very animated war of words between Steevens and Malone, the former defining it to be a *bout*, or *set-to*, and the latter, a *hit*. Mr. Douce has shown clearly that *venue, stoccato*, and *imbrocato* denoted the same thing—a *hit, thrust, foin*, or *touch*. See Saviolo's treatise, called "Use of the rapier and dagger," 4to. 1595; Florio's Italian dictionary, 1598; and Howel's "Lexicon tetraglotton," 1660.

(2) SCENE II. *To tread a measure with her on the grass.*] A *measure* seems originally to have meant any dance the motions of which kept due touch to music:—

"And dancing is a moving all in *measure*."
Orchestra, by SIR JOHN DAVIES, 1622.

In time, however, it obtained a more precise signification, and was used to denote a movement slow, stately, and sweeping, like the modern minuet, which appears to be of the same character, and its legitimate successor:—

"But after these, as men more civil grew,
He did more *grave and solemn measures frame*
With such fair order and proportion true,
And correspondence ev'ry way the same,
That no fault-finding eye did ever blame."—*Orchestra.*

The *measures*, Reed tells us, "were performed at court, and at public entertainments of the societies of law and equity, at their halls, on particular occasions. It was formerly not deemed inconsistent with propriety even for the gravest persons to join in them; and accordingly at the revels which were celebrated at the inns of court, it has not been unusual for the first characters in the law to become performers in *treading the measures*."

In "Riche his Farewell to Militarie Profession," Lond. 1581, there is a description of the *Measure* and other popular dances of the period too amusing to be omitted:—"Firste for dauncyng, although I like the *measures* verie well, yet I could never treade them aright, nor to use measure in any thyng that I went aboute, although I desired to performe all thynges by line and by leavell, what so ever I tooke in hande. Our *galliardes* are so curious, that thei are not for my daunsyng, for thei are so full of trickes and tournes, that he whiche hath no more but the plaine *sinquepace* is no better accoumpted of then a verie bongler; and for my part thei might assone teache me to make a capricornus, as a capre in the right kinde that it should bee.

"For a *jeigge* my heeles are too heavie: and these *braules* are so busie, that I love not to beate my braines about them.

"A *rounde* is too giddie a daunce for my diet; for let the dauncers runne about with as much speede as thei maie, yet are thei never a whit the nier to the ende of their course, unlesse with often tourning thei hap to catch a fall; and so thei ende the daunce with shame, that was begonne but in sporte.

"These *hornepipes* I have hated from my verie youth; and I knowe there are many other that love them as well as I.

"Thus you may perceive that there is no daunce but either I like not of theim, or thei like not of me, so that I can daunce neither."

(3) SCENE II. *Well, better wits have worn plain statute-caps.*] Johnson opined that the *statute-caps* alluded to were those worn by members of the Universities. "Lady Rosaline declares that her expectations were disappointed by these courtly students, and that *better wits* might be found in the common places of education." But in 1571, it was ordered by *Statute*, that citizens should wear woollen caps on Sundays and holidays, to encourage the trade of cappers; the more probable meaning, therefore, as Steevens suggested, is—*better wits* may *be found among the citizens*, an interpretation which is well supported by the following quotations: "— though my husband be a citizen, and his *cap's made of wool*, yet I have wit."—Marston's "Dutch Courtezan," 1605. "'Tis a law enacted by the common council of *statute-caps*."—"The Family of Love," 1608. "— in a bowling alley in a *flat cap* like a shop-keeper."—"News from Hell," &c. 1606.

(4) SCENE II.—*He can carve too and lisp.*] Mr. Hunter ("New Illustrations of Shakespeare," vol. i. p. 215) was the first to point out that the commentators were all wrong in supposing that the word *carve* here, and the same expression in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," Act I. Sc. 3:—

"she discourses, she *carves*, she gives the leer of invitation;"

denoted the particular action of carving food at table. "*Carving*," he remarks, "would seem to mean some form of action which indicated the desire that the person to whom it was addressed should be attentive and propitious." It was reserved for an American critic, Mr. R. G. White, to show by a happy illustration from Sir Thomas Overbury's "Characters," "her wrie little finger bewraies *carving*," that the "form of action," acutely surmised by Mr. Hunter, was a sign of recognition made with the little finger, probably when the glass was raised to the mouth. (See "Shakespeare's Scholar," 8vo. New York, 1854, p. xxxiii.)

The following are instances, adduced by Mr. Hunter and Mr. Dyce, in which the word is used with this meaning:—

"Then did this Queen her wandering coach ascend,
Whose wheels were more inconstant than the wind:
A mighty troop this empress did attend;
There might you Caius Marius *carving* find
And martial Sylla courting Venus kind."
A description of Fortune from "A Prophecie of Cadwallader, last King of the Brittaines," by WILLIAM HERBERT, *4to.*, 1604.

"her amorous glances are her accusers, her very looks write Sonnets in thy commendations; she *carves* thee at board, and cannot sleepe for dreaming on thee in bedde."—DAY'S *Ile of Guls*, 1606, Sig. D.

"And if thy rival be in presence too,
Seem not to mark, but do as others do;
Salute him friendly, give him gentle words,
Return all courtesies that he affords;
Drink to him, *carve* him, give him compliment;
This shall thy mistress more than thee torment."
BEAUMONT'S *Remedy of Love.*

(5) SCENE II. *Write* Lord have mercy on us, *on those threes.*] During the plague, every infected or *visited* house was strictly guarded night and day that no person should leave it, and large red crosses were painted upon the doors and windows, over which was inscribed, LORD HAVE MERCY UPON US.

"But by the way he saw and much respected
A doore belonging to a house infected,
Whereon was plac'd (as 'tis the custom still)
The Lord have mercy on us; this sad bill
The sot perus'd ——."
Epigrams, by R. S., entitled "More Fools yet," 1610.

We have the same allusion in Sir Thomas Overbury's "Characters," art. "A Prison." Ed. 1616:—"*Lord have mercy upon us*, may well stand over these doores, for debt is a most dangerous and catching city pestilence."

The expression, the *Lord's tokens*, four lines lower, is a continuation of the metaphor; the discolourations, or *plague-spots* on the skin of an infected person, were commonly called "*The Lord's tokens.*"

(6) SCENE II.—*You cannot beg us.*] Allusive to a practice formerly prevalent of *begging the wardship* of *idiots and lunatics* from the sovereign, who was the legal guardian, in order to gain possession of their property. This odious custom is a source of constant satire to the old dramatists. In illustration of it, there is an amusing story extracted by Douce from the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum, No. 6395.

"The Lord North begg'd old Bladwell for a foole (though he could never prove him so), and having him in custodie as a lunaticke, he carried him to a gentleman's house, one day, that was his neighbour. The L. North and the gentleman retir'd awhile to private discourse, and left Bladwell in the dining roome, which was hung with a faire hanging; Bladwell walking up and downe, and viewing the imagerie, spyed a foole at last in the hanging, and without delay drawes his knife, flyes at the foole, cutts him cleane out, and layes him on the floore; my L., and the gentl. coming in againe, and finding the tapestrie thus defac'd, he ask'd Bladwell what he meant by such a rude uncivill act; he answered, Sr. be content, I have rather done you a courtesie than a wrong, for if ever my L. N. had seene the foole there, he would have begg'd him, and so you might have lost your whole suite."

(7) SCENE II.—*Pageant of the Nine Worthies.*] The Nine Worthies, originally comprising Joshua, David,

Judas Maccabæus, Hector, Alexander, Julius Cæsar, Arthur, Charlemagne, and Godfrey of Bulloigne, appear from a very early period to have been introduced occasionally in the shows and pageants of our ancestors. Ritson has extracted a curious specimen of the rude poetry spoken by the characters in a performance of this nature, from the original Manuscript, *temp.* Edward IV. (MSS. Tanner, 407).

IX. Wurthy.

ECTOR DE TROYE.	Thow Achylles in bataly me slow Of my wurthynes men speken i-now.
ALISANDER.	And in romaunce often am I leyt As conqueror gret thow I seyt.
JULIUS CESAR.	Thow my cenatoures me slow in Conllory, Fele londes byfore by conquest wan I.
JOSUE.	In holy Chyrche ye mowen here and rede Of my wurthynes and of my dede.
DAVIT.	Aftyr that slayn was Golyas By me the Sawter than made was.
JUDAS MACABEUS.	Of my wurthynesse, zyf ze wyll wete Seche the Byble, for ther it is wrete.
ARTHOUR.	The Round Tabyll I sette with knyghtes strong, Zyt shall I come agen, thow it be long.
CHARLES.	With me dwellyd Rouland Olyvere In all my conquest fer and nere.
GODEFREY DE BOLEYN.	And I was kyng of Iherusalem The crowne of thorn I wan fro hem.

In the Harl. MSS. 2057, f. 36, there is the draft of a show "Intended to be made upon the petition to Mr. Recorder, Aug. 1, 1621," of which the Nine Worthies form a part; and from the description it gives of these personages and their esquires, they must have presented a very imposing spectacle.

"The 9 wortheys in compleat armor with Crownes of gould on there heads, every on having his esq^s to beare before him his sheild and penon of armes, dressed according as there lords where accostumed to be: 3 Issaralits, 3 Infidels, 3 Christians, &c."

As Shakespeare introduces Hercules and Pompey among his presence of Worthies, we may infer that the characters were sometimes varied to suit the circumstances of the period, or the taste of the auditory. A MS. preserved in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, mentions the *Six Worthies* having been played before the Lord Deputy Sussex in 1557.

(8) SCENE II.—

For the ass to the Jude; give it him:—Jud-as, away!]

Biron's quibble has not even the merit of novelty, but with the unfastidious audience of Shakespeare's age, that was far from indispensable to a joke's prosperity. It occurs as early as 1566, in Heywood's Poems, and if worth the search might probably be traced still further back.—

"ON AN YLL GOVERNOUR CALLED JUDE.

"A ruler there was in a countrey a fer,
And of people a greate extorcioner:
Who by name (as I understand) was caled Jude,
One gave him an asse, which gyft when he had veude,
He asked the gever, for what intent
He brought him that asse. For a present
I bryng maister Jude (quoth he) this as hyther,
To joygne maister Jude and this asse together.
Whiche two joygned in one, this is brought to pas,
I maie byd you good even maister Judas.
Macabe or Iscariot thou knave (quoth he!)
Whom it please your mastership, him let it be.

CRITICAL OPINIONS

ON

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

"Of 'Love's Labour's Lost,' as it was performed in the year 1591, we possess no exact transcript; for, in the oldest edition which has hitherto been found of this Play, namely that of 1598, it is said in the title-page to be *newly corrected and augmented*, with the further information, that it had been *presented before Her Highness the last Christmas*: facts which show that we are in possession not of the first draft or edition of this comedy, but only of that copy which represents it as it was *revived* and *improved* for the entertainment of the Queen, in 1597.

"The *original sketch*, whether printed or merely performed, we conceive to have been one of the pieces alluded to by Greene, in 1592, when he accuses Shakespeare of being *an absolute Johannes fac-totum* of the stage, *primarily* and *principally* from the mode of its execution, which, as we have already observed, betrays the earliness of its source in the strongest manner; *secondarily*, that, like *Pericles*, it occasionally copies the language of the *Arcadia*, then with all the attractive *novelty* of its reputation in full bloom;* and, *thirdly*, that, in the fifth Act, various allusions to the Muscovites or Russians seem evidently to point to a period when Russia and its inhabitants attracted the public consideration, a period which we find, from Hackluyt,† to have occupied the years 1590 and 1591, when, as Warburton and Chalmers have observed, the arrangement of Russian commerce engaged very particularly the attention, and formed the conversation of the court, the city, and the country.‡

"It may be also remarked, that while no Play among our author's works exhibits more decisive marks of juvenility than *Love's Labour's Lost*, none, at the same time, is more strongly imbued with the peculiar cast of his youthful genius; for in style and manner it bears a closer resemblance to the *Venus and Adonis*, the *Rape of Lucrece*, and the *earlier Sonnets*, than any other of his genuine dramas. It presents us, in short, with a continued contest of wit and repartee; the persons represented, whether high or low, vying with each other throughout the piece, in the production of the greatest number of jokes, sallies, and verbal equivoques. The profusion with which these are every-where scattered, has, unfortunately, had the effect of throwing an air of uniformity over all the characters, who seem solely intent on keeping up the ball of raillery; yet is *Biron* now and then discriminated by a few strong touches, and *Holofernes* is probably the portrait of an individual, some of his quotations having justly induced the commentators to infer, that *Florio*, the author of *First* and *Second Fruits*, dialogues in Italian and English, and of a *Dictionary* entitled *A World of Words*, was the object of the poet's satire.

"If in dramatic strength of painting this comedy be deficient, and it appears to us, in this quality, inferior to *Pericles*, we must, independent of the vivacity of its dialogue already noticed, acknowledge, that it displays several poetical gems, that it contains many just moral apophthegms, and that it affords, even in the closet, no small fund of amusement; and here it is worthy of being remarked, and may, indeed, without prejudice or prepossession, be asserted, that, even to the earliest and most unfinished

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* Vide Chalmers's Supplemental Apology, pp. 281, 282; and Dance's Illustrations, vol. i. p. 238.

† Vol. i. p. 498 9, edit. 1598.

‡ Reed's Shakespeare, vol. vii. p. 151, note; and Chalmers's Supplemental Apology, p. 283.

dramas of our poet, a peculiar interest is felt to be attached, not arising from the fascination of a name, but from an intrinsic and almost inexplicable power of pleasing, which we in vain look for in the juvenile plays of other bards, and which serves, perhaps better than any other criterion, to ascertain the genuine property of Shakspeare; it is, in fact, a touchstone, which, when applied to *Titus Andronicus*, and what has been termed the *First Part* of Henry the Sixth, must, if every other evidence were wanting, flash conviction on our senses."—DRAKE.

"I can never sufficiently admire the wonderful activity of thought throughout the whole of the first scene of this play, rendered natural, as it is, by the choice of the characters, and the whimsical determination on which the drama is founded. A whimsical determination certainly;—yet not altogether so very improbable to those who are conversant in the history of the middle ages, with their Courts of Love, and all that lighter drapery of chivalry which engaged even mighty kings with a sort of serio-comic interest, and may well be supposed to have occupied more completely the smaller princes, at a time when the noble's or prince's court contained the only theatre of the domain or principality. This sort of story, too, was admirably suited to Shakspeare's times, when the English court was still the foster mother of the state and the muses; and when, in consequence, the courtiers, and men of rank and fashion, affected a display of wit, point, and sententious observation, that would be deemed intolerable at present,—but in which a hundred years of controversy, involving every great political, and every dear domestic, interest, had trained all but the lowest classes to participate. Add to this, the very style of the sermons of the time, and the eagerness of the Protestants to distinguish themselves by long and frequent preaching, and it will be found that, from the reign of Henry the Eighth to the abdication of James the Second, no country ever received such a national education as England.

"Hence the comic matter chosen in the first instance is a ridiculous imitation or apery of this constant striving after logical precision, and subtle opposition of thoughts, together with a making the most of every conception or image, by expressing it under the least expected property belonging to it, and this, again, rendered specially absurd by being applied to the most current subjects and occurrences. The phrases and modes of combination in argument were caught by the most ignorant from the custom of the age, and their ridiculous misapplication of them is most amusingly exhibited in Costard; whilst examples suited only to the gravest propositions and impersonations, or apostrophes to abstract thoughts impersonated, which are in fact the natural language only of the most vehement agitations of the mind, are adopted by the coxcombry of Armado as mere artifices of ornament.

"The same kind of intellectual action is exhibited in a more serious and elevated strain in many other parts of this play. Biron's speech at the end of the fourth act is an excellent specimen of it. It is logic clothed in rhetoric;—but observe how Shakspeare, in his two-fold being of poet and philosopher, avails himself of it to convey profound truths in the most lively images,—the whole remaining faithful to the character supposed to utter the lines, and the expressions themselves constituting a further development of that character. This speech is quite a study;—sometimes you see this youthful god of poetry connecting disparate thoughts purely by means of resemblances in the words expressing them,—a thing in character in lighter comedy, especially of that kind in which Shakspeare delights, namely, the purposed display of wit, though sometimes, too, disfiguring his graver scenes;—but more often you may see him doubling the natural connection or order of logical consequence in the thoughts, by the introduction of an artificial and sought-for resemblance in the words, as, for instance, in the third line of the play:—

'And then grace us in the disgrace of death;'—

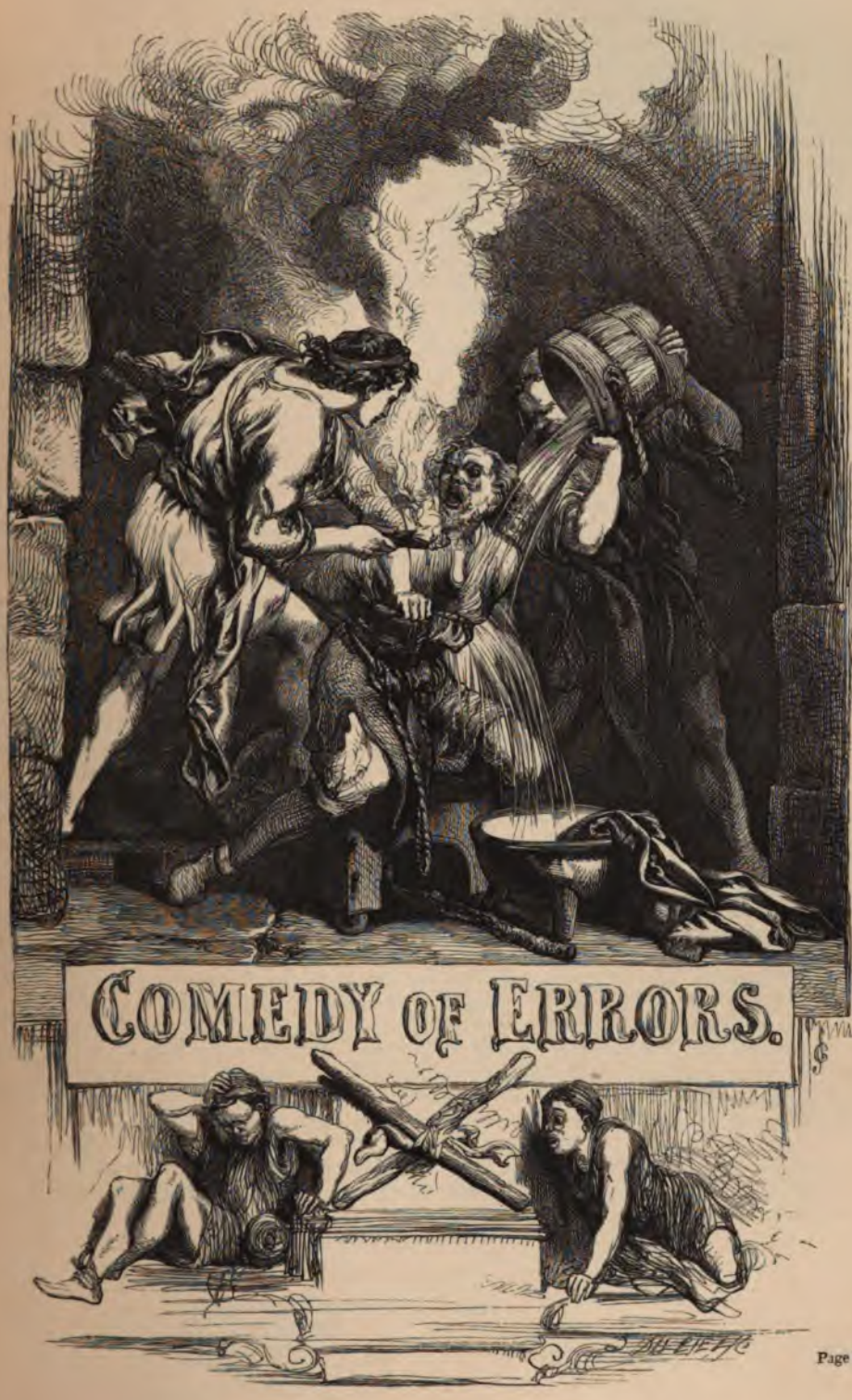
this being a figure often having its force and propriety, as justified by the law of passion, which, inducing in the mind an unusual activity, seeks for means to waste its superfluity,—when in the highest degree—in lyric repetitions and sublime tautology—(*at her feet he bowed, he fell, he lay down; at her feet he bowed, he fell; where he bowed, there he fell down dead,*)—and, in lower degrees, in making the words themselves the subjects and materials of that surplus action, and for the same cause that agitates our limbs, and forces our very gestures into a tempest in states of high excitement.

"The mere style of narration in 'Love's Labour's Lost,' like that of Ægeon in the first scene of the Comedy of Errors, and of the Captain in the second scene of Macbeth, seems imitated with its defects and its beauties from Sir Philip Sidney; whose Arcadia, though not then published, was already well known in manuscript copies, and could hardly have escaped the notice and admiration of Shakspeare as the friend and client of the Earl of Southampton. The chief defect consists in the parentheses and parenthetic thoughts and descriptions, suited neither to the passion of the speaker,

nor the purpose of the person to whom the information is to be given, but manifestly betraying the author himself—not by way of continuous under-song, but—palpably, and so as to show themselves addressed to the general reader. However, it is not unimportant to notice how strong a presumption the diction and allusions of this play afford, that, though Shakspeare's acquirements in the dead languages might not be such as we suppose in a learned education, his habits had, nevertheless, been scholastic, and those of a student. For a young author's first work almost always bespeaks his recent pursuits, and his first observations of life are either drawn from the immediate employments of his youth, and from the characters and images most deeply impressed on his mind in the situations in which those employments had placed him;—or else they are fixed on such objects and occurrences in the world, as are easily connected with, and seem to bear upon, his studies and the hitherto exclusive subjects of his meditation. Just as Ben Jonson, who applied himself to the drama after having served in Flanders, fills his earliest plays with true or pretended soldiers, the wrongs and neglects of the former, and the absurd boasts and knavery of their counterfeits. So Lessing's first comedies are placed in the universities, and consist of events and characters conceivable in an academic life."—COLERIDGE.

"LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST is numbered among the pieces of Shakspeare's youth. It is a humorsome display of frolic; a whole cornucopia of the most vivacious jokes is emptied into it. Youth is certainly perceivable in the lavish superfluity of labour in the execution; the unbroken succession of plays on words, and sallies of every description, hardly leave the spectator time to breathe; the sparkles of wit fly about in such profusion, that they resemble a blaze of fireworks; while the dialogue, for the most part, is in the same hurried style in which the passing masks at a carnival attempt to banter each other. The young king of Navarre, with three of his courtiers, has made a vow to pass three years in rigid retirement, and devote them to the study of wisdom; for that purpose he has banished all female society from his court, and imposed a penalty on the intercourse with women. But scarcely has he, in a pompous harangue, worthy of the most heroic achievements, announced this determination, when the daughter of the king of France appears at his court, in the name of her old and bed-ridden father, to demand the restitution of a province which he held in pledge. Compelled to give her audience, he falls immediately in love with her. Matters fare no better with his companions, who on their parts renew an old acquaintance with the princess's attendants. Each, in heart, is already false to his vow, without knowing that the wish is shared by his associates; they overhear one another, as they in turn confide their sorrows in a love ditty to the solitary forest; every one jeers and confounds the one who follows him. Biron, who from the beginning was the most satirical among them, at last steps forth, and rallies the king and the two others, till the discovery of a love-letter forces him also to hang down his head. He extricates himself and his companions from their dilemma by ridiculing the folly of the broken vow, and after a noble eulogy on women, invites them to swear new allegiance to the colours of love. This scene is inimitable, and the crowning beauty of the whole. The manner in which they afterwards prosecute their love suits in masks and disguise, and in which they are tricked and laughed at by the ladies, who are also masked and disguised, is, perhaps, spun out too long. It may be thought, too, that the poet, when he suddenly announces the death of the king of France, and makes the princess postpone her answer to the young prince's serious advances till the expiration of the period of her mourning, and impose, besides, a heavy penance on him for his levity, drops the proper comic tone. But the tone of raillery which prevails throughout the piece, made it hardly possible to bring about a more satisfactory conclusion; after such extravagance, the characters could not return to sobriety, except under the pressure of some foreign influence. The grotesque figures of Don Armado, a pompous fantastic Spaniard, a couple of pedants, and a clown, who between whiles contribute to the entertainment, are the creation of a whimsical imagination, and well adapted as foils for the wit of so vivacious a society."

—SCHLEGEL.



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THE

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

"THE Comedie of Errors" is one of those plays no copy of which has been discovered prior to that in the folio of 1623. It is noticed by Meres, (Palladis Tamia, 1598,) and, in all probability, was written, and acted first, in the very dawn of Shakespeare's genius. The main incident appears to have been taken from the *Menæchmi* of Plautus, but whether directly, or through the medium of some early translation of the Roman comedy, will most likely remain a subject of interesting speculation to editors and commentators for ages yet unborn.

Steevens conceived that our author was indebted to an English version by W. W[arner], printed in 1595, but there are circumstances which militate strongly against this presumption. In the first place, we have almost decisive proof that the present play was publicly performed a year before Warner's *Menæchmi* appeared, since in the Gesta Grayorum of 1594 (published in 4to, 1688) is the following entry:—"After such sports, a Comedy of Errors (like to Plautus his Menechmus) was played by the players; so that night was begun and continued to the end, in nothing but confusion and errors; whereupon it was ever afterwards called the Night of Errors." (P. 22.) Again, it is reasonable to expect, if Shakespeare had adopted Warner's version for the groundwork of his play, that some coincidence in the names of the characters, or at least some parallelism in the ideas and turns of expression, would be evident in the two works; but none has been detected. Another circumstance adverse to Steevens' conjecture, is the fact that the brothers Antipholus in Shakespeare's comedy are respectively distinguished, in the opening scenes, as Antipholus *Erotes*, or *Errotis*, and Antipholus *Sereptus* (corruptions, perhaps, of *erraticus* and *surreptus*), appellatives which are not found in Warner.* Taken singly, these facts are not of much weight, but together, they certainly tend to prove that the youthful dramatist either went at once to Plautus for so much of his fable and characters as are borrowed, or took them from some other source than the *Menæchmi* of Warner. The latter is the more probable and popular hypothesis. Without assenting to the opinion of those Commentators who deny to Shakespeare any acquaintance with Greek and Latin (languages, it should be remembered, which were better and more extensively cultivated in his day than in ours), we may safely suppose that,—engrossed as his time and mind must have been as an actor, a shareholder in the theatre, and a dramatic writer, whenever he had more than one source at command for the derivation of his story, he preferred that which gave him the least trouble to apprehend. That it was his practice, where the subject of his plot is taken from the ancients, to resort to existing translations, rather than apply to the originals themselves, we know, indeed, by comparing Coriolanus, Julius Cæsar, Antony and Cleopatra, &c. &c., with the translation of Plutarch extant in his time. The question then arises, did any English version of the *Menæchmi*, besides that by Warner, exist before the "Comedy of Errors" was written. We believe there did. The indefatigable Malone was the first to discover evidence of an old play called "The Historie of Error," which, according to the Accounts of the Revels in Queen Elizabeth's Court preserved in the Audit Office, was acted at Hampton Court on New Year's Night, 1576-77, "by the children of Powles."†

The same accounts contain an entry, under the date of 1582-3, which may be assumed to refer to this play, although the title, through the ignorance or carelessness of the scribe, is misprinted, "A Historie of *Ferrar* shewed before her Majestie at Wyndesor on Twelfdaie at night, enacted by the Lord Chamberlayne's servauntes," &c.

* In Plautus, these personages are designated,
Menæchmus Surreptus.
Menæchmus Sosicles.

† See Cunningham's Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels, p. 102.

PRELIMINARY NOTICE.

In "The Historie of Error," then, we have possibly the foundation of Shakespeare's "Comedy of Errors," and the source whence he adopted the designations *erraticus* and *surreptus*, which the players or printers corrupted into *Erotes* and *Sereptus*.

Mr. Halliwell has observed that the title of this comedy was either a common proverb, or furnished the subject of one; and in his magnificent edition of the great dramatist he adduces the following instances where it is mentioned by contemporary writers:—"Anton, in his Philosophical Satires, 1616, p. 51, exclaims—'What Comedies of Errors swell the stage!' So also Decker, in his Knights Conjuring, 1607—'His ignorance, arising from his blindeness, is the onely cause of this Comedie of Errors;' and previously, in his Satiro-mastix, 1602, he seems to allude to the play itself—'Instead of the trumpets sounding thrice before the play begin, it shall not be amisse, for him that will read, first to behold this short Comedy of Errors, and where the greatest enter, to give them instead of a hisse, a gentle correction.' Again also, in the Meeting of Gallants at an Ordinarie, 1604,—'This was a prettie Comedie of Errors, my round host.'"

How long before the notice of it by Meres in 1598 the Comedy of Errors was acted, we can only conjecture from internal indications. The "long hobbling verses," as Blackstone termed them, that are found in it, and which were a marked peculiarity in the old plays anterior to Shakespeare's day, would alone determine it to have been one of his youthful efforts. Theobald was of opinion, too, that Dromio's reply (Act III. Sc. 2), to the question where he found France in the "globe"-like kitchen wench,—

> "In her forehead; arm'd and reverted, making war against her *heir*,"

was an allusion to the civil wars in France upon the succession of Henry IV. of Navarre; whose claim as *heir* was resisted by the States of France on account of his being a Protestant. If any such *equivoque* between hair and *heir* were really intended, which is fairly presumable, this passage would serve to fix the date of the play somewhere between 1589, when the war began, and 1593, the period of its termination.

Persons Represented.

SOLINUS, *duke of* EPHESUS.
ÆGEON, *a merchant of* SYRACUSE.
ANTIPHOLUS *of* EPHESUS, } *Twin brothers, sons to* ÆGEON *and* ÆMILIA, *but unknown to each other.*
ANTIPHOLUS *of* SYRACUSE, }
DROMIO *of* EPHESUS, } *Twin brothers, and attendants on the two Antipholuses.*
DROMIO *of* SYRACUSE, }
BALTHAZAR, *a merchant.*
ANGELO, *a goldsmith.*
A Merchant, friend to ANTIPHOLUS *of* SYRACUSE.
A Merchant, trading with ANGELO.*
PINCH, *a schoolmaster, and a conjurer.*

ÆMILIA, *wife to* ÆGEON, *an Abbess at* EPHESUS.
ADRIANA, *wife to* ANTIPHOLUS *of* EPHESUS.
LUCIANA, *her sister.*
LUCE, *her servant.*
A Courtezan.
Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE.—EPHESUS.

* This personage, who plays no unimportant part in the drama, appears to have been altogether forgotten, or confounded with another character, in every list of the *Dramatis Personæ* of the play that has heretofore been published.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in the* Duke's *Palace.*

Enter Duke, Ægeon, Gaoler, Officer, *and other* Attendants.

Æge. Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall,
And, by the doom of death, end woes and all.
Duke. Merchant of Syracusa, plead no more;
I am not partial to infringe our laws.
The enmity and discord which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke,
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,—
Who, wanting guilders to redeem their lives,
Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods,—
Excludes all pity from our threat'ning looks.
For, since the mortal and intestine jars
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,
Both by the Syracusians and ourselves,
To admit no traffic to our adverse towns.

Nay, more: if any born at Ephesus be seen
At any Syracusian marts and fairs,—
Again, if any Syracusian born
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,
His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose;
Unless a thousand marks be levied
To quit the penalty, and to ransom him.
Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;
Therefore, by law thou art condemn'd to die.
Æge. Yet this my comfort; when your words are done,
My woes end likewise with the evening sun.
Duke. Well, Syracusian, say in brief the cause
Why thou departedst from thy native home,
And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus.
Æge. A heavier task could not have been impos'd,
Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable.
Yet, that the world may witness that my end

Was wrought by nature,[a] not by vile offence,
I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.
In Syracusa was I born; and wed
Unto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me too,[b] had not our hap been bad.
With her I liv'd in joy; our wealth increas'd,
By prosperous voyages I often made
To Epidamnum, till my factor's death,
And the great care of goods at random left,[c]
Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse:
From whom my absence was not six months old,
Before herself (almost at fainting under
The pleasing punishment that women bear)
Had made provision for her following me;
And soon and safe arrived where I was.
There had she not been long, but she became
A joyful mother of two goodly sons;
And, which was strange, the one so like the other,
As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
That very hour, and in the self same inn,
A poor[d] mean woman was delivered
Of such a burden—male twins, both alike.
Those,—for their parents were exceeding poor,—
I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.
My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,
Made daily motions for our home return.

---

[a] *Was wrought by* nature,—] Mr. Collier's corrector substitutes *fortune* for *nature*, a change which is unnecessary. The sense of the original is clear enough:—"My death was not a punishment for criminality, but brought about by the impulses of nature, which led me to Ephesus in search of my son."

[b] *And by me* too,—] The word *too* was added by the editor of the second folio. It was, no doubt, omitted by error in the first.

[c] *And the great care of goods at random left,*—] In the original we have, "And *he*," &c. The emendation, which is easy and happy, we owe to Malone.

[d] *A* poor *mean woman*—] *Poor* is an addition from the folio, 1632. It is questionable, however, whether this is the right word; for, as Malone observes, immediately below we have:—

"—for their parents were exceeding *poor*."

Perhaps, instead of *A mean woman*, the line should read, "A *moaning* woman," *i. e.* a woman in labour

g I agreed—alas! too soon we came aboard:
e from Epidamnum had we sail'd,
he always-wind-obeying deep
y tragic instance of our harm;
ger did we not retain much hope;
t obscured light the heavens did grant
convey unto our fearful minds
ful warrant of immediate death;
though myself would gladly have embrac'd,
incessant weepings of my wife,
g before for what she saw must come,
eous plainings of the pretty babes,
urn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
ne to seek delays for them and me.
s it was—for other means was none:
ors sought for safety by our boat,
the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us.
, more careful for the latter-born,
ten'd him unto a small spare mast,
seafaring men provide for storms:
one of the other twins was bound,
I had been like heedful of the other.
dren thus dispos'd, my wife and I,
ur eyes on whom our care was fix'd,
ourselves at either end the mast;
ating straight, obedient to the stream,
rried towards Corinth, as we thought.
h the sun, gazing upon the earth,
l those vapours that offended us;
the benefit of his wished light,
wax'd calm, and we discovered
s from far, making amain to us,—
th that, of Epidaurus this:
they came——O, let me say no more!
he sequel by that went before.
. Nay, forward, old man, do not break off so;
nay pity, though not pardon thee.
O, had the gods done so, I had not now
term'd them merciless to us!
the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
encounter'd by a mighty rock;
eing violently borne upon,*
ful ship was splitted in the midst;
in this unjust divorce of us,
had left to both of us alike,
delight in, what to sorrow for.
, poor soul! seeming as burdened
er weight, but not with lesser woe,
ied with more speed before the wind;

(*) First folio, borne *up*.

ase was like,—] The second folio substituted *for* in and has been followed by most of the subsequent ose who adopt the original reading, "*so his* case was ret it to mean, *his case was so like*. But does it not "*as* his case was like,"? This use of *so* we meet y after,—"Am I *so* round with you, *as* you with

thy hope *by beneficial help:*] The folio, 1623, has *help*.

And, in our sight, they three were taken up
By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
At length another ship had seiz'd on us;
And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,
Gave healthful welcome to their shipwreck'd guests;
And would have reft the fishers of their prey,
Had not their bark been very slow of sail;
And therefore homeward did they bend their course.
Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss;
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

DUKE. And, for the sake of them thou sorrowest for,
Do me the favour to dilate at full,
What hath befall'n of them and thee* till now.

ÆGE. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,
At eighteen years became inquisitive
After his brother; and importun'd me
That his attendant (so[a] his case was like,
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name)
Might bear him company in the quest of him;
Whom, whilst I labour'd of a love to see,
I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd.
Five summers have I spent in farthest Greece,
Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia,
And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus;
Hopeless to find, yet loath to leave unsought
Or that or any place that harbours men.
But here must end the story of my life;
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me they live.

DUKE. Hapless Ægeon, whom the fates have mark'd
To bear the extremity of dire mishap!
Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,
Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
Which princes, would they, may not disannul,
My soul should sue as advocate for thee.
But, though thou art adjudged to the death,
And passed sentence may not be recall'd
But to our honour's great disparagement;
Yet will I favour thee in what I can:
Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day,
To seek thy hope by beneficial help:[b]
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus;
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,
And live; if no, then thou art doom'd to die:—
Gaoler, take him to thy custody.

GAOL. I will, my lord.

ÆGE. Hopeless and helpless doth Ægeon wend,
But to procrastinate his liveless end. [*Exeunt.*

* First folio, *they*.

Pope, and many of the modern editors, read, "To seek thy *life*," &c. Steevens proposed reading:—

"To seek thy help by beneficial *means*."

"To seek thy *fine*" has also been suggested; and is a plausible conjecture: but as Ægeon is made to repeat the Duke's words in *hope*-less, *help*-less, and *live*-less, I have no doubt *hope*, or *help*, was what the poet wrote.

SCENE II.—*A Public Place.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS[a] *and* DROMIO *of* Syracuse, *and a* Merchant.

MER. Therefore, give out you are of Epidamnum,
Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.
This very day a Syracusian merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here;
And, not being able to buy out his life,
According to the statute of the town,
Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.
There is your money that I had to keep.

ANT. S. Go bear it to the Centaur, where we host,
And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.
Within this hour it will be dinner-time;
Till that, I'll view the manners of the town,
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return, and sleep within mine inn;
For with long travel I am stiff and weary.
Get thee away.

DRO. S. Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having so good a mean.
[*Exit* DRO. S.

ANT. S. A trusty villain,[b] sir; that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry jests.
What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to my inn, and dine with me?

MER. I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit;
I crave your pardon. Soon, at five o'clock,[c]
Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,
And afterward consort[d] you till bed-time:
My present business calls me from you now.

ANT. S. Farewell till then; I will go lose myself,
And wander up and down to view the city.

MER. Sir, I commend you to your own content.
[*Exit* Merchant.

ANT. S. He that commends me to mine own content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the ocean seeks another drop;
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unseen inquisitive![e] confounds himself:
So I, to find a mother and a brother,
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

---

[a] ANTIPHOLUS—] The folio, 1623, has, "Enter Antipholis Erotes, a Marchant, and Dromio."

[b] A *trusty* villain,—] *A faithful bondman, or slave.* By these appellations each Antipholus, throughout this Comedy, denominates the Dromio attached to him. So in our author's "Rape of Lucrece," where a Roman *slave* is mentioned:—

"The homely *villain* curt'sies to her low."—MALONE

[c] *Soon, at five o'clock,*—] That is, *about five o'clock.*

[d] *And afterward* consort *you*—] Malone proposed to read, "consort *with* you;" but the original is probably right—*consort you* meaning *companion you, accompany you.*

[e] Unseen inquisitive!] This is invariably printed, "Unseen, inquisitive," &c.; but *inquisitive*, I believe, is used here for *inquisitor.*

Enter Dromio *of* Ephesus.

Here comes the almanack of my true date.[a]—
What now? how chance thou art return'd so soon?
Dro. E. Return'd so soon! rather approach'd too late.
The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit;
The clock hath strucken twelve upon the bell;
My mistress made it one upon my cheek:
She is so hot, because the meat is cold;
The meat is cold, because you come not home;
You come not home, because you have no stomach;
You have no stomach, having broke your fast;
But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
Are penitent[b] for your default to-day.
Ant. S. Stop in your wind, sir: tell me this, I pray,—
Where have you left the money that I gave you?
Dro. E. O! sixpence, that I had o' Wednesday last,
To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper,—
The saddler had it, sir; I kept it not.
Ant. S. I am not in a sportive humour now:
Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?
We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust
So great a charge from thine own custody?
Dro. E. I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner:
I from my mistress come to you in post;
If I return, I shall be post[c] indeed,
For she will score* your fault upon my pate.
Methinks your maw, like mine, should be your clock,†
And strike you home without a messenger.
Ant. S. Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out of season;
Reserve them till a merrier hour than this.
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?
Dro. E. To me, sir? Why, you gave no gold to me.
Ant. S. Come on, sir knave; have done your foolishness,

---

[a] *The* almanack *of my true date.*] He thus denominates Dromio, because they were both born in the same hour, and therefore the date of Dromio's birth ascertains that of his master.—Malone.

[b] *Are* penitent —] That is, *performing penance.*

[c] — I *shall be* post *indeed,*
For she will score your fault upon my pate.]

(*) First folio, *scoure.* (†) First folio, *cooke.*

In former times shopkeepers kept a reckoning of their petty dealings by chalk-marks, or notches, on a post of their shop, after the manner of our modern Bonifaces. We have the same quibbling allusion in "Henry IVth," Part I. Act V. Sc. 3:—"Though I could 'scape shot-free at London, I fear the shot here; here's no *scoring but upon the pate.*"

And tell me how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.

DRO. E. My charge was but to fetch you from the mart,
Home to your house, the Phœnix, sir, to dinner;
My mistress and her sister stay for you.

ANT. S. Now, as I am a Christian, answer me,
In what safe place you have bestow'd [a] my money;
Or I shall break that merry sconce of yours,
That stands on tricks when I am undispos'd:
Where is the thousand marks thou hadst of me?

DRO. E. I have some marks of yours upon my pate;
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders;
But not a thousand marks between you both.
If I should pay your worship those again,
Perchance you will not bear them patiently.

ANT. S. Thy mistress' marks? What mistress, slave, hast thou?

DRO. E. Your worship's wife, my mistress, at the Phœnix;
She that doth fast till you come home to dinner,[b]
And prays that you will hie you home to dinner.

ANT. S. What! wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
Being forbid? There, take you that, sir knave.

DRO. E. What mean you, sir? for God's sake, hold your hands;
Nay, an you will not, sir, I'll take my heels.
[*Exit* DRO. E.

ANT. S. Upon my life, by some device or other,
The villain is o'erraught of all my money.
They say this town is full of cozenage; (1)
As nimble jugglers, that deceive the eye,
Dark-working sorcerers, that change the mind,
Soul-killing witches, that deform the body,
Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many such like liberties [c] of sin.
If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.
I'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave;
I greatly fear my money is not safe.

---

[a] Bestow'd *my money*:] That is, *stowed, secreted.*

[b] *She that doth* fast, &c.
And prays *that you will*, &c.]

The quibble here, on *fast* and *pray*, must be understood, or the only point in the passage is lost.

[c] Liberties *of sin*:] Hanmer recommended *libertines of sin*; and this is the reading countenanced by Mr. Collier's old corrector of the Perkins' folio.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Public Place.*

Enter ADRIANA *and* LUCIANA.[a]

ADR. Neither my husband nor the slave return'd,
In such haste I sent to seek his master!
Luciana, it is two o'clock.
LUC. Perhaps some merchant hath invited him,
From the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner.
Good sister, let us dine, and never fret:
Man is master of his liberty;
Time is their master; and, when they see time,
They'll go or come: If so, be patient, sister.
ADR. Why should their liberty than ours be more?
LUC. Because their business still lies out o' door.
ADR. Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.[b]
LUC. O, know, he is the bridle of your will.
ADR. There's none but asses will be bridled so.
LUC. Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd[c] with woe.
There's nothing situate under heaven's eye
But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky:
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,
Are their males' subjects, and at their controls.
Men,[d] more divine, the masters of all these,
Lords of the wide world and wild wat'ry seas,
Indued with intellectual sense and souls,
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,

[a] ADRIANA *and* LUCIANA.] The folio, 1623, has "Enter Adriana, Antipholis Sereptus, with Luciana her Sister."

[b] *takes it* ill.] The first folio has *thus*, instead of *ill*. The word, which seems called for by the rhyme, was supplied in the folio of 1632.

[c] lash'd *with woe.*] It was suggested to Steevens by a lady, that we should read *leash'd*, i. e. coupled like a headstrong hound; but, as he remarks, "when the mariner *lashes* his guns, the sportsman *leashes* his dogs, the female *laces* her clothes, they all perform one act of fastening with a *lace* or *cord*." No alteration, therefore, is required.

[d] The first folio reads *Man*, and *master*, in this line, and *Lord*, in the next. Hanmer made the necessary corrections.

[illegible] to their females, and their [illegible].
Then at your will [illegible] in their [illegible].

ADR. This [illegible] makes me to seem mad.

LUC. Fie, brother, [illegible] of the marriage-bed.

ADR. But were you wedded, you would bear some sway.

LUC. Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey.

ADR. How if your husband start some other where?

LUC. Till he come home again, I would forbear.

ADR. Patience unperfect: no marvel though she pause;
They can be meek that have no other cause.
A wretched soul, bruised with adversity,
We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry;
But were we burdened with like weight of pain,
As much or more we should himself complain:
So, that, this land, to musing take to grieve thee,
With urging helpless patience would relieve me:
But, if thou live to see like right bereft,
This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.

LUC. Well, I will marry one day, but to try.
Here comes your man—now is your husband nigh.

Enter DROMIO *of Ephesus.*

ADR. Say, is your tardy master now at hand?

DRO. E. Nay, he's at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witness.

ADR. Say, didst thou speak with him? Know'st thou his mind?

DRO. E. Ay, he told his mind upon mine ear.
Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.

LUC. Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst not feel his meaning?

DRO. E. Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well feel his blows, and withal so doubtfully that I could scarce understand them.

ADR. But, say, I pr'ithee, is he coming home? It seems he hath great care to please his wife.

DRO. E. Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.

ADR. Horn-mad, thou villain?

DRO. E. I mean not, cuckold-mad;
But sure he is stark mad.
When I desir'd him to come home to dinner,
He ask'd me for a thousand* marks in gold:
'Tis dinner time, quoth I.—*My gold*, quoth he:
Your meat doth burn, quoth I.—*My gold*, quoth he:
Will you come home?[4] quoth I.—*My gold*, quoth he:
Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?
The pig, quoth I, *is burn'd*.—*My gold*, quoth he:
My mistress, sir, quoth I.—*Hang up thy mistress;*
I know not thy mistress: out on thy mistress!

LUC. Quoth who?

DRO. E. Quoth my master:
I know, quoth he, *no house, no wife, no mistress.*
So that my errand, due unto my tongue,
I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders;
For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

ADR. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.

DRO. E. Go back again, and be new beaten home?
For God's sake, send some other messenger.

ADR. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.

DRO. E. And he will bless that cross with other beating.
Between you, I shall have a holy head.

ADR. Hence, prating peasant; fetch thy master home.

DRO. E. Am I so round[e] with you, as you with me,
That, like a football, you do spurn me thus?
You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither:
If I last in this service, you must case me in leather.[f] [*Exit.*

LUC. Fie!—how impatience low'reth in your face!

ADR. His company must do his minions grace,
Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.
Hath homely age the alluring beauty took

[illegible] Johnson thought Shakespeare [illegible]

[illegible] "[illegible] more after here."

[illegible] three of our names in these Plays, and [illegible] in the present Scene:—

"[illegible] hence your humble *adhersaries*."

[illegible] "Sir, if your [illegible] *adversaries*" is shown by the [illegible]

"[illegible] home again, I would forbear."

[illegible] quite absurd. But our *adversaries* has much the [illegible]

"[illegible] *Impatience* is patience which [illegible] "Venus and Adonis":—

"[illegible] this hopeless heiress saw."

[illegible] Johnson suggested that the [illegible]

(*) First folio, a *hundred*.

allusion was to the custom of begging an idiot to get the charge of his fortune. May not *begg'd* be a misprint for *bagg'd*, in reference to the *bag* which the fool usually carried? Or for *badg'd*? "*This patience with the fool's badge*," &c. (See Douce's Dissertation on the Clowns and Fools of Shakespeare.)

4 *Will you come home?*] The word *home*, not in the original, was supplied by Capell.

e *Am I so round with you,*—] Dromio plays on the word *round*, applying it in the ordinary sense of spherical, *like a football*, to himself, and in the meaning of *plain spoken* to his mistress' language. Thus in "Twelfth Night," Act II. Sc. 3:—

"Sir Toby, I must be *round* with you."

So also, in "Henry V." Act IV. Sc. 1:—

"Your reproof is something too *round*."

f *You must case me in* leather.] Footballs, generally bladders are covered with leather.

From my poor cheek? then he hath wasted it.
Are my discourses dull?—barren my wit?
If voiuble and sharp discourse be marr'd,
Unkindness blunts it more than marble hard.
Do their gay vestments his affections bait?
That's not my fault—he's master of my state.
What ruins are in me that can be found,
By him not ruin'd? Then is he the ground
Of my defeatures.[a] My decayed fair[b]
A sunny look of his would soon repair;
But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale,
And feeds from home; poor I am but his stale.[c]

LUC. Self-harming jealousy! — Fie, beat it hence!

ADR. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.
I know his eye doth homage otherwhere;
Or else, what lets it but he would be here?
Sister, you know he promis'd me a chain;
Would that alone, alone he would detain,[d]
So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!
I see the jewel best enamelled
Will lose his beauty; and, though gold 'bides still
That others touch, yet often-touching will
Wear gold;[e] and no man that hath a name,
But falsehood and corruption doth it shame.
Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,
I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.

LUC. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of* Syracuse.*

ANT. S. The gold I gave to Dromio is laid up
Safe at the Centaur, and the heedful slave
Is wander'd forth in care to seek me out.
By computation, and mine host's report,
I could not speak with Dromio since at first
I sent him from the mart. See, here he comes.

Enter DROMIO *of* Syracuse.

How now, sir? Is your merry humour alter'd?
As you love strokes, so jest with me again.
You know no Centaur?—You receiv'd no gold?—
Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?—
My house was at the Phœnix? Wast thou mad,
That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

DRO. S. What answer, sir? When spake I such a word?

ANT. S. Even now, even here,—not half an hour since.

DRO. S. I did not see you since you sent me hence,
Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

ANT. S. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt,
And told'st me of a mistress and a dinner;
For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeas'd.

DRO. S. I am glad to see you in this merry vein:
What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.

ANT. S. Yea, dost thou jeer and flout me in the teeth?
Think'st thou I jest? Hold, take thou that, and that! [*Beats Dromio.*

DRO. S. Hold, sir, for God's sake! now your jest is earnest.
Upon what bargain do you give it me?

ANT. S. Because that I familiarly sometimes
Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,
Your sauciness will jest upon my love,
And make a common[f] of my serious hours.
When the sun shines, let foolish gnats make sport,
But creep in crannies when he hides his beams.
If you will jest with me, know my aspect,
And fashion your demeanour to my looks,
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

---

* First folio, *Antipholis Errotis.*

[a] *Of my* defeatures.] That is, my *ill-looks, defacement.* We meet with the same expression in Act V. Sc. 1 of this Play:—

"And careful hours, with Time's deformed hand,
Have written strange *defeatures* in my face."

[b] *My decayed* fair—] *Fair,* for *fairness,* or *beauty.* Our author has several times used *fair* as a substantive:—

"Demetrius loves your *fair.*"
A Midsummer Night's Dream.

Again, in "Love's Labour's Lost," Act IV. Sc. 1:—

"Oh, heresy in *fair,*" &c.

[c] *Poor I am but his* stale.] That is, say the commentators, his *stalking-horse, a pretence, the mask,* under which he covers his amours. It may, however, imply, I am *out of date, insipid.* As in "Cymbeline," Act III. Sc. 4:—

"Poor I am *stale,* a garment out of fashion."

[d] *Would that alone,* alone he *would detain,*—] The original has:—

"Would that alone a *loue,*" &c.

The received reading is from the second folio. Both appear to be corrupt. Perhaps the poet wrote:—

"Would that alone, alone *she* would detain."

She being the *otherwhere.*

[e] *Wear gold;*] In the old copy this passage runs thus:—

"—— *Yet* the gold bides still
That others touch, *and* often touching will,
Where gold and no man that hath a name,
By falshood and corruption doth it shame."

The amended reading was formed by Pope, Warburton, and Steevens; but I am not at all satisfied that it expresses the meaning of the speaker.

[f] *And make a* common *of my serious hours.*] Steevens says, "That is, intrude on them when you please. The allusion is to those tracts of ground destined to *common* use, which are thence called *commons.*"

DRO. S. Sconce, call you it? So you would leave battering, I had rather have it a head: an you use these blows long, I must get a sconce for my head, and insconce it too; or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders. But, I pray, sir, why am I beaten?

ANT. S. Dost thou not know?

DRO. S. Nothing, sir, but that I am beaten.

ANT. S. Shall I tell you why?

DRO. S. Ay, sir, and wherefore; for, they say, every why hath a wherefore.

ANT. S. Why, first,—for flouting me; and then,
—wherefore,
For urging it the second time to me.

DRO. S. Was there ever any man thus beaten
out of season?
When, in the why and the wherefore, is neither
rhyme nor reason?
Well, sir, I thank you.

ANT. S. Thank me, sir! for what?

DRO. S. Marry, sir, for this something, that you gave me for nothing.

ANT. S. I'll make you amends next, to give you nothing for something. But say, sir, is it dinner-time?

DRO. S. No, sir; I think the meat wants that I have.

ANT. S. In good time, sir, what's that?

DRO. S. Basting.

ANT. S. Well, sir, then 't will be dry.

DRO. S. If it be, sir, I pray you eat none of it.

ANT. S. Your reason?

DRO. S. Lest it make you choleric, and purchase me another dry basting.

ANT. S. Well, sir, learn to jest in good time: there's a time for all things.

DRO. S. I durst have denied that, before you were so choleric.

ANT. S. By what rule, sir?

DRO. S. Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of father Time himself.

ANT. S. Let's hear it.

DRO. S. There's no time for a man to recover his hair that grows bald by nature.

ANT. S. May he not do it by fine and recovery?

DRO. S. Yes, to pay a fine for a periwig, and recover the lost hair of another man.

ANT. S. Why is Time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

DRO. S. Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts; and what he hath scanted men * in hair he hath given them in wit.

(*) First folio, *them*.

ANT. S. Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

DRO. S. Not a man of those but he hath the wit to lose his hair.

ANT. S. Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

DRO. S. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost: yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.[a]

ANT. S. For what reason?

DRO. S. For two; and sound ones too.

ANT. S. Nay, not sound, I pray you.

DRO. S. Sure ones, then.

ANT. S. Nay, not sure in a thing falsing.

DRO. S. Certain ones, then.

ANT. S. Name them.

DRO. S. The one, to save the money that he spends in tyring;[b] the other, that, at dinner, they should not drop in his porridge.

ANT. S. You would all this time have proved, there is no time for all things.

DRO. S. Marry, and did, sir; namely,[c] no time to recover hair lost by nature.

ANT. S. But your reason was not substantial, why there is no time to recover.

DRO. S. Thus I mend it:—Time himself is bald, and, therefore, to the world's end, will have bald followers.

ANT. S. I knew 't would be a bald conclusion: but, soft! who wafts us yonder?

Enter ADRIANA *and* LUCIANA.

ADR. Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange and
frown;
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects:
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.
The time was once, when thou, unurg'd, wouldst
vow
That never words were music to thine ear,
That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch well-welcome to thy hand,
That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,
Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd to
thee.
How comes it now, my husband, oh, how
comes it,
That thou art then estranged from thyself?
Thyself I call it, being strange to me,
That, undividable, incorporate,
Am better than thy dear self's better part.
Ah! do not tear away thyself from me;
For know, my love, as easy mayst thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulf,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,

a *In a kind of* jollity.] This has been passed by all the editors without comment; but is not *jollity*, of old, spelt *jollitie*, a misprint for *policie?* There is a kind of *policy* in a man's losing his hair to save his money, and to prevent an uncleanly addition to his porridge; but where is the *jollity?*

b *In* tyring;] A correction of Pope's. The old copy reads *in trying*.

c *Namely*, no time—] The folio, 1623, has "namely, *in* no time."

Without addition or diminishing,
As take from me thyself, and not me too.
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Shouldst thou but hear I were licentious!
And that this body, consecrate to thee,
By ruffian lust should be contaminate!
Wouldst thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,
And hurl the name of husband in my face,
And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot-brow,[a]
And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring,
And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?
I know thou canst, and therefore see thou do it.
I am possess'd with an adulterate blot;
My blood is mingled with the grime[b] of lust:
For, if we two be one, and thou play false,
I do digest the poison of thy flesh,
Being strumpeted by thy contagion.
Keep, then, fair league and truce with thy true bed;
I live dis-stain'd,[c] thou undishonoured.

ANT. S. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not:
In Ephesus I am but two hours old,
As strange unto your town as to your talk;
Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd,
Want* wit in all, one word to understand.

LUC. Fie, brother! how the world is chang'd with you:
When were you wont to use my sister thus?
She sent for you, by Dromio, home to dinner.

ANT. S. By Dromio?

DRO. S. By me?

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[a] *And tear* the stain'd skin off my harlot brow,—] It would appear from this and other passages in our author that the practice of branding criminals on the forehead was extended, in the case of women, to notorious offenders against chastity. Thus in "Hamlet," Act IV. Sc. 5:—

"——; *brands the harlot*
Even here, *between the chaste, unsmirched brow*
Of my true mother."

Again, in the same Play, Act III. Sc. 4:—

"——; takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And *sets a blister there.*"

(*) First folio, *wants.*

[b] *My blood is mingled with the* grime *of lust:*] The folio, 1623, has "*crime* of lust." As Warburton, to whom we owe the emendation, remarks:—"Both the integrity of the metaphor and the word *blot* show that we should read '*grime* of lust.'" This reading is supported by a line in Hall's "Satires," Book IV. S. 1:—

"Besmeared all with loathsome *smoake of lust.*"

[c] Dis-stain'd,—] Probably a misprint for *unstain'd.*

ADR. By thee; and this thou didst return from him,—
That he did buffet thee, and, in his blows,
Denied my house for his,—me for his wife.
ANT. S. Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman?
What is the course and drift of your compact?
DRO. S. I, sir? I never saw her till this time.
ANT. S. Villain, thou liest! for even her very words
Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.
DRO. S. I never spake with her in all my life.
ANT. S. How can she thus, then, call us by our names,
Unless it be by inspiration?
ADR. How ill agrees it with your gravity,
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood!
Be it my wrong,—you are from me exempt,[a]
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine;
Thou art an elm, my husband!—I, a vine![b]—
Whose weakness, married to thy stronger* state,
Makes me with thy strength to communicate.
If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,—
Usurping ivy, brier, or idle moss;
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion
Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.
ANT. S. To me she speaks, she moves me for her theme!
What, was I married to her in my dream?
Or, sleep I now, and think I hear all this?
What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?
Until I know this sure uncertainty,
I'll entertain the offer'd† fallacy.
LUC. Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.
DRO. S. Oh, for my beads![c] I cross me for a sinner.
This is the fairy land!—O, spite of spites!—
We talk with goblins, owls, and elvish[d] sprites!
If we obey them not, this will ensue,—

---

[a] *You are from me* exempt,—] Johnson interprets *exempt, separated, parted.* The sense appears to be, "*I am wronged* sufficiently in your separation from me; do not add to that another wrong, contempt."

[b] *Thou art an* elm, *my husband!—I, a* vine!—] So in Catullus:—

"Lenta, qui, velut assitas
Vitis implicat arbores,
Implicabitur in tuum
Complexum."

And in Milton, "Paradise Lost, Book V. l. 215:—

"——— they led the vine
To wed her elm; she, spous'd, about him twines
Her marriageable arms."

(*) First folio, *stranger.*

(†) First folio, *free'd.*

[c] *Oh, for my* beads!] See "Two Gentlemen of Verona," p. 3, note (c).

[d] *And* elvish *sprites!*] The old copy omits *elvish;* but the folio, 1632, has *elves,* which Rowe changed to *elvish.*

They 'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.

LUC. Why prat'st thou to thyself, and answer'st not?

Dromio, thou drone,*—thou snail,—thou slug, —thou sot!

DRO. S. I am transformed, master, am not I?†

ANT. S. I think thou art in mind; and so am I.

DRO. S. Nay, master, both in mind and in my shape.

ANT. S. Thou hast thine own form.

DRO. S. No, I am an ape.

LUC. If thou art chang'd to aught, 'tis to an ass.

DRO. S. 'Tis true; she rides me, and I long for grass.

'Tis so;—I am an ass; else it could never be,
But I should know her as well as she knows me.

ADR. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the eye and weep,
Whilst man and master laugh my woes to scorn.—
Come, sir, to dinner.—Dromio, keep the gate.—
Husband, I 'll dine above with you to-day,
And shrive[a] you of a thousand idle pranks.—
Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,
Say he dines forth, and let no creature enter.—
Come, sister;—Dromio, play the porter well.

ANT. S. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell,—
Sleeping or waking,—mad or well advis'd?
Known unto these, and to myself disguis'd?
I 'll say as they say, and persever so,
And in this mist at all adventures go.

DRO. S. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

ADR. Ay; and let none enter, lest I break your pate.

LUC. Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late.

[*Exeunt.*

(*) First folio, *thou Dromio.* (†) First folio, *am I not.*

[a] *And* shrive *you*—] That is, *bring you to confession, and absolve you.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of* Ephesus, DROMIO *of* Ephesus, ANGELO, *a Goldsmith, and* BALTHAZAR, *a Merchant.*

ANT. E. Good Signior Angelo, you must excuse us all;—
My wife is shrewish when I keep not hours:—
Say that I linger'd with you at your shop
To see the making of her carkanet,*
And that to-morrow you will bring it home.

But here's a villain that would face me dov
He met me on the mart; and that I beat h
And charg'd him with a thousand marks in
And that I did deny my wife and house!
Thou drunkard thou, what didst thou
by this?

DRO. E. Say what you will, sir, but
what I know:
That you beat me at the mart, I have yo
to show:

* Carkanet.—] A carcanet, from *carcan*, a chain or collar, is a necklace. "Nay, I'll be matchless for a *carkanet*,
Whose pearls and diamonds plac'd with ruby rock
Shall circle this fair neck to set it forth."

If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave were ink,
Your own handwriting would tell you what I think.

ANT. E. I think thou art an ass.

DRO. E. Marry, so it doth appear,
By the wrongs I suffer and the blows I bear.
I should kick, being kick'd; and, being at that pass,
You would keep from my heels and beware of an ass.

ANT. E. You are sad, Signior Balthazar; pray God our cheer
May answer my good will, and your good welcome here.

BAL. I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your welcome dear.

ANT. E. O, Signior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish,
A table full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.

BAL. Good meat, sir, is common; that every churl affords.

ANT. E. And welcome more common; for that's nothing but words.

BAL. Small cheer and great welcome makes a merry feast.

ANT E. Ay, to a niggardly host, and more sparing guest.
But, though my cates be mean, take them in good part;
Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.
But, soft; my door is lock'd: go bid them let us in.

DRO. E. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Gin'!

DRO. S. [*Within.*] Mome,[a] malt-horse, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch![b]
Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch.
Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for such store,
When one is one too many? go get thee from the door.

DRO. E. What patch is made our porter? my master stays in the street.

DRO. S. Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch cold on 's feet.

ANT. E. Who talks within there? Ho!—open the door.

DRO. S. Right, sir; I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefore.

ANT. E. Wherefore?—for my dinner; I have not din'd to-day.

DRO. S. Nor, to-day, here you must not; come again when you may.

ANT. E. What art thou, that keep'st me out from the house I owe?[c]

DRO. S. The porter for this time, sir, and my name is Dromio.

DRO. E. O villain! thou hast stolen both mine office and my name;—
The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.
If thou hadst been Dromio to-day in my place,
Thou wouldst have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an ass.

LUCE. [*Within.*] What a coil is there! Dromio, who are those at the gate?

DRO. E. Let my master in, Luce.

LUCE. Faith, no; he comes too late;
And so tell your master.

DRO. E. O Lord! I must laugh—
Have at you with a proverb:—*Shall I set in my staff?*

LUCE. Have at you with another: that's—*When? Can you tell?*[d]

DRO. S. If thy name be called Luce,—Luce, thou hast answer'd him well.

ANT. E. Do you hear, you minion? you'll let us in, I hope?[e]

LUCE. I thought to have ask'd you.

DRO. S. And you said, no.

DRO. E. So come help,—Well struck!—there was blow for blow.

ANT. E. Thou baggage, let me in.

LUCE. Can you tell for whose sake?

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[a] **Mome.**—] Sir J. Hawkins derives this word from the French *momon*, which signifies the gaming at dice in masquerade, the custom and rule of which is, that a strict silence is to be observed: whatever sum one stakes, another covers, but not a word is to be spoken; from hence also, he says, comes our word *Mum!* for silence. Douce thinks we have *mome* from one of those similar words found in many languages to imply something foolish. In this place it clearly means *blockhead, doit, fool.*

[b] **Patch!**] This in Shakespeare's time, and long before, appears to have been the generic term for a fool or jester, derived, it is thought by some, from his *pied* or *patch'd* vestments. Mr. Tyrwhitt supposed *patch*, however, to be nothing more than a corruption of the Italian *pazzo*, which signifies, properly, *a fool.* Shakespeare uses it again in the present Scene, and elsewhere:—

"——— what soldiers *patch?*"
Macbeth, Act V. Sc. 3.

"What a pied ninny's this? Thou scurvy *patch!*"
Tempest, Act III. Sc. 2.

"The *patch* is kind enough."
Merchant of Venice, Act II. Sc. 5.

[c] **I owe?**] I *own.*

"Who *owes* that shield?
I — and who *owes* that?"
The Four Prentices of London, 1615.

[d] **When? Can you tell?**] This proverbial query, often met with in the old playwrights, occurs again in "Henry IV." Part I. Act II. Sc. 1:—

"Ay, when? canst tell?"

And is perhaps alluded to just before in this Scene, when Dromio S. says:—

"Right, sir; I'll *tell you when*, an you'll tell me wherefore."

[e] **I hope?**] Malone thought that a line following this, in which the speaker threatened Luce with the correction of a rope, has been lost. "In a subsequent Scene he puts the threat into execution, by ordering Dromio to go and buy a rope's-end." As all the rest of the dialogue is in rhyme, and *hope* here has no corresponding word, perhaps Malone was right.

DRO. E. Master, knock the door hard.
LUCE. Let him knock till it ache.
ANT. E. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.
LUCE. What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the town?
ADR. [*Within.*] Who is that at the door that keeps all this noise?
DRO. S. By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.
ANT. E. Are you there, wife?—You might have come before.
ADR. Your wife, sir knave!—Go; get you from the door.
DRO. E. If you went in pain, master, this knave would go sore.
ANG. Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome; —we would fain have either.
BAL. In debating which was best, we shall part with neither.
DRO. E. They stand at the door, master;—bid them welcome hither.
ANT. E. There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in.
DRO. E. You would say so, master, if your garments were thin.
Your cake, here, is warm within;—you stand here in the cold;—
It would make a man mad as a buck, to be so bought and sold.
ANT. E. Go, fetch me something, I'll break ope the gate.
DRO. S. Break any breaking here, and I'll break your knave's pate.
DRO. E. A man may break a word with you, sir, and words are but wind;
Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.
DRO. S. It seems, thou want'st breaking, out upon thee, hind!
DRO. E. Here's too much, *out upon thee!* I pray thee let me in.

DRO. S. Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin.
ANT. E. Well, I'll break in; go, borrow me a crow.
DRO. E. A crow without feather?—Master, mean you so?
For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather:
If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow together.
ANT. E. Go, get thee gone; fetch me an iron crow.
BAL. Have patience, sir, Oh, let it not be so:
Herein you war against your reputation,
And draw within the compass of suspect
The unviolated honour of your wife.
Once (1) this,[a]—your long experience of her* wisdom,
Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,
Plead, on her* part, some cause to you unknown;
And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse
Why, at this time, the doors are made[b] against you.
Be rul'd by me, depart in patience,
And let us to the Tiger all to dinner,
And, about evening, come yourself, alone,
To know the reason of this strange restraint.
If by strong hand you offer to break in,
Now, in the stirring passage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it;
And that supposed by the common rout
Against your yet ungalled estimation,
That may with foul intrusion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead:
For slander lives upon succession;
For ever housed, where it gets possession.
ANT. E. You have prevail'd; I will depart in quiet,
And, in despite of mirth, mean to be merry.
I know a wench of excellent discourse,—
Pretty and witty—wild, and, yet too, gentle,—
There will we dine: this woman that I mean,
My wife (but, I protest, without desert)
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal;

---

a Once *this*,—] "This expression," observes Malone, "appears to me so singular, that I cannot help suspecting the passage to be corrupt." Steevens thinks it may mean, *Once for all, at once*, and more recent editors accept this interpretation. The truth is, *once*, or *ones*, was very commonly used by the old writers in place of *nonce*, or *nones*, implying the *occasion*, the *purpose in hand*, the *time being*, &c., as in the following examples:—

"If any evyll come thereof, ye can consider to whome it must be imputed, *ones* the example is very straunge and perillous."—ELLIS's *Original Letters*, &c. 1st Series, vol. ii. p. 170.

Here the meaning I take to be, "meantime the example is very strange," &c. In a passage of the Ancient Morality, "Hycke Scorner," (Hawkins' Edition,) p. 85, we meet with a notable instance, where the word *ones* seems to be used both in the sense it bears in the present day and in that of *for the nonce*:—

"For as soone as they have sayd, *In manus tua, ones*
By God, theyr truthe is stopped *at ones*."

Again, in "Wily Beguiled," (Hawkins' Edition,) p. 344:—

"Thus craft by cunning *once* shall be beguiled."

Again, in Peele's "David and Bethsabe," (Dyce's Edition,) p. 44:—

"Live, Absalom, my son, *once* in peace."

In Ben Jonson's "Cynthia's Revels," Act IV. Sc. 1:—

"I would this water would arrive *once*."

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's Play of "The Nice Valour," Act II. Sc. 1:—

"I'll have all woman-kind struck in time for me,
After thirteen *once*."

So, also, in our author, "Timon of Athens," Act I. Sc. 2:—

"Nay, an you begin to rail on society, *once*, —"

And "Coriolanus," Act II. Sc. 3:—

"*Once*, if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him."

"*Once* this," then, in the passage above, may mean, *for the nonce, this*, &c.; which is perfectly consistent with what precedes and what follows.

b *The doors are* made *against you.*] To *make* the door, *i. e.* to *bar* the door, is an expression still used in parts of England.

(*) First folio, *your*.

To her will we to dinner.—Get you home
And fetch the chain; by this I know 'tis made:
Bring it, I pray you, to the Porcupine;[a]
For there 's the house; that chain will I bestow
(Be it for nothing but to spite my wife)
Upon mine hostess there: good sir, make haste;
Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me,
I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.

ANG. I'll meet you at that place some hour hence.

ANT. E. Do so; this jest shall cost me some expense. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter LUCIANA* *and* ANTIPHOLUS *of* Syracuse.

LUC. And may it be, that you have quite forgot
A husband's office? Shall Antipholus,
Even in the spring of love—thy love-springs rot?
Shall love, in building,† grow so ruinous?[b]
If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
Then, for her wealth's sake, use her with more kindness;
Or, if you like elsewhere,[c] do it by stealth;
Muffle your false love with some show of blindness:
Let not my sister read it in your eye;
Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator;
Look sweet,—speak fair,—become disloyalty;[d]
Apparel Vice like Virtue's harbinger;
Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted;
Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint;
Be secret-false: what need she be acquainted?
What simple thief brags of his own attaint?‡
'Tis double wrong to truant with your bed,
And let her read it in thy looks at board.
Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed;
Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.

(*) First folio, *Juliana.* (†) First folio, *buildings.* (‡) First folio, *attain.*

[a] Porcupine;] In the old editions, for *Porcupine*, we have always *Porpentine.*

[b] *Shall love*, in building, *grow so* ruinous?] The first folio reads,—

"Shall love, in *buildings*, grow so *ruinate.*"

As a rhyme is evidently required to Antipholus, Mr. Steevens recommended *ruinous*, in place of *ruinate;* and this lection is almost invariably adopted. It is in some measure justified too, by a passage in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," Act V. Sc. 4,—

"Leave not the mansion so long tenantless;
Lest, growing *ruinous*, the *building* fall."

"With respect to *love-springs*," or "the buds of love," Malone remarks,—"it may be observed that the word *springs*, in its primary signification, means the young shoots or buds of plants."

"This canker that eats up *love's* tender *spring.*"
Venus and Adonis.

Alas, poor women!. make us but believe,*
Being compact of credit,[e] that you love us;
Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve:
We in your motion turn, and you may move us.
Then, gentle brother, get you in again;
Comfort my sister,—cheer her,—call her wife:
'Tis holy sport to be a little vain,
When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.

ANT. S. Sweet mistress (what your name is else I know not,
Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine),
Less, in your knowledge and your grace, you show not,
Than our earth's wonder; more than earth, divine!
Teach me, dear creature! how to think and speak;
Lay open to my earthy gross conceit,
Smother'd in errors,—feeble,—shallow,—weak,—
The folded meaning of your words' deceit.
Against my soul's pure truth, why labour you
To make it wander in an unknown field?
Are you a god? Would you create me new?
Transform me, then, and to your power I 'll yield.
But if that I am I, then well I know,
Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe;
Far more, far more to you do I decline.
Oh, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,
To drown me in thy sister flood of tears;
Sing, syren, for thyself, and I will dote:
Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,
And as a bride[f] I'll take thee, and there lie;
And, in that glorious supposition, think
He gains by death, that hath such means to die:(2)
Let love, being light, be drowned if she sink!

LUC. What, are you mad, that you do reason so?

ANT. S. Not mad, but mated;[g] how, I do not know.

LUC. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

ANT. S. For gazing on your beams, fair sun, being by.

(*) First folio, *not* believe.

[c] *Or, if you like* elsewhere,—] See note, p. 120, on *otherwhere.*

[d] Become *disloyalty;*] That is, render it *becoming, set it off.*

[e] *Being* compact *of* credit,—] That is to say, *made up of credulity.*

"If he, *compact* of jars, grows musical."
As You Like It, Act II. Sc. 7.

"The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all *compact.*"
A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act V. Sc. 1.

So, in Nash's "Pierce Pennilesse,"—"The Frenchman (not altered from his own nature) is whollie *compact* of deceivable courtship."

[f] *And as a* bride *I'll take thee,*—] For *bride*, I am responsible. The authentic copy reads *bud*, which was transformed to *bed* in the second folio, and this has been followed in every edition since!

[g] *Not mad, but* mated;] *Mated*, that is, *bewildered, fascinated.*

LUC. Gaze where* you should, and that will clear your sight.

ANT. S. As good to wink, sweet love! as look on night.

LUC. Why call you me love?—call my sister so.

ANT. S. Thy sister's sister.

LUC. That's my sister.

ANT. S. No;
It is thyself,—mine own self's better part,—
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart;
My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,
My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim!

LUC. All this my sister is, or else should be.

ANT. S. Call thyself sister, sweet! for I aim[a] thee.
Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life!
Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife:—
Give me thy hand.

LUC. Oh, soft, sir!—hold you still!
I'll fetch my sister, to get her good will.
[*Exit* LUCIANA.

Enter, from the house of ANTIPHOLUS *of* Ephesus, DROMIO *of* Syracuse.

ANT. S. Why, how now, Dromio?—where run'st thou so fast?

DRO. S. Do you know me, sir?—am I Dromio?—am I your man?—am I myself?

ANT. S. Thou art Dromio;—thou art my man;—thou art thyself.

DRO. S. I am an ass;—I am a woman's man;—and besides myself.

ANT. S. What woman's man? and how besides thyself?

DRO. S. Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due to a woman;—one that claims me;—one that haunts me;—one that will have me!

ANT. S. What claim lays she to thee?

DRO. S. Marry, sir, such claim as you would lay to your horse; and she would have me as a beast: not that, I being a beast, she would have me; but that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.

ANT. S. What is she?

DRO. S. A very reverent body; ay, such a one as a man may not speak of, without he say, *sir-reverence*:[b] I have but lean luck in the match, and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage.

ANT. S. How dost thou mean, a fat marriage?

DRO. S. Marry, sir, she's the kitchen-wench, and all grease: and I know not what use to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn a Poland winter: if she lives till doomsday, she'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

ANT. S. What complexion is she of?

DRO. S. Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept. For why* she sweats,—a man may go over shoes in the grime of it.

ANT. S. That's a fault that water will mend.

DRO. S. No, sir, 'tis in grain; Noah's flood could not do it.

ANT. S. What's her name?

DRO. S. Nell, sir; but her name and* three quarters, that's an ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.

ANT. S. Then she bears some breadth?

DRO. S. No longer from head to foot than from hip to hip; she is spherical like a globe,—I could find out countries in her.

ANT. S. In what part of her body stands Ireland?

DRO. S. Marry, sir, in her buttocks; I found it out by the bogs.

ANT. S. Where Scotland?

DRO. S. I found it by the barrenness; hard, in the palm of the hand.

ANT. S. Where France?

DRO. S. In her forehead; arm'd and reverted, making war against her heir.(3)

ANT. S. Where England?

DRO. S. I looked for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them; but I guess, it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France and it.

ANT. S. Where Spain?

DRO. S. Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it hot in her breath.

ANT. S. Where America, the Indies?

DRO. S. O sir, upon her nose,—all o'er embellished with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of

(*) First folio, *when*.

[a] *For I aim thee.*] The folio, 1623, has, "I am thee." Steevens suggested, "I *aim* thee."

[b] *Without he say, sir-reverence:*] A very common and a very old corruption of *saird reverentia*, *save reverence*, used as an apology before saying anything not very cleanly. "The time hath been, when, if we did speak of this loathsome stuff, tobacco, we used to put a 'Sir reverence' before, but we forget our good manners." Old tract on the origin of tobacco, quoted by Gifford, in his Edition of "Ben Jonson," vol. vi. p. 149. This interjection, and another, "saving your reverence," are still adopted among the lower classes.

[c] *For why she sweats.*] *For why*, Mr. Dyce tells us, is

(*) First folio, *is*.

equivalent to *because*, *for this reason that*, and ought not, therefore, to have an interrogation point put after it; and he cites, among other examples, the following,—

"But let me see: what time a day is't now?
It cannot be imagined by the sunne,
For why I have not seene it shine to-daie."
A Warning for Faire Women, 1599, Sig. E. 4.

He might have added this, from our author's "Richard II." Act V. Sc. 1,—

"*For why* the senseless brands will sympathise."

Spain, who sent whole armadoes of carracks to be ballast at her nose.[a]

ANT. S. Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

DRO. S. O sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me; call'd me Dromio; swore I was assured[b] to her; told me what privy marks I had about me,—as the mark of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm,—that I, amazed, ran from her as a witch;

And I think, if my breast had not been made of faith, and my heart of steel,
She had transform'd me to a curtail-dog, and made me turn i' the wheel.

ANT. S. Go, hie thee presently, post to the road;
And, if the wind blow any way from shore,
I will not harbour in this town to-night.
If any bark put forth, come to the mart,
Where I will walk till thou return to me.
If every one knows us, and we know none,
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.

DRO. S. As from a bear a man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife. [*Exit.*

ANT. S. There's none but witches do inhabit here,
And, therefore, 'tis high time that I were hence.
She that doth call me husband, even my soul
Doth for a wife abhor: but her fair sister,
Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,
Of such enchanting presence and discourse,
Hath almost made me traitor to myself:
But, lest myself be guilty to self-wrong,
I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

Enter ANGELO, *with the chain.*

ANG. Master Antipholus.

ANT. S. Ay, that's my name.

ANG. I know it well, sir. Lo, here is the chain;
I thought to have ta'en you at the Porcupine;
The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

ANT. S. What is your will that I shall do with this?

ANG. What please yourself, sir; I have made it for you.

ANT. S. Made it for me, sir! I bespoke it not.

---

ballast *at her nose.*] *Ballast*, Mr. Malone remarks, was a s not of *ballasted*, but of *balased*, or *balaced*. Spain sent whole fleets of vessels to be freighted with the treasures of her nose.

[b] Assured *to her;*] *Affianced* to her.

ANG. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have.
Go home with it, and please your wife withal;
And soon at supper-time I'll visit you,
And then receive my money for the chain.

ANT. S. I pray you, sir, receive the money now,
For fear you ne'er see chain nor money more.

ANG. You are a merry man, sir; fare you well! [*Exit.*

ANT. S. What I should think of this, I cannot tell;
But this I think, there's no man is so vain,
That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.
I see, a man here needs not live by shifts,
When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.
I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay;
If any ship put out, then straight away. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

Enter a Merchant,[a] Angelo, *and an* Officer.

Mer. You know since Pentecost the sum is due,
And since, I have not much impórtun'd you;
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To Persia, and want guilders for my voyage:
Therefore make present satisfaction,
Or I'll attach you by this officer.

Ang. Even just the sum that I do owe to you,
Is growing[b] to me by Antipholus;
And, in the instant that I met with you,
He had of me a chain; at five o'clock
I shall receive the money for the same.
Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house,
I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

[a] A Merchant,—] The folio, 1623, contains no list of the persons represented in this play; but in the list invariably adopted by modern editors, this character, strange to say, has been omitted altogether.

[b] *Is* growing *to me*—] *Accruing* to me. Thus, in Act IV. Sc. 4:—

"And, knowing how the debt *grows*, I will pay it."

Again, same Act and Scene:—

"Say, how *grows* it due?"

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus, and Dromio of Ephesus, from the Courtesan's.

Off. That labour may you save; see where he comes.

Ant. E. While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou

And buy a rope's end; that will I bestow
Among my wife and her * confederates,
For locking me out of my doors by day.
But soft, I see the goldsmith; get thee gone:
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

Dro. E. I buy a thousand pound a year!—I buy a rope! *Exit* Dromio.

Ant. E. A man is well holp up that trusts to you:
I promised your presence and the chain.
But neither chain nor goldsmith came to me:
Belike, you thought our love would last too long
If it were chain'd together, and therefore came not.

Ang. Saving your merry humour: here's the note,
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carat,
The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion,
Which doth amount to three odd ducats more
Than I stand debted to this gentleman.
I pray you see him presently discharg'd,
For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

Ant. E. I am not furnish'd with the present money;
Besides, I have some business in the town:
Good signior, take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof;
Perchance I will be there as soon as you.

Ang. Then you will bring the chain to her yourself?

Ant. E. No; bear it with you, lest I come not time enough.

Ang. Well, sir, I will. Have you the chain about you?

Ant. E. An if I have not, sir, I hope you have;
Or else you may return without your money.

Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain:
Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman,
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

Ant. E. Good lord! you use this dalliance to excuse
Your breach of promise to the Porcupine.
I should have chid you for not bringing it.

But like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

Mer. The hour steals on: I pray you, sir, despatch.

Ang. You hear how he impórtunes me; the chain—

Ant. E. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.

Ang. Come, come; you know I gave it you even now:
Either send the chain, or send me by some token.[b]

Ant. E. Fie! now you run this humour out of breath.
Come, where's the chain?—I pray you let me see it.

Mer. My business cannot brook this dalliance.
Good sir, say whe'r you'll answer me or no;
If not, I'll leave him to the officer.

Ant. E. I answer you! What should I answer you?

Ang. The money that you owe me for the chain.

Ant. E. I owe you none till I receive the chain.

Ang. You know I gave it you half an hour since.

Ant. E. You gave me none; you wrong me much to say so.

Ang. You wrong me more, sir, in denying it.
Consider, how it stands upon my credit.

Mer. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.

Off. I do; and charge you, in the duke's name, to obey me.

Ang. This touches me in reputation.
Either consent to pay this sum for me,
Or I attach you by this officer.

Ant. E. Consent to pay thee that I never had!
Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.

Ang. Here is thy fee; arrest him, officer.
I would not spare my brother in this case,
If he should scorn me so apparently.

Off. I do arrest you, sir; you hear the suit.

Ant. E. I do obey thee, till I give thee bail;—
But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear
As all the metal in your shop will answer.

Ang. Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse *from the Bay.*

Dro. S. Master, there is a bark of Epidamnum,
That stays but till her owner comes aboard,
And then, sir, she bears away. Our fraughtage, sir,

(*) First folio, also.

a "Buy a thousand pound a year!" "Buy a rope!" What connection is there between the purchase of a thousand pound a year and a rope? How, as in many other instances of obscurity in Shakspeare, there may have been an allusion well understood at the time: but which, referring merely to some transitory event, or to some popular bye-word of the moment, has passed into oblivion, and will never be recovered.

b *Or send* me by *some token.*] It has been proposed to read,—*or send by me*, &c.; but the inversion was, doubtless, a peculiarity of the period.

onvey'd aboard; and I have bought
the balsamum, and aqua vitæ.
› is in her trim; the merry wind
ıir from land: they stay for nought at all,
their owner, master, and yourself.
E. How now? — a madman? — Why, thou peevish sheep,[a]
ıip of Epidamnum stays for me?
S. A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.
E. Thou drunken slave! I sent thee for a rope;
l thee to what purpose and what end.
S. You sent me for a rope's end as soon.
t me to the bay, sir, for a bark.
E. I will debate this matter at more leisure,
:h your ears to list me with more heed.
ana, villain, hie thee straight;
· this key, and tell her, in the desk,
over'd o'er with Turkish tapestry,
a purse of ducats; let her send it:
. I am arrested in the street,
t shall bail me:—hie thee, slave; begone.
er, to prison, till it come.
Merchant, ANGELO, Officer, *and* ANT. E.
S. To Adriana!—that is where we din'd,
Dowsabel did claim me for her husband:
o big, I hope, for me to compass;
I must, although against my will,
ants must their masters' minds fulfil.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter ADRIANA *and* LUCIANA.

Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so?
thou perceive austerely in his eye,
did plead in earnest, yea or no?
ıe or red or pale, or sad or merrily?
servation mad'st thou in this case,
heart's meteors tilting in his face?[b]
First, he denied you had in him no right.[c]
He meant he did me none; the more my spite.
Then swore he, that he was a stranger here.

ADR. And true he swore, though yet forsworn he were.
LUC. Then pleaded I for you.
ADR. And what said he?
LUC. That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.
ADR. With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?
LUC. With words that in an honest suit might move.
First, he did praise my beauty; then my speech.
ADR. Didst speak him fair?
LUC. Have patience, I beseech.
ADR. I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still;
My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.
He is deformed, crooked, old, and sere,
Ill-fac'd, worse-bodied, shapeless every where;
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind,
Stigmatical in making,[d] worse in mind.
LUC. Who would be jealous, then, of such a one?
No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.
ADR. Ah! but I think him better than I say,
And yet would herein others' eyes were worse:
Far from her nest the lapwing cries away;[e]
My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse.

Enter DROMIO *of* Syracuse.

DRO. S. Here, go; the desk—the purse; sweet now, make haste.
LUC. How hast thou lost thy breath?
DRO. S. By running fast.
ADR. Where is thy master, Dromio? Is he well?
DRO. S. No; he 's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell.
A devil in an everlasting garment (1) hath him;
One, whose hard heart is button'd up with steel;
A fiend, a fairy, pitiless and rough;
A wolf,—nay, worse—a fellow all in buff;
A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper,—one that countermands.
The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands,
A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry foot well; (2)

(a) First folio, *Oh.*

Why, thou peevish sheep,
What ship—]
quibble on *sheep* and *ship* occurs, it will be remem-
The Two Gentlemen of Verona," Act I. Sc. 1.
heart's meteors *tilting in his face!*] A strange conceit.
What opinion did you form as to the reality of his
from the varying emotions expressed by his visage?
however, that *case* is a misprint for *race*. The rapid
expression in the countenance may be not inaptly
ce.
e denied you had in him no right.] This was an idiom
eology of Shakespeare's day. Thus, in "Richard
Sc. 3: —

"You may *deny* that you were *not* the cause," &c.

d Stigmatical *in making,*—] That is, *branded by nature with deformity.*

e *Far from her nest the lapwing cries away;*] This allusion to the habits of the lapwing is not unfrequent in our old poets.

"You resemble the lapwing, who creeth most
Where her nest is not."—LILY's *Campaspe*, 1584.

So, also, Greene, in his Second Part of "Coney Catching," 1592:—
"But again to our priggers, who, as before I said,—*cry with the lapwing farthest from her nest,*" &c.

And in Ben Jonson's "Underwoods:"—

"Where he that knowes, will *like a lapwing flie,*
Far from the nest, and so himself belie."

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of Ephesus, and* DROMIO *of Ephesus, from the* Courtezan's.

OFF. That labour may you save; see where he comes.

ANT. E. While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou
And buy a rope's end; that will I bestow
Among my wife and her * confederates,
For locking me out of my doors by day.
But, soft, I see the goldsmith; get thee gone;
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

DRO. E. I buy a thousand pound a year!—I buy a rope! * [*Exit* DROMIO.

ANT. E. A man is well holp up that trusts to you:
I promised your presence and the chain,
But neither chain nor goldsmith came to me:
Belike, you thought our love would last too long
If it were chain'd together, and therefore came not.

ANG. Saving your merry humour; here's the note,
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carat.
The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion,
Which doth amount to three odd ducats more
Than I stand debted to this gentleman.
I pray you see him presently discharg'd,
For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

ANT. E. I am not furnish'd with the present money;
Besides, I have some business in the town:
Good signior, take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof;
Perchance I will be there as soon as you.

ANG. Then you will bring the chain yourself?

ANT. E. No; bear it with you, lest I come time enough.

ANG. Well, sir, I will. Have you the [illegible] about you?

ANT. E. An if I have not, sir, [illegible] have;
Or else you may return without your [illegible]

ANG. Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain:
Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman,
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

ANT. E. Good lord! you use this dalliance, excuse
Your breach of promise to the Porcupine:
I should have chid you for not bringing it,
But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

MER. The hour [illegible] despatch.

ANG. You hear [illegible] but doth [illegible] chain—

ANT. E. Why [illegible] friend; [illegible] your [illegible] name.

ANG. Come, [illegible] invite me; [illegible] kindnesses;
Either send [illegible] buy:
tell [illegible] in his shop,

ANT. E. [illegible] had bought for me,
[illegible] of my body.
Come, wh[illegible] wives,
[illegible] here.

MER. [illegible]
Good si[illegible] Syracuse.
If no[illegible]

ANT. [illegible] you sent me for.
[illegible] of old Adam new
[illegible] What Adam dost
[illegible] kept the paradise,
[illegible] he that goes
[illegible] the prodigal;
[illegible] an evil angel,
[illegible]
[illegible] he that
[illegible] leather; the
[illegible] tired, gives
[illegible] that takes
[illegible] suits of
[illegible] do more
[illegible]
[illegible] officer?
[illegible] the hand; he
[illegible] breaks his
[illegible] going to bed,
[illegible]
[illegible] your foolery.
[illegible] may we be
[illegible]
[illegible] word an hour
[illegible] to-night;
[illegible] sergeant, to
[illegible] angels
[illegible]

(*) First folio [illegible]

* *I buy a thousand pound a year!* [illegible] nexion is there between the purch[illegible] and a rope? Here, as in many [illegible] Shakespeare, there may have be[illegible]

ANT. S. The fellow is distract, and so am I,
And here we wander in illusions;
Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

Enter a Courtezan.

COUR. Well met, well met, master Antipholus.
I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now:
Is that the chain you promis'd me to-day?
ANT. S. Satan, avoid! I charge thee tempt me not!
DRO. S. Master, is this Mistress Satan?
ANT. S. It is the devil!
DRO. S. Nay, she is worse—she is the devil's dam; and here she comes in the habit of a light wench: and thereof comes, that the wenches say, *God dam me;* that's as much as to say, *God make me a light wench.* It is written, they appear to men like angels of light: light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; *ergo*, light wenches will burn. Come not near her.
COUR. Your man and you are marvellous merry, sir.
Will you go with me? we'll mend our dinner here.
DRO. S. Master, if you* do, expect spoon-meat, or bespeak a long spoon.
ANT. S. Why, Dromio?
DRO. S. Marry, he must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil.
ANT. S. Avoid, then, fiend! Why tell'st thou me of supping?
Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress.
I conjure thee to leave me, and be gone.
COUR. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or, for my diamond, the chain you promis'd;
And I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.
DRO. S. Some devils ask but the paring of one's nail,
A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin,
A nut, a cherry-stone; but she, more covetous,
Would have a chain.
Master, be wise; an if you give it her,
The devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.
COUR. I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain;
I hope you do not mean to cheat me so.
ANT. S. Avaunt, thou witch! Come, Dromio, let us go.
DRO. S. *Fly pride*, says the peacock: mistress, that you know.
[*Exeunt* ANT. S. *and* DRO. S.
COUR. Now, out of doubt, Antipholus is mad,
Else would he never so demean himself.
A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,(5)
And for the same he promis'd me a chain;—
Both one and other he denies me now.
The reason that I gather he is mad,
(Besides this present instance of his rage,)
Is a mad tale he told to-day at dinner,
Of his own doors being shut against his entrance.
Belike his wife, acquainted with his fits,
On purpose shut the doors against his way.
My way is now to hie home to his house,
And tell his wife, that, being lunatic,
He rush'd into my house, and took perforce
My ring away. This course I fittest choose;
For forty ducats is too much to lose. [*Exit.*

(*) The first folio omits you

SCENE IV.—*The same.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of* Ephesus, *and an* Officer.

ANT. E. Fear me not, man; I will not break away:
I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money,
To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for.
My wife is in a wayward mood to-day,
And will not lightly trust the messenger:
That I should be attach'd in Ephesus,
I tell you, 'twill sound harshly in her ears.

Enter DROMIO *of* Ephesus, *with a rope's end.*

Here comes my man; I think he brings the money.
How now, sir? have you that I sent you for?
DRO. E. Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them all.
ANT. E. But where's the money?
DRO. E. Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope.
ANT. E. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?
DRO. E. I'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate.
ANT. E. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?
DRO. E. To a rope's end, sir, and to that end am I return'd.
ANT. E. And to that end, sir, I will welcome you. [*Beating him.*
OFF. Good sir, be patient.
DRO. E. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient; I am in adversity.
OFF. Good now, hold thy tongue.
DRO. E. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.
ANT. E. Thou whoreson, senseless villain!
DRO. E. I would I were senseless, sir, that I might not feel your blows.
ANT. E. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.
DRO. E. I am an ass, indeed; you may prove it by my long ears. I have served him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have

nothing at his hands for my service but blows. When I am cold, he heats me with beating; when I am warm, he cools me with beating: I am waked with it when I sleep; raised with it when I sit; driven out of doors with it when I go from home; welcomed home with it when I return; nay, I bear it on my shoulders as a beggar wont her brat; and, I think, when he hath lamed me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, *the* Courtezan, *and a* Schoolmaster *called* PINCH.

ANT. E. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

DRO. E. Mistress, *respice finem*, respect your end; or rather the prophecy, like the parrot,[a] *Beware the rope's end.*

ANT. E. Wilt thou still talk? [*Beats him.*

COUR. How say you now? Is not your husband mad?

ADR. His incivility confirms no less.
Good Doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer;
Establish him in his true sense again,
And I will please you what you will demand.

LUC. Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!

COUR. Mark how he trembles in his ecstasy![b]

PINCH. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

ANT. E. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

PINCH. I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this man,
To yield possession to my holy prayers,
And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight:
I cónjure thee by all the saints in heaven.

ANT. E. Peace, doting wizard, peace; I am not mad.

ADR. O, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!

ANT. E. You minion, you, are these your customers?
Did this companion[c] with the saffron face
Revel and feast it at my house to-day,
Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,
And I denied to enter in my house?

ADR. O, husband, God doth know you dined at home;
Where, would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from these slanders, and this open shame!

ANT. E. Din'd at home! Thou villain, what say'st thou?

DRO. E. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

ANT. E. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut out?

DRO. E. Perdy,[d] your doors were lock'd, and you shut out.

ANT. E. And did not she herself revile me there?

DRO. E. *Sans* fable, she herself revil'd you there.

ANT. E. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and scorn me?

DRO. E. Certes, she did; the kitchen-vestal scorn'd you.

ANT. E. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

DRO. E. In verity you did; my bones bear witness,
That since have felt the vigour of his rage.

ADR. Is 't good to soothe him in these contraries?

PINCH. It is no shame: the fellow finds his vein,
And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.

ANT. E. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.

ADR. Alas! I sent you money to redeem you,
By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.

DRO. E. Money by me!—Heart and good-will you might,
But surely, master, not a rag of money.

ANT. E. Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats?

ADR. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.

LUC. And I am witness with her that she did.

DRO. E. God and the rope-maker bear me witness,
That I was sent for nothing but a rope!

PINCH. Mistress, both man and master is possess'd,
I know it by their pale and deadly looks;
They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.

ANT. E. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth to-day?
And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?

ADR. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.

---

[a] *Like the* parrot,—] Warburton says this alludes to people's teaching that bird unlucky words; with which, when any passenger was offended, it was the standing joke of the wise owner to say, "Take heed, sir, my parrot prophesies!" To this Butler hints when, speaking of Ralpho's skill in augury, he says:—

"Could tell what subtlest parrots mean
That speak, and think contrary clean;
What member 'tis of whom they talk,
When they cry *rope*, and *walk, knave, walk.*"

[b] *How he trembles in his* ecstasy!] Thus, in our Author's "Venus and Adonis," 1593:—

"Thus stands she in a *trembling ecstasy.*"

Ecstasy meant aberration of mind.

"Extasie, or trance. G. extasé; Lat. ecstasis, abstractio mentis. Est propriè mentis emotio, et quasi de statione suâ deturbatio, seu furore, seu admiratione, seu timore, aliove casu decidat."—*Minsheu. Dict.* 1617.

[c] *This* companion—] *Companion* was formerly applied contemptuously, as we now use *fellow.*

"I scorn you, scurvy *companion.*"
Henry IV. 2d Part, Act II. Sc. 4.

[d] Perdy,—] Corrupted from the French, *Pardieu.* It occurs frequently in old authors, and three or four times again in these Plays. Thus, in "Twelfth Night," Act IV. Sc. 2:—

"My lady is unkind, *perdy.*"

and in "Hamlet," Act III. Sc. 2:—

"Belike he likes it not, *perdy.*"

Dro. E. And, gentle master, I receiv'd no gold;
But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out.

Adr. Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in both!

Ant. E. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all;
And art confederate with a damned pack,
To make a loathsome abject scorn of me:
But with these nails I'll pluck out these false eyes,
That would behold in me this shameful sport.

[*Enter three or four, and offer to bind him. He strives.**

Adr. O, bind him, bind him! let him not come near me.

Pinch. More company!—the fiend is strong within him.

Luc. Ay me, poor man!—how pale and wan he looks!

Ant. E. What, will you murder me? Thou gaoler, thou,
I am thy prisoner: wilt thou suffer them
To make a rescue?

Off. Masters, let him go;
He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

Pinch. Go, bind this man, for he is frantic too.

Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himself?

Off. He is my prisoner; if I let him go,
The debt he owes will be requir'd of me.

Adr. I will discharge thee ere I go from thee.
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,
And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.
Good Master Doctor, see him safe convey'd
Home to my house. O, most unhappy day!

Ant. E. O, most unhappy strumpet!

Dro. E. Master, I am here enter'd in bond for you.

Ant. E. Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost thou mad me?

* This is the stage direction in the authentic copy.

DRO. E. Will you be bound for nothing? Be mad, good master; Cry, the devil!—

LUC. God help poor souls, how idly do they talk!

ADR. Go bear him hence. Sister, go you with me.

[*Exeunt* PINCH *and* Assistants, *with* ANT. E. *and* DRO. E.

Say, now, whose suit is he arrested at?

OFF. One Angelo, a goldsmith; do you know him?

ADR. I know the man. What is the sum he owes?

OFF. Two hundred ducats.

ADR. Say, how grows it due?

OFF. Due for a chain your husband had of him.

ADR. He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.

COUR. Whenas[a] your husband, all in rage, to-day
Came to my house, and took away my ring,
(The ring I saw upon his finger now,)
Straight after did I meet him with a chain.

ADR. It may be so, but I did never see it.
Come, gaoler, bring me where the goldsmith is;
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of* Syracuse, *with his rapier drawn, and* DROMIO *of* Syracuse.

LUC. God, for thy mercy! they are loose again!

ADR. And come with naked swords: let's call more help,
To have them bound again.

OFF. Away; they'll kill us.

[*Exeunt* Officer, ADR. *and* LUC.[b]

ANT. S. I see these witches are afraid of swords.

DRO. S. She that would be your wife now ran from you.

ANT. S. Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff from thence:
I long that we were safe and sound aboard.

DRO. S. Faith, stay here this night; they will surely do us no harm.—You saw, they speak us fair, give us gold: methinks they are such a gentle nation, that, but for the mountain of mad flesh that claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to stay here still, and turn witch.

ANT. S. I will not stay to-night for all the town;
Therefore away, to get our stuff[c] aboard.

[*Exeunt.*

---

[a] Whenas *your husband,*—] This is commonly printed *when as, &c.*; in some editions *when, as,* &c. As we remarked in note (*) p. 21, *when* as and *when, whereas* and *where,* were of old used interchangeably.

[b] *Exeunt, &c.*] The old copy has two stage directions here. One, "*Runne all out,*" and immediately after, "*Exeunt omnes, as fast as may be, frighted.*"

[c] *To get our* stuff *aboard.*] One of the meanings attached to this commonly-used word, *stuff,* in early times, was *luggage.* In the orders issued for the royal progresses, Malone says, the king's baggage was always thus denominated.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The same. Before an Abbey.*

Enter Merchant *and* Angelo.

Ang. I am sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd you;
But, I protest, he had the chain of me,
Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.
Mer. How is the man esteem'd here in the city?
Ang. Of very reverent reputation, sir,—
Of credit infinite,—highly belov'd,—
Second to none that lives here in the city;
His word might bear my wealth at any time.
Mer. Speak softly; yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter Antipholus *and* Dromio *of* Syracuse.

Ang. 'T is so; and that self chain about his neck,
Which he forswore most monstrously to have.
Good sir, draw near to me, I'll speak to him.
Signior Antipholus, I wonder much
That you would put me to this shame and trouble,
And not without some scandal to yourself,
With circumstance and oaths, so to deny
This chain, which now you wear so openly:
Beside the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
You have done wrong to this my honest friend;
Who, but for staying on our controversy,
Had hoisted sail and put to sea to-day:—
This chain you had of me,—can you deny it?
Ant. S. I think I had; I never did deny it.
Mer. Yes, that you did, sir; and forswore it too.
Ant. S. Who heard me to deny it, or forswear it?
Mer. These ears of mine, thou knowest, did hear thee:
Fie on thee, wretch! 'tis pity that thou liv'st
To walk where any honest men resort.
Ant. S. Thou art a villain to impeach me thus!

I'll prove mine honour and mine honesty
Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand.
MER. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.
[*They draw.*

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, Courtezan, *and others.*

ADR. Hold!—hurt him not, for God's sake!
—he is mad;
Some get within him;[a] take his sword away;—
Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.
DRO. S. Run, master, run; for God's sake, take a house;—
This is some priory;—in, or we are spoil'd.
[*Exeunt* ANT. S. *and* DRO. S. *to the Priory.*

Enter the Lady Abbess.

ABB. Be quiet, people! wherefore throng you hither?
ADR. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence:
Let us come in that we may bind him fast,
And bear him home for his recovery.
ANG. I knew he was not in his perfect wits.
MER. I am sorry now that I did draw on him.
ABB. How long hath this possession held the man?
ADR. This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,
And much different from the man he was;
But, till this afternoon, his passion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.
ABB. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck of sea?
Buried some dear friend? Hath not, else, his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?
A sin prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?
ADR. To none of these, except it be the last:
Namely, some love that drew him oft from home.
ABB. You should, for that, have reprehended him.
ADR. Why, so I did.
ABB. Ay, but not rough enough.
ADR. As roughly as my modesty would let me.
ABB. Haply in private.
ADR. And in assemblies too.
ABB. Ay, but not enough.
ADR. It was the copy of our conference.
In bed, he slept not for my urging it;
At board, he fed not for my urging it:
Alone, it was the subject of my theme;
In company, I often glanced it;
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.

ABB. And thereof came it that the man was mad.
The venom clamour of a jealous woman
Poisons more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
It seems, his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing;
And thereof comes it, that his head is light.
Thou say'st, his meat was sauc'd with thy upbraidings:
Unquiet meals make ill digestions,—
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred;
And what's a fever but a fit of madness?
Thou say'st, his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls:
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue,
But moody and dull melancholy,
Kinsman to grim and comfortless Despair,
And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop
Of pale distemperatures and foes to life?
In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest,
To be disturb'd, would mad or man, or beast:
The consequence is, then, thy jealous fits
Have scar'd thy husband from the use of wits.
LUC. She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demean'd himself rough, rude, and wildly.
Why bear you these rebukes and answer not?
ADR. She did betray me to my own reproof.
Good people, enter and lay hold on him!
ABB. No, not a creature enters in my house.
ADR. Then let your servants bring my husband forth.
ABB. Neither; he took this place for sanctuary,
And it shall privilege him from your hands,
Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or lose my labour in assaying it.
ADR. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet his sickness, for it is my office,
And will have no attorney but myself;
And therefore let me have him home with me.
ABB. Be patient; for I will not let him stir,
Till I have us'd the approved means I have,
With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,
To make of him a formal[b] man again:
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,—
A charitable duty of my order;
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.
ADR. I will not hence and leave my husband here;
And ill it doth beseem your holiness
To separate the husband and the wife.
ABB. Be quiet and depart, thou shalt not have him. [*Exit* Abbess.
LUC. Complain unto the duke of this indignity.
ADR. Come, go; I will fall prostrate at his feet,
And never rise until my tears and prayers
Have won his grace to come in person hither,
And take perforce my husband from the abbess.

[a] *Some get within him;*] *Get within his guard; close with him.*

[b] *A formal man*—] This seems to mean, A *reasonable* man, A well *regulated* man.

MER. By this, I think, the dial points at five:
Anon, I'm sure, the duke himself in person
Comes this way to the melancholy vale,
The place of death[a] and sorry[b] execution,
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

ANG. Upon what cause?

MER. To see a reverend Syracusian merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Beheaded publicly for his offence.

ANG. See where they come; we will behold his death.

LUC. Kneel to the duke before he pass the abbey.

Enter DUKE, *attended*; ÆGEON, *bare-headed; with the* Headsman *and other* Officers.

DUKE. Yet once again proclaim it publicly,
If any friend will pay the sum for him,
He shall not die,—so much we tender him.

ADR. Justice, most sacred duke, against the abbess!

DUKE. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady;
It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong.

ADR. May it please your grace, Antipholus, my husband,
Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important[c] letters,(1) this ill day
A most outrageous fit of madness took him;
That desp'rately he hurried through the street,
(With him his bondman, all as mad as he,)
Doing displeasure to the citizens,
By rushing in their houses, bearing thence,
Rings, jewels,—any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed.
Anon, I wot not by what strong escape,
He broke from those that had the guard of him,
And, with his mad attendant and himself,
Each one, with ireful passion,—with drawn swords,
Met us again, and, madly bent on us,
Chas'd us away; till, raising of more aid,
We came again to bind them: then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we pursued them;
And here the abbess shuts the gates on us,
And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence.
Therefore, most gracious duke, with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

DUKE. Long since, thy husband serv'd me in my wars;
And I to thee engag'd a prince's word,
When thou didst make him master of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could.
Go, some of you, knock at the abbey-gate,
And bid the lady abbess come to me;
I will determine this before I stir.

Enter a Servant.

SERV. O mistress, mistress! shift and save yourself!
My master and his man are both broke loose,
Beaten the maids a-row,[d] and bound the doctor,
Whose beard they have singed off with brands of fire;
And, ever as it blazed, they threw on him
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair:
My master preaches patience to him, and the while,
His man, with scissors, nicks him[e] like a fool;
And, sure, unless you send some present help,
Between them they will kill the conjurer.

ADR. Peace, fool! thy master and his man are here,
And that is false thou dost report to us.

SERV. Mistress, upon my life I tell you true!
I have not breath'd, almost, since I did see it.
He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,
To scorch[f] your face, and to disfigure you:
[*Cry within.*
Hark, hark! I hear him, mistress!—fly!—be gone!

DUKE. Come, stand by me; fear nothing. Guard with halberts.

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[a] *The place of* death—] The original has *depth* instead of *death*; and, as the Rev. Mr. Hunter thinks, rightly. According to his view, "New Illustrations of Shakespeare," vol. i. p. 225, "'The place of *depth*,' in the Greek story, the *Barathrum*, means the deep pit, into which offenders were cast."

[b] *And* sorry *execution*,—] Meaning *dismal*, *sorrowful* execution.

[c] *At your* important *letters*,—] That is, in the language of our old writers, your *importunate* letters. Thus, in "Much Ado about Nothing," Act II. Sc. 1:—"—if the Prince be too *important*, tell him there is measure in everything," &c.

So in "King Lear," Act IV. Sc. 4:—

"Therefore great France
My mourning and *important* tears hath pitied."

[d] *Beaten the maids* a-row,—] *A-row* is explained by the commentators, *one after another*, *successively*.

"A thousand time *a-row* he gan hire kisse."
CHAUCER, *Wife of Bathes Tale*, v. 6386, Tyrwhitt's Ed.

[e] Nicks *him like a fool*;] The custom of *shaving* and *nicking* the head of a fool is very old. Tollet says there is a penalty of ten shillings, in one of Alfred's ecclesiastical laws, if one opprobriously *shave* a common man like a *fool*; and Malone cites a passage from "The Choice of Change," &c., by S. R. Gent, 4to. 1598,—"Three things used by monks, which provoke other men to laugh at their follies: 1. They are *shaven* and *notched* on the head like *fooles*."

[f] *To* scorch *your face*,—] So the old copy. The same spelling occurs in the folio, 1623, Act III. Sc. 2, of "Macbeth:"—

"We have *scorch'd* the snake, not killed it;"

where, however, the word meant is probably *scotch'd*.

"The curtal Friar in Fountain Abbey
Well can a strong bow draw;
He will beat you and your yeomen
Set them all on *a-row*."
Old Ballads, Evans, vol. ii. p. 152.

ADR. Ah me, it is my husband! Witness you,
That he is borne about invisible:
Even now we hous'd him in the abbey here,
And now he's there, past thought of human reason!

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *and* DROMIO *of* Ephesus.

ANT. E. Justice, most gracious duke! Oh, grant me justice!
Even for the service that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid thee in the wars, and took
Deep scars to save thy life; even for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

ÆGE. Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,
I see my son Antipholus, and Dromio.

ANT. E. Justice, sweet prince! against that woman there.
She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife;—
That hath abused and dishonour'd me,
Even in the strength and height of injury!
Beyond imagination is the wrong,
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.

DUKE. Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

ANT. E. This day, great duke, she shut the doors upon me,
While she with harlots[a] feasted in my house.

DUKE. A grievous fault. Say, woman, didst thou so?

ADR. No, my good lord; myself, he, and my sister,
To-day did dine together: so befal my soul
As this is false, he burdens me withal!

[a] *While she with* harlots—] Antipholus does not mean *courtesans*, but *base companions, villains*. So in the "Winter's Tale," Act II. Sc. 3:—

"—— for the *harlot* king
Is quite beyond mine arm."

LUC. Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,
But she tells to your highness simple truth!
ANG. O perjur'd woman! they are both forsworn.
In this the madman justly chargeth them.
ANT. E. My liege, I am advised what I say;
Neither disturbed with the effect of wine,
Nor, heady-rash, provok'd with raging ire,
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner:—
That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witness it, for he was with me then;
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promising to bring it to the Porcupine,
Where Balthazar and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to seek him: in the street I met him,
And, in his company, that gentleman.
There did this perjur'd goldsmith swear me down,
That I this day of him receiv'd the chain,
Which, God he knows, I saw not; for the which,
He did arrest me with an officer.
I did obey, and sent my peasant home
For certain ducats: he with none return'd.
Then fairly I bespoke the officer
To go in person with me to my house.
By the way we met
My wife, her sister, and a rabble more
Of vile confederates; along with them,
They brought one Pinch, a hungry lean-fac'd villain,
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller;
A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch,—
A living dead man: this pernicious slave,
Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer,
And, gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no face, as 't were, out-facing me,
Cries out I was possess'd: then, all together,
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence,
And, in a dark and dankish vault at home,
There left me and my man both bound together;
Till, gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,
I gain'd my freedom, and immediately
Ran hither to your grace, whom I beseech
To give me ample satisfaction
For these deep shames and great indignities.
ANG. My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him,
That he dined not at home, but was lock'd out.
DUKE. But had he such a chain of thee or no?
ANG. He had, my lord; and when he ran in here
These people saw the chain about his neck.
MER. Besides, I will be sworn these ears of mine
Heard you confess you had the chain of him,
After you first forswore it on the mart:
And thereupon I drew my sword on you;
And then you fled into this abbey here,
From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.
ANT. E. I never came within these abbey walls,
Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me;
I never saw the chain, so help me Heaven!
And this is false you burden me withal.
DUKE. Why, what an intricate impeach is this!
I think you all have drunk of Circe's cup.
If here you hous'd him, here he would have been.
If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly.
You say he dined at home; the goldsmith here
Denies that saying. Sirrah, what say you?
DRO. E. Sir, he dined with her there, at the Porcupine.
COUR. He did; and from my finger snatch'd that ring.
ANT. E. 'Tis true, my liege, this ring I had of her.
DUKE. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?
COUR. As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace.
DUKE. Why, this is strange. Go, call the abbess hither.
I think you are all mated or stark mad.
[*Exit an* Attendant.
ÆGE. Most mighty duke, vouchsafe me speak a word
Haply I see a friend will save my life,
And pay the sum that may deliver me.
DUKE. Speak freely, Syracusian, what thou wilt.
ÆGE. Is not your name, sir, call'd Antipholus?
And is not that your bondman, Dromio?
DRO. E. Within this hour I was his bondman, sir,
But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords.
Now am I Dromio, and his man, unbound.
ÆGE. I am sure you both of you remember me.
DRO. E. Ourselves we do remember, sir, by you;
For lately we were bound as you are now.
You are not Pinch's patient,—are you, sir?
ÆGE. Why look you strange on me? You know me well.
ANT. E. I never saw you in my life, till now.
ÆGE. Oh! grief hath chang'd me since you saw me last;
And careful hours,[a] with Time's deformed hand,
Have written strange defeatures in my face.[b]
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?
ANT. E. Neither.
ÆGE. Dromio, nor thou?
DRO. E. No, trust me, sir, nor I.
ÆGE. I am sure thou dost.

[a] *And* careful *hours,*—] *Painful, anxious* hours.

[b] *Strange* defeatures *in my face.*] See Note (a), p. 121.

DRO. E. Ay, sir, but I am sure I do not; and whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound[a] to believe him.

ÆGE. Not know my voice? Oh, Time's extremity!
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue,
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?
Though now this grained face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up;
Yet hath my night of life some memory—
My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left—
My dull deaf ears a little use to hear:
All these old witnesses (I cannot err)
Tell me, thou art my son, Antipholus.

ANT. E. I never saw my father in my life.

ÆGE. But seven years since, in Syracusa, boy,
Thou know'st we parted; but, perhaps, my son,
Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery.

ANT. E. The duke, and all that know me in the city,
Can witness with me that it is not so;
I ne'er saw Syracusa in my life.

DUKE. I tell thee, Syracusian, twenty years
Have I been patron to Antipholus,
During which time he ne'er saw Syracusa.
I see, thy age and dangers make thee dote.

Enter the Abbess, *with* ANTIPHOLUS *of* Syracuse, *and* DROMIO *of* Syracuse.

ABB. Most mighty duke, behold a man much wrong'd. [*All gather to see them.*

ADR. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

DUKE. One of these men is Genius to the other;
And so of these, which is the natural man,
And which the spirit? Who deciphers them?

DRO. S. I, sir, am Dromio; command him away.

DRO. E. I, sir, am Dromio, pray let me stay.

ANT. S. Ægeon, art thou not? or else his ghost!

DRO. S. Oh, my old master! who hath bound him here?

ABB. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,
And gain a husband by his liberty!
Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man
That hadst a wife once call'd Æmilia,
That bore thee at a burden two fair sons!
Oh, if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak!

---

[a] *You are now* bound, &c.] Of course, a quibble on poor Ægeon's bonds.

And speak unto the same Æmilia!
ÆGE. If I dream not,[a] thou art Æmilia!
If thou art she, tell me, where is that son
That floated with thee on the fatal raft?
ABB. By men of Epidamnum he and I,
And the twin Dromio, all were taken up.
But, by and by, rude fishermen of Corinth,
By force, took Dromio and my son from them,
And me they left with those of Epidamnum.
What then became of them I cannot tell;
I, to this fortune that you see me in.
DUKE. Why, here begins his morning story right;
These two Antipholus',—these two so like,
And these two Dromios, one in semblance;
Besides her urging of her wreck at sea:
These are the parents to these children,[b]
Which accidentally are met together.
Antipholus, thou cam'st from Corinth first.
ANT. S. No, sir, not I; I came from Syracuse.
DUKE. Stay, stand apart; I know not which is which.
ANT. E. I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord.
DRO. E. And I with him.
ANT. E. Brought to this town by that most famous warrior,
Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.
ADR. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?
ANT. S. I, gentle mistress.
ADR. And are not you my husband?
ANT. E. No; I say nay to that.
ANT. S. And so do I; yet did she call me so:
And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,
Did call me brother. What I told you then,[c]
I hope I shall have leisure to make good;
If this be not a dream I see and hear.
ANG. That is the chain, sir, which you had of me.
ANT. S. I think it be, sir; I deny it not.
ANT. E. And you, sir, for this chain arrested me.
ANG. I think I did, sir; I deny it not.
ADR. I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,
By Dromio; but I think he brought it not.
DRO. E. No; none by me.
ANT. S. This purse of ducats I receiv'd from you,
And Dromio, my man, did bring them me:
I see, we still did meet each other's man,
And I was ta'en for him and he for me,
And thereupon these Errors[d] rare arose.
ANT. E. These ducats pawn I for my father here.
DUKE. It shall not need,—thy father hath his life.
COUR. Sir, I must have that diamond from you.
ANT. E. There, take it, and much thanks for my good cheer.
ABB. Renowned duke, vouchsafe to take the pains
To go with us into the abbey here,
And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes;
And all that are assembled in this place,
That, by this sympathized one day's error,
Have suffer'd wrong, go, keep us company,
And we shall make full satisfaction.
Twenty-five years have I but gone in travail
Of you, my sons; and, till this present hour,[e]
My heavy burden ne'er delivered.
The duke, my husband, and my children both,
And you the calendars of their nativity,
Go to a gossip's feast, and go with me;[f]
After so long grief, such festivity!
DUKE. With all my heart, I'll gossip at this feast.
[*Exeunt* DUKE, Abbess, ÆGEON, Courtezan, Merchant, ANGELO, *and* Attendants.
DRO. S. Master, shall I fetch your stuff from ship-board?
ANT. E. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou embark'd?
DRO. S. Your goods, that lay at host, sir, in the Centaur.
ANT. S. He speaks to me; I am your master, Dromio:

---

[a] *If I dream not,*—] In the folio, 1623, this speech of Ægeon, and the subsequent one of the Abbess, are misplaced, and come after the Duke's speech, commencing,—"Why, here begins," &c. Malone made the necessary transposition.

[b] *To these* children,—] *Children* must be pronounced as a trisyllable.

[c] What I told you then, &c.] This, and the two lines following, are addressed to Luciana, and should perhaps be spoken aside to her.

[d] *These* Errors rare *arose.*] The ancient copy has *errors are*, and this incontestable misprint is faithfully followed by modern editors. Mr. Collier's old corrector endeavours, not very successfully, to rectify it by reading *all* for *are*. I venture to substitute *rare*, which, besides being closer to the original, appears to give a better meaning.

[e] Twenty-five *years have I but gone in travail*
Of you, my sons; and, till this present hour,
My heavy burden ne'er *delivered.*]
The original copy has "thirtie three yeares." The rectification of time was made by Theobald, who pointed out that as Ægeon had related how at eighteen years his youngest boy "became inquisitive after his brother;" and, in the present Scene, says it is but seven years since they parted, the date of their birth is settled indisputably. For the emendation, *ne'er* for *are*, we are indebted to Mr. Dyce.

[f] *Go to a gossip's feast, and go with me;*
After so long grief, such festivity!]
The old copy gives us:—
"After so long grief, such *nativity*,"
which can hardly be right, "such nativity," that is, *equal*, or *proportionate nativity*, being without sense here. Johnson proposed *festivity*, which is most likely what the poet wrote. The compositor seems to have caught *nativity* from the line just above. I believe, however, this word is not the only corruption in the passage.

Come, go with us; we'll look to that anon;
Embrace thy brother there; rejoice with him.
[*Exeunt* ANTIPHOLUS S. *and* E., ADR. *and* LUC.

DRO. S. There is a fat friend at your master's house,
That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner;
She now shall be my sister,—not my wife.

DRO. E. Methinks you are my glass, and not my brother:
I see by you, I am a sweet-fac'd youth.
Will you walk in to see their gossiping?

DRO. S. Not I, sir; you are my elder.

DRO. E. That's a question: how shall we try it?

DRO. S. We'll draw cuts for the senior; till then, lead thou first.

DRO. E. Nay, then, thus;
We came into the world like brother and brother;
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another. [*Exeunt.*

ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

ACT I.

(1) SCENE II.—*They say this town is full of cozenage, &c.*] This was the character attributed to Ephesus in remote ages. Steevens suggests that Shakespeare might have got the hint for this description from Warner's translation of the "Menæchmi," 1595. "For this assure yourselfe, this Towne *Epidamnum* is a place of outragious expences, exceeding in all ryot and lasciviousnesse: and (I heare) as full of Ribaulds, Parasites, Drunkards, Catchpoles, Cony-catchers, and Sycophants, as it can hold," &c. But it is observable that Shakespeare, with great propriety, makes Antipholus attach to the Ephesians higher and more poetical qualities of cozenage than those enumerated by the old translator. It is not merely as "catchpoles," "cony-catchers," and the like, but as "dark-working sorcerers," and "soul-killing witches," that he speaks of them. And hence we are prepared to find him attribute the cross-purposes of the scene to supernatural agency, and see no inconsistency in his wooing Luciana as an enchantress:—

> "Teach me, dear creature! how to think and speak;
> Lay open to my earthy gross conceit,
> Smother'd in errors—feeble—shallow—weak—
> The folded meaning of your words' deceit.
> Against my soul's pure truth, why labour you
> To make it wander in an unknown field?"

Or in his imagining that, to win the sibyl, he must lose himself:—

> "Sing, syren, for thyself, and I will dote:
> Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,
> And as a bride I'll take thee, and there lie;
> And, in that glorious supposition, think
> He gains by death, that hath such means to die!"

ACT III.

(1) SCENE I.—*Once this.*] The following note in Gifford's "Ben Jonson" (vol. iii. p. 218) helps to confirm our opinion that *onte* in this place, and in many other instances, is only another form of *nonce*, and means for the *occasion*, for the *time being*, &c. "For the *nonce*, is simply for the *once*, for the *one thing* in question, whatever it may be. This is invariably its meaning. The aptitude of many of our monosyllables beginning with a vowel to assume the *n* is well known; but the progress of this expression is distinctly marked in our early writers, 'a ones,' 'an anes,' 'for the anes,' 'for the nanes,' 'for the nones,' 'for the nonce.'"

(2) SCENE II.—*He gains by death, that hath such means to die.*] The allusion is obviously to the long current opinion that the syren, or mermaid, decoyed mortals to destruction by the witchery of her songs. This superstition has been charmingly illustrated by Leyden, in his poem, "The Mermaid," (*vide* Scott's "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," vol. iv. p. 294.)

> "Thus, all to soothe the Chieftain's woe,
> Far from the maid he loved so dear,
> The song arose, so soft and slow,
> He seem'd her parting sigh to hear.
>
> * * * *
>
> That sea-maid's form, of pearly light,
> Was whiter than the downy spray,
> And round her bosom, heaving bright,
> Her glossy, yellow ringlets play.
>
> Borne on a foamy-crested wave,
> She reach'd amain the bounding prow,
> Then clasping fast the Chieftain brave,
> She, plunging, sought the deep below."

The reader desirous of particular information concerning the supposed existence and habits of these seductive beings, may consult Maillet's "Telliamed," Pontopiddan's "Natural History of Norway," and Waldron's "Account of the Isle of Man."

(3) SCENE II.—
ANT. S. *Where* France?
DRO. S. *In her forehead; arm'd and reverted, making war against her* heir.]
As Theobald first observed, an equivoque was, no doubt, intended between the words *hair* and *heir*; and by the latter, was meant Henry IV. the *heir* of France, concerning whose succession to the throne there was a civil war in the country from 1589 for several years. Henry, after struggling long against the League, extricated himself from all his difficulties by embracing the Roman Catholic religion at St. Denis, on Sunday, the 25th of July, 1593, and was crowned King of France in February, 1594. In 1591, Lord Essex was dispatched with 4,000 troops to the French king's assistance, and his brother Walter was killed before Rouen, in Normandy. From that time till Henry was peaceably settled on the throne, many bodies of troops were sent by Queen Elizabeth to his aid: so that his situation must at that period have been a matter of notoriety, and a subject of conversation in England. From the reference to this circumstance, Malone imagines the "Comedy of Errors" to have been written before 1594.

ACT IV.

(1) SCENE II.—*A devil in an everlasting garment hath him.*] A sergeant's buff leather garment was called *durance;* partly, it would appear, on account of its *everlasting* qualities, and partly from a quibble on the occupation of the wearer, which was that of arresting and clapping men in *durance.* In Greene's "Quip for an Upstart Courtier," sig. D, 3d edit. 1620, there is a graphic description of a sergeant, or sheriff's officer. "One of them had on a buffe-leather jerkin, all greasie before with the droppings of beere, that fell from his beard, and by his side, a skeine like a brewer's bung knife; and muffled he was in a cloke, turn'd over his nose, as though hee had beene ashamed to showe his face."

This peculiar garb is again referred to by our author in a passage of "Henry IV." Part I. Act I. Sc. 2,—

> "And is not a *buff* jerkin a most sweet robe of *durance!*"

the point of which seems not to have been fully understood by the commentators. A *robe of durance* was a cant term, implying imprisonment: and the Prince, after dilating on purse-stealing, humorously calls attention to its probable consequences, by his query about the *buff jerkin.* See MIDDLETON'S "Blurt, Master Constable," Act III. Sc. 2:—

> "Tell my lady, that I *go in a suit of durance.*"

(2) SCENE II.—*A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry foot well.*] To run *counter* is to follow on a false scent; to *draw dry foot* means to track by the mere scent of the foot. A hound that does one is not likely to do the other; but the ambiguity is explained by the double meaning attached to the words *counter* and *dry foot.* The former implying both *false,* and a *prison,* and the latter, privation of *scent,* and *lack of means.* The sheriff's officer, as he tracks for a prison, may be said to run counter, and, as he follows those who have expended their substance, he *draws dry foot.*

(3) SCENE II.—*One that, before the judgment, carries poor souls to hell.*] By *before the judgment,* in its secondary sense, Dromio is supposed to allude to arrest on *mesne-process. Hell* was a cant term for the worst dungeon in the wretched prisons of the time. There was the *Master's Side,* the *Knight's Ward,* the *Hole,* and last and most deplorable, the department called *Hell,* which was the receptacle for those who had no means to pay the extortionate fines exacted for better accommodation.

(4) SCENE III.—*He that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his mace than a morris-pike.*] Dromio plays on the word *rest, arrest,* and a metaphor, very common in our old writers, *setting up his rest,* which is taken from gaming, and means *staking his all* upon an event. Hence it was frequently applied to express fixed determination, steadfast purpose. Thus, in "All's Well that Ends Well," Act II. Sc. 1:—

> "What I can do, can do no hurt to try,
> Since you *set up your rest* 'gainst remedy."

The *Morris-pike* is often mentioned by old writers. It was the Moorish pike, and was constantly used both in land and sea warfare, during the sixteenth century.

(5) SCENE III.—*A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats.*] The number *forty* was very anciently adopted to express a *great many,* in the same way that we now use *fifty,* or *a score.* In the Scriptures it is recorded that the flood was *forty* days on the earth; the Israelites were *forty* years, and our Saviour *forty* days in the wilderness; and Job mourned *forty* days. In Hindustani, the word chalis, *forty,* has the same indefinite acceptation; *chalis-sutun,* denoting literally *forty columns,* being applied to a palace with a number of pillars. So also in Persia, *chihal* signifies *forty,* and Persepolis, because it is a city of many towers, is called *chihal-minar,* "the forty towers." In like manner, too, the insect which we name *centipede,* is there known as *chihal-pd,* "forty feet." The word in this sense is not at all uncommon among old English writers;—

> "Quoth Niceness to Newfangle, thou art such a Jacke,
> That thou devisest *fortie* fashions for my ladie's backe."
> *The Cobler's Prophecy,* 1594.

And it is so used repeatedly by Shakespeare; for example,—

> "I have learned these *forty* years."
> *Richard II.* Act I. Sc. 3.
>
> "I will have *forty* moys."
> *Henry V.* Act IV. Sc. 4.
>
> "I myself fight not once in *forty* years."
> *Henry VI.* Part I. Act I. Sc. 3.
>
> "Some *forty* truncheoneers draw."
> *Henry VIII.* Act V. Sc. 3.
>
> "I could beat *forty* of them."
> *Coriolanus,* Act III. Sc. 1.
>
> "I saw her once hop *forty* paces."
> *Antony and Cleopatra,* Act II. Sc. 2.
>
> "I had rather than *forty* pound."
> *Twelfth Night,* Act V. Sc. 1.

ACT V.

(1) SCENE I. —*At your important letters, &c.*]

"Shakspeare, who gives to all nations the customs of his own, seems from this passage to allude to a court of *wards* in Ephesus. The court of *wards* was always considered as a grievous oppression. It is glanced at as early as in the old morality of Hycke Scorner:—

> "these ryche men ben unkinde:
> Wydowes do curse lordes and gentylmen,
> *For they contrayne them to marry with their men;*
> Ye, whether they wyll or no.'"—STEEVENS.

"In the passage before us, Shakspeare was thinking particularly on the interest which the king had in England in the marriage of his wards, who were the heirs of his tenants holding by knight's service, or in *capite,* and were under age; an interest which Queen Elizabeth in Shakspeare's time exerted on all occasions, as did her successors, till the abolition of the Court of Wards and Liveries; the poet attributes to the duke the same right to choose a wife or a husband for his wards at Ephesus."—MALONE.

CRITICAL OPINIONS

ON

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

"THE alternate rhymes that are found in this play, as well as in 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' 'Love's Labour 's Lost,' 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona,' and 'Romeo and Juliet,' are a further proof that these pieces were among our author's earliest productions. We are told by himself that 'Venus and Adonis' was 'the first heir of his invention.' The 'Rape of Lucrece' probably followed soon afterwards. When he turned his thoughts to the stage, the measure which he had used in those poems naturally presented itself to him in his first dramatick essays: I mean in those plays which were written *originally* by himself. In those which were grounded, like the Henries, on the preceding productions of other men, he naturally followed the example before him, and consequently in those pieces no alternate rhymes are found. The doggrel measure, which, if I recollect right, is employed in none of our author's plays except 'The Comedy of Errors,' 'The Taming of the Shrew,' and 'Love's Labour 's Lost,' also adds support to the dates assigned to these plays; for these long doggrel verses are written in that kind of metre which was usually attributed by the dramatic poets before his time to some of their inferior characters.* He was imperceptibly infected with the prevailing mode in these his early compositions; but soon learned to 'deviate boldly from the common track' left by preceding writers."—MALONE.

"This drama of Shakspeare's is much more varied, rich, and interesting in its incidents than the Menæchmi of Plautus; and while, in rigid adherence to the unities of action, time, and place, our poet rivals the Roman play, he has contrived to insinuate the necessary previous information for the spectator, in a manner infinitely more pleasing and artful than that adopted by the Latin bard; for whilst Plautus has chosen to convey it through the medium of a prologue, Shakspeare has rendered it at once natural and pathetic, by placing it in the mouth of Ægeon, the father of the twin brothers.

"In a play, of which the plot is so intricate, occupied, in a great measure, by mere personal mistakes and their whimsical results, no elaborate development of character can be expected; yet is the portrait

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* LIKE WILL TO LIKE.
1568.

"ROYST. If your name to me you will declare and showe,
You may in this matter my minde the sooner knowe.
TOS. Few wordes are best among freends, this is true,
Wherefore I shall briefly show my name unto you.
Tom Tospot it is, it need not to be painted,
Wherefore I with Raife Roister must needs be acquainted," &c.

COMMONS CONDITIONS.
(About 1570.)

"SHIFT. By gogs bloud, my maisters, we were not best longer here to staie,
I thinke was never such a craftie knave before this daie.
[*Ex.* AMBO.
COND. Are thei all gone? Ha, ha, well fare old Shift at a neede:
By his woundes had I not devised this, I had hanged indeed.
Tinkers, (q^d you) tinke me no tinkes; I'll meddle with them no more;
I thinke was never knave so used by a companie of tinkers before.
By your leave I'll be so bolde as to looke about me and spie,
Lest any knaves for my coming down in ambush do lie.
By your license I minde not to preache longer in this tree,
My tinkerly slaves are packed hence, as farre as I maie see;" &c.

PROMOS AND CASSANDRA.
1578.

"The wind is yl blows no man's gaine: for cold I neede not care:
Here is nine and twentie sutes of apparel for my share:
And some, berlady, very good, for so standeth the case,
As neither gentlemen nor other Lord Promos sheweth any grace;
But I marvel much, poore slaves, that they are hanged so soone,
They were wont to staye a day or two, now scarce an afternoone;" &c.

THE THREE LADIES OF LONDON.
1584.

"You think I am going to market to buy rost meate, do ye not?
I thought so, but you are deceived, for I wot what I wot:
I am neither going to the butchers, to buy veale, mutton, or beefe,
But I am going to a bloodsucker, and who is it? faith Usurie, that theefe."

THE COBLER'S PROPHECY.
1594.

"Quoth Niceness to Newfangle, thou art such a Jacke,
That thou devisest fortie fashions for my ladie's backe.
And thou, quoth he, art so possest with everie frantick toy,
That following of my ladie's humour thou dost make her coy,
For once a day for fashion-sake my lady must be sicke,
No meat but mutton, or at most the pinion of a chicke;
To-day her owne haire best becomes, which yellow is as gold.
A periwig is better for to-morrow, blacke to behold:
To-day in pumps and cheveril gloves to walk she will be bold,
To-morrow cuffes and countenance, for feare of catching cold,
Now is she barefast to be seene, straight on her mufler goes;
Now is she hufft up to the crowne, straight nusled to the nose."

of Ægeon touched with a discriminative hand, and the pressure of age and misfortune is so painted, as to throw a solemn, dignified, and impressive tone of colouring over this part of the fable, contrasting well with the lighter scenes which immediately follow,—a mode of relief which is again resorted to at the close of the drama, where the re-union of Ægeon and Æmilia, and the recognition of their children, produce an interest in the denouëment of a nature more affecting than the tone of the preceding scenes had taught us to expect.

"As to the comic action which constitutes the chief bulk of this piece, if it be true, that, to excite laughter, awaken attention, and fix curiosity, be essential to its dramatic excellence, the *Comedy of Errors* cannot be pronounced an unsuccessful effort; both reader and spectator are hurried on to the close, through a series of thick-coming incidents, and under the pleasurable influence of novelty, expectation, and surprise; and the dialogue is uniformly vivacious, pointed, and even effervescing. Shakspeare is visible, in fact, throughout the entire play, as well in the broad exuberance of its mirth, as in the cast of its more chastised parts,—a combination of which may be found in the punishment and character of Pinch, the pedagogue and conjuror, who is sketched in the strongest and most marked style of our author.

"If we consider, therefore, the construction of the fable, the narrowness of its basis, and that its powers of entertainment are almost exclusively confined to a continued deception of the external senses, we must confess that Shakspeare has not only improved on the Plautian model, but, making allowance for a somewhat too coarse vein of humour, has given to his production all the interest and variety that the nature and the limits of his subject would permit."—DRAKE.

"Shakespeare has in this piece presented us with a legitimate farce in exactest consonance with the philosophical principles and character of farce, as distinguished from comedy and from entertainments. A proper farce is mainly distinguished from comedy by the license allowed, and even required, in the fable, in order to produce strange and laughable situations. The story need not be probable, it is enough that it is possible. A comedy would scarcely allow even the two Antipholuses, because although there have been instances of almost undistinguishable likeness in two persons, yet these are mere individual antecedents, *casus ludentis naturæ*, and the *verum* will not excuse the *inverisimile*. But farce dares add the two Dromios, and is justified in so doing by the laws of its end and constitution. In a word, farces commence in a postulate which must be granted."—COLERIDGE.

"'The Comedy of Errors' is the subject of the Menæchmi of Plautus, entirely recast and enriched with new developments. Of all works of Shakspeare this is the only example of imitation of, *or borrowing* from, the ancients. To the two twin brothers of the same name are added two slaves, also twins, impossible to be distinguished from each other, and of the same name. The improbability becomes by this means doubled; but when once we have lent ourselves to the first, which certainly borders on the incredible, we shall not perhaps be disposed to cavil at the second; and if the spectator is to be entertained by mere perplexities, they cannot be too much varied. * * * * In short, this is perhaps the best of all written or possible Menæchmi; and if the piece be inferior in worth to other pieces of Shakspeare, it is merely because nothing more could be made of the materials."—SCHLEGEL.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

Act III. Sc. 5.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

The pathetic legend on which Shakespeare founded the plot of this beautiful tragedy has been cherished from time immemorial among the traditions of Italian history, although no such story has ever been discovered in the authentic records of any particular state. The Veronese, Lord Byron tells us, are tenacious to a degree of the truth of it, insisting on the fact, giving a date (1303), and showing the tomb. But this is only an instance of pardonable local vanity; no account exists of any actual Romeo and Juliet, but a tale more or less resembling that immortalized by our great dramatist may be found in several ancient writers. Mr. Douce has attempted to trace it to a Middle Greek author, one Xenophon Ephesius. The earliest writer, however, who set forth the romance in a connected narration is believed to be Masuccio di Salerno, in whose "Novellino," a collection of tales first printed at Naples in 1476, a similar event is recorded to have occurred, not at Verona, but in Sienna. He relates that in Sienna there lived a young man of good family, named Mariotto Mignanelli, who was enamoured of a lady, Gianozza, and succeeded in engaging her affections; some impediment standing in the way of a public marriage, they are secretly united by an Augustine monk. Shortly after the ceremony, Mariotto has the misfortune to slay a fellow-citizen of rank in a street brawl, for which he is condemned by the Podesta to perpetual banishment. He obtains a farewell interview with his wife, and departs to Alexandria, where resides a rich uncle of his, Sir Nicolo Mignanelli. After the flight of Mariotto, Gianozza is pressed by her father to accept a husband whom he has found for her. Having no reason which she dare allege to oppose her parent's wishes, she pretends to consent, and then determines to escape the hated nuptials by an act as daring as it was extraordinary. She discloses her miserable situation to the monk who had married her to Mariotto, and bribes him to prepare a soporific powder, which, drunk in water, will throw her into a death-like trance for three days; she drinks the narcotic, is supposed to be dead, and in due time is interred by her friends in the church of St. Augustine. Before this, she had despatched a special messenger to Alexandria, apprising her husband of her determination; but the messenger is unhappily seized by pirates, and her missive never reaches him; instead of it, he receives another letter written by his brother, informing him of her death and that of her father also, who had died of grief for the loss of his daughter. The wretched Mariotto resolves to return forthwith to Sienna, and die upon her tomb, or perish by the hand of justice. He is taken in an attempt to break open the vault, and is condemned to death. Gianozza, in the meanwhile, recovers from her lethargy, disguises herself in man's apparel, and sets out for Alexandria in search of her banished husband; here she learns, to her dismay, that Mariotto, believing her dead, had departed for Sienna. She returns to that place, and, arriving just three days after his execution, dies of anguish and a broken heart.*

A story closely corresponding with this in the preliminary incidents, though varying in the catastrophe, is told by Luigi da Porto in his Novella, "La Giulietta," first published in 1535. "Hystoria Novella mente Ritrovata di dui nobili Amanti: Con la loro Pietosa Morte: Intervenuta gia nella Citta di Verona Nel tempio del Signor Bartholomeo Scala." Luigi, in his dedication to Madonna Lucina Savorgnana, pretends to have derived the legend from an archer of Verona, one Peregrino, who quotes as his authority for it a relation of his father's. In the

* "La donna no'l trova in Alesandria, ritorna a Siena, e trova l'amunto decollato, e ella sopra il suo corpo per dolore si muore," are the words of the "Argument;" but in the novel itself she is said to retire to a monastery,—"Con intenso dolore e sanguinose lagrime con poco cibo e niente dormire, il suo' Mariotto di continovo chiamando, in brevissimo tempo finì li suvi miserimi giorni."

[illegible] in connexion [illegible] spiteful archer [illegible] ancient chronicles [illegible] *

[illegible] which, like Da Porto, he [illegible] interval by another, in [illegible] Porto and Bandello, but [illegible] the English versions [illegible] Romeus and Juliet," (1562.) by [illegible] under the title of [illegible] Romeo and Julietta"—were both [illegible] Shakspeare was certainly indebted, not for the [illegible] adapted it for representation,—but for [illegible] of the incidents, and even expressions of his [illegible]

[illegible] was entered by [illegible] in the year 1597, with [illegible] Romeo and Juliet. As it hath been often (with [illegible] by the right Honourable the Lord of Hunsdon his Seruants."

[illegible] for Cuthbert Burby, in 1599, and is [illegible] Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet: Newly corrected, [illegible] sundry times publiquely acted, by the right Honourable [illegible]

[illegible] of the first collection of 1623, are a quarto printed [illegible] the same publisher, John Smethwicke.

[illegible] and [illegible]; and there is every reason to [illegible] implications in that of 1599 are exclusively [illegible] judgment and tact of the master, and the latter [illegible] a correct copy of the text can only be [illegible] that is free from certain typographical [illegible] and [illegible]. The subsequent copies are all [illegible] from its text.

[illegible] when this play was first published, it must [illegible] But the date of publication is no criterion to [illegible] was written, or when it was first performed. The words on the [illegible] been received with great applause) plaid publiquely, by [illegible] his Seruants." Malone considers proof that the play was [illegible] Lord Hunsdon, who held the office of Lord Chamberlain, [illegible] Lord Hunsdon, only succeeded to the office in April, [illegible] would only have designated themselves "Lord [illegible] these dates, because they would have been called [illegible] at a time when the office was really held by their noble [illegible] seruants, is no doubt decisive as to the play being [illegible] Hunsdon; but it is not in any degree decisive as to the play not [illegible] of this nobleman's patronage. Chalmers assigns [illegible] Drake places it a year later. The belief in its [illegible] ascribed by Malone, is strengthened by the indications

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* The story must have been eminently popular all over Europe from an early period. It forms the subject of a [illegible] play by Lopez de Vega, entitled "Los Castelvies y Montescos," and another by Don Francisco de Roxas, under the name of "Los Viejos de Verona." In Italy, so early as [illegible] was adapted to the stage by Luigi Groto, under the name of "Hadriana;" and Arthur Brooke, in the preface to his poem above mentioned, speaks of having seen "the same [illegible] in stage with more commendation [illegible] than I have." An allusion most probably to some [illegible] abroad, for the rude condition of our drama at the time renders it unlikely that he should refer to any play of the kind performed in this country.

of matured reading and reflection which are displayed in the augmented edition of 1599, as compared with that of 1597. There is also a scrap of internal evidence which, as proof of an earlier authorship than 1596, is well entitled to consideration. The Nurse, describing Juliet's being weaned, says,—"On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen; that shall she; marry, I remember it well. 'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years." Tyrwhitt was the first to suggest the probable reference of this passage to an earthquake which occurred in 1580, and of which Holinshed has given a striking and minute account:—"On the sixt of Aprill (1580), being wednesdaie in Easter weeke about six of the clocke toward euening, a sudden earthquake happening in London, and almost generallie throughout all England, caused such an amazednesse among the people as was wonderfull for the time, and caused them to make their earnest praiers to almightie God. The great clocke bell in the palace at Westminster strake of it selfe against the hammer with the shaking of the earth, as diverse other clocks and bels in the steeples of the citie of London and elswhere did the like. The gentlemen of the Temple being then at supper, ran from the tables, and out of their hall with their kniues in their hands. The people assembled at the plaie houses in the fields, * * * * were so amazed that doubting the ruine of the galleries, they made hast to be gone. A peece of the temple church fell down, some stones fell from saint Paules church in London: and at Christs church neere to Newgate market, in the sermon while, a stone fell from the top of the same church." Such an event would form a memorable epoch to the class which constituted the staple of a playhouse auditory in the sixteenth century; and if an allusion to it was calculated to awaken interest and fix attention, the anachronism, or the impropriety of its association with an historical incident of some centuries preceding, would hardly have deterred any playwright of that age from turning it to account. On the theory that the Nurse's observation really applied to the earthquake of 1580, we may ascribe the date of this play's composition to the year 1591; and, unfortunately, in the absence of everything in the shape of a history of our poet's writings, we can trust only to inferences and conjectures of this description to make even an approximate guess as to the period of its production.

Persons Represented.

ESCALUS, *Prince of* VERONA.
PARIS, *a young Nobleman, kinsman to the Prince.*
MONTAGUE, } *heads of two Houses, at variance with*
CAPULET, } *each other.*
An old Man, uncle to CAPULET.
ROMEO, *son to* MONTAGUE.
MERCUTIO, *kinsman to the Prince, and friend to* ROMEO.
BENVOLIO, *nephew to* MONTAGUE, *and friend to* ROMEO.
TYBALT, *nephew to* LADY CAPULET.
FRIAR LAURENCE, *a Franciscan.*
FRIAR JOHN, *of the same order.*
BALTHASAR, *servant to* ROMEO.
SAMPSON, } *servants to* CAPULET.
GREGORY, }

ABRAM, *servant to* MONTAGUE.
An Apothecary.
Three Musicians.
Chorus. Boy; Page to PARIS; PETER; *and an Officer.*

LADY MONTAGUE, *wife to* MONTAGUE.
LADY CAPULET, *wife to* CAPULET.
JULIET, *daughter to* CAPULET.
Nurse to JULIET.

Citizens of VERONA; *several men and women, Relations to both Houses; Maskers, Guards, Watchmen, and Attendants.*

SCENE, *during the greater part of the Play, in* VERONA; *once, in the fifth Act, at* MANTUA.

THE

PROLOGUE.*

CHORUS.

Two households, both alike in dignity,
(In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,)
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;
Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows
Doth, with their death, bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,
Is now the two hours' traffick of our stage;
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

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* This prologue appeared in its present form, in the first complete edition of "Romeo and Juliet," the quarto of 1599: it is omitted in the folio. In the incomplete sketch of the play, published in 1597, it stands as under;—

"Two houshold frends alike in dignitie,
(In faire *Verona*, where we lay our Scene)
From ciuill broyles broke into enmitie,
Whose ciuill warre makes ciuill hands vncleane.
From forth the fatall loynes of these two foes,
A paire of starre-crost louers tooke their life:
Whose misaduentures, piteous ouerthrowes,
(Through the continuing of their fathers strife,
And death-markt passage of their parents rage)
Is now the two howres traffique of our stage.
The which if you with patient eares attend,
What here we want wee'l studie to amend."

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Public Place.*

Enter SAMPSON *and* GREGORY, *armed with swords and bucklers.*

SAM. Gregory, o' my word, we'll not carry coals.[a]

GRE. No, for then we should be colliers.

SAM. I mean, an* we be in choler, we'll draw.

GRE. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out o' the collar.

SAM. I strike quickly, being moved.

GRE. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

SAM. A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

GRE. To move, is—to stir; and to be valiant, is—to stand: therefore, if thou art moved, thou run'st away.

SAM. A dog of that house shall move me to stand: I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

GRE. That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall.

SAM. True; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall:—therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

GRE. The quarrel is between our masters, and us their men.

SAM. 'Tis all one, I will show myself a tyrant:

(*) First folio, *if*.

[a] We'll not carry coals.] *We will not submit to indignities.* A favourite expression with the authors of Shakespeare's era, and which probably originated, as Gifford suggests, in the fact that the meanest and most forlorn dependents of a great household were those employed in the servile drudgery of *carrying coals.*

Enter MONTAGUE *and* LADY MONTAGUE.

MON. Thou villain, Capulet,—Hold me not, let me go.
LA. MON. Thou shalt not stir one* foot to seek a foe.(2)

Enter PRINCE, *with* Attendants.

PRIN. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,—
Will they not hear?—what ho! you men, you beasts,—
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing from your veins,—
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mis-temper'd weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your moved prince.—
Three civil brawls,† bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets;
And made Verona's ancient citizens
Cast by their grave beseeming ornaments,
To wield old partizans, in hands as old,
Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate.
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time, all the rest depart away:
You, Capulet, shall go along with me,
And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
To know our farther‡ pleasure in this case,
To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[*Exeunt* PRINCE *and* Attendants; CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, TYBALT, Citizens, *and* Servants.

MON. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroach?—
Speak, nephew, were you by, when it began?
BEN. Here were the servants of your adversary,
And yours, close fighting ere I did approach:
I drew to part them; in the instant came
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepar'd;
Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
He swung about his head, and cut the winds,
Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn:
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the prince came, who parted either part.
LA. MON. O, where is Romeo!—saw you him to-day?

(*) First folio, a *foot*. (†) First folio, *broils*. (‡) First folio, *father's*.

a That most are busied when they are most alone,—] This is the reading of the quarto, 1597. Subsequent editions, including the folio, 1623, read thus:—

"Which then most sought, where most might not be found;
Being one too many by my weary self,
Pursued my humour," &c.

b Many a morning hath he there been seen,—] This, and the lines following down to—

"And makes himself an artificial night,"

are first found in the quarto of 1599. Benvolio's inquiry,

"Have you impórtun'd him by any means?"

and the reply, are likewise wanting in the first quarto.

c *His beauty to the* sun.] The old editions have *same*. The emendation was made by Theobald.

Right glad am I, he was not at this fray.
BEN. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,
A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad;
Where,—underneath the grove of sycamore,
That westward rooteth from this city's side,—
So early walking did I see your son:
Towards him I made; but he was 'ware of me,
And stole into the covert of the wood:
I, measuring his affections by my own,—
That most are busied when they are most alone,[a]—
Pursued my humour,* not pursuing his,
And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.
MON. Many a morning hath he there been seen,[b]
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs:
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should in the farthest east begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself,
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,
And makes himself an artificial night:
Black and portentous must this humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.
BEN. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?
MON. I neither know it, nor can learn of him.
BEN. Have you impórtun'd him by any means?
MON. Both by myself, and many other† friends:
But he, his own affections' counsellor,
Is to himself—I will not say, how true—
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.[c]
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure, as know.

Enter ROMEO, *at a distance.*

BEN. See, where he comes: so please you, step aside;
I'll know his grievance, or be much denied.
MON. I would, thou wert so happy by thy stay,
To hear true shrift.—Come, madam, let's away.
[*Exeunt* MONTAGUE *and* Lady.
BEN. Good morrow, cousin.
ROM. Is the day so young?

(*) First folio, *honour*. (†) First folio, *others*.

BEN. But new struck nine.
ROM. Ay me! sad hours seem long.
Was that my father that went hence so fast?
BEN. It was.—What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?
ROM. Not having that, which, having, makes them short.
BEN. In love?
ROM. Out—
BEN. Of love?
ROM. Out of her favour, where I am in love.(3)
BEN. Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!
ROM. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will![a]
Where shall we dine?—O me!—What fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.
Here's much to-do with hate, but more with love:—
Why then, O brawling love! O loving hate!
O any thing, of nothing first created;
O heavy lightness! serious vanity!
Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming * forms!
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!
Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!—
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
Dost thou not laugh?
BEN. No, coz, I rather weep.
ROM. Good heart, at what?
BEN. At thy good heart's oppression.
ROM. Why, such is love's transgression.—
Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast,
Which thou wilt propagate, to have it prest
With more of thine: this love, that thou hast shown,
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
Love is a smoke made with the fume of sighs;
Being purg'd,[b] a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;
Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with loving tears:
What is it else? a madness most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.
Farewell, my coz. [*Going.*
BEN. Soft, I will go along;
An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.
ROM. Tut, I have lost myself; I am not here;
This is not Romeo, he's some otherwhere.

(*) First folio, *well* seeing.

[a] See pathways to his will!] This is obscure. The earliest quarto, that of 1597, has,—

"Should without lawes give path-waies to our will."

And this may help us to the true reading, which very probably was:—

"Should without eyes *set* pathways to *our* will;"

in other words, "Make us walk in any direction he chooses to appoint."

[b] Being purg'd,—] Johnson suggested, and not without reason, that *purg'd* might be a misprint for *urg'd*. "To *urge* the fire," he observes, "is the technical term." Mr. Collier's corrector, with equal plausibility, changes *purg'd* to *puff'd*.

BEN. Tell me in sadness, who is that you love?
ROM. What, shall I groan, and tell thee?
BEN. Groan? why, no;
But sadly tell me, who.
ROM. Bid* a sick man in sadness make† his will:—
A word ill urg'd to one that is so ill!—
In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.
BEN. I aim'd so near, when I suppos'd you lov'd.
ROM. A right good mark-man!—And she's fair I love.
BEN. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.
ROM. Well, in that hit, you miss: she'll not be hit
With Cupid's arrow, she hath Dian's wit;
And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,
From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd.[c]
She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Nor bide‡ the encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold:
O, she is rich in beauty; only poor,
That, when she dies, with beauty[d] dies her store.(4)
BEN. Then she hath sworn, that she will still live chaste?
ROM. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste;
For beauty, starv'd with her severity,
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.
She is too fair, too wise; wisely too fair,
To merit bliss by making me despair:
She hath forsworn to love; and, in that vow,
Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.
BEN. Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.
ROM. O, teach me how I should forget to think.
BEN. By giving liberty unto thine eyes;
Examine other beauties.(5)
ROM. 'Tis the way
To call hers, exquisite, in question more:[e]
These happy masks, that kiss fair ladies' brows,
Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair;
He, that is strucken blind, cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost:
Show me a mistress that is passing fair,
What doth her beauty serve, but as a note,
Where I may read, who pass'd that passing fair?
Farewell, thou canst not teach me to forget.
BEN. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.
[*Exeunt.*

(*) First folio omits *bid*. (†) First folio, *makes*.
(‡) First folio, *bid*.

[c] She lives unharm'd.] So the quarto of 1597. The subsequent quartos and the folio, 1623, read "*uncharm'd*."

[d] With beauty dies her store.] The reading of all the ancient copies, which Theobald altered to "—— with her dies beauty's store."

[e] *To call hers*, exquisite, *in question more*:] This is generally conceived to refer to the beauty of Rosaline. It may mean, however, "that is only the way to throw doubt upon any other beauty I may see;" an interpretation countenanced by the after lines:—

"Show me a mistress that is passing fair,
What doth her beauty serve, but as a note,
Where I may read, who pass'd that passing fair?"

SCENE II.—*A Street.*

Enter Capulet, Paris, *and* Servant.[a]

Cap. But* Montague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think,
For men so old as we to keep the peace.
Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both,
And pity 'tis, you liv'd at odds so long.
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?
Cap. But saying o'er what I have said before:
My child is yet a stranger in the world,
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years;
Let two more summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.
Par. Younger than she are happy mothers made.
Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so early made.*
The† earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,
She is the hopeful lady of my earth:[b]
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
My will to her consent is but a part;
An she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent and fair according voice.
This night I hold an old accustom'd feast, (6)
Whereto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love; and you, among the store,
One more, most welcome, makes my number more.
At my poor house, look to behold this night

(*) First folio omits *But.*

[a] And Servant.] The old editions have,—"*Enter Capulet, Countie Paris, and the Clowne.*" By Clown was meant the *merryman;* and a character of this description was so general in the plays of Shakespeare's early period, that his title here ought perhaps to be retained.

[b] She is the hopeful lady of my earth:] A gallicism. Steevens says, *Fille de terre* being the French phrase for an heiress. But Shakespeare may have meant by, "my earth," *my corporal part,* as in his 146th Sonnet,—

'Poor soul, the centre of my sinful *earth.*"

(*) The first quarto, 1597, reads *married.*

(†) First folio omits *The.*

ROMEO AND JULIET.

THE pathetic legend on which Shakespeare founded the plot of this beautiful tragedy has been cherished from time immemorial among the traditions of Italian history, although no such story has ever been discovered in the authentic records of any particular state. The Veronese, Lord Byron tells us, are tenacious to a degree of the truth of it, insisting on the fact, giving a date (1303), and showing the tomb. But this is only an instance of pardonable local vanity; no account exists of any actual Romeo and Juliet, but a tale more or less resembling that immortalized by our great dramatist may be found in several ancient writers. Mr. Douce has attempted to trace it to a Middle Greek author, one Xenophon Ephesius. The earliest writer, however, who set forth the romance in a connected narration is believed to be Masuccio di Salerno, in whose "Novellino," a collection of tales first printed at Naples in 1476, a similar event is recorded to have occurred, not at Verona, but in Sienna. He relates that in Sienna there lived a young man of good family, named Mariotto Mignanelli, who was enamoured of a lady, Gianozza, and succeeded in engaging her affections; some impediment standing in the way of a public marriage, they are secretly united by an Augustine monk. Shortly after the ceremony, Mariotto has the misfortune to slay a fellow-citizen of rank in a street brawl, for which he is condemned by the Podesta to perpetual banishment. He obtains a farewell interview with his wife, and departs to Alexandria, where resides a rich uncle of his, Sir Nicolo Mignanelli. After the flight of Mariotto, Gianozza is pressed by her father to accept a husband whom he has found for her. Having no reason which she dare allege to oppose her parent's wishes, she pretends to consent, and then determines to escape the hated nuptials by an act as daring as it was extraordinary. She discloses her miserable situation to the monk who had married her to Mariotto, and bribes him to prepare a soporific powder, which, drunk in water, will throw her into a death-like trance for three days; she drinks the narcotic, is supposed to be dead, and in due time is interred by her friends in the church of St. Augustine. Before this, she had despatched a special messenger to Alexandria, apprising her husband of her determination; but the messenger is unhappily seized by pirates, and her missive never reaches him; instead of it, he receives another letter written by his brother, informing him of her death and that of her father also, who had died of grief for the loss of his daughter. The wretched Mariotto resolves to return forthwith to Sienna, and die upon her tomb, or perish by the hand of justice. He is taken in an attempt to break open the vault, and is condemned to death. Gianozza, in the meanwhile, recovers from her lethargy, disguises herself in man's apparel, and sets out for Alexandria in search of her banished husband; here she learns, to her dismay, that Mariotto, believing her dead, had departed for Sienna. She returns to that place, and, arriving just three days after his execution, dies of anguish and a broken heart.*

A story closely corresponding with this in the preliminary incidents, though varying in the catastrophe, is told by Luigi da Porto in his Novella, "La Giulietta," first published in 1535. "Hystoria Novella mente Ritrovata di dui nobili Amanti: Con la loro Pietosa Morte: Intervenuta gia nella Citta di Verona Nel tempio del Signor Bartholomeo Scala." Luigi, in his dedication to Madonna Lucina Savorgnana, pretends to have derived the legend from an archer of Verona, one Peregrino, who quotes as his authority for it a relation of his father's. In the

* "La donna no'l trova in Alesandria, ritorna a Siena, e trova l'amunto decollato, e ella sopra il suo corpo per dolore si muore," are the words of the "Argument;" but in the novel itself she is said to retire to a monastery,—"Con intenso dolore e sanguinose lagrime con poco cibo e niente dormire, il suo' Mariotto di continovo chiamando, in brevissimo tempo finì li suoi miserimi giorni."

narrative of Peregrino, we first meet with the families of Montague and Capulet in connexion with the story, which he relates to have occurred in Verona. The real or supposititious archer expresses doubts of the historical truth of the event, since he had read in some ancient chronicles that the Capelletti and Montecchi had always been of the same party.*

In 1554, Bandello published at Lucca a novel on the same subject, which, like Da Porto, he says was related to him by one Peregrino. This was followed at a brief interval by another, in French, by Pierre Boisteau, founded on the narratives of Luigi da Porto and Bandello, but differing from them in many particulars. From the translation of Boisteau, the English versions of the tale—namely, the poem called "The Tragical Historye of Romeus and Juliet," (1562,) by Arthur Brooke, and the novel found in Paynter's "Palace of Pleasure," under the title of "The goodly hystory of the true and constant love betweene Rhomeo and Julietta"—were both derived; † and to these, more especially the poem, Shakespeare was certainly indebted, not for the story,—which seems to have been popular long before he adapted it for representation,—but for the names of his chief characters, and many of the incidents, and even expressions of his tragedy.

The first edition of "Romeo and Juliet" was printed by *John Danter*, in the year 1597, with the title of "An excellent conceited tragedie of Romeo and Juliet. As it hath been often (with great applause) plaid publiquely, by the right honourable the L. of Hunsdon his Seruants."

The second edition was printed by *Thomas Creede*, for *Cuthbert Burby*, in 1599, and is entitled "The most excellent and lamentable Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet; Newly corrected, augmented, and amended: As it hath been sundry times publiquely acted, by the right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Seruants."

The two remaining editions, published before the folio collection of 1623, are a quarto printed in 1609, and another without date, both by the same publisher, *John Smethwicke*.

The first two of these editions are extremely rare and valuable; and there is every reason to conclude that the numerous corrections and amplifications in that of 1599 are exclusively Shakespeare's own, since the former evince the judgment and tact of the master, and the latter comprise some of the finest passages in the play. But a correct copy of the text can only be obtained by a collation of both these editions, as the first is free from certain typographical errors which disfigure and obscure the second, and *vice versâ*. The subsequent copies are all founded on the quarto, 1599, and contain but few deviations from its text.

As Shakespeare was only thirty-three years of age when this play was first published, it must obviously rank among his early productions. But the date of publication is no criterion to determine the period when it was written, or when it was first performed. The words on the titlepage of the first edition, "As it hath been often (with great applause) plaid publiquely, by the right honourable the L. of Hunsdon his Seruants," Malone considers proof that the play was first acted in 1596, because Henry, Lord Hunsdon, who held the office of Lord Chamberlain, died in that year, and his son George, Lord Hunsdon, only succeeded to the office in April, 1597. He is of opinion that the actors would only have designated themselves "Lord Hunsdon's servants" during the interval of these dates, because they would have been called "The Lord Chamberlain's servants" at a time when the office was really held by their noble patron. This argument, Mr. Knight remarks, is no doubt decisive as to the play being performed before George, Lord Hunsdon; but it is not in any degree decisive as to the play not having been performed without the advantage of this nobleman's patronage. Chalmers assigns its composition to the spring of 1592; and Drake places it a year later. The belief in its production at an earlier period than that ascribed by Malone, is strengthened by the indications

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* This accords with a passage in Dante (Purgatorio, c. vi.), where the poet, reproaching "Alberto Tedesco," the German emperor Albert, for his treatment of Italy, exclaims:—

"Vieni a veder Montecchi e Capelletti,
Monaldi e Fillippeschi, uom senza cura!
Color già tristi e costor con sospetti."

Which Cary renders:—

"Come, see the Capulets and Montagues,
The Fillippeschi and Monaldi, man
Who car'st for nought! Those sunk in grief, and these
With dire suspicion rack'd."

† The story must have been eminently popular all over Europe from an early period. It forms the subject of a Spanish play by Lopez de Vega, entitled "Los Castelvies y Monteses," and another by Don Francisco de Roxas, under the name of "Los Vandos de Verona." In Italy, so early as 1578, it had been adapted to the stage by Luigi Groto, under the title of "Hadriana;" and Arthur Brooke, in the preface to the poem above mentioned, speaks of having seen "the same argument lately set forth on stage with more commendation than I can looke for (being there much better set forth then I have or can dooe):" an allusion most probably to some representation of it abroad, for the rude condition of our drama at the time, renders it unlikely that he should refer to any play of the kind performed in this country.

of matured reading and reflection which are displayed in the augmented edition of 1599, as compared with that of 1597. There is also a scrap of internal evidence which, as proof of an earlier authorship than 1596, is well entitled to consideration. The Nurse, describing Juliet's being weaned, says,—"On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen; that shall she: marry, I remember it well. 'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years." Tyrwhitt was the first to suggest the probable reference of this passage to an earthquake which occurred in 1580, and of which Holinshed has given a striking and minute account:—"On the sixe of April (1580), being wednesdaie in Easter weeke about six *of* the clocke toward evening, a sudden earthquake happening in London, and almost generallie throughout all England, caused such an astonishment among the people as was wonderful for the time, and caused them to make their earnest praiers to almighte God. The great clocke bell in the palace at Westminster stroke of it selfe against the hammer with the shaking of the earth, as diverse other clocks and bells in the steeples of the citie of London and elswhere did the like. The gentlemen of the Temple being then at supper, ran from the tables, and out of their hall with their knives in their hands. The people assembled in the plain houses in the fields, * * * * were so amazed that doubting the ruine of the galleries, they made haste to be gone. A peece of the steeple church fell down, some stones fell from saint Paules church in London: and at Christes church neere to Newgate market, in the sermon while, a stone fell from the top of the same church." Such an event would form a memorable epoch to the class which constituted the staple of a playhouse auditory in the sixteenth century; and if an allusion to it was calculated to awaken interest and fix attention, the anachronism, or the impropriety of its association with an historical incident of some centuries preceding, would hardly have deterred any playwright of that age from turning it to account. On the theory that the Nurse's observation really applied to the earthquake of 1580, we may ascribe the date of this play's composition to the year 1591; and, unfortunately, in the absence of everything in the shape of a history of our poet's writings, we can trust only to inferences and conjectures of this description to make even an approximate guess as to the period of its production.

Persons Represented.

Escalus, *Prince of* Verona.
Paris, *a young Nobleman, kinsman to the Prince.*
Montague, } *heads of two Houses, at variance with*
Capulet, } *each other.*
An old Man, uncle to Capulet.
Romeo, *son to* Montague.
Mercutio, *kinsman to the Prince, and friend to* Romeo.
Benvolio, *nephew to* Montague, *and friend to* Romeo.
Tybalt, *nephew to* Lady Capulet.
Friar Lawrence, *a Franciscan.*
Friar John, *of the same order.*
Balthasar, *servant to* Romeo.
Sampson, } *servants to* Capulet.
Gregory, }
Abram, *servant to* Montague.
An Apothecary.
Three Musicians.
Chorus. *Boy; Page to* Paris; Peter; *and an Officer.*

Lady Montague, *wife to* Montague.
Lady Capulet, *wife to* Capulet.
Juliet, *daughter to* Capulet.
Nurse to Juliet.

Citizens of Verona; *several men and women, Relations to both Houses; Members, Guards, Watchmen, and Attendants.*

SCENE, *during the greater part of the Play,* in Verona; *once, in the fifth Act, at* Mantua.

THE

PROLOGUE.[a]

CHORUS.

Two households, both alike in dignity,
(In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,)
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;
Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows
Doth, with their death, bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,
Is now the two hours' traffick of our stage;
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

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[a] This prologue appeared in its present form, in the first complete edition of "Romeo and Juliet," the quarto of 1599: it is omitted in the folio. In the incomplete sketch of the play, published in 1597, it stands as under:—

"Two houshold frends alike in dignitie,
(In faire *Verona*, where we lay our Scene)
From ciuill broyles broke into enmitie,
Whose ciuill warre makes ciuill hands vncleane.
From forth the fatall loynes of these two foes,
A paire of starre-crost louers tooke their life:
Whose misaduentures, piteous ouerthrowes,
(Through the continuing of their fathers strife,
And death-markt passage of their parents rage)
Is now the two howres traffique of our stage.
The which if you with patient eares attend,
What here we want wee'l studie to amend."

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Public Place.*

Enter SAMPSON *and* GREGORY, *armed with swords and bucklers.*

SAM. Gregory, o' my word, we'll not carry coals.[a]

GRE. No, for then we should be colliers.

SAM. I mean, an* we be in choler, we'll draw.

GRE. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out o' the collar.

SAM. I strike quickly, being moved.

GRE. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

SAM. A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

GRE. To move, is—to stir; and to be valiant, is—to stand: therefore, if thou art moved, thou run'st away.

SAM. A dog of that house shall move me to stand: I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

GRE. That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall.

SAM. True; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall:—therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

GRE. The quarrel is between our masters, and us their men.

SAM. 'Tis all one, I will show myself a tyrant:

(*) First folio, *if*.

[a] We'll not carry coals.] *We will not submit to indignities.* A favourite expression with the authors of Shakespeare's era, and which probably originated, as Gifford suggests, in the fact that the meanest and most forlorn dependents of a great household were those employed in the servile drudgery of *carrying coals.*

when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel[a] with the maids; I will* cut off their heads.

GRE. The heads of the maids?

SAM. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maiden-heads; take it in what sense thou wilt.

GRE. They must take it in† sense, that feel it.

SAM. Me they shall feel, while I am able to stand: and, 'tis known, I am a pretty piece of flesh.

GRE. 'Tis well, thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst been poor John.[b] Draw thy tool; here comes of the house of the Montagues.(1)

Enter ABRAM *and another* Servant *of* MONTAGUE.

SAM. My naked weapon is out; quarrel, I will back thee.

GRE. How? turn thy back, and run?

SAM. Fear me not.

GRE. No, marry; I fear thee!

SAM. Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.

GRE. I will frown, as I pass by; and let them take it as they list.

SAM. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them;[c] which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

ABR. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

SAM. I do bite my thumb, sir.

ABR. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

SAM. Is the law of our side, if I say—ay? [*Aside to* GREGORY.

GRE. No.

SAM. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; but I bite my thumb, sir.

GRE. Do you quarrel, sir?

ABR. Quarrel, sir? no, sir.

SAM. But if you do, sir, I am for you; I serve as good a man as you.

ABR. No better.

SAM. Well, sir.

(*) First folio, and *cut off*. (†) First folio omits *in*.

[a] I *will be* cruel *with the maids;*] The quarto of 1599, that of 1609, and the folio, 1623, which was printed from it, concur in reading *civill*. The correction appears in a quarto edition without date, published by John Smethwicke, "at his shop in Sainte Dunstanes Church, in Fleete Street, under the Dyall." Smethwicke also published the quarto, 1609; and the undated edition, which contains several important corrections of previous typographical errors, was probably issued soon after.

[b] Poor John.] The fish called *hake*, an inferior sort of cod, when dried and salted, was probably the staple fare of servants and the indigent during Lent; and this sorry dish is perpetually ridiculed by the old writers as "poor John."

[c] *I will* bite my thumb *at them;*] This contemptuous action, though obsolete in this country, is still in use both in France and Italy; but Mr. Knight is mistaken in supposing it identical with what is called *giving the fico*. *Biting the thumb* is performed by biting the thumb nail; or, as Cotgrave describes it, "by putting the thumbe naile into the mouth, and with a jerke (from the upper teeth) make it to knacke." The more offensive gesticulation of *giving the fico* was by thrusting out the thumb between the fore-fingers, or putting it in the mouth so as to swell out the cheek.

Enter BENVOLIO, *at a distance.*

GRE. Say—better; here comes one of my master's kinsmen. [*Aside to* SAMPSON.

SAM. Yes, better, sir.*

ABR. You lie.

SAM. Draw, if you be men.—Gregory, remember thy swashing† blow.[d] [*They fight.*

BEN. Part, fools; put up your swords; you know not what you do. [*Beats down their swords.*

Enter TYBALT.

TYB. What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?
Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

BEN. I do but keep the peace; put up thy sword,
Or manage it to part these men with me.

TYB. What, drawn,‡ and talk of peace? I hate the word,
As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee:
Have at thee, coward! [*They fight.*

Enter several Followers *of both Houses,*[e] *who join the fray; then enter* Citizens, *with clubs.*

1 CIT. Clubs, bills, and partizans![f] strike! beat them down!
Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

Enter CAPULET, *in his gown; and* LADY CAPULET.

CAP. What noise is this?—Give me my long sword, ho!

LA. CAP. A crutch, a crutch!—why call you for a sword?

CAP. My sword, I say!—Old Montague is come,
And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

(*) First folio omits *sir*.
(†) Old copies, except the undated quarto, *washing*.
(‡) First folio, *draw*.

[d] *Remember thy* swashing *blow.*] To *swash* perhaps originally meant, as Baret in his "Alvearie," 1580, describes it, "to make a noise with swords against tergats;" but *swashing blow* here, as in Jonson's "Staple of News," Act V. Sc. 2, "I do confess a *swashing blow*," means evidently a *smashing, crushing* blow.

[e] *Enter several* Followers, &c.] A modern direction. The old copies have merely—"*Enter three or four citizens with clubs or partysons.*"

[f] Clubs, *bills*, and *partizans!*—] Shakespeare, whose wont it is to assimilate the customs of all countries to those of his own, puts the ancient call to arms of the London 'prentices in the mouth of the Veronese citizen.

Enter MONTAGUE *and* LADY MONTAGUE.

MON. Thou villain, Capulet,—Hold me not, let me go.
LA. MON. Thou shalt not stir one* foot to seek a foe.(2)

Enter PRINCE, *with* Attendants.

PRIN. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,—
Will they not hear?—what ho! you men, you beasts,—
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing from your veins,—
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mis-temper'd weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your moved prince.—
Three civil brawls,† bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets;
And made Verona's ancient citizens
Cast by their grave beseeming ornaments,
To wield old partizans, in hands as old,
Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate.
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time, all the rest depart away:
You, Capulet, shall go along with me,
And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
To know our farther‡ pleasure in this case,
To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[*Exeunt* PRINCE *and* Attendants; CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, TYBALT, Citizens, *and* Servants.

MON. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroach?—
Speak, nephew, were you by, when it began?
BEN. Here were the servants of your adversary,
And yours, close fighting ere I did approach:
I drew to part them; in the instant came
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepar'd;
Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
He swung about his head, and cut the winds,
Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn:
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the prince came, who parted either part.
LA. MON. O, where is Romeo!—saw you him to-day?

(*) First folio, a *foot*. (†) First folio, *broils*. (‡) First folio, *father's*.

a That most are busied when they are most alone,—] This is the reading of the quarto, 1597. Subsequent editions, including the folio, 1623, read thus:—

"Which then most sought, where most might not be found;
Being one too many by my weary self,
Pursued my humour," &c.

b Many a morning hath he there been seen,—] This, and the lines following down to—

"And makes himself an artificial night,"

are first found in the quarto of 1599. Benvolio's inquiry,

"Have you impórtun'd him by any means?"

and the reply, are likewise wanting in the first quarto.

c *His beauty to the* sun.] The old editions have *same*. The emendation was made by Theobald.

Right glad am I, he was not at this fray.
BEN. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,
A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad;
Where,—underneath the grove of sycamore,
That westward rooteth from this city's side,—
So early walking did I see your son:
Towards him I made; but he was 'ware of me,
And stole into the covert of the wood:
I, measuring his affections by my own,—
That most are busied when they are most alone,[a]—
Pursued my humour,* not pursuing his,
And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.
MON. Many a morning hath he there been seen,[b]
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs:
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should in the farthest east begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself,
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,
And makes himself an artificial night:
Black and portentous must this humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.
BEN. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?
MON. I neither know it, nor can learn of him.
BEN. Have you impórtun'd him by any means?
MON. Both by myself, and many other† friends:
But he, his own affections' counsellor,
Is to himself—I will not say, how true—
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.[c]
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure, as know.

Enter ROMEO, *at a distance.*

BEN. See, where he comes: so please you, step aside;
I'll know his grievance, or be much denied.
MON. I would, thou wert so happy by thy stay,
To hear true shrift.—Come, madam, let's away.
[*Exeunt* MONTAGUE *and* Lady.
BEN. Good morrow, cousin.
ROM. Is the day so young?

(*) First folio, *honour*. (†) First folio, *others*.

BEN. But new struck nine.
ROM. Ay me! sad hours seem long.
Was that my father that went hence so fast?
BEN. It was.—What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?
ROM. Not having that, which, having, makes them short.
BEN. In love?
ROM. Out—
BEN. Of love?
ROM. Out of her favour, where I am in love.(3)
BEN. Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!
ROM. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will![a]
Where shall we dine?—O me!—What fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.
Here's much to-do with hate, but more with love:—
Why then, O brawling love! O loving hate!
O any thing, of nothing first created;
O heavy lightness! serious vanity!
Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming * forms!
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!
Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!—
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
Dost thou not laugh?
BEN. No, coz, I rather weep.
ROM. Good heart, at what?
BEN. At thy good heart's oppression.
ROM. Why, such is love's transgression.—
Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast,
Which thou wilt propagate, to have it prest
With more of thine: this love, that thou hast shown,
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
Love is a smoke made with the fume of sighs;
Being purg'd,[b] a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;
Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with loving tears:
What is it else? a madness most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.
Farewell, my coz. [*Going.*
BEN. Soft, I will go along;
An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.
ROM. Tut, I have lost myself; I am not here;
This is not Romeo, he's some otherwhere.

(*) First folio, *well* seeing.

[a] See pathways to his will!] This is obscure. The earliest quarto, that of 1597, has,—

"Should without lawes give path-wales to our will."

And this may help us to the true reading, which very probably was:—

"Should without eyes *set* pathways to *our* will;"

in other words, "Make us walk in any direction he chooses to appoint."

[b] Being purg'd,—] Johnson suggested, and not without reason, that *purg'd* might be a misprint for *urg'd*. "To *urge* the fire," he observes, "is the technical term." Mr. Collier's corrector, with equal plausibility, changes *purg'd* to *puff'd*.

BEN. Tell me in sadness, who is that you love?
ROM. What, shall I groan, and tell thee?
BEN. Groan? why, no;
But sadly tell me, who.
ROM. Bid* a sick man in sadness make† his will:—
A word ill urg'd to one that is so ill!—
In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.
BEN. I aim'd so near, when I suppos'd you lov'd.
ROM. A right good mark-man!—And she's fair I love.
BEN. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.
ROM. Well, in that hit, you miss: she'll not be hit
With Cupid's arrow, she hath Dian's wit;
And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,
From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd.[c]
She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Nor bide‡ the encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold:
O, she is rich in beauty; only poor,
That, when she dies, with beauty[d] dies her store.(4)
BEN. Then she hath sworn, that she will still live chaste?
ROM. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste;
For beauty, starv'd with her severity,
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.
She is too fair, too wise; wisely too fair,
To merit bliss by making me despair:
She hath forsworn to love; and, in that vow,
Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.
BEN. Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.
ROM. O, teach me how I should forget to think.
BEN. By giving liberty unto thine eyes;
Examine other beauties.(5)
ROM. 'Tis the way
To call hers, exquisite, in question more:[e]
These happy masks, that kiss fair ladies' brows,
Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair;
He, that is strucken blind, cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost:
Show me a mistress that is passing fair,
What doth her beauty serve, but as a note,
Where I may read, who pass'd that passing fair?
Farewell, thou canst not teach me to forget.
BEN. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.
[*Exeunt.*

(*) First folio omits *bid*. (†) First folio, *makes*.
(‡) First folio, *bid*.

[c] She lives unharm'd.] So the quarto of 1597. The subsequent quartos and the folio, 1623, read "*uncharm'd*."

[d] With beauty dies her store.] The reading of all the ancient copies, which Theobald altered to "—— with her dies beauty's store."

[e] *To call hers*, exquisite, *in question more:*] This is generally conceived to refer to the beauty of Rosaline. It may mean, however, "that is only the way to throw doubt upon any other beauty I may see;" an interpretation countenanced by the after lines:—

"Show me a mistress that is passing fair,
What doth her beauty serve, but as a note,
Where I may read, who pass'd that passing fair?"

SCENE II.—*A Street.*

Enter Capulet, Paris, *and* Servant.[a]

Cap. But* Montague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think,
For men so old as we to keep the peace.
Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both,
And pity 'tis, you liv'd at odds so long.
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?
Cap. But saying o'er what I have said before:
My child is yet a stranger in the world,
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years;
Let two more summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.
Par. Younger than she are happy mothers made.
Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so early made.*
The† earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,
She is the hopeful lady of my earth:[b]
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
My will to her consent is but a part;
An she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent and fair according voice.
This night I hold an old accustom'd feast, (6)
Whereto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love; and you, among the store,
One more, most welcome, makes my number more.
At my poor house, look to behold this night

(*) First folio omits *But.*

(*) The first quarto, 1597, reads *married.*
(†) First folio omits *The.*

[a] And Servant.] The old editions have,—"*Enter Capulet, Countie Paris, and the Clowne.*" By Clown was meant the *merryman;* and a character of this description was so general in the plays of Shakespeare's early period, that his title here ought perhaps to be retained.

[b] She is the hopeful lady of my earth:] A gallicism. Steevens says, *Fille de terre* being the French phrase for an heiress. But Shakespeare may have meant by, "my earth," *my corporal part,* as in his 146th Sonnet,—

'Poor soul, the centre of my sinful *earth.*"

Earth-treading stars, that make dark heaven light:[a]
Such comfort, as do lusty young men feel,
When well-apparell'd April on the heel
Of limping winter treads, even such delight
Among fresh female[b] buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house: hear all, all see,
And like her most, whose merit most shall be:
Such, amongst view of many,[b] mine, being one,
May stand in number, though in reckoning none.
Come, go with me.—Go, sirrah, [*to* SERV.] trudge about
Through fair Verona: find those persons out,
Whose names are written there. [*gives a paper.*] and to them say,
My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.
[*Exeunt* CAPULET *and* PARIS.

SERV. Find them out, whose names are written here? It is written—that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard, and the tailor with his last, the fisher with his pencil, and the painter with his nets; but I am sent to find those persons, whose names are here† writ, and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ. I must to the learned:—In good time—

Enter BENVOLIO *and* ROMEO.

BEN. Tut, man! one fire burns out another's burning.
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;
Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning:
One desperate grief cures with another's languish:
Take thou some new infection to thy‡ eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die.

ROM. Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.

BEN. For what, I pray thee?

ROM. For your broken shin.

BEN. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

ROM. Not mad, but bound more than a madman is:
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipp'd, and tormented, and—God den, good fellow.

SERV. God ye good den.—I pray, sir, can you read?

ROM. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

(*) First folio, *fennell*.
(†) First folio omits *here*. (‡) First folio, the *eye*.

[a] That make dark heaven light:] Warburton pronounces this nonsense, and Mason thinks it absurd. The former would read,—
"——that make dark *even* light;"
and the latter,—
"——that make dark heaven's light."
Mr. Knight adheres to the old reading, "as passages in the masquerade scene would seem to indicate that the banqueting room opened into a garden." A better reason for abiding by the original text is to consider that the "dark heaven," in Shakespeare's mind, was most probably the *Heavens* of the stage, hung, as was the custom during the performance of tragedy, with black.

[b] Such, amongst *view of many*,—] The reading of the quarto, 1597. The quarto, 1599, that of 1609, and the folio, 1623, have, "Which one more view," &c. Neither reading affords a clear sense.

SERV. Perhaps you have learned it without book: But I pray, can you read any thing you see?

ROM. Ay, if I know the letters and the language.

SERV. Ye say honestly: rest you merry!

ROM. Stay, fellow: I can read. [*Reads.*

SIGNIOR MARTINO, *and his wife, and daughter:* COUNTY ANSELME, *and his beauteous sisters; the lady widow of* VITRUVIO: SIGNIOR PLACENTIO, *and his lovely nieces;* MERCUTIO, *and his brother* VALENTINE: *mine uncle* CAPULET, *his wife, and daughters: my fair niece* ROSALINE: LIVIA: SIGNIOR VALENTIO, *and his cousin* TYBALT: LUCIO, *and the lively* HELENA.

A fair assembly: [*Gives back the note.*] Whither should they come?

SERV. Up[c]

ROM. Whither to supper?

SERV. To our house.

ROM. Whose house?

SERV. My master's.

ROM. Indeed, I should have asked you that before.

SERV. Now I'll tell you without asking. My master is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come and crush[d] a cup of wine: rest you merry. [*Exit.*

BEN. At this same ancient feast of Capulet's
Sups the fair Rosaline, whom thou so lov'st;
With all the admired beauties of Verona:
Go thither; and, with unattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

ROM. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires!*
And these,—who, often drown'd, could never die,—
Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars!
One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match, since first the world begun.

BEN. Tut! you saw her fair, none else being by,
Herself pois'd with herself in either eye:
But in that crystal scales, let there be weigh'd
Your lady's love* against some other maid
That I will show you, shining at this feast,
And she shall scant show well,† that now shows best.

ROM. I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,
But to rejoice in splendour of mine own. [*Exeunt.*

(*) Old editions, *fire*.
(†) First folio, *she shew scant well, well*, &c.

[c] Up.] Is this a misprint for "to sup?"

[d] *Come and* crush *a cup of wine:*] This, like the *crack a bottle* of later times, was a common invitation of old to a carouse. The following instances of its use, which might be easily multiplied, were collected by Steevens:—
"Fill the pot, hostess, &c., and we'll *crush* it."
The Two Angry Women of Abingdon, 1599.
"——we'll *crush a cup* of thine own country wine."
HOFFMAN'S *Tragedy*, 1631.
"Come, George, we'll *crush a pot* before we part."
The Pinder of Wakefield, 1599.

[e] Your lady's love—] A corruption, I suspect, for "lady-love." It was not Romeo's love for Rosaline, or hers for him, which was to be poised, but the lady herself "against some other maid."

SCENE III.—*A Room in* Capulet's *House.*

Enter LADY CAPULET *and* Nurse.

LA. CAP. Nurse, where's my daughter? call her forth to me.
NURSE. Now, by my maiden-head,—at twelve year old,—
I bad her come.—What, lamb! what, lady-bird!—
God forbid![a]—where's this girl?—what, Juliet!

Enter JULIET.

JUL. How now, who calls?
NURSE. Your mother.
JUL. Madam, I am here.
What is your will?
LA. CAP. This is the matter:—Nurse, give leave awhile,
We must talk in secret.—Nurse, come back again;
I have remember'd me, thou shalt* hear our counsel.
Thou knowest, my daughter's of a pretty age.
NURSE. 'Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.
LA. CAP. She's not fourteen.
NURSE. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,—
And yet, to my teen[b] be it spoken, I have but four,—
She's not fourteen: how long is it now
To Lammas-tide?
LA. CAP. A fortnight, and odd days.
NURSE. Even or odd, of all days in the year, come Lammas-eve at night, shall she be fourteen. Susan and she,—God rest all Christian souls!—were of an age:—Well, Susan is with God; she

[a] *What*, lady-bird!—*God forbid!*—] An exquisite touch of nature The old nurse in her fond garrulity uses "lady-bird" as a term of endearment; but recollecting its application to a female of loose manners, checks herself;—"God forbid!" her darling should prove such a one!

* Old copies, *thou'se.*

[b] *And yet to my* teen—] That is, to my *sorrow.*

was too good for me: but, as I said, on Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen; that shall she; marry, I remember it well. 'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years; (7) and she was wean'd, —I never shall forget it,—of all the days of the year, upon that day: for I had then laid wormwood to my dug, sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall. My lord and you were then at Mantua:—nay, I do bear a brain:[a]—but, as I said, when it did taste the wormwood on the nipple of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool! to see it tetchy, and fall out with the dug. Shake, quoth the dove-house: 'twas no need, I trow, to bid me trudge. And since that time it is eleven years, for then she could stand alone; nay, by the rood, she could have run and waddled all about. For even the day before, she broke her brow: and then my husband—God be with his soul! 'a was a merry man;—took up the child; *Yea*, quoth he, *dost thou fall upon thy face? thou wilt fall backward, when thou hast more wit; wilt thou not, Jule?* and, by my holy-dam, the pretty wretch left crying, and said—*Ay:* to see now, how a jest shall come about! I warrant, an I should* live a thousand years, I never should forget it; *wilt thou not, Jule?* quoth he: and, pretty fool, it stinted,[b] and said—*Ay.*

LA. CAP. Enough of this; I pray thee, hold thy peace.

NURSE. Yes, madam; yet I cannot choose but laugh,
To think it should leave crying, and say—*Ay:*
And yet, I warrant, it had upon it brow
A bump as big as a young cockrel's stone;
A par'lous knock; and it cried bitterly.
Yea, quoth my husband, *fall'st upon thy face?*
Thou wilt fall backward when thou com'st to age;
Wilt thou not, Jule? it stinted, and said—*Ay.*

JUL. And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.

NURSE. Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his grace!
Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nurs'd:
An I might live to see thee married once,
I have my wish.

LA. CAP. Marry, that marry is the very theme
I came to talk of: tell me, daughter Juliet,
How stands your disposition to be married?

JUL. It is an honour[c] that I dream not of.

NURSE. An honour! were not I thine only nurse,
I'd say, thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat.

LA. CAP. Well, think of marriage now; younger than you,
Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,
Are made already mothers: by my count,
I was your mother much upon these years (8)
That you are now a maid. Thus then, in brief;—
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

NURSE. A man, young lady! lady, such a man,
As all the world—why, he's a man of wax.

LA. CAP. Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

NURSE. Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.

LA. CAP. What say you? can you love the gentleman?[d]
This night you shall behold him at our feast:
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;
Examine every married* lineament,
And see how one another lends content;
And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies,
Find written in the margent of his eyes.[e]
This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
To beautify him, only lacks a cover:
The fish lives in the sea;[f] and 'tis much pride,
For fair without, the fair within to hide:
That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story;
So shall you share all that he doth possess,
By having him, making yourself no less.

NURSE. No less? nay, bigger; women grow by men.

LA. CAP. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

JUL. I'll look to like, if looking liking move:
But no more deep will I endart mine eye,
Than your consent gives strength to make it† fly.

Enter a Servant.

SERV. Madam, the guests are come, supper served up, you call'd, my young lady ask'd for, the nurse curs'd in the pantry, and everything in extremity. I must hence to wait; I beseech you, follow straight.

LA. CAP. We follow thee.—Juliet, the county stays.

NURSE. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days. [*Exeunt.*

(*) First folio, *shall.*

[a] *Nay, I do* bear a brain:] *I can remember well.*
[b] It stinted,—] To *stint* is to stop.

"*Stint* thy babbling tongue."
Cynthia's Revels, Act I. Sc. 1.

"Pish! for shame, *stint* thy idle chat."
MARSTON'S *What You Will*, 1607, Induction.

(*) First folio, *several.* (†) First folio omits *it.*

[c] *It is a* honour—] In this and in the next line, for *honour*, the quarto, 1599, and the folio, 1623, have *houre.*
[d] Can you 'ove the gentleman?] The whole of this speech was added after the publication of the first quarto.
[e] *In the* margent *of his eyes.*] See note, p. 101, in the Illustrative Comments on "Love's Labour's Lost."
[f] *The fish lives in the* sea;] Mason very properly observes that "the *sea* cannot be said to be a beautiful cover to a fish," and suggests that *sea* was a misprint for "shell."

SCENE IV.—*A Street.*

Enter Romeo, Mercutio,(9) Benvolio, *with five or six other* Maskers, *and* Torch-bearers.

Rom. What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?
Or shall we on without apology?
Ben. The date is out of such prolixity:[a]
We'll have no Cupid hood-wink'd with a scarf,
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper;
Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke
After the prompter, for our entrance:[b]
But, let them measure us by what they will,
We'll measure them a measure,[c] and be gone.
Rom. Give me a torch,(10)—I am not for this ambling;
Being but heavy, I will bear the light.
Mer. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.
Rom. Not I, believe me; you have dancing shoes,
With nimble soles: I have a soul of lead,
So stakes me to the ground, I cannot move.
Mer. You are a lover;[d] borrow Cupid's wings,

[a] The date is out of such prolixity:] It appears to have been the custom formerly for guests who were desirous, for the purposes of intrigue or from other motives, of being incognito, to go in visors, when they visited an entertainment of the description given by Capulet, and to send a masked messenger before them with an apologetic and propitiatory address to the host or hostess.

[b] After the prompter, &c.] This and the preceding line are found only in the quarto of 1597. The word *entrance* here requires to be pronounced as a trisyllable, *enterance*.

[c] *We'll measure them* a measure, &c.] For an account of this dance, see the Illustrative Comments to Act V. of "Love's Labour's Lost."

[d] You are a lover;] The twelve lines which follow are not found in the first quarto.

And soar with them above a common bound.
ROM. I am too sore enpierced with his shaft,
To soar with his light feathers; and so* bound,
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe;
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.
MER. †And, to sink in it, should you burden love;
Too great oppression for a tender thing.
ROM. Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boist'rous; and it pricks like thorn.
MER. If love be rough with you, be rough with love;
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down,—
Give me a case to put my visage in:
[*Putting on a mask.*
A visor for a visor! what care I,
What curious eye doth quote deformities?
Here are the beetle-brows shall blush for me.
BEN. Come, knock, and enter; and no sooner in,
But every man betake him to his legs.
ROM. A torch for me: let wantons, light of heart,
Tickle the senseless rushes[a] with their heels;
For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase,—
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on,—
The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.[b]
MER. Tut! dun's the mouse,(11) the constable's own word:
If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire,
Or (save your reverence) love, wherein thou stick'st
Up to the ears: come, we burn day-light, ho.
ROM. Nay, that's not so.
MER. I mean, sir, in‡ delay
We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.§
Take our good meaning; for our judgment sits
Five times in that, ere once in our five[c] wits.
ROM. And we mean well in going to this mask;
But 'tis no wit to go.
MER. Why, may one ask?
ROM. I dreamt a dream to-night.
MER. And so did I.
ROM. Well, what was yours?
MER. That dreamers often lie.
ROM. In bed, asleep, while they do dream things true.
MER. O then, I see queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife; and she comes
In shape no bigger than an‖ agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart* men's noses as they lie asleep:
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
Her traces, of the smallest spider's web;
Her collars, of the moonshine's wat'ry beams:
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film:
Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid:†
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out o' mind the fairies' coach-makers.
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love:
On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight:
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees:
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream;
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths‡ with sweet-meats tainted are.
Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit:[d]
And sometime comes she with a § tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,
Then dreams he‖ of another benefice:
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ear;¶ at which he starts, and wakes;
And, being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab,
That plats the manes of horses in the night;
And bakes the elf-locks** in foul sluttish hairs,
Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That presses them, and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage.
This is she—(12)
ROM. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace;
Thou talk'st of nothing.
MER. True, I talk of dreams;
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;
Which is as thin of substance as the air,

(*) First folio, to *bound*. (†) Old copies, HORATIO.
(‡) First folio, I *delay*.
(§) First folio, *in vain*, lights lights *by day*.
(‖) First folio omits *an*.

(*) First folio, *over*. (†) First folio, *man*.
(‡) First folio, *breath*. (§) First folio omits *a*.
(‖) First folio, *he dreams*. (¶) First folio, *ears*.
(**) First folio, *elk-locks*.

[a] Tickle the senseless rushes—] Before the introduction of carpets it was customary, as everybody knows, to strew rooms with *rushes;* it is not so generally known, however, that the stage was strewn in the same manner.

"—— on the very *rushes*, when the comedy is to daunce."
DECKER'S *Gull's Hornbooke*, 1609.

[b] The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.] An allusion, Ritson says, to an old proverbial saying, which advises to give over when the game was at the fairest; but we doubt if this is the true meaning of Romeo's "grandsire phrase."

[c] In *our* five wits.] Old copies *fine;* the correction was made by Malone.

[d] Of *smelling out* a suit:] By *suit* in this place is not meant, a *process* or *law-suit*, but an appointment in the gift of the crown.

"If you be a *courtier*, discourse of the obtaining of *suits*."
DECKER'S *Gull's Hornbocke*, 1609.

And more inconstant than the wind, who wooes
Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face* to the dew-dropping south.

BEN. This wind, you talk of, blows us from ourselves;
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

ROM. I fear, too early: for my mind misgives,
Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels; and expire the term
Of a despised life, clos'd in my breast,
By some vile forfeit of untimely death:
But He, that hath the steerage of my course,
Direct my sail!†—On, lusty gentlemen.

BEN. Strike, drum. [*Exeunt.*[a]

SCENE V.—*A Hall in* Capulet's *House.*

Musicians *waiting.* *Enter* Servants.

1 SERV. Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take away? he shift a trencher! he scrape a trencher!

2 SERV. When good manners shall lie all‡ in one or two men's hands, and they unwash'd too, 'tis a foul thing.

1 SERV. Away with the joint-stools, remove the court-cupboard,[b] look to the plate:—good thou, save me a piece of marchpane;[c] and, as thou lovest me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone, and Nell.—Antony! and Potpan!

2 SERV. Ay, boy; ready.

1 SERV. You are look'd for, and call'd for, ask'd for, and sought for, in the great chamber.

2 SERV. We cannot be here and there too.—Cheerly, boys; be brisk awhile, and the longer liver take all.[d] [*They retire behind.*

Enter CAPULET, *&c. with the* Guests, *and the* Maskers.

1 CAP. Welcome, gentlemen! ladies, that have their toes

(*) First folio, *side.* (†) First folio, *suit.*
(‡) First folio omits *all.*

[a] *Exeunt.*] The folio, 1623, has the following stage direction:—"*They march about the stage, and Serving-men come forth with their napkins.*"

[b] *Remove the* court-cupboard,—] A *court-cupboard* appears to have been what we now call a cabinet, and was used to display the silver flagons, cups, beakers, ewers, &c., constituting the plate of the establishment.

[c] *Save me a piece of* marchpane;] A favourite confection with our ancestors; something like almond cakes, but richer, being composed of pistachio nuts, almonds, pine kernels, sugar of roses, and flour.

[d] This scene first appeared in the edition of 1599.

[e] Will have a bout—] So the quarto, 1597: the subsequent copies, and the folio, *walk about.*

[f] Welcome, gentlemen!] The remainder of this speech, down to "More light, you knaves;" &c. was added after the printing of the 1597 quarto.

Unplagu'd with corns, will have a bout[e] with you:—
Ah ha,* my mistresses! which of you all
Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty,
She, I'll swear, hath corns; am I come near ye now?
Welcome, gentlemen![f] I have seen the day,
That I have worn a visor, and could tell
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would please;—'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone:
You are welcome, gentlemen!—Come, musicians, play.
A hall! a hall! give room, and foot it, girls.
[*Music plays, and they dance.*
More light, you knaves; and turn the tables up,
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.—
Ah, sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.
Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin[g] Capulet,
For you and I are past our dancing days:
How long is 't now, since last yourself and I
Were in a mask?

2 CAP. By'r lady, thirty years.

1 CAP. What, man? 'tis not so much; 'tis not so much:
'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio,
Come pentecost as quickly as it will,
Some five and twenty years; and then we mask'd.

2 CAP. 'Tis more, 'tis more, his son is elder, sir;
His son is thirty.

1 CAP. Will you tell me that?
His son was but a ward two years ago.

ROM. What lady's that, which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight? (13)

SERV. I know not, sir.

ROM. O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
It seems[h] she hangs upon the cheek of night
As a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear:
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
And, touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.

(*) Quartos, 1599, &c., and folio, Ah, *my mistresses!*

[g] *Good* cousin *Capulet,*—] Unless within the degree of parent and child, or brother and sister, one kinsman usually addressed another as cousin in Shakespeare's time. Thus the King in "Hamlet" calls his nephew and step-son

"—my *cousin* Hamlet,"

and Lady Capulet, in Act III. of the present play, speaks of her nephew as

"Tybalt, my *cousin!*"

[h] It seems she *hangs upon the cheek of night*—] This is the lection of the early quartos, and of the folio, 1623. The folio, 1632, substituted

"*Her beauty* hangs," &c.

which has been thought so great an improvement that it is almost invariably adopted.

Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

TYB. This, by his voice, should be a Montague:—
Fetch me my rapier, boy:—what! dares the slave
Come hither, cover'd with an antick face,
To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?
Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

1 CAP. Why, how now, kinsman? wherefore storm you so?

TYB. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe;
A villain, that is hither come in spite,
To scorn at our solemnity this night.

1 CAP. Young Romeo is't?

TYB. 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

1 CAP. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone,
He bears him like a portly gentleman;
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him,
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth:
I would not for the wealth of all this* town,
Here in my house, do him disparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will; the which if thou respect,
Show a fair presence, and put off these frowns,
An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

TYB. It fits, when such a villain is a guest;
I'll not endure him.

1 CAP. He shall be endur'd;
What, goodman boy!—I say, he shall;—go to;
Am I the master here, or you? go to.
You'll not endure him!—God shall mend my soul—
You'll make a mutiny among my† guests!
You will set cock-a-hoop![a] you'll be the man!

TYB. Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

1 CAP. Go to, go to,
You are a saucy boy:—is't so, indeed?
This trick may chance to scathe you;[b]—I know what.
You must contrary me! marry, 'tis time—
Well said, my hearts:—you are a princox;[c] go:
Be quiet, or—more light, more light: for shame!
I'll make you quiet; what!—cheerly, my hearts.

TYB. Patience perforce,[d] with wilful choler meeting,
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.
I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall,
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall. [*Exit.*

(*) First folio, *the.* (†) First folio, *the.*

[a] *You will set* cock-a-hoop!] A phrase of very doubtful origin. Some writers think it an allusion to a custom they say existed of taking the *cock* or spigot out of the barrel and laying it *on the hoop.* I rather suppose it to refer in some way to the boastful, provocative crowing of the cock, but can find nothing explanatory of its meaning in any author.

[b] *To* scathe *you;*] That is, to *damage* you.

[c] *You are a* princox;] A *coxcomb.*

[d] Patience perforce,—] From the old adage,—"*Patience upon force* is a medicine for a mad dog."

ROM. If I profane with my unworthiest hand [*To* JULIET.
This holy shrine, the gentle sin is this,—
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand*
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

JUL. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion shows in this;
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

ROM. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

JUL. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

ROM. O then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;
They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

JUL. Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.

ROM. Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take.
Thus from my lips, by thine, my sin is purg'd. [*Kissing her.*

JUL. Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

ROM. Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urg'd!
Give me my sin again.

JUL. You kiss by the book.

NURSE. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

ROM. What is her mother?

NURSE. Marry, bachelor,
Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise, and virtuous:
I nurs'd her daughter, that you talk'd withal;
I tell you,—he, that can lay hold of her,
Shall have the chinks.

ROM. Is she a Capulet?
O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.[e]

BEN. Away, begone; the sport is at the best.[f]

ROM. Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.

1 CAP. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.—[g]
Is it e'en so? why, then I thank you all;
I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night:—
More torches here!—come on, then let's to bed.

(*) First folio, did *ready stand.*

[e] My life is my foe's debt.] He means that, as bereft of Juliet he should die, his existence is at the mercy of his enemy, Capulet. Thus in the old poem:—

"So hath he learnd her name and knowth she is no geast,
Her father was a Capilet, and master of the feast.
Thus hath his foe in choyse to geve him life or death,
That scarcely can his wofull brest keepe in the lively breath."

[f] The sport is at the best.] This seems to mean, "We have seen the best of the sport."

[g] Towards.—] *Approaching, near at hand.*

Ah, sirrah, [*to* 2 Cap.] by my fay, it waxes late;
I'll to my rest.

[*Exeunt all but* Juliet *and* Nurse.

Jul. Come hither, nurse: what is yon gentleman? (14)

Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.

Jul. What's he, that now is going out of door?

Nurse. Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.

Jul. What's he, that follows there,* that would not dance?

(*) First folio, *here.*

Nurse. I know not.

Jul. Go, ask his name:—if he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding* bed.

Nurse. His name is Romeo, and a Montague;
The only son of your great enemy.

Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed enemy.

Nurse. What's this? what's this?

Jul. A rhyme I learn'd† even now

(*) First folio, *wedded.* (†) First folio, *learne.*

Of one I danc'd withal.

[*One calls within,* JULIET.

NURSE. Anon, anon:—
Come, let's away; the strangers all are gone.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Chorus.[a]

Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie,
And young affection gapes to be his heir;
That fair, for which love groan'd for, and would die,
With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.
Now Romeo is belov'd, and loves again,
Alike bewitched by the charm of looks;
But to his foe suppos'd he must complain,
And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks:
Being held a foe, he may not have access
To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear;
And she as much in love, her means much less,
To meet her new-beloved any where:
But passion lends them power, time means to meet,
Temp'ring extremities with extreme sweet. [*Exit.*

[a] Chorus.] First printed in the edition of 1599.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An open place adjoining* Capulet's *Garden.*

Enter Romeo.

Rom. Can I go forward, when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.
[*He climbs the wall, and leaps down within it.*

Enter Benvolio *and* Mercutio.

Ben. Romeo! my cousin Romeo! Romeo!
Mer. He is wise;
And, on my life, hath stol'n him home to bed.
Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall:
Call, good Mercutio.
Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.—[a]
Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh,
Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;
Cry but—*Ah me!* pronounce[b] but— *love* and *dove;*
Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,
One nick-name for her purblind son and heir,(*)
Young Abraham Cupid, he that shot so trim,[c]
When king Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid.—
He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not;
The ape is dead, and(†) I must conjure him.—
I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,
By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip,
By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,
And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,
That in thy likeness thou appear to us!
Ben. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.
Mer. This cannot anger him: 'twould anger him
To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand

[a] Nay, I'll conjure too.—] The folio, 1623, assigns these words to Benvolio.

[b] We print this line according to the text of the earliest edition, 1597, all the others being singularly corrupt; for example, the first folio reads:—

Cry me *but ay me,* Provant, *but Love and* day.

(*) First folio, *her.*

(†) First folio omits *and.*

[c] So the quarto, 1597; later editions, *true.*

Till she had laid it, and conjur'd it down;
That were some spite: my invocation
Is fair and honest, and, in his mistress' name,
I conjure only but to raise up him.

BEN. Come, he hath hid himself among those* trees,
To be consorted with the humorous night:
Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.

MER. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
Now will he sit under a medlar tree,
And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit,
As maids call medlars, when they laugh alone.—
Oh Romeo that she were, oh that she were,
An open *et cætera*, thou, a poprin pear!
Romeo, good night;—I'll to my truckle-bed;
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep:
Come, shall we go?

BEN. Go, then; for 'tis in vain
To seek him here, that means not to be found.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Capulet's *Garden.*

Enter ROMEO.

ROM. He jests at scars, that never felt a wound.—[a]
[JULIET *appears above, at a window.*
But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks!
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!—
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou her maid art far more fair than she:
Be not her maid, since she is envious;
Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.—
It is my lady; O, it is my love:
O, that she knew she were!—
She speaks, yet she says nothing; what of that?
Her eye discourses, I will answer it.
I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do intreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
As daylight doth a lamp; her eye in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing, and think it were not night.
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

JUL. Ay me!

ROM. She speaks:—
O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturned wond'ring eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,[b]
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

JUL. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

ROM. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this? [*Aside.*

JUL. 'Tis but thy name, that is my enemy;—
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.(1)
What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part[c]
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
What's in a name?* that which we call a rose,
By any other word would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that title:—Romeo, doff thy name;
And for that name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

ROM. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

JUL. What man art thou, that, thus bescreen'd in night,
So stumblest on my counsel?

ROM. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee;
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

JUL. My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's utterance,† yet I know the sound;
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

ROM. Neither, fair maid, if either thee dislike.

JUL. How cam'st thou hither, tell me? and wherefóre?
The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb;
And the place death, considering who thou art,

(*) First folio, *these.*

[a] He jests at scars, &c.] It has been disputed whether Romeo, overhearing Mercutio's banter, refers to that, or to his having believed himself, before he saw Juliet, so invincible in his love for Rosaline, that no other beauty could move him. We feel no doubt that the allusion is to Mercutio; indeed, the rhyme in *found* and *wound* seems purposely intended to carry on the connexion of the speeches; and at this moment Rosaline is wholly forgotten.

(*) First folio, *What? in a names.*
(†) First folio, *of thy tongues uttering.*

[b] The lazy-pacing clouds,—] So, the earliest edition, 1597; all the others have *lazy*-puffing, which Mr. Collier's MS. corrector alters to *lazy*-passing.

[c] Nor any other part—] These words are found only in the quarto of 1597.

If any of my kinsmen find thee here.
ROM. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls,
For stony limits cannot hold love out:
And what love can do, that dares love attempt;
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.
JUL. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.
ROM. Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords; look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.
JUL. I would not for the world they saw thee here.
ROM. I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes,
And, but[a] thou love me, let them find me here:
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.
JUL. By whose direction found'st thou out this place?
ROM. By love, that first did prompt me to inquire;
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot, yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,
I would* adventure for such merchandise.
JUL. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke; but farewell complement![b]
Dost thou love me?† I know, thou wilt say—Ay;
And I will take thy word: yet, if thou swear'st,
Thou may'st prove false; at lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs.‡ O, gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but, else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,
And therefore thou may'st think my 'haviour§ light:
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning[c] to be strange.[d]
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou over-heard'st, ere I was 'ware,
My true love's passion: therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.
ROM. Lady, by yonder blessed‖ moon I vow,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,—
JUL. O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.
ROM. What shall I swear by?
JUL. Do not swear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.
ROM. If my heart's dear love—
JUL. Well, do not swear. Although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night:
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden,
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
Ere one can say—*it lightens*. Sweet, good night![e]
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!
ROM. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?
JUL. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?
ROM. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.
JUL. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it:
And yet I would it were to give again.
ROM. Would'st thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?
JUL. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have:
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.
[Nurse *calls within.*
I hear some noise within; dear love, adieu!
Anon, good nurse.—Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit.*
ROM. O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter JULIET, *above.*

JUL. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night, indeed.
If that thy bent of love be honourable, (2)
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,

(*) First folio, *should.* (†) First folio omits *me.*
(‡) First folio, *laught.* (§) First folio, *behaviour.*
(‖) First folio omits *blessed.*

[a] *And,* but *thou love me,*—] That is, *unless* thou love me.
[b] *But* farewell complement!] Away with formality and punctilio!
[c] Cunning—] So the quarto, 1597; later editions, including the first folio, *coying.*
[d] *To be* strange.] *To be strange* is to be *coy, reserved.* Thus in Act III. Sc. 2, of the present Play:—

"—— 'till *strange* love, grown bold,
Think true love acted, simple modesty."

So, too, in Greene's "Mamilia," 1593:—

"Is it the fashion in Padua to be so *strange* with your friends?"

[e] Sweet, good night!] This, and the intermediate lines down to "Stay but a little," &c., were added after the printing of the 1597 quarto.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some special good doth give;
Nor aught so good, but, strain'd from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;
And vice sometime 's by action dignified.[a]
Within the infant rind of this weak flower
Poison hath residence, and medicine power:
For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part;
Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
Two such opposed kings encamp them still
In man as well as herbs,—grace, and rude will;
And, where the worser is predominant,
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. Good morrow, father!
Fri. *Benedicite!*
What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?—
Young son, it argues a distemper'd head,
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed:
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie:
But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign:
Therefore thy earliness doth me assure,
Thou art up-rous'd with some distemperature;
Or if not so, then here I hit it right—

[a] By action dignified.] After these words the ancient copies, except the first quarto, which has no direction, have,—"*Enter Romeo;*" but it very frequently happens in old plays that the entrance of a character is marked some time before he really takes part in the scene. Such direction probably meaning that the actor is to be at hand, ready to enter when the cue is given.

Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.
ROM. That last is true, the sweeter rest was mine.
FRI. God pardon sin! wast thou with Rosaline?
ROM. With Rosaline, my ghostly father? no;
I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.
FRI. That's my good son: but where hast thou been then?
ROM. I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me agen.
I have been feasting with mine enemy;
Where, on a sudden, one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded; both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physic lies:
I bear no hatred, blessed man; for, lo,
My intercession likewise steads my foe.
FRI. Be plain, good son, and *homely in thy drift;
Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.
ROM. Then plainly know, my heart's dear love is set
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;
And all combin'd, save what thou must combine
By holy marriage. When, and where, and how,
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,
I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us to-day.
FRI. Holy saint Francis! what a change is here!
Is Rosaline, that thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken? young men's love then lies,
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Jesu Maria! what a deal of brine
Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!
How much salt water thrown away in waste,
To season love, that of it doth not taste!
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans ring† yet in my ancient ears;
Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet:
If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline;
And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence then—
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.
ROM. Thou chidd'st me oft for loving Rosaline.
FRI. For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.
ROM. And bad'st me bury love.
FRI. Not in a grave,
To lay one in, another out to have.

(*) First folio, *rest homely.* (†) First folio, *yet ringing.*

[a] She whom I love now,—] So the earliest quarto, 1597. The other old copies, including the folio, 1623, read—
"I pray thee, chide *me* not, *her* I love now."

[b] I stand on sudden haste.] It imports me much to be speedy. So in "Richard II." Act II. Sc. 3:—
"It *stands your grace upon*, to do him right."
Again, in "Richard III." Act IV. Sc. 2:—
"—— It *stands* me much *upon*,
To stop all hopes whose growth may danger me."

ROM. I pray thee, chide not: she whom I love now,[a]
Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow;
The other did not so.
FRI. O, she knew well,
Thy love did read by rote, and* could not spell.
But come, young waverer, come go with me,
In one respect I'll thy assistant be;
For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your households'† rancour to pure love.
ROM. O, let us hence; I stand on sudden haste.[b]
FRI. Wisely, and slow; they stumble, that run fast. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Street.*

Enter BENVOLIO *and* MERCUTIO.

MER. Where the devil should this Romeo be?—
Came he not home to night?
BEN. Not to his father's; I spoke with his man.
MER. Why, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline,
Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.
BEN. Tybalt, the kinsman to old Capulet,
Hath sent a letter to his father's house.
MER. A challenge, on my life.
BEN. Romeo will answer it.
MER. Any man, that can write, may answer a letter.
BEN. Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how he dares, being dared.
MER. Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead! stabb'd with a white wench's black eye; shot‡ through the ear with a love-song; the very pin[c] of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft; and is he a man to encounter Tybalt?
BEN. Why, what is Tybalt?
MER. More than prince of cats,(5)
I can tell you.[d] O, he's the courageous captain of complements:[e] he fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests me his minim rest,§ one,—two,—and the third in your bosom: the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house,—of the first and second cause: Ah, the immortal passado! the punto reverso! the hay!—(6)
BEN. The what?

(*) First folio, *that.* (†) First folio, *household.*
(‡) First folio, *runne.* (§) First folio, he *rests his minum.*

[c] *The very* pin *of his heart* cleft—] See "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," Act V. Sc. 4, note (b), p. 39 of the present Vol.

[d] I can tell you.] These words are found only in the quarto, 1597.

[e] *Captain of* complements:] See Act I. Sc. 1, note (f), p. 53 of the present Vol.

Nurse and Peter.

MER. The pox of such antick, lisping, affecting fantasticoes; * these new tuners of accent!—*By* † *Jesu, a very good blade!—a very tall man!—a very good whore!*—Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grand sire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these *pardonnez-moys*, who stand so much on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their *bons*, their *bons!*

Enter ROMEO.

BEN. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

MER. Without his roe, like a dried herring:—O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified!—now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in: Laura, to his lady, was a kitchen-wench;—marry, she had a better love to be-rhyme her: Dido, a dowdy; Cleopatra, a gipsy; Helen and Hero, hildings and harlots; Thisbé, a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose.—Signior Romeo, *bon jour!* there's a French salutation to your French slop;[a] you gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

ROM. Good morrow to you both; what counterfeit did I give you?

MER. The slip, sir, the slip;[b] can you not conceive?

(*) All but the first copy read *phantacies*.
(†) First folio omits *By*.

[a] *Your French* slop;] The *slop* is said to have been a sort of loose kneed *breeches* or *trousers*.

[b] *The* slip, *sir, the* slip;] The equivoque here is well explained in the following passage from Greene's "Thieves falling out, True Men come by their Goods:"—"And therefore he went and got him certain *slips*, which are *counterfeit* pieces of money, being brasse, and covered over with silver, which the common people call *slips*." Again, in Ben Jonson's "Magnetick Lady," Act III. Sc. 6:—

"I had like t' have been
Abus'd i' the business, had the *slip* slur'd on me,
A *counterfeit*."

MER. Yea, is the worst well? very well took, i' faith; wisely, wisely.

NURSE. If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.

BEN. She will indite him to some supper.

MER. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho![a]

ROM. What hast thou found?

MER. No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent.

An old hare hoar,[b]
And an old hare hoar,
Is very good meat in Lent:
But a hare that is hoar,
Is too much for a score,
When it hoars ere it be spent.—

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we 'll to dinner thither.

ROM. I will follow you.

MER. Farewell, ancient lady; farewell, *lady, lady, lady.*(8)

[*Exeunt* MERCUTIO *and* BENVOLIO.

NURSE. I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant[c] was this, that was so full of his ropery?[d]

ROM. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk; and will speak more in a minute, than he will stand to in a month.

NURSE. An 'a speak any thing against me, I'll take him down an 'a were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skains-mates:[e]—And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure.

PET. I saw no man use you at his pleasure; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you: I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

NURSE. Now, afore God, I am so vexed, that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave!—pray you, sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bid me inquire you out; what she bid me say, I will keep to myself: but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into* a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say: for the gentlewoman is young; and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly, it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

ROM. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee,—

NURSE. Good heart! and, i' faith, I will tell her as much: Lord, lord, she will be a joyful woman.

ROM. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

NURSE. I will tell her, sir,—that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

ROM. Bid her devise some means to come to shrift
This afternoon;
And there she shall at friar Laurence' cell
Be shriv'd, and married. Here is for thy pains.

NURSE. No, truly, sir; not a penny.

ROM. Go to; I say, you shall.

NURSE. This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there.

ROM. And stay,[f] good† nurse, behind the abbey-wall:
Within this hour my man shall be with thee,
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair,
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Must be my convoy in the secret night.
Farewell!—be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains:
Farewell!—commend me to thy mistress.

NURSE. Now God in heaven bless thee!—hark you, sir.

ROM. What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

NURSE. Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say—
Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

ROM. I warrant thee;[g] my man's as true as steel.

NURSE. Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady—Lord, lord! when 'twas a little prating thing,—O,—there 's a nobleman in town, one Paris, that

---

[a] So ho!] The huntsman's cry when the hare is found in her seat.

[b] An old hare hoar,—] This may be a snatch of some quaint old ballad, but is more probably an extempore rhyme sung by Mercutio for the nonce. In the quarto, 1597, it is headed by a stage direction,—"*He walkes by them, and sings.*"

[c] *What saucy* merchant—] *Merchant*, as Steevens has shown, was formerly often applied in the derogatory sense of pedlar or low dealer; thus our author, "Henry VI." Part I. Act II. Sc. 3,—

"This is a riddling *merchant* for the nonce."

So, too, in Churchyard's "Chance," 1580:—

"What *saucie marchaunt* speaketh now, said Venus in her rage."

[d] *So full of his* ropery?] That is, *ribaldry*.

[e] *I am none of his* flirt-gills; *I am none of his* skains-mates:—] The meaning of *flirt-gills* is not far to seek. It implied, like *flx-gig*, another term of the same age, a *wild, flirting, romping wench;* but *skains-mates* has been a sore puzzle to all the commentators. Some have derived it from *skein*, a knife or dagger; others suppose it a mispronunciation of *kins-mates;* and Mr. Douce ventures a random conjecture that the *skains* in question might be *skeins of thread*, and that the Nurse meant nothing more than *sempstresses!* The difficulty, after all, proves of easy solution. The word *skain*, I am told by a Kentish man, was formerly a familiar term in parts of Kent to express what we now call a *scape-grace* or *ne'er-do-well;* just the sort of person the worthy old Nurse would entertain a horror of being considered a companion to. Even at this day, my informant says, *skain* is often heard in the Isle of Thanet, and about the adjacent coast, in the sense of a *reckless, dare-devil* sort of fellow.

(*) First folio, *in*.

(†) First folio, thou *good*.

[f] And stay,—] The remainder of this scene is not in the first edition, 1597.

[g] I *warrant thee;*] *I* was added by the editor of the second folio.

[illegible] knife [illegible]; [illegible], good [illegible],
[illegible] a [illegible], a very [illegible], as [illegible]. I
[illegible] sometimes, and tell her that Paris is the
[illegible]; [illegible], I'll warrant you, when I say so,
[illegible] as gait as any [illegible] in the [illegible] world.
[illegible] rosemary and Romeo begin both with a

[illegible] Ay, nurse; What of that? both with an R.
[illegible]. Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name.
[illegible] the dog.* No; I know it begins with
[illegible] letter: and she hath the prettiest sen-
[illegible] of it, of you and rosemary, that it would
[illegible] good to hear it.
[illegible] Commend me to thy lady. [Exit.
[illegible]. Ay, a thousand times.—Peter!
[illegible]. Anon.
[illegible]. Before, and apace. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—Capulet's Garden.

Enter JULIET.

The clock struck nine, when I did send
the nurse:
an hour she promis'd to return.
[illegible], she cannot meet him:—that's not so.—
[illegible] lame! love's heralds† should be thoughts,*
[illegible]en times faster glide than the sun's beams,
[illegible] back shadows over lowring hills:
[illegible]re do nimble-pinion'd doves draw Love,
[illegible]refore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.
[illegible] the sun upon the highmost hill
[illegible] day's journey; and from nine till twelve
[illegible] long hours,—yet she is not come.
[illegible] affections, and warm youthful blood,
[illegible] as swift in motion as a ball;
[illegible]ds would bandy her to my sweet love,
[illegible] to me:
[illegible] folks, many feign as they were dead;
[illegible]ly, slow, heavy and pale as lead.

Enter Nurse *and* PETER.

[illegible] she comes!—O honey nurse, what news?
[illegible]u met with him? send thy man away.
[illegible]. Peter, stay at the gate. [*Exit* PETER.
Now, good sweet nurse,—O lord! why
look'st thou sad?
[illegible] news be sad, yet tell them merrily;
[illegible], thou sham'st the music of sweet news
[illegible]ing it to me with so sour a face.
[illegible]. I am aweary, give me leave awhile;
Fie, how my bones ache! what a jaunt have I had!
JUL. I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy
news:
Nay, come, I pray thee, speak;—good, good
nurse, speak.
NURSE. Jesu, what haste? can you not stay
awhile?
Do you not see that I am out of breath?
JUL. How art thou out of breath, when thou
hast breath
To say to me—that thou art out of breath?
The excuse that thou dost make in this delay,
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.
Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that;
Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance:
Let me be satisfied, is 't good or bad?
NURSE. Well, you have made a simple choice;
you know not how to choose a man: Romeo! no,
not he; though his face be better than any man's,
yet his leg excels all men's; and for a hand, and
a foot, and a body,—though they be not to be
talk'd on, yet they are past compare: he is not
the flower of courtesy,—but, I'll warrant him, as
gentle as a lamb.—Go thy ways, wench; serve
God:—what, have you dined at home?
JUL. No, no: but all this did I know before;
What says he of our marriage? what of that?
NURSE. Lord, how my head aches! what a head
have I?
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My back o' t' other side,—O, my back, my back!—
Beshrew your heart, for sending me about,
To catch my death with jaunting up and down!
JUL. I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well:*
Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my
love?
NURSE. Your love says like an honest gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,
And, I warrant, a virtuous:—where is your
mother?
JUL. Where is my mother?—why, she is
within;
Where should she be? how oddly thou reply'st:
Your love says like an honest gentleman,—
Where is your mother?
NURSE. O, God's lady dear!
Are you so hot? marry come up, I trow;
Is this the poultice for my aching bones?
Henceforward do your messages yourself.
JUL. Here's such a coil;—come, what says
Romeo?
NURSE. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-
day?

[illegible]st folio omits *dog*. (†) First folio, *herald*.

[illegible] be thoughts,—] This scene was greatly augmented [illegible]ved after the first quarto. In that edition, Juliet's [illegible]ontinued from the above words, as follows:—

(*) First folio, so *well*.

"And runne more swift, than hastie powder fierd,
Doth hurrie from the fearfull cannons mouth;
Oh now she comes. Tell me gentle nurse,
What sayes my loue?"

JUL. I have.
NURSE. Then hie you hence to friar Laurence' cell,
There stays a husband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
They 'll be in scarlet straight at any news.
Hie you to church; I must another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Must climb a bird's nest soon, when it is dark:
I am the drudge, and toil in your delight;
But you shall bear the burden soon at night.
Go, I 'll to dinner; hie you to the cell.
JUL. Hie to high fortune!—honest nurse, farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Friar* Laurence's *Cell.*(10)

Enter Friar LAURENCE *and* ROMEO.

FRI. So smile the heavens upon this holy act,
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!

ROM. Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight:
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare;
It is enough I may but call her mine.
FRI. These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiss, consume. The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite:
Therefore, love moderately; long love doth so;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter JULIET.

Here comes the lady:—O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint:
A lover may bestride the gossamer
That idles in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall, so light is vanity.

JUL. Good even to my ghostly confessor.

FRI. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

JUL. As much to him, else is* his thanks too much.

ROM. Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue,
Unfold the imagin'd happiness that both
Receive in either, by this dear encounter.

JUL. Conceit,[a] more rich in matter than in w
Brags of his substance, not of ornament:
They are but beggars that can count their wo
But my true love is grown to such excess,
I cannot sum up sum of half my wealth.[b]

FRI. Come, come with me, and we will short work;
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,
Till holy church incorporate two in one. [*Ex*

(*) First folio, *in*.

[a] Conceit,—] *Conceit* here means *imagination*. So, in "The Rape of Lucrece,"—

"—— which the *conceited* painter drew so proud."—MALONE.

[b] I *cannot sum up* sum of half my wealth.] So the second quarto, 1599; and so, also, the undated quarto, and the folio except that they misspell the second "sum," "*some*." meaning seems plain enough, "I cannot sum up the total of half my wealth;" but the passage has been mode into,—

"I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth."

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Public Place.*

Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, Page, *and* Servants.

Ben. I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire;
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,
And, if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl;
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of these fellows, that, when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his sword upon the table, and says, *God send me no need of thee!* and, by the operation of the second cup, draws him on the drawer, when, indeed, there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood as any in Italy; and as soon moved to be moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

Ben. And what too[a]?

Mer. Nay, an there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less, in his beard, than thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes; what eye, but such an eye, would spy

[a] *And what* too?] So the old copies, meaning, "And what *else?*" or, "What *more?*" The modern editions read, "And what to?"

out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels, as an egg is full of meat; and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg, for quarrelling. Thou hast quarrelled with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his new shoes with old riband? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling!

BEN. An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

MER. The fee-simple? O simple!

BEN. By my head, here come the Capulets.

MER. By my heel, I care not.

Enter TYBALT *and others.*

TYB. Follow me close, for I will speak to them.—
Gentlemen, good den; a word with one of you.

MER. And but one word with one of us? couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.

TYB. You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, an you will give me occasion.

MER. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

TYB. Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo,—

MER. Consort![a] what, dost thou make us minstrels? an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance. 'Zounds,* consort!

BEN. We talk here in the public haunt of men:
Either withdraw into some private place,
Or reason coldly of your grievances,
Or else depart;[b] here all eyes gaze on us.

MER. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze;
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.[c]

TYB. Well, peace be with you, sir! here comes my man.

MER. But I'll be hang'd, sir, if he wear your livery:
Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower;
Your worship, in that sense, may call him—man.

Enter ROMEO.

TYB. Romeo, the love[d] I bear thee, can afford
No better term than this—Thou art a villain.

ROM. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee,
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting:—Villain am I none;
Therefore farewell; I see, thou know'st me not.

TYB. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me; therefore turn, and draw.

ROM. I do protest, I never injured thee;
But love* thee better than thou canst devise,
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love:
And so, good Capulet,—which name I tender
As dearly as mine† own,—be satisfied.

MER. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!
A la stoccata[e] carries it away.— [*Draws.*
Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

TYB. What would'st thou have with me?

MER. Good king of cats, nothing but one of your nine lives; that I mean to make bold withal, and, as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher[f] by the ears? make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

TYB. I am for you. [*Drawing.*

ROM. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

MER. Come, sir, your *passado.* [*They fight.*

ROM. Draw, Benvolio; beat down their weapons.
Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage;—
Tybalt,—Mercutio,—the prince expressly hath
Forbidden bandying in Verona streets:—
Hold, Tybalt;—good Mercutio.
[*Exeunt* TYBALT *and his partizans.*[g]

MER. I am hurt.—
A plague o' both the houses!—I am sped:—
Is he gone, and hath nothing?

BEN. What, art thou hurt?

MER. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis enough;—
Where is my page?—go, villain, fetch a surgeon.
[*Exit* Page.

ROM. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

MER. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door; but 'tis enough, 'twill

(*) First folio, *Come.*

a Consort!] See "Two Gentlemen of Verona," Act III. Sc. 2, note (b), p. 26 of the present Vol.

b (Or else depart;] Or else *part.* See "Love's Labour's Lost," Act II. Sc. 1, note (a), p. 62 of the present Vol.

c *I will not budge for no man's pleasure,* I.] The duplication of the pronoun is a construction of frequent use in the language of Shakespeare's time. So in the "Tempest," Act III. Sc. 3:—

'*You* are three men of sin, whom destiny
(That hath to instrument this lower world
And what is in 't) the never surfeited sea
Hath caus'd to belch up *you.*"

d *The* love *I bear thee,*—] This is the reading of all the ancient copies, except the quarto, 1597, which has—"the *hate* I bear thee," &c.

(*) First folio, *lov'd.* (†) First folio, *my.*

e *A la* stoccata—] *Stoccato* or *stoccado* is an Italian term for a *thrust,* or stab, in fencing. The folio, 1623, spells it *stucatho.*

f *Out of his* pilcher—] A *pilch* was the name for some outer garment made of leather. Nash, in his "Pierce Penniless's Supplication to the Devil," 1592, speaks of "a carreman in a lether *pilche;*" and the word might be applied suitably enough for the leathern sheath of a rapier. Perhaps we should read, "out of his pilch, sir," &c. The quarto, 1597, has "come drawe your rapier out of your scabard," &c.

g Exeunt, &c.] The first quarto has here a stage direction, running thus:—
"Tibalt under Romeo's arme thrusts Mercutio, in and flyes."

serve: ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man.(1) I am peppered, I warrant, for this world:—A plague o' both your houses!—'zounds,* a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic!—Why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

ROM. I thought all for the best.

MER. Help me into some house, Benvolio,
Or I shall faint: a plague o' both your houses!
They have made worm's meat of me;
I have it, and soundly too:—your houses!
[*Exeunt* MERCUTIO *and* BENVOLIO.

ROM. This gentleman, the prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf; my reputation stain'd
With Tybalt's slander, Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my cousin:—O sweet Juliet,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper soften'd valour's steel.

Re-enter BENVOLIO.

BEN. O Romeo, Romeo! brave Mercutio's dead;
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd[a] the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

ROM. This day's black fate on more days doth depend;
This but begins the woe, others must end.

Re-enter TYBALT.

BEN. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

ROM. Alive[b] in triumph! and Mercutio slain!
Away to heaven, respective lenity,[c]
And fire-ey'd fury* be my conduct[d] now!—
Now, Tybalt, take the *villain* back again,
That late thou gav'st me; for Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company;
Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.

TYB. Thou wretched boy, that didst consort him here,
Shalt with him hence.

ROM. This shall determine that.
[*They fight;* TYBALT *falls.*

(*) First folio, *What.* (†) First folio, *fire and fury.*

[a] *Hath* aspir'd *the clouds,*—] In the use of *aspire*, some particle, as *to* or *after*, is now considered indispensable. So to the word *arrive* we always add *at*, *unto*, or *in;* but the old writers frequently adopted the construction in the text. Thus Marlowe, in "Tamburlaine," 1590,—

"And both our souls *aspire* celestial thrones."

And our author, "Henry VI." Part III. Act V. Sc. 3:—

"—— those powers that the Queen
Hath raised in Gallia, have *arriv'd* the coast."

[b] Alive in triumph!] So the quarto, 1597; that of 1599 has *he gas*, and the folio, 1623, reads *he gon* in triumph. Modern editors have, "Alive! in triumph!"

BEN. Romeo, away, be gone!
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain:—
Stand not amaz'd:—the prince will doom thee death,
If thou art taken:—hence!—be gone!—away!

ROM. O! I am fortune's fool![e]

BEN. Why dost thou stay?
[*Exit* ROMEO.

Enter Citizens, *&c.*

1 CIT. Which way ran he, that kill'd Mercutio?
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

BEN. There lies that Tybalt.

1 CIT. Up, sir, go with me;
I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

Enter PRINCE, *attended;* MONTAGUE, CAPULET, *their* Wives *and others.*

PRIN. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

BEN. O noble prince, I can discover all
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

LA. CAP. Tybalt, my cousin!—O my brother's child!
O prince! O cousin! husband! O the blood is spill'd[f]
Of my dear kinsman!—Prince, as thou art true,
For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.—
O cousin, cousin!

PRIN. Benvolio, who began this bloody* fray?

BEN. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay;
Romeo that spoke him fair, bid him bethink
How nice[g] the quarrel was,(2) and urg'd withal
Your high displeasure: all this—uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,—
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen,
Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast;
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity
Retorts it: Romeo he cries aloud,

(*) First folio omits *bloody.*

[c] Respective lenity,—] Considerate mildness.
[d] *My* conduct *now!*] My guide, my conductor.
[e] O! I am fortune's fool!] I am the sport of fortune. The first quarto reads, "Ah, I am fortune's slave."
[f] The quarto, 1597, reads,

Unhappy sight! ah, the blood is spilt.

[g] *How* nice—] *Nice* here signifies, not *delicate*, *squeamish*, &c., as in some other instances in these Plays, but *trivial*, *unimportant*, as in Act V. Sc. 2,—

"The letter was not *nice*, but full of charge,
Of dear import."

NURSE. Ah, well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!
We are undone, lady, we are undone!—
Alack the day!—he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead!
JUL. Can heaven be so envious?
NURSE. Romeo can,
Though heaven cannot:—O Romeo! Romeo!—
Who ever would have thought it?—Romeo!
JUL. What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus?
This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.
Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but *I*,[a]
And that bare vowel *I* shall poison more
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice:[b]
I am not I, if there be such an *I*;
Or those eyes shut,* that make thee answer, *I*.
If he be slain, say—*I*; or if not—*no*:
Brief sounds determine of my weal, or woe.
NURSE. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,—
God save the mark![c]—here on his manly breast:
A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood,
All in gore blood;—I swounded at the sight.
JUL. O break, my heart!—poor bankrupt, break at once!
To prison, eyes! ne'er look on liberty!
Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here;
And thou, and Romeo, press one heavy bier!
NURSE. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!
O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!
That ever I should live to see thee dead!
JUL. What storm is this, that blows so contrary?
Is Romeo slaughter'd? and is Tybalt dead?
My dear-lov'd† cousin, and my dearer lord?—
Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom!
For who is living, if those two are gone?
NURSE. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished;
Romeo, that kill'd him, he is banished.
JUL. O God!—did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?
NURSE. It did, it did; alas the day! it did.[d]
JUL. O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!
Dove-feather'd raven![e] wolvish-ravening lamb!

(*) Old copies, *shot*. (†) First folio, *dearest*.

[a] *Say thou but* I,—] The old spelling of the affirmative, *Ay*, is of necessity retained in this passage.

[b] *Death-darting eye of* cockatrice:] Shakespeare has several allusions to the supposed destructive power of this fabled monster's eye. Thus, in "Henry VI." Part II. Act III. Sc. 2:—

"——— Come, *basilisk*,
And *kill* the innocent gazer *with thy sight*."

So, also, in Part III. of the same Play, Act III. Sc. 2:—

"I'll *slay* more gazers than the *basilisk*."

And again, in "Twelfth Night," Act III. Sc. 4:—

"—— they will *kill* one another *by the* look, like *cockatrices*."

[c] God save the mark!—] This exclamation appears to have been proverbial, but its meaning has hitherto baffled the research and sagacity of every commentator. It occurs again in "Henry IV." Part I. Act I. Sc. 3, and in "The Merchant of Venice," Act II. Sc. 2; and in "Othello," Act I. Sc. 1, we have *God bless the mark*. In the quarto, 1597, instead of "God save the mark!" in the present passage, we have, "God save the *sample*," an expression equally obscure.

[d] Alas the day! it did.] The speeches here are misappropriated in the quarto, 1599, and the folio, 1623, but are correctly given in the undated quarto.

[e] Dove-feather'd raven!] The quarto, 1599, and folio read—

"*Ravenous* dove-feather'd raven, wolvish-ravening lamb."

Despised substance of divinest show!
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,
A damned saint,[f] an honourable villain!
O, nature! what hadst thou to do in hell,
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?—
Was ever book, containing such vile matter,
So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace!
NURSE. There's no trust,
No faith, no honesty in men; all perjur'd,
All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.—
Ah, where's my man? give me some *aqua vitæ*:—
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.
Shame come to Romeo!
JUL. Blister'd be thy tongue,
For such a wish! he was not born to shame:
Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit;
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the universal earth.
O, what a beast was I to chide at* him!
NURSE. Will you speak well of him that kill'd your cousin?
JUL. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,
When I, thy three-hours' wife, have mangled it?—
But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?
That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband:
Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;
And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband:
All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then?
Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death,
That murder'd me: I would forget it fain;
But, O! it presses to my memory,
Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds:
Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—banished;
That—*banished*, that one word—*banished*,
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death
Was woe enough, if it had ended there:

(*) First folio omits *at*.

[f] *A* damned *saint*,—] So the undated quarto. That of 1599 has *dimme*, the folio, 1623, *dimne*.

Or,—if sour woe delights in fellowship,*
And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,
Why follow'd not, when she said—*Tybalt's dead,*
Thy father, or *thy mother*, nay, or both,
Which modern [b] lamentation might have mov'd?
But, with* a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,
Romeo is banished,—to speak that word,
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All slain, all dead:—*Romeo is banished!*—
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that word's death; no words can that woe sound.—
Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?

NURSE. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse:
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

JUL. Wash they his wounds with tears;[c] mine shall be spent,
When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.
Take up those cords: poor ropes, you are beguil'd,
Both you and I; for Romeo is exil'd:
He made you for a highway to my bed;
But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.
Come, cords; come, nurse; I'll to my wedding bed;
And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!

NURSE. Hie to your chamber: I'll find Romeo
To comfort you;—I wot well where he is.
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night;
I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence' cell.

JUL. O find him! give this ring to my true knight,
And bid him come to take his last farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Friar* Laurence's *Cell.*

Enter Friar LAURENCE *and* ROMEO.

FRI. Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man;
Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.

ROM. Father, what news? what is the prince's doom?
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?

(*) First folio, *which.*

[a] *Sour woe delights in fellowship.*—] Compare—
"Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris."

[b] *Modern lamentation*—] That is, *ordinary, well-known* lamentation. So, in "All's Well That Ends Well," Act II. Sc. 3:—
"—— Make *modern* and familiar things,
Supernatural and causeless."
And in "As You Like It," Act II. Sc. 9:—
"Full of wise saws, and *modern* instances."

[c] *Wash they his wounds with tears;*] All the modern editions place a note of interrogation after these words, but perhaps in error. The Nurse tells Juliet her father and mother are weeping over Tybalt's corse, and asks if she will go to them; to which Juliet replies,—"No, let them wash his wounds with tears; mine shall be spent in wailing Romeo's banishment."

FRI. Too familiar
Is my dear son with such sour company:
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

ROM. What less than dooms-day is the prince's doom?

FRI. A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips,
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

ROM. Ha! banishment? be merciful, say—death:
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death: do not say—banishment.

FRI. Here from Verona art thou banished:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

ROM. There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
Hence banished, is, banish'd from the world,
And world's exile is death:—then—banished—
Is death mis-term'd: calling death, banishment,*
Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

FRI. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,
Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word, death, to banishment:
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

ROM. 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here,
Where Juliet lives; and every cat, and dog,
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven, and may look on her,
But Romeo may not.—More validity,
More honourable state, more courtship lives
In carrion flies, than Romeo; they may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessing from her lips;
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;
This may flies do, when I from this must fly;
But Romeo may not; he is banished.[d]
And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death?—[e]
Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife,
No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
But—banished—to kill me; banished?
O friar, the damned use that word in hell;
Howlings attend it: how hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,

(*) First folio, *banished.*

[d] He is banished.] Here, in the quarto, 1599, occur the following two lines; they are omitted in the folio:—
"Flies may do this, but I from this must fly,
They are free men, but I am banished."
Capell rightly conjectures that the author's first draft of this passage was left standing in the MS., and so got printed with the after version.

[e] That exile is not death?—] This line and the preceding one are transposed in the old copies.

To mangle me with that word—banished?

FRI. Thou fond mad man, hear me a little speak.[a]

ROM. O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

FRI. I'll give thee armour to keep off that word;
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

ROM. Yet *banished?*—hang up philosophy!
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom;
It helps not, it prevails not; talk no more.

FRI. O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

ROM. How should they, when that* wise men have no eyes?

FRI. Let me dispute† with thee of thy estate.[b]

(*) First folio omits, *that*. (†) First folio, *dispaire*.

[a] Thou fond mad man,—] So the undated quarto: the other quartos read *then* for *thou;* the folio, 1623,

"Then fond mad man, hear me speak."

ROM. Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feel:
Wert thou as young as I,* Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
Doting like me, and like me—banished,
Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear thy hair,
And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

[*Knocking within.*[c]

FRI. Arise, one knocks; good Romeo, hide thyself.

ROM. Not I; unless the breath of heart-sick groans,

(*) First folio, *as* Juliet my love.

[b] Dispute with thee of thy estate.] Let me *reason* with you upon your *affairs*.

[c] Knocking within.] The stage direction in the old copies is, "*Enter Nurse, and knockes.*"

Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes.
[*Knocking.*

FRI. Hark, how they knock!—who's there?—
Romeo, arise;
Thou wilt be taken:—Stay a while:—stand up;
[*Knocking.*
Run to my study:—By and by:—God's will!
What wilfulness[a] is this!—I come, I come.
[*Knocking.*
Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's your will?

NURSE. [*within.*] Let me come in, and you shall know my errand;
I come from lady Juliet.

FRI. Welcome then.

Enter Nurse.

NURSE. O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?

FRI. There on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.

NURSE. O, he is even in my mistress' case,
Just in her case!

FRI. O woeful sympathy!
Piteous predicament![b]

NURSE. Even so lies she,
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering:—
Stand up, stand up; stand, an you be a man:
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand;
Why should you fall into so deep an O?

ROM. Nurse!

NURSE. Ah sir! ah sir!—Well,* death's the end of all.

ROM. Spak'st† thou of Juliet? how is it with her?
Doth she not think me an old murderer,
Now I have stained the childhood of our joy
With blood remov'd but little from her own?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what says
My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd‡ love?

NURSE. O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps;
And now falls on her bed; and then starts up,
And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,
And then down falls again.

ROM. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly* level of a gun,
Did murder her; as that name's cursed hand
Murder'd her kinsman.—O tell me, friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion. [*Drawing his sword.*[c]

FRI. Hold thy desperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy form cries out, thou art; (6)
Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast:
Unseemly woman, in a seeming man!
Or† ill-beseeming beast, in seeming both!
Thou hast amaz'd me: by my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?
And slay thy lady that in thy life lives,[d]
By doing damned hate upon thyself?
Why rail'st thou on thy birth,[e] the heaven, and earth?
Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet
In thee at once; which thou at once would'st lose.
Fie, fie! thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit;
Which, like an usurer, abound'st in all,
And usest none in that true use indeed,
Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit.
Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
Digressing from the valour of a man:
Thy dear love, sworn, but hollow perjury,
Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish:
Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,
Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in a skill-less soldier's flask,
Is set o' fire by thine own ignorance,
And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.
What, rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;
There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou slew'st Tybalt; there art thou happy too:[f]
The law, that threaten'd death, became thy friend,
And turn'd it to exile; there art thou happy:
A pack of blessings‡ light upon thy back;
Happiness courts thee in her best array;
But, like a misbehav'd§ and sullen wench,
Thou pout'st upon thy fortune[g] and thy love:

(*) First folio omits, *Well.* (†) First folio, *speak'st.* (‡) First folio, *conceal'd.*

(*) First folio, *dead.* (†) First folio, *And.* (‡) First folio, *or blessing.* (§) First folio, *mishaped.*

[a] *What* wilfulness *is this!*—] So the first quarto, 1597: all the subsequent editions, quarto and folio, read *simpleness.*

[b] Piteous predicament!] These words form part of the Nurse's speech in the old copies. Farmer first suggested they must be the Friar's.

[c] Drawing his sword.] In the first quarto, 1597, is the following stage direction:—*He offers to stab himselfe, and nurse snatches the dagger away.*

[d] That in thy life lives,—] The quarto, 1597, has,—

"And slay thy lady too, that lives in thee."

The quarto, 1599, and folio, 1623, read,

"And slay thy lady, that in thy life *lies.*"

[e] Why rail'st thou on thy birth,—] Malone justly remarked, that Romeo does not here rail on his birth, though in the old poem he is made to do so:—

"Fyrst *Nature* did he blame, the author of his lyfe,
In which his joyes had been so scant, and sorowes aye so ryfe;
The time and place of byrth he fiersly did reprove,
He cryed out (with open mouth) against the starres above."

"Shakspeare copied the remonstrance of the friar, without reviewing the former part of his scene."

[f] *There art thou happy* too:] Thus the quarto, 1597; in the subsequent quartos, and the folio, 1623, the word *too* is omitted.

[g] *Thou* pout'st upon *thy fortune*—] The quarto, 1599, reads, *puts up;* the folio, 1623, *puttest up;* and in the quarto, 1597, the line stands—

"Thou *frown'st upon* thy fate, that smiles on thee."

The true reading is got at through the undated quarto, which has *powts.*

Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her;
But look thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua;
Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the* prince, and call thee back
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.—
Go before, nurse: commend me to thy lady;
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto:
Romeo is coming.

NURSE. O Lord, I could have staid here all the† night,
To hear good counsel: O, what learning is!—
My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

ROM. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

NURSE. Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir:
Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.
[*Exit* Nurse.

ROM. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this!

(*) First folio, *thy*. (†) First folio omits, *the*.

FRI. Go hence: good night; and here stands all your state;—[a]
Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the break of day disguis'd from hence:
Sojourn in Mantua; I'll find out your man,
And he shall signify from time to time
Every good hap to you, that chances here:
Give me thy hand; 'tis late: farewell; good night.

ROM. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
It were a grief, so brief to part with thee:
Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in* Capulet's *house.*

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, *and* PARIS.

CAP. Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter:
Look you, she lov'd her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
And so did I;—well, we were born to die.—
'Tis very late, she'll not come down to-night:

[a] And here stands all your state;—] "The whole of your fortune depends on this."—JOHNSON.

I promise you, but for your company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

PAR. These times of woe afford no time* to woo:
Madam, good night; commend me to your daughter.

LA. CAP. I will, and know her mind early to-morrow;
To-night she 's mew'd[a] up to her heaviness.

CAP. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender[b]
Of my child's love: I think, she will be rul'd
In all respects by me; nay more, I doubt it not.
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;
Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love;
And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next—
But, soft; what day is this?

PAR. Monday, my lord.

CAP. Monday? ha! ha! well, Wednesday is too soon,
O' Thursday let it be;—o' Thursday, tell her,
She shall be married to this noble earl:—
Will you be ready? do you like this haste?
We 'll keep no great ado;—a friend, or two:—
For hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,
It may be thought we held him carelessly,
Being our kinsman, if we revel much:
Therefore we 'll have some half a dozen friends,
And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?

PAR. My lord, I would that Thursday were to-morrow.

CAP. Well, get you gone:—o' Thursday be it then:
Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.
Farewell, my lord. Light to my chamber, ho!
Afore me, it is so very† late, that we
May call it early by and by:—good night.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Juliet's *chamber.*

Enter ROMEO *and* JULIET.

JUL. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree:[c]
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

ROM. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:
Night's candles are burnt out,(7) and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops;
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

JUL. Yon light is not day-light, I know it, I:
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua:
Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone.

ROM. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
I 'll say, yon grey is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;[d]
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads:
I have more care to stay, than will to go;—
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.—
How is 't, my soul? let's talk, it is not day.

JUL. It is, it is, hie hence, be gone, away;
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords, and unpleasing sharps.
Some say, the lark makes sweet division;[e]
This doth not so, for she divideth us:
Some say, the lark and loathed toad change eyes;[f]
O, now I would they had changed voices too!
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence with hunts-up(8) to the day.
O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.

ROM. More light and light!—more dark and dark our woes!

Enter Nurse.

NURSE. Madam!

JUL. Nurse!

NURSE. Your lady mother 's coming to your chamber:
The day is broke; be wary, look about.

[*Exit* Nurse.

JUL. Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

ROM. Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I 'll descend.

[ROMEO *descends.*

(*) First folio, *times.* (†) First folio omits, *very.*

[a] *To-night she's* mew'd *up*—] A phrase taken from falconry. the *mew* was the inclosure where the hawks were confined.

[b] ———*I will make a* desperate *tender*
Of my child's love:]
I will make a *confident offer*, or *promise*, of my daughter's love.

[c] Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree:] According to Steevens, this is not merely a poetical supposition. "It is observed," he says, "of the nightingale that, if undisturbed, she sits and sings upon the same tree for many weeks together." And Russell, in his account of Aleppo, tells us, "The nightingale sings from the pomegranate groves in the daytime."

[d] *The pale reflex of Cynthia's* brow;] The annotator of Mr. Collier's second folio substitutes *bow* for "brow;" a very happy conjecture, and one which certainly affords a better reading than the old text. It must be remembered, however, that *brow* is the word in all the ancient copies, and that Shakespeare has allowed himself great latitude in the use of it in other places. In "Othello" we meet with the "brow of the sea;" and in "King John" with the "brow of night."

[e] *Makes sweet* division;] *Division* in music, meant what we now term *variation;* where, instead of one note, two, three or more notes are sung to one syllable, or to one chord.

[f] The lark and loathed toad change eyes;] The lark has ugly eyes and the toad very fine ones; hence arose a common saying that *the toad and lark had changed eyes.* Poor Juliet wishes they had changed voices, too, because, as Heath suggested, the croak of the toad would have been no indication of the day's approach, and consequently no signal for Romeo's departure.

JUL. Art thou gone so? love! lord! ay, husband! friend!
I must hear from thee every day in the hour,
For in a minute there are many days:
O! by this count I shall be much in years,
Ere I again behold my Romeo.

ROM. Farewell! I will omit no opportunity,
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.
JUL. O, think'st thou, we shall ever meet again?
ROM. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.

JUL. O God! I have an ill-divining soul;[a]
Methinks I see thee, now thou art so low,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:
Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.
ROM. And trust me, love, in my eye so do you:
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu! adieu!
[*Exit* ROMEO.
JUL. O fortune, fortune![b] all men call thee fickle:
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him,
That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune;
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.
LA. CAP. [*within.*] Ho, daughter! are you up?
JUL. Who is't that calls? is it my lady mother?
Is she not down so late, or up so early?
What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

Enter LADY CAPULET.

LA. CAP. Why, how now, Juliet?
JUL. Madam, I am not well.
LA. CAP. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?
What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?
An if thou could'st, thou could'st not make him live;
Therefore, have done: some grief shows much of love;
But much of grief shows still some want of wit.
JUL. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.
LA. CAP. So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend,
Which you weep for.
JUL. Feeling so the loss,
I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.
LA. CAP. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death,
As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.
JUL. What villain, madam?
LA. CAP. That same villain, Romeo.
JUL. Villain and he be many miles asunder.
God pardon him![c] I do, with all my heart;
And yet no man, like he, doth grieve my heart.

LA. CAP. That is, because the traitor murderer* lives.
JUL. Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands.
Would none but I might venge my cousin's death!
LA. CAP. We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not:
Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,—
Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,—
Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram,[d]
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company;
And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.
JUL. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo, till I behold him—dead—
Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vex'd:—
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To bear a poison, I would temper it;
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,
Soon sleep in quiet. O, how my heart abhors
To hear him nam'd,—and cannot come to him,—
To wreak the love I bore my cousin Tybalt,[e]
Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him!
LA. CAP. Find thou the means, and I'll find such a man.
But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.
JUL. And joy comes well in such a needy time:
What are they, I† beseech your ladyship?
LA. CAP. Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child;
One, who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,
That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.
JUL. Madam, in happy time, what day is that?‡
LA. CAP. Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn,
The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
The county Paris,[f] at saint Peter's church,
Shall happily make thee there§ a joyful bride.
JUL. Now, by saint Peter's church, and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.(9)
I wonder at this haste; that I must wed
Ere he, that should be husband, comes to woo.
I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet; and, when I do, I swear,
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,

---

[a] I have an ill-divining soul;] "This miserable prescience of futurity," Steevens observes, "I have always regarded as a circumstance particularly beautiful. The same kind of warning from the mind, Romeo seems to have been conscious of, on his going to the entertainment at the house of Capulet:—

'—— my mind misgives
Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels.'"

[b] O fortune, fortune!] This and the intervening lines to the entrance of Lady Capulet are not found in the quarto, 1597. Indeed, the whole scene was considerably amplified and altered after the publication of that edition.

[c] *God pardon* him!] *Him* was first inserted in the folio, 1632.

(*) First folio omits, *murderer*.
(†) First folio omits, *I*.
(‡) First folio, *this*.
(§) First folio omits, *there*.

[d] Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram,—] The quarto, 1597, reads:—

"That should bestow on him so sure a draught."

[e] *My cousin* Tybalt,—] This line terminates at *cousin* in the older copies. *Tybalt* was added in the folio, 1632, yet we doubt if this were the omitted word, and think, with Malone, it was more probably some epithet to cousin.

[f] *The* county *Paris*,—] An earl in Shakespeare's time was commonly styled *county* or *countie*.

Rather than Paris:—These are news indeed!
LA. CAP. Here comes your father; tell him so yourself,
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter CAPULET *and* Nurse.

CAP. When the sun sets, the earth[a] doth drizzle dew;
But for the sunset of my brother's son,
It rains downright.—
How now! a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?
Evermore showering? In one little body
Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind:
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,
Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy sighs;
Who,—raging with thy* tears, and they with them,—
Without a sudden calm, will overset
Thy tempest-tossed body: how now, wife?
Have you deliver'd to her our decree?
LA. CAP. Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives you thanks.
I would the fool were married to her grave!
CAP. Soft, take me with you, take me with you,[b] wife.
How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks?
Is she not proud? doth she not count her bless'd,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?
JUL. Not proud, you have; but thankful, that you have:
Proud can I never be of what I hate; †
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.
CAP. How now! how now, chop-logic![c] what is this?
Proud,—and, I thank you,—and, I thank you not;—
And yet not proud;—mistress minion, you![d]
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But fettle[e] your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,
To go with Paris to saint Peter's church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you baggage!
You tallow-face!
LA. CAP. Fie, fie! what, are you mad?
JUL. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.
CAP. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!
I tell thee what,—get thee to church o'Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face:
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;
My fingers itch: wife, we scarce thought us bless'd,
That God had lent us but this only child;
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her:
Out on her, hilding!
NURSE. God in heaven bless her!—
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.
CAP. And why, my lady wisdom? hold your tongue,
Good prudence; smatter-with your gossips,* go.
NURSE. I speak no treason.
CAP. O, God ye good den![f]
NURSE. May not one speak?
CAP. Peace, you mumbling fool!
Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl, †
For here we need it not.
LA. CAP. You are too hot.
CAP. God's bread![g] it makes me mad:
Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,
Alone, in company, still my care hath been
To have her match'd: and having now provided
A gentleman of noble[h] parentage,
Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,[i]
Stuff'd (as they say,) with honourable parts,
Proportion'd as one's heart could wish a man,[k]—

(*) First folio, *the*. (†) First folio, *have*.

(*) First folio, *gossip*. (†) First folio, *bowls*.

[a] *The* earth *doth drizzle dew;*] So the quarto, 1599, and folio, 1623; the undated quarto reads, *air*. The reading of *earth*, besides being philosophically true, is strongly supported by a line in our author's "Rape of Lucrece,"—

"But as the *earth* doth *weep*, the *sun being* set."

[b] Take me with you,—] Let me understand you.

[c] *How now*, chop-logic!] So the earliest quarto. The other old copies, including the folio, 1623, read *chopt logicke*. Steevens remarks that Capulet uses *chop-logic* for a nickname, as it occurs in The XXIIII Orders of Knaves, bl. l. "*Choplogyk* is he that whan his mayster rebuketh his servaunt for his defawtes, he will gyve hym XX wordes for one, or elles he wyll bydde the devylles paternoster in scylence."

[d] And yet not proud;—mistress minion, you!] This line appears to have been accidentally omitted in the first folio, since it is found in the quarto, 1609, from which this play in the folio was printed, and occurs also in the quarto, 1599.

[e] *But* fettle *your fine joints*—] This is the reading of the folio, 1623, and the other old editions. To *fettle* means to *prepare*, to *make ready*:—

"When the sheriffe saw Little John bend his bow,
He *fettled* him to be gone."
PERCY'S *Reliques* I. 92, ed. 1767.

"Nor list he now go whistling to the carre,
But sells his teme and *fettleth* to the warre."
HALL'S *Satires*, B. IV. Sat. 6.

The word does not occur again in our author, and, curiously enough, it has been overlooked in this passage by every editor, from Rowe downwards; modern editions all reading *settle*.

[f] O, God ye good den!] *God give you good even*. In all the old copies but the quarto, 1597, this exclamation is given as part of the Nurse's speech. There can be no question as to whom it belongs.

[g] God's bread!] The quarto of 1597, reads:—

"Gods blessed mother, wife, it mads me,
Day, night, early, late, at home, abroad,
Alone, in company, waking or sleeping,
Still my care hath beene to see her matcht."

[h] Of noble *parentage*,—] Quarto, 1597, has *princely*.

[i] *Nobly* train'd,—] So the quarto, 1597; the next edition reads *liand*, which is doubtless a typographical error for *train'd;* in the succeeding impressions it was altered to *allied*.

[k] *As one's* heart could *wish a man*,—] The reading of the quarto, 1597; the other old editions, folio 1623 included, have "as one's *thought would* wish a man."

And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet,* in her fortunes' tender,
To answer—*I'll not wed,—I cannot love,*
I am too young,—I pray you, pardon me;—
But, an you will not wed, I 'll pardon you!
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me;
Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.
Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise:
An you be mine, I 'll give you to my friend;
An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the streets,
For, by my soul, I 'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good:
Trust to 't, bethink you, I 'll not be forsworn. [*Exit.*

JUL. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
That sees into the bottom of my grief?
O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!
Delay this marriage for a month, a week;
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed,
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

LA. CAP. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word;
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [*Exit.*

JUL. O God!—O nurse! how shall this be prevented?
My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;
How shall that faith return again to earth,
Unless that husband send it me from heaven,
By leaving earth?—comfort me, counsel me.—
Alack, alack, that heaven should practise stratagems
Upon so soft a subject as myself!—
What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort, nurse.

NURSE. 'Faith, here it is: Romeo
Is banished; and, all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;
Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
I think it best you married with the county.
O, he's a lovely gentleman!
Romeo's a dishclout to him; an eagle, madam,
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye,
As Paris hath; beshrew my very heart,
I think you are happy in this second match,
For it excels your first: or if it did not,
Your first is dead; or 'twere as good he were,
As living here, and you no use of him.

JUL. Speakest thou from thy heart?

NURSE. And from my soul too;
Or else beshrew them both.

JUL. Amen!

NURSE. What?

JUL. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much.
Go in; and tell my lady I am gone,
Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence' cell,
To make confession, and to be absolv'd.

NURSE. Marry, I will; and this is wisely done. [*Exit.*

JUL. Ancient damnation![b] O most wicked fiend!
Is it * more sin to wish me thus forsworn,
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue,
Which she hath prais'd him with above compare,
So many thousand times?—Go, counsellor;
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.—
I'll to the friar, to know his remedy;
If all else fail, myself have power to die. [*Exit.*

---

a A *whining* mammet,—] A *puppet*, a *doll;* supposed to be a corruption of *Mahomet*.

b Ancient damnation!] In the quarto, 1597, before this speech is a stage direction "*She looks after Nurse,*" which, like similar prescripts in that early edition, is extremely interesting, as affording us a glimpse of the "stage business" of this play in Shakespeare's time.

(*) First folio, *It is.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Friar* Laurence's *Cell.*

Enter Friar Laurence *and* Paris.

Fri. On Thursday, sir? the time is very short.
Par. My father Capulet will have it so;
And I am nothing slow, to slack his haste.[a]
Fri. You say you do not know the lady's mind;
Uneven is the course, I like it not.
Par. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
And therefore have I little talk'd of love,
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous,
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway;
And, in his wisdom, hastes our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her tears;
Which, too much minded by herself alone,
May be put from her by society:
Now do you know the reason of this haste.
Fri. I would I knew not why it should be slow'd. [*Aside.*
Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

Enter Juliet.

Par. Happily met, my lady, and my wife!
Jul. That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.
Par. That may be, must be, love, on Thursday next.
Jul. What must be, shall be.
Fri. That's a certain text.
Par. Come you to make confession to this father?
Jul. To answer that, I should confess to you.
Par. Do not deny to him, that you love me.
Jul. I will confess to you, that I love him.
Par. So will you, I am sure, that you love me.
Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,
Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.
Par. Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.
Jul. The tears have got small victory by that;
For it was bad enough, before their spite.

[a] *And I am* nothing *slow, to slack his haste.*] Shakespeare's marvellous power of condensation sometimes renders his meaning obscure. In this instance, the sense appears to be, "and I am not slow *in my own preparations for the wedding, to give him any reason* to slacken his hasty proceedings."

PAR. Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, with that report.
JUL. That is no slander, sir, which is a truth;
And what I spake, I spake it to my* face.
PAR. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.
JUL. It may be so, for it is not mine own.—
Are you at leisure, holy father, now,
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?[a]
FRI. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now:—
My lord, we† must entreat the time alone.
PAR. God shield, I should disturb devotion!—
Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse you:
Till then, adieu! and keep this holy kiss.
[*Exit* PARIS.
JUL. O, shut the door! and when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me; Past hope, past cure,[b] past help!
FRI. Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;
It strains‡ me past the compass of my wits:
I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this county.
JUL. Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it:
If, in thy wisdom, thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife I'll help it presently.
God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands;
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,
Shall be the label to another deed,[c]
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this shall slay them both:
Therefore, out of thy long-experienc'd time,[d]
Give me some present counsel; or, behold,
'Twixt my extremes and me, this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire, arbitrating that
Which the commission of thy years and art
Could to no issue of true honour bring.
Be not so long to speak; I long to die,
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.
FRI. Hold, daughter; I do spy a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution
As that is desperate which we would prevent.
If, rather than to marry county Paris,
Thou hast the strength of will to slay* thyself;
Then is it likely thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That cop'st with death himself to scape from it;
And, if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.
JUL. O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower;[e]
Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk
Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears;
Or shut† me nightly in a charnel-house,
O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless sculls;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;[f]
Things that, to hear them told, have made me tremble;
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.
FRI. Hold, then; go home, be merry, give consent
To marry Paris: Wednesday is to-morrow;
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber:
Take thou this phial, being then in bed,
And this distilled‡ liquor drink thou off:(1)
When, presently, through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humour, for no pulse
Shall keep his native progress, but surcease,
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou liv'st;[g]
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To paly ashes;[h] thy§ eyes' windows fall,
Like death, when he shuts‖ up the day of life;
Each part, depriv'd of supple government,
Shall, stiff, and stark, and cold, appear like death:
And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then (as the manner of our country is,)(2)
In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,[i]

(*) First folio, *thy*. (†) First folio, *you*. (‡) First folio, *streames*.

(*) First folio, *stay*. (†) First folio, *hide*. (‡) First folio, *distilling*. (§) First folio, *the*. (‖) First folio, *shut*.

[a] *At* evening *mass?*] It is strange that Shakespeare, who on other occasions has shown a competent knowledge of the doctrines and usages of the Roman Catholic Church, should have fallen into this error. The celebration of mass, it is well known, can only take place in the forenoon of the day.

[b] *Past* cure,—] So the edition of 1597, the other copies read *care*.

[c] *The* label *to another deed,*—] "The seals of deeds in our author's time were not impressed on the parchment itself on which the deed was written, but were appended on distinct slips or labels affixed to the deed."—MALONE.

[d] Thy long-experienc'd time,—] This scene was expanded considerably after the publication of the quarto, 1597. In that, the nine lines of this speech from the first couplet are all wanting.

[e] *Of* yonder *tower;*] This is the reading of the quarto, 1597. The subsequent old copies have "*any* tower."

[f] *A dead man in his* shroud;] *Shroud* is supplied from the undated quarto, the word having dropped out in the editions of 1599 and 1609. The folio, 1623, inserts *grave*.

[g] Shall testify thou liv'st;] In the first quarto this passage stands thus:—

"A dull and heavy slumber, which shall seaze
Each vitall spirit; for no pulse shall keepe
His natural progresse, but surcease to beate:
No signe of breath shall testifie thou liust."

[h] To paly *ashes;*] So the undated quarto. That of 1599, and the folio, 1623, read, To *many* ashes.

[i] In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,—] After this line, the early editions, quarto and folio, introduce the following,—

"Be borne to burial in thy kindred's grave."

Which, Steevens remarks, the poet very probably had struck out on his revisal, because the sense of it is repeated in the next line.

Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift;
And hither shall he come; and he and I
Will watch thy waking,[a] and that very night,
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
And this shall free thee from this present shame,
If no inconstant toy, nor womanish fear,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

JUL. Give me, give me! O tell me not of fear.*

FRI. Hold; get you gone, be strong and prosperous
In this resolve: I'll send a friar with speed
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

JUL. Love, give me strength! and strength shall help afford.
Farewell, dear father! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* Capulet's *House.*

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, Nurse, *and* Servants.

CAP. So many guests invite as here are writ.— [*Exit* Servant.
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

2 SERV. You shall have none ill, sir; for I'll try if they can lick their fingers.

CAP. How canst thou try them so?

2 SERV. Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers:[b] therefore he that cannot lick his fingers, goes not with me.

CAP. Go, begone.— [*Exit* Servant.
We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time.—
What, is my daughter gone to friar Laurence?

NURSE. Ay, forsooth.

CAP. Well, he may chance to do some good on her:
A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter JULIET.

NUR. See, where she comes from shrift with merry look.

CAP. How now, my headstrong? where have you been gadding?

JUL. Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition
To you, and your behests; and am enjoin'd
By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here, (3)
To beg your pardon:—pardon, I beseech you!
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

CAP. Send for the county; go tell him of this;
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

JUL. I met the youthful lord at Laurence' cell;
And gave him what becomed love I might,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

CAP. Why, I am glad on't; this is well,— stand up:
This is as 't should be: let me see the county;
Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.
Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,—
All our whole city is much bound to him.

JUL. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,
To help me sort such needful ornaments
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?

LA. CAP. No, not till Thursday; there is time enough.

CAP. Go, nurse, go with her:—we'll to church to-morrow. [*Exeunt* JULIET *and* Nurse.

LA. CAP. We shall be short in our provision;
'Tis now near night.

CAP. Tush! I will stir about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife:
Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her;
I'll not to bed to-night;—let me alone;
I'll play the housewife for this once.—What, ho!—
They are all forth: well, I will walk myself
To county Paris, to prepare up him*
Against to-morrow: my heart is wondrous light,
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Juliet's *Chamber.*

Enter JULIET *and* Nurse.

JUL. Ay, those attires are best:—but, gentle nurse,
I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night;
For I have need of many orisons
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

Enter LADY CAPULET.

LA. CAP. What, are you busy, ho? need you my help?

JUL. No, madam; we have cull'd such necessaries,

(*) First folio, *care.*

[a] ——and he and I
Will watch thy waking,—]
These words are omitted in the folio, 1623, although they are found in the quarto, 1609, which the folio copied.

(*) First folio, *him up.*

[b] Lick his own fingers:] An old saw quoted by Puttenham in his "Arte of English Poesie, 1589," p. 157,—
"As the olde cocke crowes so doeth the chick:
A bad cooke that cannot his owne fingers lick."

As you shall well know by my state to-morrow
By proof you, as you now so fit some.
But let the nurse this night sit up with you;
For I am sure, you have your hands full all
In this so sudden business.

La. Cap. Good night:
Get thee to bed, and rest, for thou hast need.

Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse.

Jul. Farewell.—
God knows, when we shall meet again.
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,(*)
That almost freezes up the heat of life:
I'll call them back again to comfort me.—
Nurse!—What should she do here?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.—
Come, vial.—
What if this mixture do not work at all?
Shall I be married then to-morrow morning?
No, no:—this shall forbid it:—lie thou there.

Laying down a dagger.

What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead,
Lest this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I fear it is: and yet, methinks, it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man.
I will not entertain so bad a thought.(a)—
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!
Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
Or, if I live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,—
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where, for these many hundred years, the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd:
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies festering in his shroud; where, as they say,
At some hours in the night, spirits resort;—
Alack, alack! is it not like, that I,
So early waking,—what with loathsome smells,
And shrieks like mandrakes'(b) torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad;—
O! if I wake,(†) shall I not be distraught,
Environed with all these hideous fears?
And madly play with my forefathers' joints?

(*) First folio, *fire.* (†) First folio, *mad.*

a I will not entertain so bad a thought.—] This line is found only in the quarto, 1597.

b *In the pastry.*] "That is, in the room where paste was made, the boundry, pantry, &c." says Malone: but as he gives no example of this use of the word, we subjoin one:—

"Now having seene all this, then shall you see, hard by,
The *mazer*, or *mid-chaunt*, and the roome wherein the coales do ly."
A Forewell upon Fancie, by N[icholas] B[ravo], Gent. 1582.

And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?
O look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost
Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
Upon a(*) rapier's point:—stay, Tybalt, stay!—
Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.(c)

She throws herself on the bed.

SCENE IV.—Capulet's *Hall.*

Enter Lady Capulet *and* Nurse.

La. Cap. Hold, take these keys, and fetch more spices, nurse.

Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.

Enter Capulet.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock hath crow'd,
The curfew bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock:—
Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica:
Spare not for cost.

Nurse. Go, you cot-quean,(a) go,
Get you to bed: faith, you'll be sick to-morrow
For this night's watching.

Cap. No, not a whit; what! I have watch'd ere now
All night for lesser(†) cause, and ne'er been sick.

La. Cap. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt(d) in your time;
But I will watch you from such watching now.

Exeunt Lady Capulet *and* Nurse.

Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood!—now, fellow,
What's there?

Enter Servants, *with spits, logs, and baskets.*

1 Serv. Things for the cook, sir; but I know not what.

Cap. Make haste, make haste. [*Exit* 1 Serv.]—
Sirrah, fetch drier logs;
Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.

2 Serv. I have a head, sir, that will find out logs,
And never trouble Peter for the matter. [*Exit.*

Cap. 'Mass, and well said; a merry whoreson! ha,

(*) First folio, *my.* (†) First folio, *less.*

c You cot-quean,—] *Cot-quean* was nothing more than another name for what housewives now term a *molly-coddle*; a man who busies himself in affairs which properly belong to the softer sex.

d A mouse-hunt—] The *marten*, an animal of the weasel tribe, is called *mouse-hunt*; and from Lady Capulet's use of it, the name appears to have been familiarly applied to any one of rakish propensities. Heywood has a proverb, "Cat after kinde, good mouse-hunt."—John Heywood's *Works*, 4to. 1598.

Thou shalt be logger-head.—Good faith,* 'tis day:
The county will be here with music straight,
[*Music within.*
For so he said he would. I hear him near:—
Nurse!—Wife!—what, ho!—what, nurse, I say!

Enter Nurse.

Go, waken Juliet, go, and trim her up;
I'll go and chat with Paris:—hie, make haste,
Make haste! the bridegroom he is come already:
Make haste, I say![a] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Juliet's *Chamber;* Juliet *on the Bed.*

Enter Nurse.

NURSE. Mistress!—what, mistress!—Juliet!—fast, I warrant her, she—
Why, lamb!—why, lady!—fie, you slug-a-bed!—
Why, love, I say!—madam! sweet-heart!—why, bride!—
What, not a word?—you take your pennyworths now;
Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,
The county Paris hath set up his rest,[b]
That you shall rest but little.—God forgive me,
(Marry, and amen!) how sound is she asleep!
I needs must wake her:—madam, madam, madam!
Ay, let the county take you in your bed;
He'll fright you up, i'faith:—will it not be?
What, drest! and in your clothes! and down again!
I must needs wake you: lady! lady! lady!
Alas! alas!—help! help! my lady's dead!—
O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!—
Some aqua-vitæ, ho!—my lord! my lady!

Enter LADY CAPULET.

LA. CAP. What noise is here?
NURSE. O lamentable day!
LA. CAP. What is the matter?
NURSE. Look, look! O heavy day!

(*) First folio, *Father*.

[a] Make haste, I say!] In the quarto, 1597, this speech consists only of four lines:—

"Well goe thy way, thou shalt be logger head.
Come, come, make hast, call up your daughter,
The countie will be heere with musicke straight,
Gods me hees come, nurse call vp my daughter."

[b] *Hath* set up his rest,—] A phrase borrowed from the gaming table. See note (4), p. 150 of the present Vol.

[c] Every edition, except the quarto, 1597, assigns this speech to the Friar; but at the present juncture he is too critically placed to be anxious to lead the conversation. Moreover, the answer of Capulet tends to show that Paris had asked the question.

LA. CAP. O me, O me!—my child, my only life,
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!
Help, help!—call help.

Enter CAPULET.

CAP. For shame, bring Juliet forth; her lord is come.
NURSE. She's dead, deceas'd, she's dead; alack the day!
LA. CAP. Alack the day! she's dead, she's dead, she's dead.
CAP. Ha! let me see her:—out, alas! she's cold;
Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff;
Life and these lips have long been separated:
Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.
NURSE. O lamentable day!
LA. CAP. O woful time!
CAP. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,
Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

Enter Friar LAURENCE *and* PARIS, *with* Musicians.

PAR.[c] Come, is the bride ready to go to church?
CAP. Ready to go, but never to return:
O son, the night before thy wedding day
Hath death lain with thy bride:*—see,† there she lies,
Flower as she was, deflowered by him.
Death is my son-in-law, death is my heir;
My daughter he hath wedded! I will die,
And leave him all; life, living,[d] all is death's.
PAR. Have I thought long to see this morning's face,
And doth it give me such a sight as this?
LA. CAP. Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!
Most miserable hour, that e'er time saw
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight.(7)

(*) First folio, *wife*. (†) First folio omits, *see*.

[d] *Life*, living, *all is death's.*] So the old copies. Most of the modern editors follow Capell, and read,—

"——life leaving, all is death's."

The change is uncalled for; "*living*" here implies *possessions, fortunes*, not *existence*. We meet with the same distinction between *life* and *living* in the "Merchant of Venice," Act V. Sc. 1, where Antonio, whose life had been saved by Portia, says,—

"Sweet lady, you have given me *life* and *living;*
For here I read for certain, that my ships
Are safely come to road."

NURSE. O woe! O woful, woful, woful day!
Most lamentable day! most woful day,
That ever, ever, I did yet behold!
O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!
Never was seen so black a day as this:
O woful day, O woful day!

PAR. Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, spited, slain!
Most détestable death, by thee beguil'd
By cruel, cruel thee, quite overthrown!—
O love! O life!—not life, but love in death!

CAP. Despis'd, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd!—
Uncomfortable time why! cam'st thou now
To murder, murder our solemnity?—
O child! O child!—my soul, and not my child!—
Dead art thou!—alack! my child is dead;
And, with my child, my joys are buried!

FRI. Peace, ho, for shame! confusion's cure[a] lives not
In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid:
Your part in her you could not keep from death;
But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
The most you sought was—her promotion;
For 'twas your heaven, she should be advanc'd:
And weep ye now, seeing she is advanc'd,
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?
O, in this love, you love your child so ill,
That you run mad, seeing that she is well:
She's not well married, that lives married long;
But she's best married, that dies married young.
Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
On this fair corse; and, as the custom is,
In all* her best array bear her to church:
For though fond[b] nature bids us all lament,
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

CAP. All things, that we ordained festival,
Turn from their office to black funeral:
Our instruments, to melancholy bells;
Our wedding cheer, to a sad burial feast;
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change;
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
And all things change them to the contrary.

FRI. Sir, go you in,—and, madam, go with him;—
And go, sir Paris;—every one prepare
To follow this fair corse unto her grave:
The heavens do lour upon you, for some ill;
Move them no more, by crossing their high will.

[*Exeunt* CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, PARIS, *and* Friar.

1 MUS. 'Faith, we may put up our pipes, and be gone.

NURSE. Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put up;
For, well you know, this is a pitiful case.

[*Exit* Nurse.

1 MUS. Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

Enter PETER. (8)

PET. Musicians, O, musicians, *Heart's ease, heart's ease;* O, an you will have me live, play—*heart's ease.*

1 MUS. Why *heart's ease?*

PET. O, musicians, because my heart itself plays—*My heart is full of woe:*[c] O, play me some merry dump, to comfort me.[d]

2 MUS. Not a dump we; 'tis no time to play now.

PET. You will not then?

MUS. No.

PET. I will then give it you soundly.

1 MUS. What will you give us?

PET. No money, on my faith; but the gleek:[e] I will give you the minstrel.

1 MUS. Then will I give you the serving-creature.

PET. Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger on your pate. I will carry no crotchets: I'll *re* you, I'll *fa* you; do you note me?[f]

1 MUS. An you *re* us, and *fa* us, you note us.

2 MUS. Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

(*) First folio, *And in*, &c.

[a] *Confusion's* cure—] The old copies read *care;* corrected by Theobald.

[b] *For though* fond *nature*—] So the second folio; the previous editions read *some* nature.

[c] My heart is full of woe:] The words "of woe" are found only in the fateless quarto; all the other old editions reading, "My heart is full." "*My heart is full of woe,*" and "*Heart's ease,*" were popular tunes of the period. In the Pepys' collection is "A pleasant Ballad of two Lovers," beginning thus:—

"Complaine, my lute, complaine on him,
That stayes so long away;
He promis'd to be here ere this,
But still unkind doth stay;
But now the proverbe true I finde,
Once out of sight, then out of mind.
Hey ho! my heart is full of woe."

[d] *O, play me some merry dump, to comfort me.*] This line is not found in the folio, 1623. In the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," we hear of "a deploring dump;" and in "The Arraignment of Paris," 1584, when the shepherds have sung an elegiac hymn over the hearse of Colin, Venus says to Paris,—

"———How cheers my lovely boy after this dump of woe?"

and Paris replies,—

"Such *dumps*, sweet lady, as bin these, are deadly *dumps* to prove."

Dumps appear to have been heavy, mournful tunes, and Master Peter's "*merry* dump" was a purposed contradiction in terms.

[e] The gleek:] *To give the gleek*, a phrase borrowed from the old game of cards called *gleek*, signified to *flout* or *scorn* any one; and as a *gleekman*, or *gligman*, was a name for minstrel, we get a notion of the quibble meant. A similar *equivoque* is, no doubt, intended in "the serving-creature," but the allusion is yet to be discovered.

[f] I'll *re* you, I'll *fa* you; do you note me?] This is in the same strain as the rest of the dialogue. *Re* and *Fa* are the syllables used in sol-faing the notes D and F in the scale of music. The pun on *note* is self evident, and the word appears to have been a favourite one to play upon, for Shakespeare has used it with a double meaning at least a score of times.

PET. Then have at you with my wit;[a] I will dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger:—answer me like men:

When gripyng grief[b] *the heart doth wound,*
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,[c]
Then music, with her silver sound;

Why, *silver sound?* why, *music with her silver sound?* what say you, Simon Catling?

1 MUS. Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

PET. Pretty!* what say you, Hugh Rebeck?[d]

2 MUS. I say—*silver sound*, because musicians sound for silver.

PET. Pretty too!—what say you, James Soundpost?

3 MUS. 'Faith, I know not what to say.

PET. O, I cry you mercy; you are the singer: I will say for you. It is—*music with her silver sound*, because such fellows[e] as you have seldom gold for sounding:—

Then music with her silver sound,
With speedy help doth lend redress.
[*Exit, singing.*

1 MUS. What a pestilent knave is this same!

2 MUS. Hang him, Jack! come, we'll in here; tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner.
[*Exeunt.*

(*) First folio, *pratest.*

[a] Then have at you with my wit;] The first folio has these words annexed to the second minstrel's speech.

[b] When griping grief the heart doth wound,—] These are the opening lines of a song, "In commendation of Musick," by Richard Edwards, printed in "The Paradise of Dayntie Devises," 1576.

"Where gripyng grief the hart would wound, and dolfull domps the mind oppresse,
There Musick with her silver soūd is wont with spede to give redresse."

[c] And doleful dumps the mind oppress,—] This line is omitted in all the old editions, except the quarto, 1597.

[d] *Hugh* Rebeck?] The *rebeck* was a sort of fiddle with three strings, played on with a bow. It is frequently noticed by the old writers,—

"He turned his *rebeck* to a mournful note,
And thereto sung this doleful elegy."
DRAYTON, *Ed.* 11.

"When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund *rebecks* sound."
MILTON, *L'Allegro* v. 91.

[e] *Such* fellows *as you* have seldom gold—] Thus the quarto, 1597. All the other old copies read, "because *musicians* have *no* gold." &c.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Mantua. *A Street.*

Enter Romeo.

Rom. If I may trust the flattering eye[d] of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne;
And, all this day, an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead;
(Strange dream! that gives a dead man leave to think,)
And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.
Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy.

---

[d] *Flattering* eye *of sleep*,—] This is according to the earliest copy. The subsequent editions have "*truth* of sleep," which is still less intelligible. By "*eye* of sleep," Shakespeare perhaps meant *vision, view, prospect*. Thus, in "King John," Act II. Sc. 1.:—

"These flags of France, that are advanced here
Before the eye and prospect of your town."

And in "Much Ado about Nothing," Act IV. Sc. 1:—

"And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,
More moving—delicate and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul."

Enter BALTHASAR.

News from Verona!—how now, Balthasar?
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?
How doth my lady? is my father well?
How doth my lady Juliet? that I ask again;
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

BAL. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill;
Her body sleeps in Capels' monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives; *
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And presently took post to tell it you:
O pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

ROM. Is it even so? then I defy* you, stars!—
Thou knowest my lodging: get me ink and paper,
And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.

BAL. I do beseech you, sir, have patience: [a]
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

(*) First folio, *live*.

(*) First folio, *deny*.

[a] I do beseech you, sir, have patience:] The quarto, 1597, reads,—
"Pardon me, sir, I will not leave you thus."

ROM. Tush, thou art deceiv'd;
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do:
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?
BAL. No, my good lord.
ROM. No matter: get thee gone,
And hire those horses; I'll be with thee straight.
[*Exit* BALTHASAR.
Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.
Let's see for means:—O, mischief! thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!
I do remember an apothecary,—(1)
And hereabouts he* dwells,—which late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples: meagre were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones;
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff'd,[a] and other skins
Of ill-shap'd fishes; and, about his shelves,
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a show.
Noting this penury, to myself I said—
An if a man did need a poison now,
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.
O, this same thought did but fore-run my need;
And this same needy man must sell it me.
As I remember, this should be the house:
Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.—
What, ho! apothecary!

Enter Apothecary.

APOTH. Who calls so loud?
ROM. Come hither, man.—I see, that thou art poor;
Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have
A dram of poison; such soon-speeding gear
As will disperse itself through all the veins,
That the life-weary taker may fall dead;
And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath
As violently, as hasty powder fir'd
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

(*) First folio omits, *he*.

[a] An alligator stuff'd,—] "He made an anatomie of a rat, and after hanged her over his head, instead of an *apothecary's crocodile* or dried *alligator*." Nashe's "Have with You to Saffron Walden, 1596."

[b] *Need and oppression* starveth *in thy eyes*,—] Otway, in his Caius Marius, much of which is stolen from this play, exhibits the line thus:—

"Need and oppression *stareth* in thy eyes;"

but although this reading has been adopted by several of the modern editors, and is perhaps preferable to the other, I have not felt justified in departing from the old text. The quarto, 1597, has,—

"And starved famine dwelleth in thy cheeks."

APOTH. Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law
Is death, to any he that utters them.
ROM. Art thou so bare, and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth[b] in thy eyes,
Contempt and beggary hangs upon thy back,[c]
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law:
The world affords no law to make thee rich;
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.
APOTH. My poverty, but not my will, consents.
ROM. I pay* thy poverty, and not thy will.
APOTH. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would despatch you straight.
ROM. There is thy gold; worse poison to men's souls,
Doing more murder in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not sell:
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.
Farewell; buy food, and get thyself in flesh.—
Come, cordial, and not poison; go with me
To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Friar* Laurence's *Cell.*

Enter Friar JOHN.

JOHN. Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

Enter Friar LAURENCE.

LAU. This same should be the voice of friar John.—
Welcome from Mantua: what says Romeo?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.
JOHN. Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
One of our order, to associate me,[d]
Here in this city visiting the sick,
And finding him, the searchers of the town,[e]
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,

(*) First folio, *pray*.

[c] Hangs upon thy back,—] The quarto, 1597, reads, with at least equal force of expression,—

"Upon thy back hangs ragged misery."

[d] To associate me,—] It was the custom for each friar who had leave of absence to have a companion appointed him by the superior. In the Visitatio Notabilis de Seleburne, printed in White's "Natural History, &c. of Selborne," Wykeham enjoins the canons not to go abroad without leave from the prior, who is ordered on such occasions to assign the brother a companion, "*ne suspicio sinistra vel scandalum oriatur*."

[e] Here in this city visiting the sick,
And finding him, the searchers of the town,—]
It has been suggested, and seems very probable, that these lines have got transposed.

Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth;
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.
LAU. Who bare my letter then to Romeo?
JOHN. I could not send it,—here it is again,—
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.
LAU. Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice,[a] but full of charge,
Of dear import; and the neglecting it
May do much danger: Friar John, go hence;
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight
Unto my cell.
JOHN. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. [*Exit.*
LAU. Now must I to the monument alone;
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake;
She will beshrew me much, that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents:
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come;
Poor living corse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb!
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Church-yard; in it, a monument belonging to the* Capulets.

Enter PARIS, *and his* Page, *bearing flowers and a torch.*

PAR. Give me thy torch, boy: hence, and stand aloof;—*
Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
Under yon yew-trees† lay thee all along,
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground;
So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread,
(Being loose, unfirm with digging up of graves,)
But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hearest something approach.
Give me those flowers: do as I bid thee, go.
PAGE. I am almost afraid to stand alone,
Here in the churchyard; yet I will adventure.
[*Retires.*
PAR. Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I strew,[b]—
(O woe! thy canopy is dust and stones!)
Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,
Or wanting that, with tears distill'd by moans;
The obsequies that I for thee will keep,
Nightly shall be, to strew thy grave and weep.[c]
[*The boy whistles.*
The boy gives warning, something doth approach.
What cursed foot wanders this way* to-night,
To cross my obsequies, and true love's rite?
What, with a torch!—muffle me, night, a while.
[*Retires.*

Enter ROMEO *and* BALTHASAR *with a torch, mattock, &c.*

ROM. Give me that mattock, and the wrenching iron.
Hold, take this letter; early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Give me the light: upon thy life I charge thee
Whate'er thou hear'st or see'st, stand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death,
Is, partly, to behold my lady's face:
But, chiefly, to take thence from her dead finger
A precious ring; a ring, that I must use
In dear employment: therefore hence, be gone:—
But if thou, jealous,[d] dost return to pry
In what I further shall intend to do,
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,
And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs:
The time and my intents are savage-wild;
More fierce, and more inexorable far,
Than empty tigers, or the roaring sea.
BAL. I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.
ROM. So shalt thou show me friendship: take thou that:
Live, and be prosperous; and farewell, good fellow.
BAL. For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout;
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [*Retires.*
ROM. Thou détestable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to ope,
[*Breaking open the door of the monument.*
And, in despite, I 'll cram thee with more food!
PAR. This is that banish'd haughty Montague,
That murder'd my love's cousin;—with which grief,
It is supposed, the fair creature died,—
And here is come to do some villainous shame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him:
[*Advances.*
Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague;
Can vengeance be pursued further than death?
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee:
Obey, and go with me, for thou must die.
ROM. I must, indeed; and therefore came I hither.—

(*) First folio, *aloft.* (†) First folio, *young trees.*

(*) First folio, *wayes.*

[a] *The letter was not* nice,—] Not trivial. See note *z*, Act III. Sc. 1. p. 187.

[b] With flowers thy bridal bed I strew,—] By the modern punctuation of this passage, Paris is made to promise that he will nightly water, not the flowers, but the *canopy* of Juliet's "bridal bed"!

[c] To strew thy grave and weep.] We subjoin this speech, as it stands in the original quarto edition, 1597:—

"Sweet flower, with flowers I strew thy bridal bed:
Sweete tombe, that in thy circuite dost containe
The perfect modell of eternitie;
Fair *Juliet*, that with angells dost remaine,
Accept this latest fauour at my hands;
That liuing honourd thee, and being dead,
With funerall praises doe adorne thy tombe."

[d] *But if thou,* jealous,—] *Suspicious.*

Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man;
Fly hence and leave me;—think upon these* gone;
Let them affright thee.—I beseech thee, youth,
Heap[a] not another sin upon my head,
By urging me to fury:—O, be gone!
By heaven, I love thee better than myself;
For I come hither arm'd against myself:
Stay not,—be gone;—live, and hereafter say—
A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

PAR. I do defy thy conjurations,[b]
And apprehend thee for a felon here.

ROM. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee, boy. [*They fight.*

PAGE. O lord! they fight: I will go call the watch. [*Exit* Page.

PAR. O, I am slain! [*falls.*]—If thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [*Dies.*

ROM. In faith, I will:—let me peruse this face;—
Mercutio's kinsman, noble county Paris:—
What said my man, when my betossed soul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think
He told me, Paris should have married Juliet:
Said he not so? or did I dream it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
To think it was so?—O, give me thy hand!
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!
I 'll bury thee in a triumphant grave,—
A grave? O, no! a lantern,[c] slaughter'd youth,
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence[d] full of light.
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.
[*Laying* PARIS *in the monument.*
How oft when men are at the point of death,
Have they been merry! which their keepers call
A lightning before death; O, how may I
Call this a lightning?—O, my love! my wife!
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.—
Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet? (2)
O, what more favour can I do to thee,
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain
To sunder his that was thine enemy?
Forgive me, cousin!—Ah, dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe*
That unsubstantial death is amorous;
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
For fear of that, I still will stay with thee;
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again;[f] here, here will I remain
With worms that are thy chamber-maids; O, here
Will I set up my everlasting rest;
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh.—Eyes, look your last!
Arms, take your last embrace! and lips, O you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death!—
Come, bitter conduct,[g] come, unsavoury guide!
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!
Here's to my love!—[*drinks.*] O, true apothecary
Thy drugs are quick.—Thus with a kiss I die.
[*Dies.*

Enter, at the other end of the churchyard, FRIAR LAURENCE, *with a lantern, crow, and spade.*

FRI. Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-night
Have my old feet stumbled at graves?—Who' there?

BAL. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you well.

FRI. Bliss be upon you! tell me, good my friend
What torch is yond', that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeless sculls? as I discern,
It burneth in the Capels' monument.

BAL. It doth so, holy sir; and there's my master,
One that you love.

FRI. Who is it?

BAL. Romeo.

FRI. How long hath he been there?

BAL. Full half an hour

(*) First folio, *those.*

[a] Heap not—] Thus the quarto, 1597. The quartos of 1599 and 1609, and the folio, 1623, have "*Put* not," for which Mr. Rowe substituted *pull*

[b] Conjurations,—] This is the reading of the quarto, 1597. That of 1599 has "*commiration*," which led to the "*commiseration*" of the quarto, 1609, and the first folio. The meaning in "I defy thy *conjurations*" may be simply "I contemn your entreaties;" or, as he suspected Romeo had come to do *some shame to the dead bodies*, he might use *conjurations* in its ordinary sense of supernatural arts, and mean that he defied his necromantic charms and influence.

[c] A lantern,—] The *lantern* signified here was a *louvre*, or, as it was styled in ancient records, *lanternium; i. e.* a spacious round or octagonal turret, full of windows, by means of which halls, and sometimes cathedrals, as in the noble example at Ely, are illuminated.

[d] A feasting presence—] *Presence* means *presence-chamber; the state apartment of a palace.*

* Shall I believe—] The old copies read,—

"————*I will believe,*
Shall I believe," &c.

giving us a glimpse, as it were, of the author's own manuscrip

[f] Depart again;—] In the quartos, 1599 and 1609, and als in the folio, 1623, which was printed from the latter editio the following lines occur here; they are omitted, however, in th undated quarto:—

"Come lie thou in my arms,
Here's to thy health, where'er thou tumblest in,
O true apothecary,
Thy drugs are quick; thus with a kiss I die.
Depart again;"

This, there can be no doubt, as Malone suggested, was a differen version by the author, imperfectly cancelled in the manuscript.

[g] *Bitter* conduct—] *Guide, conductor.* So in Act III. Sc. I.:-

"And fire-eyed fury be my *conduct* now."

FRI. Go with me to the vault.
BAL. I dare not, sir:
My master knows not but I am gone hence;
And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to look on his intents.
FRI. Stay then, I'll go alone:—fear comes upon me;
O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.
BAL. As I did sleep under this yew-tree* here,[a]
I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him.
FRI. Romeo!—[*Advances.*
Alack, alack! what blood is this, which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?
What mean these masterless and gory swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?
[*Enters the monument.*
Romeo! O, pale!—who else? what, Paris too?
And steep'd in blood?—Ah, what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!—
The lady stirs. [JULIET *wakes.*
JUL. O, comfortable friar! where is my lord?
I do remember well where I should be,
And there I am:—Where is my Romeo?
[*Noise within.*
FRI. I hear some noise.—Lady, come from that nest
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep;
A greater Power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents; come, come away:
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;
And Paris too; come, I'll dispose of thee
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns:
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;
Come, go, good Juliet,—[*Noise again.*] I dare no longer stay. [*Exit.*
JUL. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.—
What's here? a cup, clos'd in my true love's hand?
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end:—
Ah churl! drink all; and leave no friendly drop,[b]
To help me after?—I will kiss thy lips;
Haply, some poison yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restorative. [*Kisses him.*
Thy lips are warm!
1 WATCH. [*within.*] Lead, boy; which way?
JUL. Yea, noise?—then I'll be brief.—O happy dagger! [*Snatching* ROMEO'*s dagger.*
This is thy sheath;† [*stabs herself.*] there rest, and let me die.
[*Falls on* ROMEO'*s body, and dies.*

(*) First folio, *young trees.* (†) First folio, *'Tis in.*

[a] As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,—] "This is one of those touches of nature that would have escaped the hand of any painter less attentive to it than Shakespeare. What happens to a person while he is under the manifest influence of fear will seem to him, when he is recovered from it, like a dream."—STEEVENS.

Enter Watch, *with the* Page *of* PARIS.

PAGE. This is the place; there, where the torch doth burn.
1 WATCH. The ground is bloody; search about the churchyard:
Go, some of you, who e'er you find, attach.
[*Exeunt some.*
Pitiful sight! here lies the county slain;
And Juliet bleeding; warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain this two days buried.
Go, tell the prince,—run to the Capulets,—
Raise up the Montagues,—some others search;—
[*Exeunt other* Watchmen.
We see the ground whereon these woes do lie;
But the true ground of all these piteous woes,
We cannot without circumstance descry.

Re-enter some of the Watch, *with* BALTHASAR.

2 WATCH. Here's Romeo's man, we found him in the churchyard.
1 WATCH. Hold him in safety, till the prince come hither.

Re-enter another Watchman, *with Friar* LAURENCE.

3 WATCH. Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs, and weeps:
We took this mattock and this spade from him,
As he was coming from this churchyard side.
1 WATCH. A great suspicion; stay the friar too.

Enter the PRINCE *and* Attendants.

PRINCE. What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our morning's rest?

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, *and others.*

CAP. What should it be, that they so shriek abroad?
LA. CAP. The people* in the street cry—Romeo,
Some—Juliet, and some—Paris; and all run,
With open outcry, toward our monument.
PRINCE. What fear is this, which startles in our ears?[c]

(*) First folio, *O the people.*

[b] Ah churl! drink all; and leave no friendly drop,—] Thus the earliest quarto, 1597. The folio, 1623, has:—

"*O* churl! drink all and *left* no friendly drop."

[c] *In* our *ears?*] The old copies have "*your ears,*" which Johnson corrected.

1 Watch. Sovereign, here lies the county Paris slain;
And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new kill'd.

Prince. Search, seek, and know how this foul murder comes.

1 Watch. Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's man;
With instruments upon them, fit to open
These dead men's tombs.

Cap. O, heaven!—O, wife! look how our daughter bleeds!
This dagger hath mista'en,—for, lo! his house
Is empty on the back of Montague,—[a]
And is mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.

La. Cap. O me! this sight of death is as bell,
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter Montague *and others.*

Prince. Come, Montague; for thou art ear up,
To see thy son and heir more * early down.

Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-nigh
Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath
What further woe conspires against mine age?

Prince. Look, and thou shalt see.

Mon. O thou untaught! what manners is this,

---

[a] ——— for, lo! his house
Is empty on the back of Montague,—]
The dagger was anciently worn at the back. Thus, in "The Longer Thou Livest the More Fool Thou Art," 1570:—
"Thou must wear thy sword by thy side,
And thy *dagger* handsomely *at thy back*."

(*) First folio, *now*.

To press before thy father to a grave?
PRINCE. Seal up the mouth of outrage[a] for a while,
Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true descent;
And then will I be general of your woes,
And lead you even to death: mean time forbear,
And let mischance be slave to patience.—
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.
FRI. I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place
Doth make against me, of this direful murder;
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge
Myself condemned and myself excus'd.
PRINCE. Then say at once what thou dost know in this.
FRI. I will be brief, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet;
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife:
I married them; and their stolen marriage-day
Was Tybalt's dooms-day, whose untimely death
Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city;
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pin'd.
You—to remove that siege of grief from her,—
Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce,
To county Paris:—then comes she to me;
And, with wild looks, bid me devise some means
To rid her from this second marriage,
Or, in my cell there would she kill herself.
Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art,
A sleeping potion; which so took effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The form of death: meantime I writ to Romeo,
That he should hither come as this dire night,
To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,
Being the time the potion's force should cease.
But he which bore my letter, friar John,
Was staid by accident; and yesternight
Return'd my letter back: then all alone,
At the prefixed hour of her waking,
Came I to take her from her kindred's vault;
Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,
Till I conveniently could send to Romeo:
But, when I came, (some minute ere the time
Of her awaking,) here untimely lay
The noble Paris, and true Romeo, dead.
She wakes; and I entreated her come forth,
And bear this work of heaven with patience:
But then a noise did scare me from the tomb;
And she, too desperate, would not go with me,
But (as it seems) did violence on herself.
All this I know; and to the marriage
Her nurse is privy: and, if aught in this
Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
Be sacrific'd, some hour before his * time,
Unto the rigour of severest law.
PRINCE. We still have known thee for a holy man.—
Where's Romeo's man? what can he say to this?
BAL. I brought my master news of Juliet's death;
And then in post he came from Mantua,
To this same place, to this same monument.
This letter he early bid me give his father;
And threaten'd me with death, going in the vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.
PRINCE. Give me the letter, I will look on it.—
Where is the county's page, that raised the watch?—
Sirrah, what made your master in this place?
PAGE. He came with flowers to strew his lady's grave;
And bid me stand aloof, and so I did:
Anon, comes one with light to ope the tomb;
And, by and by, my master drew on him;
And then I ran away to call the watch.
PRINCE. This letter doth make good the friar's words,
Their course of love, the tidings of her death:
And here he writes—that he did buy a poison
Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.—
Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!—
See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love!
And I, for winking at your discords too,
Have lost a brace of kinsmen: all are punish'd.
CAP. O, brother Montague! give me thy hand:
This is my daughter's jointure, for no more
Can I demand.
MON. But I can give thee more:
For I will raise her statue in pure gold;
That, whiles Verona by that name is known,
There shall no figure at such rate be set,
As that of true and faithful Juliet.
CAP. As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie;
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!
PRINCE. A glooming peace this morning with it brings;
The sun, for sorrow, will not show his head:
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things;
Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished; (3)
For never was a story of more woe,
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo. [*Exeunt.*

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[a] *The mouth of* outrage—] Mr. Collier's MS. annotator substitutes *outcry*, but no change is needed. In "Henry VI." Pt. I. Act IV. Sc. 1, we find the word with precisely the same signification as in the present passage:—

(*) First folio, *the.*

"——— Are you not asham'd,
With this immodest clamorous *outrage*
To trouble and disturb the king and us?"

ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

ACT I.

(1) SCENE I.—*Here comes of the house of the Montagues.*] Shakespeare was evidently acquainted with the tradition of the Montagues adopting a cognisance in their hats, that they might be distinguished from the Capulets, since in the play he has made them known at a distance. The circumstance, as Malone pointed out, is mentioned in a Devise of a Masque, written for the Right Honourable Viscount Mountacute, 1575:—

"And for a further proofe, he shewed in his hat
Thys token which the *Mountacutes* did beare alwaies, for that
They covet to be known from Capels, where they pass.
For ancient grutch which long ago, twixte these two houses was."

(2) SCENE I.—*Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.*] The earliest copy of Romeo and Juliet, the quarto of 1597,—which is peculiarly interesting from its presenting us with the poet's first projection of a play he subsequently expanded and elaborated with much care and skill, and is valuable too, in helping us to correct many typographical errors, and to supply some lines omitted, perhaps by negligence, in the later editions,—makes short work of this scene. In place of the dialogue, from the entrance of Benvolio to the arrival of the Prince, it has merely the following stage direction;—"They draw, to them enters Tybalt, they fight, to them the Prince, old Mountagne, and his wife, old Capulet and his wife, and other citizens, and part them."

(3) SCENE I.—*Out of her favour, where I am in love.*] In the old poem of "Romeus and Juliet," which Shakespeare adopted as the ground-work of his tragedy, the hero is first introduced to us as in the play, the victim to an unrequited passion.

Romous, we are told,—

"Hath founde a mayde so fayre (he found so foule his happe),
Whose beauty, shape, and comely grace, did so his heart entrappe,
That from his owne affayres, his thought she did remove;
Onely he sought to honor her, to serve her and to love.
To her he writeth oft, oft messengers are sent,
At length (in hope of better spede) himselfe the lover went;
Present to pleade for grace, which absent was not founde:
And to discover to her eye his new receaved wounde.
But she that from her youth was fostred evermore
With vertues foode, and taught in schole of wisdomes skilfull lore:
By answere did cutte of thaffections of his love,
That he no more occasion had so vayne a sute to move.
No sterne she was of chere, (for all the payne he tooke)
That, in reward of toyle, she would not geve a frendly looke."

(4) SCENE I.—*That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.*] The meaning of this somewhat complex passage seems to be;—she is rich in the possession of unequalled beauty, but poor, because, having devoted herself to chastity, when she dies, her wealth, that is, beauty, dies with her. The same conceit occurs repeatedly in Shakespeare's poems:—

SONNET 1.

"From fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby *beauty's rose might never die*,
But as the riper should by time decease,
His tender heir might bear his memory:"

SONNET 4.

"Then how, when nature calls thee to be gone
What acceptable audit canst thou leave?
Thy unused beauty must be tomb'd with thee,
Which used, lives thy executor to be."

See, also, Sonnets 2, 3, 5, 6, 10, 11, 12, 13, and 14.

5 SCENE I.—*Examine other beauties.*] So "the trustiest of his feeres" counsels Romeus in the old poem:—

"Choose out some worthy dame, her honor thou and serve,
Who will reve eare to thy complaint, and pitty ere thou sterve
But sow no more thy payres in such a barrayne soyle:
As yelde in harvest time no crop, in recompence of toyle.
Ere long the townishe dames together will resort:
Some one of bewty, favour, shape, and of so lovely porte,
With so fast fixed eye, perhaps thou mayst beholde:
That thou shalt quite forget thy love, and passions past of olde."

(6) SCENE II.—*This night I hold an old accustom'd feast.*] From the old poem:—

"The wery winter nightes restore the Christmas games,
And now the season doth invite to banquet townish dames.
And fyrst in Capels house, the chiefe of all the kyn
Sparth for no cost, the wonted use of banquets to begyn.
No Lady fayre or fowle was in Verona towne,
No knight or gentleman of high or lowe renowne;
But Capilet himselfe hath byd unto his feast,
Or by his name in paper sent, appoynted as a geast.

(7) SCENE III.—*'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years.*] We have already, in the Preliminary Observations, alluded to Tyrwhitt's conjecture that the earthquake spoken of by the Nurse was the one chronicled by Holinshed, as being felt in London and other parts of the kingdom in 1580. The Rev. Joseph Hunter ("New Illustrations, &c. &c., of Shakespeare," Vol. II. p. 120) contends, however, that it is much more probable the earthquake the Poet had in his mind was that which occurred ten years before, in the neighbourhood of Verona, and was so severe that it destroyed Ferrara. "When the church of St. Stephen at Ferrara was rebuilt," Mr. Hunter informs us, "an inscription was placed against it, from which we may collect the terrible nature of the visitation:—

—'Cum anno M. D. LXX die XVII Novembris tertia noctis hora, quam maximus terræ motus hanc præclarissimam urbem ita conquassasset, ut ejus fortissima mœnia, munitissimas arces, alta palatia, religiosa templa, sacratas turres, omnesque fere ædes omnino evertisset et prostrasset, una cum maximo civium damno, atque acerbâ clade.'"

There is a small tract, still extant, entitled "A coppie of the letter sent from Ferrara the xxii of November, 1570. Imprinted at London in Paules Churchyarde, at the signe of the Lucrece, by Thomas Purfoote;" in which the writer describes "the great and horrible earthquakes, the excessiue and vnrecouerable losses, with the greate mortalitie and death of people, the ruine and ouerthrowe of an infinite number of monasteries, pallaces and other howses, and the destruction of his graces excellencies castle." The first earthquake was on Thursday, the 11th, at ten at night, "whiche endured the space of an Aue

Marie;" on the 17th, "the earth quaked all the whole day." In all, "the earthquakes are numbered to haue been a hundred and foure in xl houres."

(8) SCENE III.—
I was your mother much upon these years
That you are now a maid.]

In the old poem Juliet's age is set down at sixteen; in Paynter's novel it is said to be eighteen. As Shakespeare makes his heroine only fourteen, if the words "*your* mother," which is the reading of the old editions, be correct, Lady Capulet would be eight and twenty, while her husband, having done masking some thirty years, must be at least three-score. Mr. Knight veils the disparity, and perhaps improves the passage, by printing, "I was *a* mother;" but we believe without authority.

(9) SCENE IV.—*Mercutio.*] The Mercutio of the play is Shakespeare's own, the only hint for all the wit, the gaiety, and the chivalry, with which he has indued this favourite character, being the following brief description of his prototype in the poem:—

"A courtier that eche where was highly had in pryce,
For he was coorteous of his speche, and pleasant of devise.
Even as a lyon would emong the lambes be bolde,
Such was emong the bashfull maydes, Mercutio to beholde."

(10) SCENE IV.—*Give me a torch.*] "The character which Romeo declares his resolution to assume, will be best explained by a passage in 'Westward Hoe,' by Decker and Webster, 1607; 'He is just like a *torch-bearer* to maskers; he wears good cloaths and is ranked in good company, but he doth nothing.' A *torch-bearer* seems to have been a constant appendage on every troop of masks. To *hold a torch* was anciently no degrading office. Queen Elizabeth's Gentlemen-Pensioners attended her to Cambridge, and *held torches* while a play was acted before her in the Chapel of King's College, on a Sunday evening."—STEEVENS.

(11) SCENE IV.—
Tut! dun's the mouse, the constable's own word:
If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire.]

Dun's the mouse was a proverbial saying, the precise meaning of which has not come down to us. In the comedy of "Patient Grissil," 1603, Babulo says, "The sun hath play'd bo-peep in the element any time these two hours, as I do some mornings when you call. 'What, Babulo!' say you. 'Here, master,' say I; and then this eye opens, yet *don is the mouse*—lie still. 'What, Babulo!' says Grissil. 'Anon,' say I; and then this eye looks up, yet down I snug again. 'What, Babulo!' say you again; and then I start up, and see the sun," &c. The expression is found also in Decker and Webster's "Westward Hoe," 1607, and among Ray's proverbial similes. The allusion in the following line is to an ancient country sport, called *Dun is in the mire*, which Gifford thus describes:—"A log of wood is brought into the midst of the room; this is *Dun*, (the cart-horse,) and a cry is raised, that he is *stuck in the mire*. Two of the company advance, either with or without ropes, to draw him out. After repeated attempts, they find themselves unable to do it, and call for more assistance.—The game continues till all the company take part in it, when Dun is extricated of course; and the merriment arises from the awkward and affected efforts of the rustics to lift the log, and from sundry arch contrivances to let the ends of it fall on one another's toes."—*Works of Ben Jonson*, Vol. VII. p. 282.

(12) SCENE IV.—*This is she*—] It is instructive to compare the original draft of this famous speech as it appears in the quarto of 1597 with the finished version of the later editions, and observe the ease and mastery of touch by which the alterations are effected.

In the quarto, 1597, after the line—

"Ah, then I see Queen Mab hath been with you,

Benvolio exclaims:—

"Queene Mab! whats she?

The description then proceeds:—

"She is the Fairies Midwife and doth come
In shape no bigger than an Aggat stone
On the forefinger of a Burgomaster,
Drawne with a teeme of little Atomi,
A thwart mens noses when they lie a sleepe.
Her waggon spokes are made of spinners webs,
The couer, of the winges of Grashoppers,
The traces are the Moone-shine watrie beames,
The collers crickets bones, the lash of filmes,
Her waggoner is a small gray coated flie
Not halfe so big as is a little worme,
Pickt from the lasie finger of a maide,
And in this sort she gallops vp and downe
Through Louers braines, and then they dream of loue.
O're Courtiers knees: who strait on cursies dreame,
O're Ladies lips, who dreame on kisses strait:
Which oft the angrie Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breathes with sweet meats tainted are,
Sometimes she gallops ore a Lawers lap,
And then dreames he of smelling out a sute,
And sometime comes she with a tithe pigs taile,
Tickling a Parson's nose that lies asleepe,
And then dreames he of another benefice:
Sometime she gallops ore a souldiers nose,
And then dreames he of cutting forraine throats,
Of breaches ambuscados, countermines,
Of healthes fiue fadome deepe, and then anon
Drums in his eare: at which he startes and wakes,
And sweares a Praier or two and sleepes againe.
This is that Mab that makes maids lie on their backes,
And proues them women of good cariage.
This is the verie Mab that plats the manes of Horses in the night,
And plats the Elfelocks in foule sluttish haire,
Which once vntangled much misfortune breedes.
ROM. Peace, peace,—" &c.

(13) SCENE V.—
What lady's that, which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight?]

Romeo's first sight of Juliet at the feast is thus quaintly described in the old poem:—

"At length he saw a mayd, right fayre of perfect shape,
Which Theseus or Paris would have chosen to their rape.
Whom erst he never sawe, of all she pleasde him most;
Within himselfe he sayd to her, thou justly mayst thee boste
Of perfit shapes renoune, and beauties sounding prayse,
Whose like ne hath, né shalbe seene, ne liveth in our dayes.
And whilst he fixd on her his partiall perced eye,
His former love, for which of late he ready was to die,
Is nowe as quite forgotte, as it had never been."

(14) SCENE V.—*Come hither, nurse: what is yon gentleman?*] Compare the poem.—

"What twayne are those (quoth she) which prease unto the door,
Whose pages in their hand doe beare, two torches light before?
And then as eche of them had of his houshold name,
So she him named yet once agayne the yong and wily dame.
And tell me who is he with vysor in his hand,
That yender doth in masking weede besyde the window stand.
His name is Romeus (said shee) a Montagewe,
Whose Fathers pryde first styrd the strife which both your housholdes rewe.
The woord of Montagew her joyes did overthrow
And straight in steade of happy hope, despayre began to grow.
What hap have I quoth she, to love my father's foe?
What, am I wery of my wele? what, do I wishe my woe?
But though her grievouse paynes distraind her tender hart,
Yet with an outward shewe of joye she cloked inward smart;
And of the courtlyke dames her leave so courtly tooke,
That none dyd gesse the sodain change by changing of her looke."

ACT II.

(1) SCENE II.—*Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.*] So the old copies, and rightly. Malone appears to have been the first who adopted the punctuation, since invariably followed, of placing the comma after "*though*,"—

"Thou art thyself though, not a Montague."

"Juliet," he remarks, "is simply endeavouring to account for Romeo's being amiable and excellent, though he *is* a Montague; and, to prove this, she asserts that he merely bears that name, but has none of the qualities of that house." Nothing can be more foreign to her meaning. Her imagination is powerfully excited by the intelligence she has just received,—

"His name is Romeo, and a *Montague!*"

In that name she sees an insurmountable impediment to her new-formed wishes, and in the fancied apostrophe to her lover, she eloquently implores him to abandon it,—

"Deny thy father, and *refuse thy name.*

* * * * * * *

'Tis but thy *name*, that is my enemy;—
Thou art *thyself*, though not a *Montague.*"

That is, as she afterwards expresses it, you would still retain all the perfections which adorn you, were you not *called Montague.*

"What's *Montague?* it is nor hand, nor foot," &c.

"———O be some other *name.*"

One is puzzled to conceive a difficulty in appreciating the meaning, especially as the thought is repeated immediately after,—

"What's in a *name?* that which we call a rose,
By *any other word* would smell as sweet."

The same idea occurs in Sir Thomas Overbury's poem of "A Wife,"—

"Things were first made, then words; she were the same
With, or *without*, that *title* or that *name.*"

(2) SCENE II.—
If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage.]

Thus the old poem:—

"But if your thought be chaste, and have on vertue ground,
If wedlocke be the ende and marke which your desire hath found,
Obedience set aside, unto my parents dewe,
The quarell ske that long agoe betwene our housholdes grewe,
Both me and myne I will all whole to you betake,
And following you where so you goe, my fathers house forsake."

(3) SCENE II.—
O, for a falconer's voice,
To lure this tassel-gentle back again!]

The tassel, or, more correctly, the *tiercel*, is the male of the gerfalcon, and had the epithet *gentle* annexed to it from its docility and attachment to man. According to some authorities, the *tiercel* derives its name from being a *tierce*, or third, less than the female; but Tardif, in his "*Treatise of Falconry*," says it is so called from being one of three birds generally found in the aerie of a falcon, two of which are females, and the third a male: hence called *tiercelet*, or the *third*. This species of hawk was in high esteem; for the old books on the sport, which show that certain hawks were appropriated to certain ranks of society, tell us the falcon *gentle* and tiercel *gentle* "are for a prince."

(4) SCENE III.—*With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.*] Farmer has remarked, that Shakespeare, on his introduction of Friar Laurence, prepares us for the par he is afterwards to sustain; for, having thus early dis covered him to be a chemist, we are not surprised whe we find him furnishing the draught which produces th catastrophe of the piece.

(5) SCENE IV.—*More than prince of cats, I can tell you.* *Tibert, Tybert*, or *Tybalt*, are forms of the ancient nam *Thibault*. When or why the cat was first so called it is perhaps, hopeless now to inquire. The earliest instanc cited by the commentators, is in the old story-book o "Reynard the Fox,"—"Then the King called for *Si Tibert*, the cat, and said to him, *Sir Tibert*, you shall go t Reynard, and summon him the second time."—Ch. vi. and the association was evidently not uncommon; for Be Jonson speaks of *cats* as *tiberts*. Decker, too, in hi "Satiromastix," 1602, says:—

"— tho' you were *Tybert, the long-tail'd prince of cats.*"

And Nash, in "Have with You to Saffron Walden," 1598:—

"Not *Tibalt*, prince of *cats.*"

(6) SCENE IV.—*A duellist, a duellist; a gentleman o the very first house,—of the first and second cause: Ah, th immortal passado! the punto reverso! the hay!*] Mercutio' mockery is not directed against the practice of duelling in the abstract, for he appears to be almost as pugnacious as the fiery Tybalt himself. He is ridiculing the professors and *alumni* of those academies established i London during the latter part of the 16th century, for the study of "The Noble Science of Defence," as it wa called. A class who appear to have prided themselves on the punctilious observance of certain absurd forms and an affected diction, which had been rendered fashionable by the treatises of Saviolo* and Caranza. The plainest and most obvious meaning of the words "A gentleman o the very first house" appears to be that Tybalt was a gentleman-scholar "of the very first house" or school o fencing, of the greatest teacher existing at the period. In George Silver's *Paradoxes of Defence*, London, 1599, quarto, it is stated that there were three "Italian Teachers of Offence;" the first of whom was Signior Rocco, who had come into England about thirty years before. "He disbursed a great summe of mony for the lease of a house in Warwicke-lane, which he called his colledge, for he thought it a great disgrace for him to keepe a fence-schoole, he being then thought to be the only famous maister of the arte of armes in the whole world." "He taught none commonly under twentie, forty, fifty, or an hundred pounds." To be, therefore, a gentleman of such a house as this, was really "a very ribband in the cap of youth." In the same tract occurs a curious illustration of another expression in the same speech o *Mercutio*:—"the very butcher of a silk button."—"One Austen Bagger, a verie tall gentleman of his handes," resolved to encounter Signior Rocco, and went to another house which he had in the Blackfriars, "and called to him in this manner: 'Signior Rocco, thou that art thought to be the only cunning man in the world with thy weapons; *thou that takest upon thee to hit anie Englishman with a thrust upon anie button;* thou that takest upon thee to come over the seas to teach the valiant noblemen and gentlemen of England to fight,—thou cowardly fellow, come out of thy house, if thou dare for thy life: I am come to fight with thee.'"

(*) *Practise of the Duello, in 2 books*, Vinc. Saviolo, 1595, 4to.

The expression, "a gentleman of the very first house," has been, however, usually understood in a genealogical sense; in which form it occurs also in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Women Pleased," Act I. Sc. 3:—

> ———"A gentleman's gone then:
> *A gentleman o' the first house!*—there's the end on't!"

Warburton supposed the allusion was to Tybalt's pretending to be at the head of his family; to which Steevens objects that Capulet and Romeo were both before him; but the truth is, that neither of them at all interfered with such claim. Romeo was of the house of Capulet only by marriage with Juliet, and in the list of persons represented in the tragedy, Tybalt is called *Nephew to Lady Capulet.* The real heraldical reference, if that be the genuine sense of the passage, appears to have been quite overlooked. When the bearing of armorial-ensigns became reduced to a science, a series of differences was instituted, the more readily to distinguish between the arms borne by the several sons and descendants of the same family, and to show their order and consanguinity. They consisted of six small figures, called a label, crescent, mullet, martlet, annulet, and fleur-de-lis, which were always to be placed in the most prominent part of the coat-armour. These signs, borne singly, were for the sons of the original ancestors, who constituted that which heralds denominated "*the First House;*" the issue of those sons formed "the Second House," and carried their differences doubled, beginning with the crescent surmounted of a label, a crescent of a crescent, and so of the rest. It was ordained by Otho, Emperor of Germany, that the eldest son of the first member of the first house should be preferred in dignity before his uncle; and the same regulation was also established in France, and made to include females. Tybalt was, therefore, the eldest son of Lady Capulet's elder brother, and, without pretending to be at the head of his family, was still a gentleman descended of "the very first house."

The *passado*, more properly *passata*, meant a step forward or aside in fencing.

"If your enemy be first to strike at you, and if, at that instant, you would make him a *passata* or remove, it behoveth you to be very ready with your feet and hand, and, being to *passe* or enter, you must take heede," &c.—SAVIOLO, H. 3.

The *punto reverso* and the *hay* were also Italian terms, the former meaning a back-handed stroke:—

"——or, in both these false thrusts, when he beateth them by with his rapier, you may, with much sodainnesse make a passata with your lefte foote, and your Dagger commanding his Rapier, you maie give him a *punta*, either dritta, or *riversa*."—SAVIOLO, K. 2.

And the latter being the exclamation *hai, thou hast* it, used when a thrust or blow tells; from whence Johnson supposes modern fencers, on the same occasion, cry out *ha!*

(7) SCENE IV.—*Nay, if our wits run the wild-goose chase, I am done.*] The *wild-goose chase* was a barbarous sort of horse-race, in which two horses were started together; and the rider who first got the lead compelled the other to follow him over whatever ground the foremost jockey chose to go. See Chambers' Dictionary, last edition, under the article CHASE; and Holt White's note to this passage in the *Variorum* Shakespeare.

(8) SCENE IV.—*Lady, lady, lady.*] This is the burden of an old ballad, of which a stanza is given in Percy's "Reliques of Ancient Poetry," vol. i. p. 204:—

> "There dwelt a man in Babylon
> Of reputation great by fame;
> He took to wife a faire womán,
> Susanna she was callde by name:
> A woman fair and vertuous;
> Lady, lady:
> Why should we not of her learn thus
> To live godly?'

(9) SCENE IV.—*Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name. R is for the dog.*] *R*, from its resemblance in sound to the growl of a dog, has, time out of mind, been known as the *dog's letter;* and was, therefore, a very unbefitting initial in the ear of the old woman for anything so sweet as rosemary and Romeo. The dog's letter is amusingly illustrated in a quotation Steevens has adduced from Barclay's "Ship of Fooles," 1578:—

> "This man malicious which troubled is with wrath,
> Nought els soundeth but the hoorse letter R.
> Though all be well, yet he none aunswere hath
> Save the *doggees letter* glowming with *nar, nar.*"

And Ben Jonson, in his "English Grammar," says "*R* is the *dog's* letter, and hurreth in the sound:"—

> "—Sonat hic de nare caninâ
> Litera."—*Pers. Sat.* 1.

Erasmus, as Douce has shown, in explaining the adage, "canina facundia," says, "R, litera quæ in rixando prima est, canina vocatur."

(10) SCENE VI.—*Friar* Laurence's *Cell.*] How much the dialogue in this scene was amplified and improved after the publication of the earliest quarto, let the reader judge from a comparison of it with the corresponding scene in that edition:—

Enter Romeo, Frier.

Rom. Now Father *Laurence*, in thy holy grant
Consists the good of me and *Iuliet.*
Fr. Without more words I will doo all I may,
To make you happie if in me it lye.
Rom. This morning here she pointed we should meet,
And consumate those neuer parting bands,
Witnes of our harts loue by joyning hands,
And come she will.
Fr. I gesse she will indeed,
Youths loue is quicke, swifter than swiftest speed.

Enter Iuliet, somewhat fast, and embraceth Romeo.

See where she comes.
So light of foote nere hurts the troden flower:
Of loue and joy, see see the soueraigne power.
Iul. Romeo.
Rom. My *Iuliet* welcome. As doo waking eyes
(Closed in Nights mysts) attend the frolicke Day,
So *Romeo* hath expected *Iuliet*,
And thou art come.
Jul. I am (if I be Day)
Come to my Sunne: shine foorth, and make me faire.
Rom. All beauteous fairnes dwelleth in thine eyes.
Iul. Romeo from thine all brightnes doth arise.
Fr. Come wantons, come, the stealing houres do passe,
Defer imbracements till some fitter time,
Part for a while, you shall not be alone,
Till holy Church haue loynd ye both in one.
Rom. Lead holy Father, all delay seemes long.
Iul. Make hast, make hast, this lingring doth vs wrong.
Fr. O, soft and faire makes sweetest worke they say.
Hast is a common hindrer in crosse way. *Exeunt omnes.*

ACT III.

(1) SCENE I.—*Ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man.*] In Italy the funeral follows close upon death, and it was so formerly in England too; hence poor Mercutio's quibble, and the fact of the narcotic administered to Juliet being tempered to operate only "two-and-forty hours," are strictly in keeping with the usages of the period. The same play on the word *grave* Steevens has found in "The Revenger's Tragedy," 1608, where Vindici dresses up his Lady's skull:—

"She has a somewhat *grave* look with her."

It is met with also in Overbury's "Characters," ed. 1616, where, speaking of a sexton, the author says, "He could willingly all his life time be confinde to the church-yard; at least within five foot on 't: for at every church stile, commonly ther's an ale-house: where let him be found never so idle pated, hee is still a *grave drunkard*."

Mercutio's last words were improved after the 1597 quarto. There they stand thus:—

"I am pepperd for this world, I am sped yfaith, he hath made wormes meate of me, and ye aske for me to morrow you shall find me a graue-men shoulders: For your house of the *Mountegues* and the *Capolets:* and then some peasantly rogue, some Sexton, some base slaue shall write my Epitapth, that *Tyballt* came and broke the Princes Lawes, and *Mercutio* was slaine for the first and second cause. Wher's the Surgeon?"

Boy. Hee's come, sir.

Mer. Now heele keepe a mumbling in my guts on the other side, come *Benuolio*, lend me thy hand: a poxe of your houses.

Exeunt."

(2) SCENE I.—

——— *bid him bethink,*
How nice the quarrel was.]

In the quarto, 1597, the speech is continued as follows:—

"But *Tibalt* still persisting in his wrong,
The stout *Mercutio* drewe to calme the storme,
Which *Romeo* seeing cal'd stay Gentlemen,
And on me cry'd, who drew to part their strife,
And with his agill arme yong *Romeo*,
As fast as tung cryde peace, sought peace to make.
While they were enterchanging thrusts and blows,
Vnder yong *Romeos* laboring arme to part,
The furious *Tyballt* cast an enuious thrust,
That rid the life of stout *Mercutio*.
With that he fled, but presently return'd,
And with his rapier braued *Romeo:*
That had but newly entertain'd reuenge.
And ere I could draw forth my rapyer
To part their furie, downe did *Tyballt* fall,
And this way *Romeo* fled."

(3) SCENE II.—

Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night!
That run-aways' eyes may wink, and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of, and unseen!]

The expression "run-aways' eyes," usually printed "run-away's eyes," in modern editions, has long been a subject of contention with the critics, and abundant are the emendations which have been suggested to make the meaning clear; for example:—

Rumour's eyes	by Heath.
Renomy's (Renomée, *Fr.*) eyes	— Monck Mason.
Unawares eyes	— Z. Jackson.
Rude day's eyes Soon day's eyes Roving eyes	— Dyce.
Luna's eyes	— Gent. Mag. June 1845.
Enemies' eyes	— Perkins' Folio.
Rumourer's eyes	— Singer.
Wary ones' eyes	— Anon.

Those who are in favour of retaining "run-aways" interpret it diversely. Steevens says, Night is the run-away; Warburton thinks, Day is the run-away; Douce, that it is Juliet; and some one else, that it is Romeo; while Mr. Halpin, in an elegant contribution to the Shakespeare Society's Papers, called "The Bridal Run-away," (vol. ii. p. 24,) endeavours to prove the fugitive none other than Cupid himself. Of the proposed emendations, that of Zachary Jackson has found most favour, having been adopted by two very opposite authorities, Mr. Collier and Mr. Knight; but we must decline the invidious task of pronouncing an opinion upon the relative merits of these suggestions, believing that all are equally inadmissible. Whether Shakespeare's "run-away" applied to Romeo, or to Juliet, or to Day, or to Night, or to the Sun, for whom a good case might be made out,—

"You, grandsire Phœbus, with your lovely eye,
The firmament's eternal vagabond,
The Heav'n's promoter that doth peep and pry."
Return from Parnassus.

or to the moon, who has some claim to the distinction,—

"Blest night, wrap Cynthia in a sable sheet
That fearful lovers may securely sleep."
Blurt, Master Constable, Act III. Sc. I.

or to the stars, for whom much might be said; or whether "run-away" sometimes bore a wider signification, and implied a spy as well as a fugitive,—in which case the poet may have meant, any wandering, prying eyes,—we are convinced that the old word is the true word, and that "run-aways" (runnawayes) ought to retain its place in the text.

(4) SCENE II.—*Hood my unmann'd blood bating in my cheeks.*] The terms *hood*, *unmann'd*, and *bating*, are derived from falconry. The *hood* was a cap with which the hawk was usually hood-winked. An *unmann'd* hawk was one not sufficiently trained to be familiar with her keeper, and such birds commonly fluttered and beat their wings violently in efforts to escape. Thus Petruchio, speaking of Katharine, says:—

"Another way I have to *man* my haggard,
To make her come and know her keeper's call;
That is, to watch her, as we watch those kites,
That *bate*, and beat and will not be obedient."
Taming of the Shrew, Act IV. Sc. I.

(5) SCENE II.—*Enter* Nurse, *with cords.*] In the quarto, 1597, the stage direction is:—

"*Enter* Nurse *wringing her hands, with the ladder of cords in her lap;*"

and the dialogue, which is much abridged, begins,—

"*Iul.* But how now Nurse: O Lord, why lookst thou sad?
What hast thou there, the cordes?
Nur. I, I, the cordes: alacke we are vndone,
We are vndone, Ladie we are vndone.
Iul. What diuell art thou that torments me thus?
Nurs. Alack the day, hees dead, hees dead, hees dead.
Jul. This torture should be roard in dismall hell.
Can heauens be so enuious?
Nur. Romeo can if heauens cannot.
I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,
God saue the sample, on his manly breast:
A bloodie coarse, a piteous bloodie coarse,
All pale as ashes, I swounded at the sight." &c. &c.

(6) SCENE III.—

Art thou a man? thy form cries out, thou art;
Thy tears are womanish.]

Here, Shakespeare has closely followed the old poem,—

"Art thou quoth he a man? thy shape saith, so thou art;
Thy crying, and thy weping eyes denote a woman's hart,
For manly reason is quite from of thy mynd outchased,
And in her stead affections lewd and fancies highly placed,
So that I stoode in doute, this howre (at the least)
If thou a man or woman wert, or els a brutish beast."

(7) SCENE V.—*Night's candles are burnt out.*] It has been noticed that this runs parallel with a passage in the Ajax of Sophocles,—

κεῖνος γὰρ ἄκρας νυκτὸς, ἡνίχ' ἕσπεροι
λαμπτῆρες οὐκέτ' ᾖθον. [v. 285.]

——"At dead of night,
What time the evening tapers were expired."

But Shakespeare certainly meant the stars, while Sophocles seems only to have thought of the less poetical lamps of earth.

(8) SCENE V.—*Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day.*] "Any song intended to arouse in the morning,—even a love-song,—was formerly called a *hunt's-up;* and the name was, of course, derived from a tune or song employed by early hunters. Butler in his *Principles of Musik*, 1636, defines a *hunt's-up* as 'morning music;' and Cotgrave defines 'Resveil' as a hunt's-up, or *Morning Song*, for a new married wife." See W. CHAPPELL'S *Popular Music of the Olden Time; &c.*

The following song, which is taken from a manuscript in Mr. Collier's possession, is of the character of a love-song:—

THE NEW HUNT'S-UP.

"THE hunt is up, the hunt is up,
Awake, my lady free,
The sun hath risen, from out his prison,
Beneath the glistering sea.

"The hunt is up, the hunt is up,
Awake, my lady bright,
The morning lark is high, to mark
The coming of day-light.

"The hunt is up, the hunt is up,
Awake, my lady fair,
The kine and sheep, but now asleep,
Browse in the morning air.

"The hunt is up, the hunt is up,
Awake, my lady gay,
The stars are fled to the ocean bed,
And it is now broad day.

"The hunt is up, the hunt is up,
Awake, my lady sheen,
The hills look out, and the woods about
Are drest in lovely green.

"The hunt is up, the hunt is up,
Awake, my lady dear,
A morn in spring is the sweetest thing
Cometh in all the year.

"The hunt is up, the hunt is up,
Awake, my lady sweet,
I come to thy bower, at this lov'd hour,
My own true love to greet."

(9) SCENE V.—*A joyful bride.*] In the later copies this dialogue between Lady Capulet and Juliet varies in some respects from the earliest quarto. The reader desirous of seeing it in its original form is referred to the *Variorum* Edition, where it is given at length.

ACT IV.

(1) SCENE I.—

Take thou this phial, being then in bed,
And this distilled liquor drink thou off.]

Compare the corresponding passage in the old poem:—

"Receive this vyoll small, and keepe it as thine eye;
And on the mariage day, before the sunne doe cleare the skye,
Fill it with water full up to the very brim,
Then drinke it of, and thou shalt feele throughout eche veyne and lim
A pleasant slumber slide, and quite dispred at length
On all thy partes, from every part reve all thy kindly strength;
Withouten moving thus thy ydle parts shall rest,
No pulse shall goe, ne hart once beate within thy hollow brest,
But thou shalt lye as she that dyeth in a traunce;
Thy kinsmen and thy trusty friendes shall wayle the sodain chaunce,
The corps then will they bring to grave in this churchyarde,
Where thy forefathers long agoe a costly tombe preparde,
Both for himselfe and eke for those that should come after,
Both deepe it is, and long and large, where thou shalt rest my daughter,
Till I to Mantua sende for Romeus, thy knight;
Out of the tombe both he and I will take thee forth that night."

(2) SCENE I.—

Then (as the manner of our country is,)
In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,
Thou shalt be borne.]

The custom of bearing the dead body to burial clad in its ordinary habiliments, and with the face uncovered, appears to have been peculiar to Italy; it is mentioned in the old poem:—

"An other use there is, that whosoever dyes,
Borne to their church with *open face* upon the beere he lyes,
In wonted weede attyrde, not wrapt in winding sheete."

and in a passage quoted by Mr. Hunter, ("New Illustrations of Shakespeare," Vol. II. p. 139,) from "Coryat's *Crudities*:"—"The burials are so strange, both in Venice, and all other cities, towns, and parishes of Italy, that they differ not only from England, but from all other nations whatever in Christendom. For they carry the corse to church with the face, hands, and feet all naked, and wearing the same apparel that the person wore lately before it died, or that which it craved to be buried in; which apparel is interred together with their bodies."—Vol. II. p. 27.

(3) SCENE II.—

And am enjoin'd
By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here.]

From this point the scene is thus exhibited in the first quarto:—

"And craue remission of so foule a fact.

She kneeles downe.

Moth. Why thats well said.
Capo. Now before God this holy reuerent Frier
All our whole Citie is much bound vnto.
Goe tell the Countie presently of this,
For I will haue this knot knit vp to morrow.
Jul. Nurse, will you go with me to my Closet,
To sort such things as shall be requisite
Against to morrow.
Moth. I pree thee do, good Nurse goe in with her,
Helpe her to sort Tyres, Rebatoes, Chaines,
And I will come vnto you presently.
Nur. Come sweet hart, shall we goe;
Jul. I pree thee let vs. *Exeunt.*"

(4) SCENE III.—*I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins.*] So the old poem :—

"Her dainty tender parts gan shever all for dred,
Her golden heares did stand upright upon her chillish hed.
Then pressed with the feare that she there lived in,
A sweat as colde as mountaine yee pearst through her slender skin."

(5) SCENE III.—
And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad.]

The plant called *mandrake* was fabulously endowed with a degree of animal life and feeling, and, when drawn from the earth, was said to utter cries so terrible as to kill the gatherer, and madden all who heard them : "Therefore, they did tye some dogge or other lyving beast unto the roote thereof wyth a corde, and digged the earth in compasse round about, and in the meane tyme stopped their own eares for feare of the terreble shriek and cry of this *Mandrack*. In whych cry it doth not only dye itselfe, but the feare thereof kylleth the dogge or beast which pulleth it out of the earth."—Bulleine's "Bulwarke of Defence Against Sickness," &c. 1575.

(6) SCENE III.—*Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.*] The reading of the quarto, 1597, which has been deservedly preferred to the redundant and seemingly corrupt line of the subsequent old copies,—

"Romeo, Romeo, Romeo, here's drink, I drink to thee."

In other respects the soliloquy is much superior in the latter editions, as will be seen by comparing their version with the following of the first quarto :—

"Ah, I doo take a fearfull thing in hand.
What if this Potion should not worke at all,
Must I of force be married to the Countie?
This shall forbid it. Knife, lye thou there.
What if the Frier should giue me this drinke
To poyson mee, for feare I should disclose
Our former marriage? Ah, I wrong him much,
He is a holy and religious Man :
I will not entertaine so bad a thought.
What if I should be stifled in the Toomb?
Awake an houre before the appointed time :
Ah then I feare I shall be lunaticke,
And playing with my dead forefathers bones,
Dash out my franticke brains. Me thinkes I see
My Cosin *Tybalt* weltring in his bloud,
Seeking for *Romeo*: stay *Tybalt* stay.
Romeo I come, this doe I drinke to thee."
[*She fals vpon her bed within the Curtaines.*

(7) SCENE V.—
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight.]

In this part of the scene the quarto, 1597, has the following stage direction :—"*All at once cry out and wring their hands;*" and to the next couplet—

"And all our joy, and all our hope is dead,
Dead, lost, undone, absented, wholly fled"—

is prefixed, *All cry*. From which we must infer that all the characters present here spoke together. At the close of the scene the direction is :—"*They all but the Nurse go forth, casting Rosemary on her and shutting the Curtens.*"

(8) SCENE V.—*Enter Peter.*] The first quarto has "*Enter Seruingman;*" and the scene begins :—

"*Ser.* Alack alack what shal I doe, come Fidlers play me some merry dumpe.
1 *Mus.* A sir, this is no time to play.
Ser. You will not then?
1 —. No marry will wee.
Ser. Then will I giue it you, and soundly to.
1 —. What will you giue vs?
Ser. The fidler, Ile re you, Ile fa you, Ile sol you.
1 —. If you re vs and fa vs, we will note you, &c. &c. &c."

In the after quartos, 1599 and 1609, the direction is "*Enter Will Kemp;*" from which it appears that Peter was one of the characters played by this popular actor.

ACT V.

(1) SCENE I.—*I do remember an apothecary.*] This well-known description was carefully elaborated after it appeared in the first quarto, where it reads :—

"——— As I doo remember
Here dwells a Pothecarie whom oft I noted
As I past by, whose needie shop is stufft
With beggerly accounts of emptie boxes :
And in the same an *Alligarts* hangs,
Old ends of packthred, and cakes of Roses,
Are thinly strewed to make vp a show.
Him as I noted, thus with my selfe I thought:
And if a man should need a poyson now,
(Whose present sale is death in *Mantua*)
Here he might buy it. This thought of mine
Did but forerunne my need : and here about he dwels."

(2) SCENE III.—*Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?*] Compare the old poem :—

"Ah cosin dere, Tybalt, where so thy restles sprite now be,
With stretched handes to thee for mercy now I crye,
For that before thy kindly howre I forced thee to dye.
But if with quenched lyfe, not quenched be thine yre,
But with revengeing lust as yet thy hart be set on fyre,
What more amendes or cruel wreke desyrest thou
To see on me, then this which here is shewd forth to thee now?
Who reft by force of armes from thee thy living breath,
The same with his owne hand (thou seest,) doth poyson himself to death."

(3) SCENE III.—*Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished.*] "This line has reference to the novel from which the fable is taken. Here we read that Juliet's female attendant was banished for concealing the marriage; Romeo's servant set at liberty, because he had only acted in obedience to his master's orders : the apothecary taken, tortured, condemned and hanged : while Friar Laurence was permitted to retire to a hermitage in the neighbourhood of Verona, where he ended his life in penitence and tranquillity."—STEEVENS.

CRITICAL OPINIONS

ON

ROMEO AND JULIET.

"ROMEO AND JULIET is a picture of love and its pitiable fate, in a world whose atmosphere is too rough for this tenderest blossom of human life. Two beings created for each other feel mutual love at a first glance; every consideration disappears before the irresistible influence of living in one another; they join themselves secretly under circumstances hostile in the highest degree to their union, relying merely on the protection of an invisible power. By unfriendly events, following blow upon blow, their heroic constancy is exposed to all manner of trials, till, forcibly separated from each other, by a voluntary death they are united in the grave to meet again in another world. All this is to be found in the beautiful story which Shakspeare has not invented, and which, however simply told, will always excite a tender sympathy: but it was reserved for Shakspeare to unite purity of heart and the glow of imagination, sweetness and dignity of manners and passionate violence, in one ideal picture. By the manner in which he has handled it, it has become a glorious song of praise on that inexpressible feeling which ennobles the soul and gives to it its highest sublimity, and which elevates even the senses themselves into soul, and, at the same time, is a melancholy elegy on its frailty from its own nature and external circumstances: at once the deification and the burial of love. It appears here like a heavenly spark that, descending to the earth, is converted into a flash of lightning, by which mortal creatures are almost in the same moment set on fire and consumed. Whatever is most intoxicating in the odour of a southern spring, languishing in the song of the nightingale, or voluptuous on the first opening of the rose, is breathed into this poem. But even more rapidly than the earliest blossoms of youth and beauty decay, it hurries on from the first timidly-bold declaration of love and modest return, to the most unlimited passion, to an irrevocable union: then, amidst alternating storms of rapture and despair, to the death of the two lovers, who still appear enviable as their love survives them, and as by their death they have obtained a triumph over every separating power. The sweetest and the bitterest, love and hatred, festivity and dark forebodings, tender embraces and sepulchres, the fulness of life and self-annihilation, are all here brought close to each other: and all these contrasts are so blended, in the harmonious and wonderful work, into a unity of impression, that the echo which the whole leaves behind in the mind, resembles a single but endless sigh."—SCHLEGEL.

"Whence arises the harmony that strikes us in the wildest natural landscapes,—in the relative shapes of rocks, the harmony of colours in the heaths, ferns, and lichens, the leaves of the beech and the oak, the stems and rich brown branches of the birch and other mountain trees, varying from verging autumn to returning spring,—compared with the visual effect from the greater number of artificial plantations?—From this, that the natural landscape is affected, as it were, by a single energy, modified *ab intra* in each component part. And as this is the particular excellence of the Shakspearian drama generally, so is it especially characteristic of the Romeo and Juliet.

"The groundwork of the tale is altogether in family life, and the events of the play have their first origin in family feuds. Filmy as are the eyes of party-spirit, at once dim and truculent, still there is commonly some real or supposed object in view, or principle to be maintained; and though but the twisted wires on the plate of rosin in the preparation for electrical pictures, it is still a guide in some degree, an assimilation to an outline. But in family quarrels, which have proved scarcely less injurious

to states, wilfulness and precipitancy, and passion from mere habit and custom, can alone be expected. With his accustomed judgment, Shakspeare has begun by placing before us a lively picture of all the impulses of the play; and, as nature ever presents two sides, one for Heraclitus, and one for Democritus, he has, by way of prelude, shown the laughable absurdity of the evil by the contagion of it reaching the servants, who have so little to do with it, but who are under the necessity of letting the superfluity of sensoreal power fly off through the escape-valve of wit-combats, and of quarrelling with weapons of sharper edge, all in humble imitation of their masters. Yet there is a sort of unhired fidelity, an *ourishness*, about all this that makes it rest pleasant on one's feelings. All the first scene, down to the conclusion of the Prince's speech, is a motley dance of all ranks and ages to one tune, as if the horn of Huon had been playing behind the scenes.

"Benvolio's speech—

> "'Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
> Peer'd forth the golden window of the east'—

and, far more strikingly, the following speech of old Montague—

> "'Many a morning hath he there been seen
> With tears augmenting the fresh morning dew'—

prove that Shakspeare meant the Romeo and Juliet to approach to a poem, which, and indeed its early date, may be also inferred from the multitude of rhyming couplets throughout. And if we are right, from the internal evidence, in pronouncing this one of Shakspeare's early dramas, it affords a strong instance of the fineness of his insight into the nature of the passions, that Romeo is introduced already love-bewildered. The necessity of loving creates an object for itself in man and woman; and yet there is a difference in this respect between the sexes, though only to be known by a perception of it. It would have displeased us if Juliet had been represented as already in love, or as fancying herself so;—but no one, I believe, ever experiences any shock at Romeo's forgetting his Rosaline, who had been a mere name for the yearning of his youthful imagination, and rushing into his passion for Juliet. Rosaline was a mere creation of his fancy; and we should remark the boastful positiveness of Romeo in a love of his own making, which is never shown where love is really near the heart.

> "'When the devout religion of mine eye
> Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires!
> * * * * *
> One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun
> Ne'er saw her match, since first the world begun.'

"The character of the Nurse is the nearest of anything in Shakspeare to a direct borrowing from mere observation; and the reason is, that as in infancy and childhood the individual in nature is a representative of a class,—just as in describing one larch tree, you generalize a grove of them,—so it is nearly as much so in old age. The generalization is done to the poet's hand. Here you have the garrulity of age strengthened by the feelings of a long-trusted servant, whose sympathy with the mother's affections gives her privileges and rank in the household; and observe the mode of connection by accidents of time and place, and the child-like fondness of repetition in a second childhood, and also that happy, humble, ducking under, yet constant resurgence against, the check of her superiors!—

> "'Yes, madam!—Yet I cannot choose but laugh,' &c.

"In the fourth scene we have Mercutio introduced to us. O! how shall I describe that exquisite ebullience and overflow of youthful life, wafted on over the laughing waves of pleasure and prosperity, as a wanton beauty that distorts the face on which she knows her lover is gazing enraptured, and wrinkles her forehead in the triumph of its smoothness! Wit ever wakeful, fancy busy and procreative as an insect, courage, an easy mind that, without cares of its own, is at once disposed to laugh away those of others, and yet to be interested in them,—these and all congenial qualities, melting into the common *copula* of them all, the man of rank and the gentleman, with all its excellencies and all its weaknesses, constitute the character of Mercutio!"—COLERIDGE.

TAMING OF THE SHREW. Act III. Sc. 2

THE

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

The earliest copy of this diverting comedy in its present form, yet known, is that of the folio 1623; but in the year 1594 was printed an anonymous play entitled "A Pleasant Conceited Historie, called The taming of a Shrew. As it was sundry times acted by the *Right Honorable the Earle of* Pembrook his seruants. Printed at London by Peter Short and *are to be sold by Cutbert Burbie, at his* shop at the Royall Exchange, 1594,"* quarto, which from its remarkable resemblance to the drama acknowledged to be Shakespeare's, may be looked upon almost as a previous edition of the same play. The "Pleasant Conceited Historie," of 1594, has an Induction, the characters of which are, a Noble man, Slie, a Tapster, Page, Players, and Huntsmen. The incidents of this Prelude, and the story, the characters, and the events of the play that follows—with the exception of an underplot taken from George Gascoigne's translation of Ariosto's "*Il Suppositi*,"—all so closely resemble those in Shakespeare's drama, that one was evidently framed upon the other. This remarkable similarity, both in the titles and the contents of these two productions, has been the occasion of much interesting perquisition. The first impression would naturally be that they were by the same hand, and that the latter, wonderfully improved in the spirit of the dialogue and the ease and flow of the verse, was only a revised edition of the other. This was Pope's conjecture, and he acted upon it by boldly transferring passages from the anonymous play into his edition of Shakespeare. In favour of this supposition are the facts, that the authorship of the early play is still unknown,—the almost identity of the titles,—and that Shakespeare's comedy, though undoubtedly written and acted before the beginning of the seventeenth century, was not published, so far as we yet know, before 1623. Another theory, which has been maintained with much ingenuity by Mr. Hickson (see "Notes and Queries," Vol. I, pp. 194, 227, 345), is, that the anonymous comedy was produced after and in direct imitation of Shakespeare's. A third hypothesis gives priority to the "Taming of *a* Shrew," and supposes that our author adopted it as a popular subject, re-casting and re-writing the whole with as much originality as was compatible with a close adherence to the fundamental incidents of his predecessor. This last assumption is perfectly consonant to the customs of the theatre in those days. Nothing was more common than the reproduction of dramas once in vogue, with alterations and additions; and as a close examination and comparison of the two works prove to us convincingly, that the disputed play was neither written by nor borrowed from Shakespeare, we consider this the most satisfactory explanation of their affinity.

History furnishes us with two or three instances of such a trick as that put upon Christopher Sly in the prelude to this comedy, having been perpetrated for the amusement of some distinguished personage. The story of "The Sleeper Awakened" is one of the kind, and Mr. Lane is of opinion that it is founded on a real historical anecdote. In that story the *ruse* practised by the Caliph upon his humble victim is only the introduction to an acquaintance, which leads to a series of entertaining adventures, but it is precisely of the same character as that with which the present play is prefaced. Speaking of "The Sleeper Awakened," Mr. Lane says,—"The author by whom I have found the chief portion of this tale related as an historical

* This, the earliest edition known, is now in the library of the Duke of Devonshire. It was reprinted in 1596, and a copy of that edition is in the possession of Lord Ellesmere. The third impression, that of 1607, is with the first, in the collection of the Duke of Devonshire.

anecdote is El-Is-hakee, who finished his history shortly before the close of the reign of the 'Osmānlee Sultān Mustafa, apparently in the year of the Flight 1032 (A. D. 1623). He does not mention his authority; and whether it is related by an older historian I do not know, but perhaps it is founded upon fact." This is not a very decided expression of opinion on Mr. Lane's part, as to the historical character of the incident; but we find its counterpart in chronicles of the Middle Ages much more specifically related. (See Heuterus, *De Rebus Burgundicis*. Goulart, *Thrésor d'histoires admirables et merveilleuses de notre temps*.)

There is a kindred story, too, recorded by Sir Richard Barkley in "A Discource on the Felicitie of Man," (1598, p. 24,) who relates it as if he had been an eye-witness, and terms it "a pretie experiment practised by the Emperor Charles the Fifth upon a drunkard." His tale is that the Emperor encountered an unconscious drunkard in the streets of Ghent, had him carried home to his palace, dressed in princely habiliments, served by royal attendants, supplied with the most costly dainties, and surrounded by everything calculated to give him the impression that he was a prince of unlimited wealth and authority. As he thus sat "in his Majestic," eating and drinking, "he tooke to his cups so freelie," that he fell fast asleep again as he sat in his chair. His attendants then stripped him of his fresh apparel, clothed him with his own rags again, and carried him to the place where he was first found. When he awoke and joined his companions, he narrated the particulars of his adventure in the palace as the subject of a pleasant dream.

The more immediate source, however, whence the incident of the Induction was taken, is probably an anecdote in an old collection of many tales compiled by Richard Edwards, printed as early as 1570,* which will be found in the Illustrative Comments at the end of the play.

* No copy of this edition is now known; but what is believed to be a fragment of a subsequent edition has lately been discovered: and, curiously enough, it contains this particular story, and scarcely anything else.

Persons Represented.

A Lord.
Christopher Sly, *a Tinker.* } *Characters in the Induction.*
Hostess, Page, Players, Huntsmen, and other Servants. }
Baptista, *a rich gentleman of* Padua.
Vincentio, *an old gentleman of* Pisa.
Lucentio, *son to* Vincentio, *in love with* Bianca.
Petruchio, *a gentleman of* Verona, *suitor to* Katharina.
Gremio, *an old gentleman,* } *suitors to* Bianca.
Hortensio, }
Tranio, } *servants to* Lucentio.
Biondello, }
Grumio, } *servants to* Petruchio.
Curtis, }
The Pedant.
Katharina, } *daughters to* Baptista.
Bianca, }
Widow.
Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants attending on Baptista *and* Petruchio.

SCENE,—*sometimes in* Padua; *and sometimes in* Petruchio's *House in the Country.*

INDUCTION.

SCENE I.—*Before an Alehouse on a Heath.*

Enter Hostess *and* Sly.[a]

Sly. I'll pheeze[b] you, in faith.

Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue.

Sly. Y' are a baggage; the Slys are no rogues: look in the chronicles, we came in with Richard Conqueror: therefore, *paucas pallabris;*[c] let the world slide:[d] *Sessa!*

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?

Sly. No, not a denier: go by, S. Jeronimy[e]—go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.[f]

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[a] *Enter* Hostess *and* Sly.] In the old play of "The Taming of a Shrew," we have "*Enter a Tapster, beating out of his doores Slie droonken.*"

[b] *I'll* pheeze *you,*—] This phrase has been much discussed, but never satisfactorily explained. It was equivalent exactly to our figurative saying, *I'll tickle you*, and had a meaning, amorous or villainous, according to the circumstances under which it was uttered; thus Ricardo, in Beaumont and Fletcher's play of "The Coxcomb," Act I. Sc. 6,—

"Marry, sweet love, e'en here: lie down; [*Seizes her.*
I'll *feese* you."

And Ajax, in "Troilus and Cressida," Act II. Sc. 3,—

"An a be proud with me, I'll *pheeze* his pride."

[c] Paucas pallabris;] *Pocas palabras—few words*, a phrase of Spain, much in vogue here in the time of Shakespeare. *Sessa* or *cessa, be quiet*, was probably another scrap from Sly's Spanish vocabulary.

[d] Let the world slide:] An old proverbial saying:—

"———will you go drink,
And *let the world slide*, Uncle?"

Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit Without Money*, Act V. Sc. 2.

[e] Go by, S. Jeronimy—] Mason suggested that the troublesome *S* was only the beginning of *says*, which the printers omitted to complete. This is not unlikely; or it may have been repeated inadvertently from the initial of Sly's name. The *Go by, Jeronimy*, is plainly an allusion to the old play called "The Spanish Tragedy," and the line,—

"Not I:—*Hieronimo*, beware! *go by, go by.*"

[f] Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.] Edgar, in "King Lear," uses the same expression,—

"Humph: go to thy cold bed and warm thee."
Act III. Sc. 4.

HOST. I know my remedy, I must go fetch the thirdborough.* [*Exit.*

SLY. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law: I'll not budge an inch, boy; let him come, and kindly.

[*Lies down on the ground, and falls asleep.*

Wind horns. Enter a Lord *from hunting, with his Train.*

LORD. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds:
Brach Merriman,—the poor cur is emboss'd;[a]
And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.
Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good
At the hedge corner, in the coldest fault?
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

1 HUN. Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord;
He cried upon it at the merest loss,
And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent:
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

LORD. Thou art a fool; if Echo were as fleet,
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.
But sup them well, and look unto them all;
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

1 HUN. I will, my lord.

LORD. What's here? one dead, or drunk? see, doth he breathe?

2 HUN. He breathes, my lord: were he not warm'd with ale,
This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

LORD. O monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies!
Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!
Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.
What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,
A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him when he wakes,
Would not the beggar then forget himself?

1 HUN. Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.

2 HUN. It would seem strange unto him when he wak'd.

LORD. Even as a flattering dream, or worthless fancy.
Then take him up, and manage well the jest:—
Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures:
Balm his foul head in warm distilled waters,
And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet:
Procure me music ready when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound;
And if he chance to speak, be ready straight,
And, with a low submissive reverence,
Say,—What is it your honour will command?
Let one attend him with a silver bason,
Full of rose-water, and bestrew'd with flowers;
Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,
And say,—Will 't please your lordship cool your hands?
Some one be ready with a costly suit,
And ask him what apparel he will wear;
Another tell him of his hounds and horse,
And that his lady mourns at his disease:
Persuade him that he hath been lunatic;
And, when he says he is—,[b] say, that he dreams,
For he is nothing but a mighty lord.
This do, and do it kindly,[c] gentle sirs;
It will be pastime passing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modesty.[d]

1 HUN. My lord, I warrant you, we 'll play our part,
As he shall think, by our true diligence,
He is no less than what we say he is.

LORD. Take him up gently and to bed with him;
And each one to his office, when he wakes.

[*Some bear out* SLY. *A trumpet sounds.*

Sirrah, go see what trumpet 't is that sounds:

[*Exit* Servant.

Belike, some noble gentleman, that means,
Travelling some journey, to repose him here.

Re-enter a Servant.

How now? who is it?

SERV. An 't please your honour, players,
That offer service to your lordship.

LORD. Bid them come near.

Enter Players.(1)

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

PLAYERS. We thank your honour.

LORD. Do you intend to stay with me to-night?

2 PLAY. So please your lordship to accept our duty.

LORD. With all my heart. This fellow I remember,
Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son;—
'T was where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well:

(*) Old copy, *headborough.*

[a] Brach Merriman,—the poor cur is emboss'd;] There is a difficulty here. "A *brach* is a *mannerly-name* for all hound-bitches," says an old book on sports; and *Merriman* could hardly be the name given to the female animal. Hanmer, therefore, proposed to read Leech Merriman; and Johnson, *Bathe* Merriman. *Emboss'd* is a term in hunting, applied to a deer or dog who foams at the mouth.

[b] And, when he says he is——,] The dash here is a modern interpolation, but Shakespeare evidently intended a break, leaving Sly's name to be understood; the Lord not being supposed to know what that was. Hanmer proposed to insert *poor*, and Johnson, *Sly*.

[c] *And do it* kindly,—] *Appropriately, naturally.*

[d] If it be husbanded *with* modesty.] That is, if it be kept within due bounds. If it be managed discreetly.

I have forgot your name; but, sure, that part
Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.

1 PLAY. I think, 't was Soto that your honour means.[a]

LORD. 'T is very true;—thou didst it excellent.—
Well, you are come to me in happy time;
The rather for I have some sport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can assist me much.
There is a lord will hear you play to-night:
But I am doubtful of your modesties;
Lest, over-eyeing of his odd behaviour,
(For yet his honour never heard a play,)
You break into some merry passion,
And so offend him; for I tell you, sirs,
If you should smile, he grows impatient.

1 PLAY. Fear not, my lord; we can contain ourselves,
Were he the veriest antic in the world.

LORD. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,
And give them friendly welcome every one:
Let them want nothing that my house affords.—
[*Exeunt* Servant *and* Players.
Sirrah, go you to Bartholomew, my page,
[*To a* Servant.
And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady:
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber,
And call him—madam, do him obeisance.
Tell him from me, as he will win my love,
He bear himself with honourable action,
Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies
Unto their lords, by them accomplished:
Such duty to the drunkard let him do,
With soft low tongue, and lowly courtesy;
And say,—What is 't your honour will command,
Wherein your lady, and your humble wife,
May show her duty, and make known her love?
And then,—with kind embracements, tempting kisses,
And with declining head into his bosom,—
Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd
To see her noble lord restor'd to health,
Who, for this seven years, hath esteemed him[b]
No better than a poor and loathsome beggar:
And if the boy have not a woman's gift,
To rain a shower of commanded tears,
An onion will do well for such a shift;
Which in a napkin being close conveyed,[c]
Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.
See this despatch'd with all the haste thou canst;
Anon I'll give thee more instructions.
[*Exit* Servant.
I know the boy will well usurp the grace,
Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman:
I long to hear him call the drunkard, husband;
And how my men will stay themselves from laughter,
When they do homage to this simple peasant.
I'll in to counsel them: haply, my presence
May well abate the over-merry spleen,
Which otherwise would grow into extremes.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Bedchamber in the* Lord's *house.*

SLY *is discovered*[d] *in a rich night-gown, with* Attendants; *some with apparel, some with bason, ewer, and other appurtenances. Enter* Lord, *dressed like a servant.*(2).

SLY. For God's sake, a pot of small ale.

1 SERV. Will 't please your lordship drink a cup of sack?

2 SERV. Will 't please your honour taste of these conserves?

3 SERV. What raiment will your honour wear to-day?

SLY. I am Christophero Sly; call not me *honour*, nor *lordship:* I ne'er drank sack in my life; and if you give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef: ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear; for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet; nay, sometime, more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the over-leather.

LORD. Heaven cease this idle humour in your honour!
O, that a mighty man of such descent,
Of such possessions, and so high esteem,
Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

SLY. What! would you make me mad? Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son, of Burton-heath; by birth a pedlar, by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot,[e] if she know me not: if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale,[f] score me up for the lyingest knave

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[a] *I think, 't was* Soto that your honour means.] The folio, 1623, prefixes the name of *Sincio* to this line. Sincio was an actor of minor parts in Shakespeare's fellowship of players; and this allusion to his excellence in *Soto* must have been flattering to him, and was no doubt pleasant to the audience. He is introduced by name again, in the "Second Part of Henry IV," and "Part Three of Henry VI."

[b] *Hath esteemed* him—] *Him*, here, is used for *himself.*

[c] Close *conveyed*,—] By *stealth* conveyed.

[d] Sly is discovered—] The stage direction in the folio is, "*Enter aloft the drunkard with attendants, some with apparel, bason and ewer, and other appurtenances, and Lord;*" by which it is to be understood that Sly, and those concerned in the induction, were placed in a balcony, at the back of the stage, the play being represented on the stage before them. This practice is reversed in the present day; the play within a play, as in Hamlet, being always exhibited on a temporary stage, behind the permanent one, on which the performers enact the main drama.

[e] Of Wincot,—] By *Wincot* the poet no doubt meant *Wilnecote*, commonly called *Wincot*, a village near Stratford; and the fat hostess was probably a real personage equally well-known to him. It is supposed, too, that the *Burton-heath* Sly speaks of just before, was *Barton-on-the-Heath*, in Warwickshire.

[f] Sheer *ale*,—] That is, *pure, unmixed* ale; as our brewers say, "*Entire* beer." In Beaumont and Fletcher's play of "The Double Marriage," Act V. Sc. 1, Castruccio is permitted to drink but wine and water; and he asks indignantly,—

"Shall I have no *sheer* wine then?"

in Christendom. What! I am not bestraught:[a]
here's——

3 SERV. O, this it is that makes your lady mourn.
2 SERV. O, this it is that makes your servants droop.
LORD. Hence comes it that your kindred shuns your house,
As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.
O, noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth,
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,
And banish hence these abject lowly dreams.
Look how thy servants do attend on thee,
Each in his office ready at thy beck.
Wilt thou have music? hark! Apollo plays, [*Music.*
And twenty caged nightingales do sing:
Or wilt thou sleep? we 'll have thee to a couch,
Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed
On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.
Say, thou wilt walk: we will bestrew the ground:
Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trapp'd,
Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.
Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will soar
Above the morning lark: or wilt thou hunt?
Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.
1 SERV. Say, thou wilt course; thy greyhounds are as swift
As breathed stags, ay, fleeter than the roe.
2 SERV. Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee straight,
Adonis, painted by a running brook;
And Cytherea all in sedges hid,
Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,
Even as the waving sedges play with wind.
LORD. We 'll show thee Io, as she was a maid;
And how she was beguiled and surpris'd,
As lively painted as the deed was done.
3 SERV. Or Daphne, roaming through a thorny wood;
Scratching her legs that one shall swear she bleeds:
And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.
LORD. Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord:
Thou hast a lady far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waning age.
1 SERV. And, till the tears that she hath shed for thee,
Like envious floods o'er-run her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world;
And yet she is inferior to none.
SLY. Am I a lord? and have I such a lady?
Or do I dream, or have I dream'd till now?
I do not sleep: I see, I hear, I speak;
I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things:—
Upon my life, I am a lord, indeed;
And not a tinker, nor Christopher Sly.—
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight;
And, once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.
2 SERV. Will 't please your mightiness to wash your hands?
[Servants *present an ewer, bason, and napkin.*
O, how we joy to see your wit restor'd!
O, that once more you knew but what you are!
These fifteen years you have been in a dream;
Or, when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.
SLY. These fifteen years? by my fay, a goodly nap.
But did I never speak of all that time?
1 SERV. O yes, my lord; but very idle words:—
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you say ye were beaten out of door,
And rail upon the hostess of the house;
And say, you would present her at the leet,[b]
Because she brought stone jugs and no seal'd quarts:
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.
SLY. Ay, the woman's maid of the house.
3 SERV. Why, sir, you know no house, nor no such maid;
Nor no such men, as you have reckon'd up,—
As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece,[c]
And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernell;
And twenty more such names and men as these,
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.
SLY. Now, Lord be thanked for my good amends!
ALL. Amen.
SLY. I thank thee; thou shalt not lose by it.

Enter the Page, *as a lady, with* Attendants.(3)

PAGE. How fares my noble lord?
SLY. Marry, I fare well: for here is cheer enough.
Where is my wife?
PAGE Here, noble lord, what is thy will with her?
SLY. Are you my wife, and will not call me husband?
My men should call me lord; I am your goodman.
PAGE. My husband and my lord, my lord and husband;
I am your wife in all obedience.
SLY. I know it well. What must I call her?
LORD. Madam.
SLY. Al'ce madam, or Joan madam?

---

[a] Bestraught:] *Distraught, distracted:—*
"Now teares had drowned further speech, till she as one *bestrought*
Did crie," &c.—WARNER'S *Albion's England*, 1602.

[b] *You would present her at the* leet,—] That is, the *Court-leet*, where parties in the practice of using false weights and measures were presentable and punishable. The *seal'd quarts* were the licensed quart measures, certified by stamp to be capable of holding that quantity of liquid.

[c] *Old John Naps of* Greece,—] Probably *o' th' Green*, as Blackstone suggested.

LORD. Madam, and nothing else; so lords call ladies.

SLY. Madam wife, they say that I have dream'd,
And slept above some fifteen year or more.

PAGE. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me;
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

SLY. 'Tis much: servants, leave me and her alone.
Madam, undress you, and come now to bed.

PAGE. Thrice noble lord, let me entreat of you
To pardon me yet for a night or two;
Or, if not so, until the sun be set:
For your physicians have expressly charg'd,
In peril to incur your former malady,
That I should yet absent me from your bed:
I hope, this reason stands for my excuse.

SLY. Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly tarry so long, but I would be loth to fall into my dreams again; I will therefore tarry, in despite of the flesh and the blood.

Enter a Servant.

SERV. Your honour's players, hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleasant comedy,
For so your doctors hold it very meet.
Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy;
Therefore, they thought it good you hear a play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

SLY. Marry, I will let them play. Is it not a commonty, a Christmas gambol, or a tumbling-trick?

PAGE. No, my good lord: it is more pleasing stuff.

SLY. What, household stuff?

PAGE. It is a kind of history.

SLY. Well, we'll see 't:
Come, madam wife, sit by my side,
And let the world slip; we shall ne'er be younger.
[*They sit down.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Padua. *A Public Place.*

Enter LUCENTIO *and* TRANIO.

LUC. Tranio,—since for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,—
I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy;
And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good company,
My trusty servant, well approv'd in all;
Here let us breathe, and haply institute
A course of learning, and ingenious studies.
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,
Gave me my being, and my father first,
A merchant of great traffic through the world:
Vincentio's come of the Bentivolii;[a]
Vincentio's son, brought up in Florence,
It shall become, to serve all hopes conceiv'd,
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,
Virtue, and that part of philosophy
Will I apply,[b] that treats of happiness
By virtue specially to be achiev'd.

[a] Vincentio's come of the Bentivolii;] Thus the old copy; most modern editions read,—

"Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii."

But Tranio, it should be remembered, is the servant of Vincentio, has been brought up by him from childhood; and although for dramatic exigencies it might be allowable to inform him that his master was descended from the Bentivolii, nothing could excuse the absurdity of telling him this master's name.

[b] Will I apply,—] *Apply* is here used, as it is frequently found in old writers, in the sense of *ply*. So in Gascoigne's "Supposes," 1566, from which Shakespeare borrowed the underplot of this comedy,—"I feare he *applyes* his study so, that he will not leave the minute of an houre from his booke."

Tell me thy mind, for I have Pisa left,
And am to Padua come, as he that leaves
A shallow plash, to plunge him in the deep,
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

TRA. *Mi perdonate,** gentle master mine,
I am in all affected as yourself;
Glad that you thus continue your resolve,
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue, and this moral discipline,
Let 's be no stoics, nor no stocks, I pray;
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks,[a]
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjur'd:
Balk logic[b] with acquaintance that you have,
And practise rhetoric in your common talk:
Music and poesy use to quicken you;
The mathematics, and the metaphysics,
Fall to them, as you find your stomach serves you:
No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en;—
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

LUC. Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.
If, Biondello, thou wert come ashore,
We could at once put us in readiness;
And take a lodging, fit to entertain
Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.
But stay awhile; what company is this?

TRA. Master, some show, to welcome us to town.

Enter BAPTISTA, KATHARINA, BIANCA, GREMIO,(1) *and* HORTENSIO. LUCENTIO *and* TRANIO *stand aside.*

BAP. Gentlemen, impórtune me no farther,
For how I firmly am resolv'd you know:
That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter,
Before I have a husband for the elder:
If either of you both love Katharina,
Because I know you well, and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

GRE. To cart her rather: she 's too rough for me:
There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife?

KATH. I pray you, sir, [*to* BAP.] is it your will
To make a stale of me amongst these mates?[c]

HOR. Mates, maid! how mean you that? no mates for you,
Unless you were of gentler, milder mould.

KATH. I' faith, sir, you shall never need to fear;
I—wis,(2) it is not half way to her heart:
But, if it were, doubt not her care should be
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool,
And paint your face, and use you like a fool.

HOR. From all such devils, good Lord, deliver us!

GRE. And me too, good Lord!

TRA. Hush, master! here is some good pastime toward;
That wench is stark mad, or wonderful froward.

LUC. But in the other's silence do I see
Maids' mild behaviour and sobriety.
Peace, Tranio.

TRA. Well said, master; mum! and gaze your fill.

BAP. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good
What I have said, Bianca, get you in:
And let it not displease thee, good Bianca;
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

KATH. A pretty peat;[d] 't is best
Put finger in the eye—an she knew why.

BIAN. Sister, content you in my discontent.
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:
My books and instruments shall be my company,
On them to look, and practise by myself.

LUC. Hark, Tranio! thou mayst hear Minerva speak. [*Aside.*

HOR. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange?
Sorry am I that our good will effects
Bianca's grief.

GRE. Why, will you mew her,
Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

BAP. Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolv'd:
Go in, Bianca. [*Exit* BIANCA.
And, for I know she taketh most delight
In music, instruments, and poetry,
Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth.—If you, Hortensio,
Or signior Gremio, you,—know any such,
Prefer them[e] hither; for to cunning men[f]
I will be very kind, and liberal
To mine own children in good bringing-up;
And so farewell. Katharina, you may stay;
For I have more to commune with Bianca. [*Exit.*

KATH. Why, and I trust I may go, too, may I not?
What, shall I be appointed hours; as though, belike,
I knew not what to take, and what to leave, ha! [*Exit.*

GRE. You may go to the devil's dam; your gifts are so good here 's none will hold you.

(*) First folio, *Me Pardonato.*

[a] Aristotle's checks,] Blackstone proposed to read *ethics*, and *ethics* is the word substituted in the margin of his folio by Mr. Collier's annotator.

[b] Balk *logic*—] To *balk logic* meant to *chop logic*, to *dispute*, to *wrangle* logically, for the sake of exercise in reasoning. This sense of *balk* is now quite lost.

[c] To *make* a stale of *me amongst these* mates?] The primary meaning is, "Will you make a common harlot of me with these fellows?" but Douce is probably right in suspecting a quibbling allusion to the term *stale-mate* in chess.

[d] *A pretty* peat;] A *pet*, from the French *petite*, or Italian *petto*.

[e] Prefer *them*—] *Prefer* is defined to mean *recommend;* it seems to have implied something more, as to *advance*, or *promote*.

[f] Cunning *men*—] Knowing, skilful men.

Their love is not so great,[a] Hortensio, but we may blow our nails together, and fast it fairly out; our cake's dough[b] on both sides. Farewell:—yet, for the love I bear my sweet Bianca, if I can by any means light on a fit man to teach her that wherein she delights, I will wish him to her father.[c]

HOR. So will I, signior Gremio: but a word, I pray. Though the nature of our quarrel yet never brooked parle, know now, upon advice, it toucheth us both,—that we may yet again have access to our fair mistress, and be happy rivals in Bianca's love,—to labour and effect one thing specially.

GRE. What's that, I pray?

HOR. Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.

GRE. A husband! a devil.

HOR. I say, a husband.

GRE. I say, a devil: think'st thou, Hortensio, though her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to hell?

HOR. Tush! Gremio; though it pass your patience and mine to endure her loud alarums, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and money enough.

GRE. I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition,—to be whipped at the high-cross every morning.

HOR. 'Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten apples; but, come, since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintained, till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband, we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to 't afresh.—Sweet Bianca!—happy man be his dole![d] He that runs fastest gets the ring:[e] how say you, signior Gremio?

GRE. I am agreed: and would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing, that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her. Come on.

[*Exeunt* GREMIO *and* HORTENSIO.

TRA. [*Advancing.*] I pray, sir, tell me,—is it possible
That love should of a sudden take such hold?

LUC. O Tranio, till I found it to be true,
I never thought it possible, or likely;
But see! while idly I stood looking on,
I found the effect of love in idleness:[f]
And now in plainness do confess to thee,
That art to me as secret, and as dear,
As Anna to the queen of Carthage was,—
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,
If I achieve not this young modest girl:
Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst;
Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

TRA. Master, it is no time to chide you now;
Affection is not rated from the heart:
If love have touch'd you, nought remains but so,—
Redime te captum quam queas minimo.

LUC. Gramercies, lad; go forward, this contents;
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.

TRA. Master, you look'd so longly on the maid,
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

LUC. O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,
Such as the daughter of Agenor[g] had,
That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.

TRA. Saw you no more? mark'd you not, how her sister
Began to scold; and raise up such a storm,
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

LUC. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move,
And with her breath she did perfume the air;
Sacred, and sweet, was all I saw in her.

TRA. Nay, then, 't is time to stir him from his trance.
I pray, awake, sir: if you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it stands:—
Her elder sister is so curst and shrew'd,
That, till the father rids his hands of her,
Master, your love must live a maid at home;
And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,
Because she will[h] not be annoy'd with suitors.

LUC. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he!
But art thou not advis'd he took some care,
To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her?

TRA. Ay, marry, am I, sir; and now, 'tis plotted.

---

[a] Their *love is not so great,*—] Whose love? Perhaps, as Malone suggested, we ought to read *your* love; or with the third folio, *our* love.

[b] Our *cake's* dough—] Our hopes are frustrated; a proverbial saying. It occurs again, Act V. Sc. 1.:—

"My cake is dough."

And in "The Case is Altered," 1609,—

"Steward, your cake is dough, as well as mine."

[c] I *will* wish *him to her father.*] I will *commend* him. So in Act I. Sc. 2, Hortensio says, "And *wish* thee to a shrew'd, ill-favour'd wife."

[d] Happy man be his dole!] This trite phrase means literally, Let the share or lot dealt to him be happiness; but it was generally used in the sense of encouragement, as wishing good success to any one about to undertake a contest, or business of doubtful issue:—

"Now, my masters, *happy man be his dole,* say I;
Every man to his business."—*Henry* IV. Pt. I. Act II. Sc. 2.

[e] *He that runs fastest gets the* ring:] An allusion, Douce remarks, "to the sport of running at the ring." Rather to the sport of running *for* the ring. A *ring* was one of the prizes formerly given in wrestling and running matches.

[f] *The effect of* love in idleness:] *Love in idleness* was a favourite flower, often mentioned by old authors.

[g] The daughter of Agenor—] *Europa.*

[h] *Because she* will *not*—] So the old copy. Several of the modern editors needlessly substitute *shall* for *will.*

LUC. I have it, Tranio.
TRA. Master, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.
LUC. Tell me thine first.
TRA. You will be schoolmaster,
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That 's your device.
LUC. It is: may it be done?
TRA. Not possible: for who shall bear your part,
And be in Padua here Vincentio's son?
Keep house, and ply his book; welcome his friends;
Visit his countrymen, and banquet them?
LUC. Basta;[a] content thee; for I have it full.
We have not yet been seen in any house;
Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces,
For man or master: then it follows thus;—
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,
Keep house, and port,[b] and servants, as I should:
I will some other be; some Florentine,
Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa.
'T is hatch'd, and shall be so:—Tranio, at once
Uncase thee; take my colour'd hat and cloak:
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee;
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.
TRA. So had you need. [*They exchange habits.*
In brief, sir, sith it your pleasure is,
And I am tied to be obedient,
(For so your father charg'd me at our parting;
Be serviceable to my son, quoth he,
Although, I think, 't was in another sense,)
I am content to be Lucentio,
Because so well I love Lucentio.
LUC. Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves:
And let me be a slave, t' achieve that maid
Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Here comes the rogue.—Sirrah, where have you been?
BION. Where have I been? nay, how now, where are you?
Master, has my fellow Tranio stol'n your clothes?
Or you stol'n his? or both? Pray, what's the news?
LUC. Sirrah, come hither; 't is no time to jest,
And therefore frame your manners to the time.
Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,
Puts my apparel and my countenance on,
And I for my escape have put on his;
For in a quarrel, since I came ashore,
I kill'd a man, and fear I was descried.
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,
While I make way from hence to save my life;
You understand me?
BION. I, sir? ne'er a whit.
LUC. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth;
Tranio is chang'd into Lucentio.
BION. The better for him; would I were so too!
TRA. So would I,* faith, boy, to have the next wish after,—
That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest daughter.
But, sirrah, not for my sake, but your master's, I advise
You use your manners discreetly in all kind of companies:
When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio;
But in all places else, your master Lucentio.
LUC. Tranio, let 's go:—
One thing more rests, that thyself execute;
To make one among these wooers: if thou ask me why,—
Sufficeth, my reasons are both good and weighty.
[*Exeunt.*

(*The Presenters above speak.*)[c]
1 SERV. *My lord, you nod; you do not mind the play.*
SLY. *Yes, by saint Anne, do I, a good matter, surely; comes there any more of it?*
PAGE. *My lord, 't is but begun.*
SLY. *'T is a very excellent piece of work, madam lady. 'Would 't were done!*
[*They sit and mark.*

SCENE II.—*The same. Before* Hortensio's *House.*

Enter PETRUCHIO *and* GRUMIO.

PET. Verona, for a while I take my leave,
To see my friends in Padua; but, of all,
My best beloved and approved friend,
Hortensio; and, I trow, this is his house:
Here, sirrah Grumio; knock, I say.
GRU. Knock, sir! whom should I knock? is there any man has rebused your worship?

---

[a] Basta;] *Enough*, Italian and Spanish.
[b] Port,—] That is, *show, state appearance.* Thus Bassanio, "Merchant of Venice," Act I. Sc. 1, attributes his diminished fortunes
"To something showing a more swelling *port*"
than his means warranted.

(*) First folio, *could.*

[c] *The Presenters above speak.*] This is the original stage direction; the *presenters* meaning Sly, &c., who are seated in the balcony behind.

PET. Villain, I say, knock me here[a] soundly.
GRU. Knock you here, sir? why, sir, what am I, sir, that I should knock you here, sir?
PET. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate,
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.
GRU. My master is grown quarrelsome: I should knock you first,
And then I know after who comes by the worst.
PET. Will it not be?
'Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll wring it;
I'll try how you can *sol, fa*, and sing it.
[*He wrings* GRUMIO *by the ears.*
GRU. Help, masters,[b] help! my master is mad.
PET. Now, knock when I bid you, sirrah villain!

---

[a] *Knock* me *here*—] An idiom, not unfrequent in old English writers, and which is familiar, Mr. Singer observes, in the French language:—

"—— Ah! mon Dieu! je vous prie,
Avant que de parler, prenez-*moi* ce mouchoir."
MOLIÈRE'S *Tartuffe*, Act III. Sc. 2.

And M. Dumarsais, in his "Principes de Grammaire," p. 388, thinks the same expletive form of speech is to be found in "The Heautontimorumenos" of Terence, Act I. Sc. 4.:—

"Fac *me* ut sciam."

[b] *Help*, masters,—] The old copy has, *mistris*. If this was not intentional, the mistake arose from the words *Master* and *Mistress* in ancient manuscripts being both denoted by the letter *M*.

Enter HORTENSIO.

HOR. How now? what 's the matter?—my old friend Grumio! and my good friend Petruchio![a]—how do you all at Verona?

PET. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?
Con tutto il core bene trovato, may I say.

HOR. *Alla nostra casa bene venuto,*
Molto honorato signor mio Petrucio.
Rise, Grumio, rise; we will compound this quarrel.

GRU. Nay, 't is no matter, sir, what he 'leges in Latin.[b]—If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service,—look you, sir,—he bid me knock him, and rap him soundly, sir. Well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so; being, perhaps, (for aught I see,) two-and-thirty,—a pip out?[c]
Whom, would to God, I had well knock'd at first,
Then had not Grumio come by the worst.

PET. A senseless villain!—good Hortensio,
I bade the rascal knock upon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

GRU. Knock at the gate?—O heavens!
Spake you not these words plain,—*Sirrah, knock me here,*
Rap me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly?
And come you now with—knocking at the gate?

PET. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

HOR. Petruchio, patience; I am Grumio's pledge:
Why, this a heavy chance 'twixt him and you;
Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant, Grumio!
And tell me now, sweet friend,—what happy gale
Blows you to Padua here, from old Verona?

PET. Such wind as scatters young men through the world,
To seek their fortunes farther than at home,
Where small experience grows. But, in a few,[d]
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me:
Antonio, my father, is deceas'd;
And I have thrust myself into this maze,
Haply to wive, and thrive, as best I may:
Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.

HOR. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee,
And wish thee to a shrew'd ill-favour'd wife?
Thou 'dst thank me but a little for my counsel,
And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich,
And very rich:—but thou 'rt too much my friend,
And I'll not wish thee to her.

PET. Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we
Few words suffice; and, therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,
(As wealth is burthen of my wooing dance,)
Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,[e]
As old as Sibyl, and as curst and shrew'd
As Socrates' Xantippe, or a worse,
She moves me not; or not removes, at least,
Affection's edge in me, were she as rough[f]
As are the swelling Adriatic seas.
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

GRU. Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what his mind is: why, give him gold enough and marry him to a puppet, or an aglet-baby;[g] or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, though she have as many diseases as two-and-fifty horses. Why, nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.

HOR. Petruchio, since we are stepp'd thus far in,
I will continue that I broach'd in jest.
I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and young, and beauteous;
Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman:
Her only fault (and that is faults enough)
Is,—that she is intolerable curst;
And shrew'd, and froward, so beyond all measure,
That, were my state far worser than it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

PET. Hortensio, peace; thou know'st not gold's effect:
Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough;
For I will board her, though she chide as loud

---

[a] Petruchio!] In "The Supposes" this name is spelt correctly, *Petrucio*; and Malone suggests that Shakespeare wrote it *Petruchio* for the purpose of teaching the actors the right pronunciation.

[b] *Nay, 'tis no matter, what* he 'leges *in Latin.*—] Grumio, a native of Italy, is here made to mistake his own language for Latin! It is true that he speaks English all through the play, and Shakespeare might have thought of him only as a type of this country; but I am strongly in favour of Tyrwhitt's proposal to read, "Nay, 'tis no matter, sir, what *be leges*, in Latin, if this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service," &c. The amendment is effected by the change of a single letter, and we obtain from it a very natural and humorous rejoinder, "'Tis no matter what is *law*, if this be not a lawful cause," &c. By the way, upon what plea do the majority of modern editors omit the *sir* in this passage?

[c] Two-and-thirty,—a pip out?] A *pip* is a spot upon a card, and the allusion is to the now obsolete diversion of *Bone-ace, or one-and-thirty*. So in Massinger's play of "The Fatal Dowry," Act II. Sc. 2,—
"You think, because you served my lady's mother, are *thirty-two years* old, which is *a pip out*, you know ——"

[d] *But, in* a few,—] *In a few* means, *in short, to be brief, in a few words.*

[e] Florentius' love.—] This refers to a story in Gower's "Confessio Amantis," b. I., where the hero, a knight named *Florent*, bound himself to marry a deformed hag on the condition that she taught him the solution of an enigma on which his life depended. The legend is very ancient and has been often repeated.

[f] *Were* she as *rough*—] The first folio reads, "Were she *is* as rough," which was corrected in the second folio.

[g] An aglet-baby;] Aglets (*aiguillettes*) were the tags to the strings used to fasten dresses, and these *aglets* sometimes represented small images. Mr. Singer has shown that *aglet* also signified a *brooch* or *jewel* in *one's cap; aglet-baby* might therefore mean a diminutive figure on the tags just mentioned, or one carved on a jewel.

As thunder, when the clouds in autumn crack.

HOR. Her father is Baptista Minola,
An affable and courteous gentleman:
Her name is Katharina Minola,
Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

PET. I know her father, though I know not her,
And he knew my deceased father well:
I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her;
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To give you over at this first encounter,
Unless you will accompany me thither.

GRU. I pray you, sir, let him go while the humour lasts. O' my word, an she knew him as well as I do, she would think scolding would do little good upon him. She may, perhaps, call him half a score knaves, or so: why, that's nothing; an he begin once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks.[a] I'll tell you what, sir,—an she stand him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face, and so disfigure her with it, that she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat: you know him not, sir.

HOR. Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee;
For in Baptista's keep my treasure is:
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca;
And her withholds from me, and other more[b]
Suitors to her, and rivals in my love:
Supposing it a thing impossible,
(For those defects I have before rehears'd,)
That ever Katharina will be woo'd;
Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en,[c]
That none shall have access unto Bianca,
Till Katharine the curst have got a husband.

GRU. Katharine the curst!
A title for a maid, of all titles the worst.

HOR. Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace;
And offer me, disguis'd in sober robes,
To old Baptista as a schoolmaster
Well seen[d] in music, to instruct Bianca:
That so I may by this device, at least,
Have leave and leisure to make love to her,
And, unsuspected, court her by herself.

Enter GRUMIO; *with him* LUCENTIO *disguised, with books under his arm.*

GRU. Here's no knavery! see; to beguile the old folks, how the young folks lay their heads together! Master, master, look about you: who goes there? ha!

HOR. Peace, Grumio; it is the rival of my love:—
Petruchio, stand by a while.

GRU. A proper stripling, and an amorous! [*They retire.*

GRE. O, very well: I have perus'd the note.
Hark you, sir; I'll have them very fairly bound:
All books of love, see that at any hand;
And see you read no other lectures to her:
You understand me:—over and beside
Signior Baptista's liberality,
I'll mend it with a largess:—take your papers* too,
And let me have them very well perfum'd;
For she is sweeter than perfume itself,
To whom they go to; what will you read to her?

LUC. Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you,
As for my patron, (stand you so assur'd,)
As firmly as yourself were still in place:
Yea, and perhaps with more successful words
Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

GRE. O this learning! what a thing it is!

GRU. O this woodcock! what an ass it is!

PET. Peace, sirrah.

HOR. Grumio, mum!—God save you, signior Gremio!

GRE. And you're well met, signior Hortensio trow you,
Whither I am going?—to Baptista Minola.
I promis'd to inquire carefully
About a schoolmaster for the fair Bianca;
And, by good fortune, I have lighted well
On this young man; for learning, and behaviour,
Fit for her turn; well read in poetry
And other books,—good ones, I warrant ye.

HOR. 'T is well: and I have met a gentleman
Hath promis'd me to help me† to another,
A fine musician to instruct our mistress;
So shall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair Bianca, so belov'd of me.

GRE. Belov'd of me,—and that my deeds shall prove.

GRU. And that his bags shall prove. [*Aside.*

HOR. Gremio, 't is now no time to vent our love;
Listen to me, and if you speak me fair,
I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.
Here is a gentleman, whom by chance I met;
Upon agreement from us to his liking,

---

a *He'll rail in his rope-tricks.*] *Ropery*, or *rope-tricks*, Malone says, originally signified abusive language, without any determinate idea. In this instance, Grumio, perhaps, plays upon the [illegible] of *rhetoric* and *rope-tricks*, as he does upon the word *figure*, and *fit for Kate*, in the next sentence.

b *From me, and other more.*] The folio, 1623, reads, *from me, either more.* Theobald, at the suggestion of Dr. Thirlby, added the *conjunction*, and his reading has been adopted by every editor since.

c *This order hath Baptista ta'en,*—] To *take order* meant to adopt measures. The expression in this sense is a common one [illegible] with our author, but with his contemporaries. Thus in "Othello," Act V. Sc. 1,—

"Honest Iago *hath ta'en order* for 't."

Again in "Henry IV.," Part II. Act III. Sc. 2,—

"I will *take such order*, that thy friends shall ring for thee."

And in "Richard III." Act IV. Sc. 2,—

"I will *take order* for her keeping close."

d *Well* seen—] Well *versed*, well *skilled*. Thus Spenser,—

"Well *seene* in every science that *mote* bee."
Faërie Queen, b. iv. c. 2.

(*) First folio, *paper*. (†) First folio, *one*.

Will undertake to woo curst Katharine;
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.
GRE. So said, so done, is well:—
Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?
PET. I know she is an irksome, brawling scold;
If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.
GRE. No, say'st me so, friend? what countryman?
PET. Born in Verona, old Antonio's* son:
My father dead, my fortune lives for me;
And I do hope good days, and long, to see.
GRE. O sir, such a life, with such a wife, were strange:
But if you have a stomach, to 't o' God's name;
You shall have me assisting you in all.
But, will you woo this wild cat?
PET. Will I live?
GRU. Will he woo her? ay, or I'll hang her. [*Aside.*
PET. Why came I hither, but to that intent?
Think you, a little din can daunt mine ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang,
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue
That gives not half so great a blow to hear,[a]
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire?
Tush! tush! fear boys with bugs.[b]
GRU. For he fears none. [*Aside.*
GRE. Hortensio, hark!
This gentleman is happily arriv'd,
My mind presumes, for his own good, and yours.
HOR. I promis'd, we would be contributors,
And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er.
GRE. And so we will, provided that he win her.
GRU. I would I were as sure of a good dinner. [*Aside.*

Enter TRANIO, *bravely apparelled; and* BIONDELLO.

TRA. Gentlemen, God save you! if I may be bold,
Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way
To the house of signior Baptista Minola?
BION. He that has the two fair daughters; is 't he you mean?
TRA. Even he, Biondello.
GRE. Hark you, sir; you mean not her to——
TRA. Perhaps, him and her, sir; what have you to do?
PET. Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I pray.
TRA. I love no chiders, sir; Biondello, let's away.
LUC. Well begun, Tranio. [*Aside.*
HOR. Sir, a word ere you go;
Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea or no?
TRA. An if I be, sir, is it any offence?
GRE. No; if, without more words, you will get you hence.
TRA. Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free
For me, as for you?
GRE. But so is not she.
TRA. For what reason, I beseech you?
GRE. For this reason if you'll know,
That she's the choice love of signior Gremio.
HOR. That she's the chosen of signior Hortensio.
TRA. Softly, my masters! if you be gentlemen,
Do me this right,—hear me with patience.
Baptista is a noble gentleman,
To whom my father is not all unknown;
And, were his daughter fairer than she is,
She may more suitors have, and me for one.
Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers;
Then well one more may fair Bianca have,
And so she shall; Lucentio shall make one,
Though Paris came, in hope to speed alone.
GRE. What! this gentleman will out-talk us all.
LUC. Sir, give him head; I know, he'll prove a jade.
PET. Hortensio, to what end are all these words?
HOR. Sir, let me be so bold as ask you,
Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter?
TRA. No, sir; but hear I do, that he hath two;
The one as famous for a scolding tongue,
As is the other for beauteous modesty.
PET. Sir, sir, the first's for me; let her go by.
GRE. Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules;
And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.
PET. Sir, understand you this of me, in sooth;—
The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for,
Her father keeps from all access of suitors,
And will not promise her to any man,
Until the elder sister first be wed:
The younger then is free, and not before.
TRA. If it be so, sir, that you are the man
Must stead us all, and me amongst the rest;
An if you break the ice, and do this feat,[c]—
Achieve the elder, set the younger free

(*) First folio, *Butonios.*

[a] A *blow* to hear,—] Thus the folio, 1623. The ordinary and perhaps preferable reading is, to *the ear.*

[b] Fear boys with bugs.] Fright children with *bugbears.* A *bug* meant an object of terror, a *goblin.*

"This hand shall hale them down to deepest hell,
Where none but furies, *bugs*, and tortures dwell."
The Spanish Tragedy, Act V.

[c] *And do this* feat,—] The old copies read "and do this *seek;*" *feat* was substituted by Rowe.

For our access,—whose hap shall be to have her,
Will not so graceless be, to be ingrate.

HOR. Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive;
And since you do profess to be a suitor,
You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,
To whom we all rest generally beholden.[a]

TRA. Sir, I shall not be slack: in sign whereof,
Please ye we may contrive this afternoon,[b]
And quaff carouses to our mistress' health;
And do as adversaries do in law,—
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

GRU. BION. O excellent motion! fellows, let's begone.

HOR. The motion's good indeed, and be it so;—
Petruchio, I shall be your *ben venuto*. [*Exeunt.*

---

a Beholden.] Here and elsewhere, the old editions have *beholding;* the active and past participle, in Shakespeare and his contemporaries, being used indiscriminately.

b *We may* contrive *this afternoon,*—] We may *pass away,* or *wear out,* this afternoon; from *contrivi,* the preterite of *contero.*

"Ambulando totum hunc *contrivi* diem."
TERENCE's *Heeyra,* Act V. Sc. 3.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Room in* Baptista's *House.*

Enter KATHARINA *and* BIANCA.

BIAN. Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself,
To make a bondmaid and a slave of me;
That I disdain: but for these other gawds,*
Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself,
Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat;
Or, what you will command me, will I do,
So well I know my duty to my elders.

KATH. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee,* tell
Whom thou lov'st best: see thou dissemble not.

BIAN. Believe me, sister, of all the men alive,
I never yet beheld that special face
Which I could fancy more than any other.

KATH. Minion, thou liest: is't not Hortensio?

BIAN. If you affect him, sister, here I swear,
I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.

KATH. O then, belike, you fancy riches more;
You will have Gremio to keep you fair.

BIAN. Is it for him you do envy me so?
Nay, then you jest; and now I well perceive,
You have but jested with me all this while:

(*) First folio omits, *thee.*

* Gawds,—] The folio, 1623, has *goods*, for which Theobald substituted *gawds.* Mr. Collier's MS. annotator reads *guards*, in the old sense of ornaments.

I prithee, sister Kate, untie my hands.
KATH. If that be jest, then all the rest was so.
[*Strikes her.*

Enter BAPTISTA.

BAP. Why, how now, dame! whence grows this insolence?
Bianca, stand aside;—poor girl! she weeps:—
Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.
For shame, thou hilding, of a devilish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?
When did she cross thee with a bitter word?
KATH. Her silence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd.
[*Flies after* BIANCA.
BAP. What, in my sight?—Bianca, get thee in.
[*Exit* BIANCA.
KATH. What, will you not suffer me? nay, now I see
She is your treasure, she must have a husband;
I must dance barefoot on her wedding-day,
And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.[a]
Talk not to me. I will go sit and weep,
Till I can find occasion of revenge.
[*Exit* KATHARINA.
BAP. Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I?
But who comes here?

Enter GREMIO, *with* LUCENTIO *meanly habited;* PETRUCHIO, *with* HORTENSIO *as a musician;*[b] *and* TRANIO, *with* BIONDELLO *bearing a lute and books.*

GRE. Good morrow, neighbour Baptista.
BAP. Good morrow, neighbour Gremio; God save you, gentlemen.
PET. And you, good sir; pray, have you not a daughter
Call'd Katharina, fair and virtuous?
BAP. I have a daughter, sir, call'd Katharina.
GRE. You are too blunt, go to it orderly.
PET. You wrong me, signior Gremio; give me leave.
I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,
That, hearing of her beauty and her wit,
Her affability, and bashful modesty,
Her wondrous qualities, and mild behaviour,
Am bold to show myself a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
Of that report which I so oft have heard:
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine,
[*Presenting* HORTENSIO.
Cunning in music, and the mathematics,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof, I know, she is not ignorant:
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong;
His name is Licio, born in Mantua.
BAP. You're welcome, sir; and he for your good sake:
But for my daughter Katharine, this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.
PET. I see you do not mean to part with her;
Or else you like not of my company.
BAP. Mistake me not, I speak but as I find.
Whence are you, sir? what may I call your name?
PET. Petruchio is my name; Antonio's son,
A man well known throughout all Italy.
BAP. I know him well: you are welcome for his sake.
GRE. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,
Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too:
Baccare![c] you are marvellous forward.
PET. O, pardon me, signior Gremio; I would fain be doing.
GRE. I doubt it not, sir; but you will curse your wooing.
Neighbour,* this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it. To express the like kindness myself, that have been more kindly beholden to you than any, I freely give unto you[d] this young scholar, [*presenting* LUCENTIO] that hath been long studying at Rheims; as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other in music and mathematics: his name is Cambio; pray accept his service.
BAP. A thousand thanks, signior Gremio: welcome, good Cambio.—But, gentle sir, [*to* TRANIO] methinks, you walk like a stranger: may I be so bold to know the cause of your coming?
TRA. Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own
That, being a stranger in this city here,
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,
Unto Bianca, fair, and virtuous.
Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the eldest sister:
This liberty is all that I request,—
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,
And free access and favour as the rest.

[a] Lead apes in hell.] "To lead apes," as Malone remarks, was one of the employments of a bear-ward, but why or when old maids were condemned to the care of them in hell, we are ignorant. Beatrice, in "Much Ado About Nothing," Act II. Sc. 1, has the same phrase,—
"I will even take sixpence in earnest of the *bear-herd*, and lead his *apes into hell.*"
[b] *As a musician;*] In the old copies Hortensio's entrance is not mentioned.

(*) First folio, *neighbours.*

[c] Baccare!] An old proverbial saying of doubtful derivation, but meaning *stand back.*
"*Backare*, quoth Mortimer to his sow,
Went that sow *backe* at that bidding, trow you?"
JOHN HEYWOOD'S *Book of Proverbs.*
[d] I *freely give unto* you—] The folio, 1623, omits *I* and *you*, which appear to have been first introduced by Capell.

And, toward the education of your daughters,
I here bestow a simple instrument,
And this small packet of Greek and Latin books:
If you accept them, then their worth is great.

BAP. Lucentio is your name? of whence, I pray?

TRA. Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio.

BAP. A mighty man of Pisa; by report
I know him well: you are very welcome, sir.
Take you [*to* HOR.] the lute, and you [*to* LUC.] the set of books,
You shall go see your pupils presently.
Holla, within!

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead
These gentlemen to my daughters; and tell them both,
These are their tutors; bid them use them well.

[*Exit* Servant, *with* HORTENSIO, LUCENTIO, *and* BIONDELLO.

We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner: you are passing welcome,
And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

PET. Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,
And every day I cannot come to woo.
You knew my father well; and in him, me,
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have better'd rather than decreas'd:
Then tell me,—if I get your daughter's love,
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

BAP. After my death, the one half of my lands;
And, in possession, twenty thousand crowns.

PET. And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of
Her widowhood,[a]—be it that she survive me,—
In all my lands and leases whatsoever:
Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

BAP. Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,
That is,—her love; for that is all in all.

PET. Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory as she proud-minded;
And where two raging fires meet together,
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury:
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all:
So I to her, and so she yields to me;
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

BAP. Well mayst thou woo, and happy be thy speed!
But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

PET. Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for winds,
That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

Re-enter HORTENSIO, *with his head broken.*

BAP. How now, my friend? why dost thou look so pale?

HOR. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

BAP. What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

HOR. I think, she'll sooner prove a soldier;
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

BAP. Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute?

HOR. Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me.
I did but tell her she mistook her frets,[b]
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering;
When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,
Frets, call you these? quoth she: *I'll fume with them:*
And, with that word, she struck me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way;
And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a pillory, looking through the lute;
While she did call me,—rascal fiddler,
And twangling Jack; with twenty such vile terms,
As she had* studied to misuse me so.

PET. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench;
I love her ten times more than e'er I did:
O, how I long to have some chat with her!

BAP. Well, go with me, and be not so discomfited:
Proceed in practice with my younger daughter;
She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns.
Signior Petruchio, will you go with us:
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

PET. I pray you do; I will attend her here,—

[*Exeunt* BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO, *and* HORTENSIO.

And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
Say, that she rail; why, then I'll tell her plain
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale:
Say, that she frown; I'll say, she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew:
Say, she be mute, and will not speak a word;
Then I'll commend her volubility,
And say she uttereth piercing eloquence:
If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks
As though she bid me stay by her a week;
If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day

---

a ——*I'll assure her of Her* widowhood,—]

Her *widowhood*, that is, her *dower*.

(*) First folio, *had she*.

b *Mistook her* frets,—] A *fret* is the point at which a string on the lute or guitar is to be *stopped*.

When I shall ask the banns, and when be married:—
But here she comes; and now, Petruchio, speak.

Enter KATHARINA.

Good morrow, Kate; for that 's your name, I hear.
KATH. Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing;
They call me—Katharine, that do talk of me.
PET. You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain Kate,
And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;
But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
Kate of Kate-Hall, my super-dainty Kate,
For dainties are all cates; and therefore, Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation;—
Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
(Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,)
Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.
KATH. Mov'd! in good time: let him that mov'd you hither
Remove you hence: I knew you at the first,
You were a moveable.
PET. Why, what 's a moveable?
KATH. A joint-stool.[a]
PET. Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.
KATH. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.
PET. Women are made to bear, and so are you.
KATH. No such jade as you, if me you mean.[b]
PET. Alas, good Kate! I will not burthen thee:
For, knowing thee to be but young and light,—
KATH. Too light for such a swain as you to catch;
And yet as heavy as my weight should be.
PET. Should be, should buz![c]
KATH. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.
PET. O, slow-wing'd turtle! shall a buzzard take thee?
KATH. Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.[d]
PET. Come, come, you wasp, i' faith, you are too angry.
KATH. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.
PET. My remedy is then, to pluck it out.
KATH. Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.
PET. Who knows not where a wasp does wear his sting?
In his tail.
KATH. In his tongue.
PET. Whose tongue?
KATH. Yours, if you talk of tales; and so farewell.
PET. What, with my tongue in your tail? nay, come again.
Good Kate; I am a gentleman.
KATH. That I 'll try. [*She strikes him.*
PET. I swear I 'll cuff you, if you strike again.
KATH. So may you lose your arms:
If you strike me, you are no gentleman,
And if no gentleman, why, then no arms.
PET. A herald, Kate? O, put me in thy books.
KATH. What is your crest? a coxcomb?
PET. A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.
KATH. No cock of mine, you crow too like a craven.
PET. Nay, come, Kate, come, you must not look so sour.
KATH. It is my fashion, when I see a crab.
PET. Why, here 's no crab, and therefore look not sour.
KATH. There is, there is.
PET. Then show it me.
KATH. Had I a glass, I would.
PET. What, you mean my face?
KATH. Well aim'd of such a young one.
PET. Now, by Saint George, I am too young for you.
KATH. Yet you are withered.
PET. 'Tis with cares.
KATH. I care not.
PET. Nay, hear you, Kate: in sooth, you 'scape not so.
KATH. I chafe you, if I tarry; let me go.
PET. No, not a whit; I find you passing gentle:
'Twas told me, you were rough, and coy, and sullen,
And now I find report a very liar;
For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,
But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers.
Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will;
Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk;
But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,
With gentle conference, soft and affable.
Why does the world report that Kate doth limp?
O slanderous world! Kate, like the hazel-twig,
Is straight, and slender; and as brown in hue,
As hazel-nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.
O, let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.
KATH. Go, fool, and, whom thou keep'st, command.

---

[a] A joint-stool.] "Cry you mercy, I took you for a *join'd-stool*," is an old proverbial saying. It occurs as a proverb in Lyly's "Mother Bombie," 1594, and also in "King Lear," Act III. Sc. 6.

[b] *No such jade as you, if me* you mean.] Petruchio's reply shows clearly there is some omission or misprint in this line.

[c] Should be, should buz!] A quibble is intended on the *buzz* of the *bee*, and *buz*, applied to a din of words:—

"But you wyl choplogick
And be *Bee-to-buzze*."
The Contention betwyxte Churchyeard and Camell, &c. 1560.

[d] A buzzard.] A beetle: so called on account of its *humming*, *buzzing* noise.

PET. Did ever Dian so become a grove,
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?
O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate;
And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful.
KATH. Where did you study all this goodly speech?
PET. It is *extempore*, from my mother-wit.
KATH. A witty mother! witless else her son.
PET. Am I not wise?
KATH. Yes; keep you warm.[a]
PET. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy bed:
And, therefore, setting all this chat aside,
Thus in plain terms:—your father hath consented
That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;
And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;
For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
(Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,)
Thou must be married to no man but me;
For I am he am born to tame you, Kate;
And bring you from a wild Kate[b] to a Kate
Conformable, as other household Kates.
Here comes your father; never make denial,
I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

Re-enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, *and* TRANIO.

BAP. Now, Signior Petruchio, how speed you with my daughter?
PET. How but well, sir? how but well?
It were impossible I should speed amiss.
BAP. Why, how now, daughter Katharine? in your dumps?

---

[a] *Yes:* keep you warm.] An allusion to a proverbial phrase, of which the sense is not apparent. It is found again in "Much Ado about Nothing," Act I. Sc. 1,—
"——— that if he have *wit* enough to keep himself *warm*—."

[b] *From a wild* Kate—] Modern editors usually read "a wild *cat*," but the intended play on the words Kate *cat*, and *Kates cats*, is sufficiently obvious without altering the text.

KATH. Call you me daughter? now I promise you,
You have show'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one half lunatic;
A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing Jack,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

PET. Father, 'tis thus,—yourself and all the world,
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her;
If she be curst, it is for policy:
For she's not froward, but modest as the dove;
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;
For patience, she will prove a second Grissel;
And Roman Lucrece for her chastity:
And to conclude,—we have 'greed so well together,
That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.

KATH. I'll see thee hanged on Sunday first.

GRE. Hark, Petruchio! she says she'll see thee hanged first.

TRA. Is this your speeding? nay, then, good night our part!

PET. Be patient, gentlemen; I choose her for myself;
If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?
'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,
That she shall still be curst in company.
I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe
How much she loves me: O, the kindest Kate!
She hung about my neck; and kiss on kiss
She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath,
That in a twink she won me to her love.
O, you are novices! 'tis a world to see,[a]
How tame, when men and women are alone,
A meacock[b] wretch can make the curstest shrew.
Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice,
To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day:
Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests;
I will be sure my Katharine shall be fine.

BAP. I know not what to say: but give me your hands;
God send you joy, Petruchio! 'tis a match.

GRE. TRA. Amen, say we; we will be witnesses.

PET. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu;
I will to Venice; Sunday comes apace:
We will have rings, and things, and fine array;
And, kiss me, Kate; we will be married o' Sunday.
[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO *and* KATHARINA *severally.*(1)

GRE. Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly?

BAP. Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part,
And venture madly on a desperate mart.

TRA. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you;
'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

BAP. The gain I seek is—quiet in* the match.

GRE. No doubt, but he hath got a quiet catch.
But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter;
Now is the day we long have looked for;
I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.

TRA. And I am one that love Bianca more
Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.

GRE. Youngling! thou canst not love so dear as I.

TRA. Greybeard! thy love doth freeze.

GRE. But thine doth fry.
Skipper, stand back; 'tis age that nourisheth.

TRA. But youth, in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.

BAP. Content you, gentlemen; I will compound this strife:
'Tis deeds must win the prize; and he, of both,
That can assure my daughter greatest dower,
Shall have† Bianca's love.
Say, signior Gremio, what can you assure her?

GRE. First, as you know, my house within the city
Is richly furnished with plate and gold;
Basins, and ewers, to lave her dainty hands;
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry:
In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns;
In cypress chests my arras, counterpoints,[c]
Costly apparel, tents,[d] and canopies,
Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,
Valance of Venice gold in needlework,
Pewter* and brass, and all things that belong
To house, or housekeeping: then, at my farm,
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
Six score fat oxen standing in my stalls,
And all things answerable to this portion.
Myself am struck in years, I must confess;
And, if I die to-morrow, this is hers,
If, whilst I live, she will be only mine.

TRA. That *only* came well in. Sir, list to me
I am my father's heir, and only son;
If I may have your daughter to my wife,
I'll leave her houses three or four as good,
Within rich Pisa walls, as any one
Old signior Gremio has in Padua;
Besides two thousand ducats by the year,
Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.
What! have I pinch'd you, signior Gremio?

GRE. Two thousand ducats by the year of land!
My land amounts not to so much in all:[f]

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a 'T is a world to see,—] An expression frequently found in the old writers, meaning, *it is wonderful to see*

b A *meacock*—] A *milk-livered, chicken-hearted fellow.* The word, Nares thinks, was originally applied to denote a *hen-pecked* husband.

c Counterpoints,—] Coverings for beds, now called *counterpanes.* "*Counterpoints* were, in ancient times, extremely costly. In Wat Tyler's rebellion, Stowe informs us, when the insurgents broke into the wardrobe in the Savoy, 'they destroyed a coverlet, worth a thousand marks.'"—MALONE.

(*) First folio, *me.* (†) First folio, *my Bianca's.*

d Tents,—] *Hangings;* so called, it has been suggested, from the *tenters* upon which they were hung.

e Pewter—] This composite metal, common as it is now, was so expensive formerly, that vessels made of it were hired by some of the nobility by the year. See Holinshed's "Description of England," pp. 188, 189.

f *My land amounts* not *to so much in all:*] Warburton proposed to substitute *but* for *not;* and I believe either *but* or *yet* was Shakespeare's word.

That she shall have; besides an argosy[a]
That now is lying in Marseilles' road.[b]
What! have I chok'd you with an argosy?

TRA. Gremio, 'tis known my father hath no less
Than three great argosies; besides two galliasses,[c]
And twelve tight galleys: these I will assure her,
And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next.

GRE. Nay, I have offer'd all; I have no more;
And she can have no more than all I have.
If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

TRA. Why, then the maid is mine from all the world,
By your firm promise; Gremio is outvied.

BAP. I must confess your offer is the best;
And, let your father make her the assurance,
She is your own; else, you must pardon me:
If you should die before him, where's her dower?

TRA. That's but a cavil; he is old, I young.

GRE. And may not young men die, as well as old?

BAP. Well, gentlemen, I am thus resolv'd:—
On Sunday next you know
My daughter Katharine is to be married:
Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca
Be bride to you, if you make this assurance;
If not, to signior Gremio:
And so I take my leave, and thank you both.
[*Exit.*

GRE. Adieu, good neighbour:—now I fear thee not;
Sirrah, young gamester, your father were a fool
To give thee all, and, in his waning age,
Set foot under thy table: tut! a toy!
An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy. [*Exit.*

TRA. A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide!
Yet I have fac'd it with a card of ten.(2)
'Tis in my head to do my master good:—
I see no reason, but suppos'd Lucentio
Must get a father call'd—suppos'd Vincentio;
And that's a wonder: fathers, commonly,
Do get their children; but, in this case of wooing,
A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning.(3) [*Exit.*

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[a] An argosy—] An *argosy*, or *argosie*, was a large vessel employed for war, or in the conveyance of merchandise, more frequently the latter.

[b] Marseilles' *road.*] The folio, 1623, reads, "*Marcellus* road." It should be pronounced as a trisyllable.

[c] *Besides two* galliasses,—] *Galeazza*, Ital. A huge *galley*, having three masts and accommodation for thirty-two rowers, so that it could be propelled either by sails or oars, or by both.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* Baptista's *House.*

Enter Lucentio, Hortensio, *and* Bianca.

Luc. Fiddler, forbear; you grow too forward, sir:
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Her sister Katharine welcom'd you withal?
Hor. But, wrangling pedant, this is
The patroness of heavenly harmony:
Then give me leave to have prerogative,
And when in music we have spent an hour,
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.
Luc. Preposterous ass![a] that never read so far
To know the cause why music was ordain'd!
Was it not, to refresh the mind of man,

[a] *Preposterous ass!*] Shakespeare uses *preposterous* closer to its primitive and literal sense of *inverted order*, ὕστερον πρότερον, than is customary now. With us it implies *monstrous, absurd, ridiculous*, and the like; with him it meant *misplaced, out of the natural or reasonable course.*

After his studies, or his usual pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.

HOR. Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.

BIAN. Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,
To strive for that which resteth in my choice:
I am no breeching scholar in the schools;
I'll not be tied to hours, nor 'pointed times,
But learn my lessons as I please myself.
And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down:
Take you your instrument, play you the whiles;
His lecture will be done ere you have tun'd.

HOR. [*To* BIANCA.] You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune? [*Retires.*

LUC. That will be never;—tune your instrument.

BIAN. Where left we last?

LUC. Here, madam:—
Hac ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus;
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.[a]

BIAN. Construe them.

LUC. *Hac ibat*, as I told you before,[b]—*Simois*, I am Lucentio,—*hic est*, son unto Vincentio of Pisa,—*Sigeia tellus*, disguised thus to get your love;—*Hic steterat*, and that Lucentio that comes a wooing,—*Priami*, is my man Tranio,—*regia*, bearing my port,—*celsa senis*, that we might beguile the old pantaloon.

HOR. Madam, my instrument's in tune. [*Returning.*

BIAN. Let's hear;— [HORTENSIO *plays.*
O fie! the treble jars.

LUC. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

BIAN. Now let me see if I can construe it: *Hac ibat Simois*, I know you not; *hic est Sigeia tellus*, I trust you not;—*Hic steterat Priami*, take heed he hear us not;—*regia*, presume not;—*celsa senis*, despair not.

HOR. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

LUC. All but the base.

HOR. The base is right; 'tis the base knave that jars.
How fiery and forward our pedant is!
Now, for my life the knave doth court my love:
Pedascule, I'll watch you better yet.

BIAN. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

LUC. Mistrust it not; for, sure, Æacides
Was Ajax,—call'd so from his grandfather.

BIAN. I must believe my master; else, I promise you,
I should be arguing still upon that doubt:
But let it rest: now, Licio, to you:—
Good masters,* take it not unkindly, pray,
That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

HOR. You may go walk, [*to* LUCENTIO] and give me leave awhile;
My lessons make no music in three parts.

LUC. Are you so formal, sir? well, I must wait,
And watch withal; for, but I be deceiv'd,
Our fine musician groweth amorous. [*Aside.*

HOR. Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To learn the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of art;
To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,
Than hath been taught by any of my trade;
And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.

BIAN. Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

HOR. Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

BIAN. [*Reads.*] Gamut *I am, the ground of all accord,*
A re, *to plead Hortensio's passion;*
B mi, *Bianca, take him for thy lord,*
C fa ut, *that loves with all affection:*
D sol re, *one cliff, two notes have I;*
E la mi, *show pity, or I die.*[1]
Call you this gamut? tut! I like it not:
Old fashions please me best; I am not so nice,
To change true rules for odd inventions.[c]

Enter a Servant.

SERV. Mistress, your father prays you leave your books,
And help to dress your sister's chamber up;
You know, to-morrow is the wedding-day.

BIAN. Farewell, sweet masters, both; I must be gone. [*Exeunt* BIANCA *and* Serv.

LUC. 'Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay. [*Exit.*

HOR. But I have cause to pry into this pedant;
Methinks, he looks as though he were in love:
Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble,
To cast thy wand'ring eyes on every stale,
Seize thee that list: if once I find thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The same. Before* Baptista's *House.*

Enter BAPTISTA, TRANIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, LUCENTIO, *and* Attendants.

BAP. Signior Lucentio, [*to* TRANIO] this is the 'pointed day
That Katharine and Petruchio should be married,

(*) First folio, *master.*

[a] —celsa senis.] Ovid. Epist. Penelope Ulyssi, v. 33.

[b] *Hac ibat*, as I told you before,—] The humour of translating Latin into English of a different sense, as Malone remarks, was not at all uncommon among our old writers.

[c] To change *true rules for* odd *inventions.*] The first folio has "*charge*," the second "*change*." The alteration of *odd* for *old*, the reading of the early copies, was made by Theobald, to whom we are indebted also for the correct distribution of the speeches, which in the folios are perversely confused in this part of the scene.

And yet we hear not of our son-in-law:
What will be said? what mockery will it be,
To want the bridegroom, when the priest attends
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage?
What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?

KATH. No shame but mine: I must, forsooth, be fore'd
To give my hand, oppos'd against my heart,
Unto a mad-brain rudesby,[a] full of spleen;
Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure.
I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour:
And, to be noted for a merry man,
He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,
Make friends, invite, yes,[b] and proclaim the banns;
Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.
Now must the world point at poor Katharine,
And say,—*Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife,*
If it would please him come and marry her.

TRA. Patience, good Katharine, and Baptista too;
Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,
Whatever fortune stays him from his word:
Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise;
Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

KATH. 'Would Katharine had never seen him, though!

[*Exit, weeping, followed by* BIANCA, *and others.*

BAP. Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep;
For such an injury would vex a saint,
Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.[c]

Enter BIONDELLO.

BION. Master, master! old news,[d] and such news as you never heard of!

BAP. Is it new and old too? how may that be?

BION. Why, is it not news, to hear* of Petruchio's coming?

BAP. Is he come?

BION. Why, no, sir.

BAP. What then?

BION. He is coming.

BAP. When will he be here?

BION. When he stands where I am, and sees you there.

TRA. But, say, what:—to thine old news.

BION. Why, Petruchio is coming, in a new hat and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches, thrice turned; a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another laced; an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town armoury, with a broken hilt, and chapeless; with two broken points:[e] his horse hipped with an old mothy saddle, and stirrups of no kindred: besides, possessed with the glanders, and like to mose in the chine; troubled with the lampass, infected with the fashions,[f] full of windgalls, sped with spavins, raied with the yellows, past cure of the fives,[g] stark spoiled with the staggers, begnawn with the bots; swayed* in the back, and shoulder-shotten; ne'er legged before; and with a half-checked bit, and a head-stall of sheep's leather, which, being restrained to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repaired with knots; one girth six times pieced, and a woman's crupper of velure,[h] which hath two letters for her name, fairly set down in studs, and here and there pieced with packthread.

BAP. Who comes with him?

BION. O, sir, his lackey, for all the world caparisoned like the horse; with a linen stock on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gartered with a red and blue list; an old hat, and *The humour of forty fancies*[i] pricked in't for a feather; a monster, a very monster in apparel; and not like a Christian footboy, or a gentleman's lackey.

TRA. 'Tis some odd humour pricks him to this fashion;
Yet oftentimes he goes but mean apparell'd.

BAP. I am glad he is come, howsoe'er he comes.

BION. Why, sir, he comes not.

BAP. Didst thou not say, he comes?

BION. Who? that Petruchio came?

(*) First folio, *heard.*

(†) First folio, *waid.*

[a] *Unto a mad-brain* rudesby,—] *Blusterer, swaggerer.* The same expression occurs in "Twelfth Night," Act IV. Sc. 1,—
"*Rudesby*, begone!"

[b] *Make friends, invite, yes,*—] The word *yes* was inserted by the editor of the second folio.

[c] *Of thy impatient humour.*] *Thy* was also added in the second folio.

[d] *Old news,*—] The folio, 1623, omits *old*, apparently by inadvertence, as the reply of Biondello shows it to be necessary. By "*old news*" the speaker obviously intends a reference to the "*old jerkin,*" "*old breeches,*" "*old* rusty sword," &c. &c., which form part of Petruchio's grotesque equipment.

[e] *Two broken points:*] *Points* were the long-tagged laces by which part of the outer dress was fastened. Among other services, they supplied the place of our present braces, and the result of their breaking must, therefore, have been sometimes peculiarly inconvenient and unseemly:—
"*Cl.* I am resolved on two *points.*
Maria. That, if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall."—*Twelfth Night*, Act I. Sc. 5.
Thus, too, in "Henry IV." Part I. Act II. Sc. 4,—
"FALS. Their *points* being *broken*,—
PRINCE. Down fell their hose."

[f] The fashions,—] The disease in horses called *farcin* or *farcy*. So Decker, "Gull's Hornbook," 1609. "*Fashions* was then counted a disease, and horses died of it." And S. Rowland, in his "Looke To it; for, Ile Stabbe Ye," 1604,—
"You gentle-puppets of the proudest size,
That are like Horses troubled with the Fashions." Sig. 6. 2.

[g] *The* fives,—] In farriery, the distemper known as *vives*, affecting the glands under the ear.

[h] *Velure,*—] *Velvet.*

[i] *The humour of forty fancies* pricked in't for a feather;] *The humour of forty fancies*, Warburton conjectured, was some popular ballad, or collection of ballads, of the time, which Petruchio had stuck in the lackey's hat as a ridiculous ornament.

BAP. Ay, that Petruchio came.
BION. No, sir; I say, his horse comes with him on his back.
BAP. Why, that's all one.
BION. Nay, by Saint Jamy, I hold you a penny,
A horse and a man is more than one, and yet not many.

Enter PETRUCHIO *and* GRUMIO.(1)

PET. Come, where be these gallants? who's at home?
BAP. You are welcome, sir.
PET. And yet I come not well.
BAP. And yet you halt not.
TRA. Not so well apparell'd
As I wish you were.
PET. Were it better, I should rush in thus.
But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?
How does my father?—Gentles, methinks you frown:
And wherefore gaze this goodly company;
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some comet, or unusual prodigy?
BAP. Why, sir, you know, this is your wedding-day:
First were we sad, fearing you would not come;
Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.
Fie! doff this habit, shame to your estate,
An eyesore to our solemn festival.[a]
TRA. And tell us, what occasion of import
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,
And sent you hither so unlike yourself?
PET. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear:
Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,
Though in some part enforced to digress;
Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse
As you shall well be satisfied withal.
But, where is Kate? I stay too long from her;
The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.
TRA. See not your bride in these unreverent robes;
Go to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.
PET. Not I, believe me; thus I'll visit her.
BAP. But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.
PET. Good sooth, even thus; therefore ha' done with words;
To me she's married, not unto my clothes:
Could I repair what she will wear in me,
As I can change these poor accoutrements,
'Twere well for Kate, and better for myself.
But what a fool am I, to chat with you,
When I should bid good-morrow to my bride,
And seal the title with a lovely kiss!
[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO, GRUMIO *and* BIONDELLO.
TRA. He hath some meaning in his mad attire;
We will persuade him, be it possible,
To put on better ere he go to church.
BAP. I'll after him, and see the event of this.
[*Exit.*
TRA. But, sir, to love[b] concerneth us to add
Her father's liking: which to bring to pass,
As I* before imparted to your worship,
I am to get a man,—whate'er he be,
It skills not much; we'll fit him to our turn,—
And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa;
And make assurance, here in Padua,
Of greater sums than I have promised.
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry sweet Bianca with consent.
LUC. Were it not that my fellow schoolmaster
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,
'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage;
Which once perform'd, let all the world say—no,
I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.
TRA. That by degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage in this business:
We'll over-reach the greybeard, Gremio,
The narrow-prying father, Minola,
The quaint musician, amorous Licio;
All for my master's sake, Lucentio.

Enter GREMIO.

Signior Gremio! came you from the church?
GRE. As willingly as e'er I came from school.
TRA. And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?
GRE. A bridegroom, say you? 'tis a groom indeed,
A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.
TRA. Curster than she? why, 'tis impossible.
GRE. Why he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.
TRA. Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.
GRE. Tut! she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.
I'll tell you, sir Lucentio; when the priest
Should ask—if Katharine should be his wife,
Ay, by gogs-wouns, quoth he; and swore so loud
That, all amaz'd, the priest let fall the book:
And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,
This mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff,

---

[a] *An eyesore to our* solemn *festival.*] It may be mentioned once for all, that *solemn*, beside its ordinary sense of *grave, serious, ceremonial*, bore, in our author's time, the meaning of *public, accustomed*, and the like. Thus, in the present instance, Baptista does not mean a grave religious festival, but the customary public entertainment provided at weddings.

(*) First folio omits *I.*

[b] *But, sir,* to *love*—] The old copy omits the preposition, we presume by accident, since both sense and prosody require it.

That down fell priest and book, and book and priest;
Now take them up, quoth he, *if any list.*
TRA. What said the wench, when he rose up again?[a]
GRE. Trembled and shook; for why[b] he stamp'd, and swore,
As if the vicar meant to cozen him.
But after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine:—*A health*, quoth he, as if
He had been aboard, carousing to his mates
After a storm:—quaff'd off the muscadel,(2)
And threw the sops all in the sexton's face;
Having no other reason,—
But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,
And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.
This done, he took the bride about the neck,
And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack,[c]
That, at the parting, all the church did echo.
And I, seeing this, came thence for very shame;
And after me, I know, the rout is coming:
Such a mad marriage never was before.
Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play. [*Music.*

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, BAPTISTA, HORTENSIO, GRUMIO, *and Train.*

PET. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains:
I know, you think to dine with me to-day,
And have prepar'd great store of wedding cheer;
But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.
BAP. Is't possible you will away to-night?
PET. I must away to-day, before night come:
Make it no wonder; if you knew my business
You would entreat me rather go than stay.
And, honest company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away myself
To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife:
Dine with my father, drink a health to me;
For I must hence, and farewell to you all.
TRA. Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.
PET. It may not be.
GRE. Let me entreat you.
PET. It cannot be.
KATH. Let me entreat you.
PET. I am content.
KATH. Are you content to stay?
PET. I am content you shall entreat me stay;
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.
KATH. Now, if you love me, stay.
PET. Grumio, my horse.[d]
GRU. Ay, sir, they be ready; the oats have eaten the horses.
KATH. Nay, then,
Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;
No, nor to-morrow, not till I please myself.
The door is open, sir, there lies your way,
You may be jogging whiles your boots are green;
For me, I'll not be gone, till I please myself:
'Tis like, you'll prove a jolly surly groom,
That take it on you at the first so roundly.
PET. O Kate, content thee; prithee be not angry.
KATH. I will be angry: what hast thou to do?
Father, be quiet; he shall stay my leisure.
GRE. Ay, marry, sir; now it begins to work.
KATH. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner:
I see, a woman may be made a fool,
If she had not a spirit to resist.
PET. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command:
Obey the bride, you that attend on her:
Go to the feast, revel and domineer,
Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,
Be mad and merry,—or go hang yourselves.
But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.
Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret;
I will be master of what is mine own:
She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,
My household stuff, my field, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my ass, my anything;
And here she stands, touch her whoever dare,
I'll bring mine action on the proudest he
That stops my way in Padua. Grumio,
Draw forth thy weapon, we are beset with thieves;
Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man:—
Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee, Kate;
I'll buckler thee against a million.
[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, *and* GRUMIO.(3)
BAP. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.
GRE. Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.

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[a] *When he rose* up *again!*] So the second folio; the first omits *up*.

[b] *For* why—] That is, *because*. See Note (e), p. 130, of the present volume.

[c] And kiss'd her lips *with such a clamorous smack*,—] The salutation of the bride was part of the ancient marriage-ceremony:—"Surgant ambo, sponsus et sponsa, et accipiat sponsus pacem a sacerdote, et ferat sponsæ, *osculans eam*, et neminem alium, nec ipse, nec ipsa." *Manuale Sarum*. Paris, 1533. Quarto. So in Marston's *Insatiate Countess*:—

"The *kisse thou gav'st me in the church*, here take."

[d] *Grumio, my* horse.] From Grumio's reply, we must take *horse* to be used as a plural here. The after observation, that "the oats have eaten the horses," is, perhaps, allied to a saying common in the stable now:—"the horses have eaten their heads off," implying, that the money due for their provender is more than they are worth. In the corresponding passage of the old play, the meaning is expressed more openly:—

"SAN. The ostler will not let me have him: you owe tenpence
For his meat and 6 pence for stuffing my Mistris saddle."

TRA. Of all mad matches, never was the like!
LUC. Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister?
BIAN. That, being mad herself, she's madly mated.
GRE. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.
BAP. Neighbours and friends, though bride and bridegroom wants,
For to supply the places at the table,
You know there wants no junkets at the feast;
Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's place;
And let Bianca take her sister's room.
TRA. Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it?
BAP. She shall, Lucentio.—Come, gentlemen, let's go. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE 1.—*A Hall in* Petruchio's *Country House.*

Enter Grumio.

Gru. Fie, fie, on all tired jades! on all mad masters! and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? was ever man so rayed?[a] was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them: now, were not I a little pot, and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me; but, I, with blowing the fire warm myself; for, considering the weather, a man than I will take cold. Holla, hoa! C

Enter Curtis.

Curt. Who is that calls so coldly?

Gru. A piece of ice; if thou doubt it mayst slide from my shoulder to my heel, w

[a] *Was ever man so* rayed?] *Rayed*, say the commentators, is *befouled, bemired:* perhaps here it rather means. *chafed, excoriated, frayed*, from the French *rayer*.

greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

CURT. Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

GRU. O, ay, Curtis, ay: and therefore fire, fire; cast on no water.

CURT. Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported?

GRU. She was, good Curtis, before this frost: but, thou know'st, winter tames man, woman, and beast; for it hath tamed my old master and my new mistress, and myself,[a] fellow Curtis.

CURT. Away, you three-inch fool! I am no beast.

GRU. Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is a foot; and so long am I, at the least: but wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand (she being now at hand) thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office?

CURT. I prithee, good Grumio, tell me, how goes the world?

GRU. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and, therefore, fire: do thy duty, and have thy duty; for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

CURT. There's fire ready; and, therefore, good Grumio, the news?

GRU. Why, *Jack, boy! ho, boy!*[b] and as much news as thou wilt.*

CURT. Come, you are so full of coneycatching.

GRU. Why, therefore, fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewed, cobwebs swept; the serving-men in their new fustian, the white stockings, and every officer his wedding garment on? Be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without,[c] the carpets laid,[d] and everything in order?

CURT. All ready: and, therefore, I pray thee, news?

GRU. First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.

CURT. How?

GRU. Out of their saddles into the dirt: and thereby hangs a tale.

CURT. Let's ha't, good Grumio.

GRU. Lend thine ear.

CURT. Here.

GRU. There. [*Striking him.*

CURT. This 'tis to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

GRU. And therefore 'tis called, a sensible tale; and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin: *Imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress:—

CURT. Both of one horse?

GRU. What's that to thee?

CURT. Why, a horse.

GRU. Tell thou the tale:—but hadst thou not crossed me, thou shouldst have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse; thou shouldst have heard, in how miry a place: how she was bemoiled; how he left her with the horse upon her; how he beat me because her horse stumbled; how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he swore; how she prayed, that never prayed before; how I cried; how the horses ran away; how her bridle was burst;[e] how I lost my crupper; with many things of worthy memory, which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienced to thy grave.

CURT. By this reckoning, he is more shrew than she.

GRU. Ay; and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find when he comes home. But what talk I of this?—call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarsop, and the rest. Let their heads be slickly combed, their blue coats brushed, and their garters of an indifferent[f] knit: let them curtsey with their left legs; and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse-tail, till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

CURT. They are.

GRU. Call them forth.

CURT. Do you hear, ho! you must meet my master, to countenance[g] my mistress.

GRU. Why, she hath a face of her own.

CURT. Who knows not that?

GRU. Thou, it seems, that calls for company to countenance her.

(*) Folio, 1623, *wilt thou.*

[a] *And* myself, *fellow Curtis.*] For *myself*, Warburton substituted *thyself*, and, notwithstanding the ingenious defence of *myself* by other critics, was perhaps right.

[b] Jack, boy! ho, boy!] This is the commencement of an old round in three parts, of which Hawkins has given the notes in the *Variorum* Shakespeare.

[c] Be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without,—] A quibble. Certain drinking vessels were called *Jacks and Jills*, which terms, too, were commonly applied to the male and female servants. The same pun is found in the "Puritan," 1607. "I owe money to several hostesses, and you know such *jills* will quickly be upon a man's *jack*."

[d] *The* carpets *laid.*—] The *carpets* here meant were coverings for the tables. The floors were strewed with rushes.

[e] Burst;] That is, *broken*. So in the opening scene of the Induction; the Hostess asks, "You will not pay for the glasses you have *burst?*"

[f] *Of an* indifferent *knit:*] Shakespeare sometimes uses indifferent in the sense of *impartial*, *free from bias*,—

"———— I beseech your grace,
Look on my wrongs with an *indifferent eye.*"
Richard II. Act II. Sc. 3.

But by "*an indifferent knit*" is simply meant a *passable*, or *tolerable* knit. So in "Twelfth Night," Act I. Sc. 5,—

"—— as, item, two lips *indifferent* red."

[g] *To* countenance *my mistress.*] That is, to *receive* or *entertain* her. "The old Law was, that when a Man was Fin'd, he was to be Fin'd *Salvo Contenemento*, so as his Countenance might be safe, taking *Countenance* in the same sense as your Country man does, when he says, *if you will come unto my House, I will shew you the best Countenance I can*, that is not the best Face, but the best Entertainmen ."—SELDEN's *Table-Talk*, Art. *Fines.*

CURT. I call them forth to credit her.

GRU. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Enter four or five Serving-men.

NATH. Welcome home, Grumio.

PHIL. How now, Grumio?

JOS. What, Grumio!

NICH. Fellow Grumio!

NATH. How now, old lad?

GRU. Welcome, you;—how now, you;—what, you;—fellow, you;—and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

NATH. All things is ready: how near is our master?

GRU. E'en at hand, alighted by this: and therefore be not—Cock's passion, silence!—I hear my master.

Enter PETRUCHIO *and* KATHARINA.

PET. Where be these knaves? what, no man at door,
To hold my stirrup, nor to take my horse?
Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?

ALL SERV. Here, here, sir; here, sir.

PET. *Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here, sir!*
You loggerheaded and unpolish'd grooms!
What? no attendance? no regard? no duty?
Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

GRU. Here, sir; as foolish as I was before.

PET. You peasant swain! you whoreson malt-horse drudge!
Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,

And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

GRU. Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made,
And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' the heel;
There was no link to colour Peter's hat,[a]
And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing:
There were none fine but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory;
The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly;
Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

PET. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.—
[*Exeunt some of the* Servants.
Where is the life that late I led— [*Sings.*
Where are those——sit down, Kate, and welcome.
Soud, soud, soud, soud![b]

Re-enter Servants, *with Supper.*

Why, when, I say?—nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.
Off with my boots, you rogues, you villains; when?
It was the friar of orders grey, [*Sings.*
As he forth walked on his way:

Out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry:
Take that, and mend the plucking of the other.—
[*Strikes him.*
Be merry, Kate:—some water here; what, ho!
Where's my spaniel Troilus? Sirrah, get you hence,
And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither:
[*Exit* Servant.
One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.
Where are my slippers?—shall I have some water?
[*A bason is presented to him.*
Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily:—
[Servant *lets the ewer fall.*
You whoreson villain! will you let it fall?
[*Strikes him.*

KATH. Patience, I pray you; 't was a fault unwilling.

PET. A whoreson, beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave!
Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach.
Will you give thanks, sweet Kate, or else shall I?
What's this? mutton?

1 SERV. Ay.

[a] No link to colour Peter's hat,—] "This cozenage is used likewise in selling old hats found upon dung-hills instead of newe, blackt over with *the smoake of an olde linke.*"—GREENE's *Mihil Mumchance.* In this ludicrous enumeration of his fellows' deficiencies, Grumio is evidently playing into his master's hands. It is all, as Lucio says, "according to the trick."

[b] Soud, soud, soud, soud!] Malone thought this *soud* a word coined by Shakespeare to express the noise made by a person heated and fatigued.

PET. Who brought it?
1 SERV. I.
PET. 'T is burnt; and so is all the meat:
What dogs are these!—where is the rascal cook?
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,
And serve it thus to me that love it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:
[*Throws the meat, &c., about the stage.*
You heedless joltheads, and unmanner'd slaves!
What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.
KATH. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet;
The meat was well, if you were so contented.
PET. I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away;
And I expressly am forbid to touch it,
For it engenders choler, planteth anger;
And better 't were that both of us did fast,
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.
Be patient; to-morrow it shall be mended,
And, for this night, we'll fast for company:
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.
[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, *and* CURTIS.
NATH. [*Advancing.*] Peter, didst ever see the like?
PETER. He kills her in her own humour.

Re-enter CURTIS.

GRU. Where is he?
CURT. In her chamber,
Making a sermon of continency to her:
And rails, and swears, and rates; that she, poor soul,
Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak;
And sits as one new-risen from a dream.
Away, away! for he is coming hither. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter PETRUCHIO.

PET. Thus have I politicly begun my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end successfully;
My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty,
And, till she stoop, she must not be full-gorg'd,
For then she never looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my haggard,
To make her come, and know her keeper's call;
That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites,
That bate, and beat, and will not be obedient.
She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat;
Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not;
As with the meat, some undeserved fault
I'll find about the making of the bed;
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets:—
Ay, and amid this hurly, I intend,[a]
That all is done in reverend care of her;
And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night:
And, if she chance to nod, I'll rail and brawl,
And with the clamour keep her still awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness;[b]
And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humour;
He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speak; 'tis charity to shew. [*Exit.*(1)

SCENE II.—Padua. *Before* Baptista's *House.*

Enter TRANIO *and* HORTENSIO.

TRA. Is 't possible, friend Licio, that mistress Bianca
Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?
I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.[c]
HOR. Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,
Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.
[*They stand aside.*

Enter BIANCA *and* LUCENTIO.

LUC. Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?
BIAN. What, master, read you? first resolve me that.
LUC. I read that I profess, the art to love.
BIAN. And may you prove, sir, master of your art!
LUC. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart. [*They retire.*
HOR. Quick proceeders, marry! now, tell me, I pray,
You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca
Lov'd none* in the world so well as Lucentio.
TRA. O despiteful love! unconstant womankind!
I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.
HOR. Mistake no more: I am not Licio,
Nor a musician, as I seem to be;
But one that scorn to live in this disguise,
For such a one as leaves a gentleman,
And makes a god of such a cullion;

[a] *Amid this hurly,* I intend,—] *Intend* for *pretend.* So in "Richard III." Act III. Sc. 7,—

"The mayor is here at hand; *intend* some fear."

[b] To kill a wife with kindness;] This has been thought an allusion to Thomas Heywood's play, "A Woman Killed with Kindness," which is mentioned in Henslowe's Diary, under the date of February, 1602-3. We believe the saying was much older than the play.

[c] She bears me fair in hand.] *To bear in hand* was to *encourage,* to *buoy up.* Thus in "Much Ado About Nothing," Act. IV. Sc. 1,—"What! *bear her in hand* until they come to take hands; and then."

(*) First folio, *me.*

Know, sir, that I am call'd Hortensio.
TRA. Signior Hortensio, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca;
And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,
I will with you,—if you be so contented,—
Forswear Bianca, and her love for ever.
HOR. See, how they kiss and court! Signior Lucentio,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow
Never to woo her more; but do forswear her,
As one unworthy all the former favours
That I have fondly flatter'd her* withal.
TRA. And here I take the like unfeigned oath,
Never to marry with her, though she would entreat:
Fie on her! see, how beastly she doth court him.
HOR. Would all the world, but he, had quite forsworn!
For me, that I may surely keep mine oath,
I will be married to a wealthy widow,
Ere three days pass, which hath as long lov'd me,

(*) First folio, *them*.

As I have lov'd this proud disdainful haggard:
And so farewell, signior Lucentio.
Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love: and so I take my leave,
In resolution as I swore before.
[*Exit* HORTENSIO.—LUCENTIO *and* BIANCA *advance.*
TRA. Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace
As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case!
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love;
And have forsworn you with Hortensio.
BIAN. Tranio, you jest: but have you both forsworn me?
TRA. Mistress, we have.
LUC. Then we are rid of Licio.
TRA. I' faith, he'll have a lusty widow now,
That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.
BIAN. God give him joy!
TRA. Ay, and he'll tame her.
BIAN. He says so, Tranio.
TRA. 'Faith, he's gone unto the taming-school.

BIAN. The taming-school! what, is there such a place?
TRA. Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master;
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,
To tame a shrew, and charm her chattering tongue.

Enter BIONDELLO, *running.*

BION. O master, master, I have watch'd so long
That I'm dog-weary; but at last I spied
An ancient angel(2) coming down the hill,
Will serve the turn.
TRA. What is he, Biondello?
BION. Master, a mercatante, or a pedant,[a]
I know not what; but formal in apparel,
In gait and countenance surely like a father.[b]
LUC. And what of him, Tranio?
TRA. If he be credulous, and trust my tale,
I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio;
And give assurance to Baptista Minola,
As if he were the right Vincentio.
Take in[c] your love, and then let me alone.
[*Exeunt* LUCENTIO *and* BIANCA.

Enter a Pedant.

PED. God save you, sir!
TRA. And you, sir! you are welcome.
Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest?
PED. Sir, at the farthest for a week or two;
But then up farther; and as far as Rome;
And so to Tripoli, if God lend me life.
TRA. What countryman, I pray?
PED. Of Mantua.
TRA. Of Mantua, sir?—marry, God forbid!
And come to Padua, careless of your life?
PED. My life, sir! how, I pray? for that goes hard.
TRA. 'T is death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua. Know you not the cause?
Your ships are stay'd at Venice; and the duke
(For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him)
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:
'T is marvel; but that you are but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.
PED. Alas, sir, it is worse for me than so;
For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence, and must here deliver them.
TRA. Well, sir, to do you courtesy,
This will I do, and this I will advise you:
First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?
PED. Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been;
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens.
TRA. Among them, know you one Vincentio?
PED. I know him not, but I have heard of him;
A merchant of incomparable wealth.
TRA. He is my father, sir; and, sooth to say,
In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.
BION. As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all one. [*Aside.*
TRA. To save your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his sake;
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes
That you are like to sir Vincentio.[d]
His name and credit shall you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodg'd.
Look, that you take upon you as you should;
You understand me, sir;—so shall you stay
Till you have done your business in the city:
If this be court'sy, sir, accept of it.
PED. O, sir, I do; and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.
TRA. Then go with me, to make the matter good.
This, by the way, I let you understand;
My father is here look'd for every day,
To pass assurance of a dower in marriage
'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here:
In all these circumstances I'll instruct you:
Go with me, sir,[e] to clothe you as becomes you.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in* Petruchio's *House.*

Enter KATHARINA *and* GRUMIO.

GRU. No, no; forsooth, I dare not, for my life.
KATH. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears:
What, did he marry me to famish me?
Beggars that come unto my father's door,
Upon entreaty, have a present alms;
If not, elsewhere they meet with charity:
But I, who never knew how to entreat,
Nor never needed that I should entreat,
Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep;
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed:
And that which spites me more than all these wants,
He does it under name of perfect love;

[a] A mercatante, or a pedant,—] *A merchant*, or a *schoolmaster*. In the old copy *Marcantant*.
[b] Surely *like a father*.] The second folio reads "*Surly* like a father," which is preferable; *surly* meaning *proud, lofty*, &c.
[c] *Take* in—] The first folio has "Take *me*," which Theobald corrected.
[d] Like to sir Vincentio.] We should probably read :—
"That you are like, sir, to Vincentio."
[e] *Go with me*, sir,—] The *sir* was added in the second folio.

As who should say, if I should sleep, or eat,
'Twere deadly sickness, or else present death.
I prithee go, and get me some repast;
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.
GRU. What say you to a neat's foot?
KATH. 'T is passing good; I prithee let me have it.
GRU. I fear, it is too choleric a meat:
How say you to a fat tripe, finely broil'd?
KATH. I like it well; good Grumio, fetch it me.
GRU. I cannot tell; I fear, 't is choleric.
What say you to a piece of beef, and mustard?
KATH. A dish that I do love to feed upon.
GRU. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.
KATH. Why, then the beef, and let the mustard rest.
GRU. Nay, then I will not; you shall have the mustard,
Or else you get no beef of Grumio.
KATH. Then both, or one, or anything thou wilt.
GRU. Why, then the mustard without the beef.
KATH. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave, [*Beats him.*(3)
That feed'st me with the very name of meat:
Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,
That triumph thus upon my misery!
Go, get thee gone, I say.

Enter Petruchio, *with a dish of meat; and* Hortensio.

Pet. How fares my Kate? what, sweeting, all amort?[a]
Hor. Mistress, what cheer?
Kath. 'Faith, as cold as can be.
Pet. Pluck up thy spirits, look cheerfully upon me.
Here, love; thou seest how diligent I am,
To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee:
[*Sets the dish on a table.*
I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.
What, not a word? Nay, then thou lov'st it not;
And all my pains is sorted to no proof:
Here, take away this dish.

Kath. I pray you, let it sta
Pet. The poorest service is repaid with than
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.
Kath. I thank you, sir.
Hor. Signior Petruchio, fie! you are to blam
Come, mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.
Pet. Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lov'st r
[*As*
Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!
Kate, eat apace;—and now, my honey love,
Will we return unto thy father's house;
And revel it as bravely as the best,
With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,
With ruffs, and cuffs, and farthingales, and thing
With scarfs, and fans, and double change
bravery,

[a] *All* amort!] A gallicism often met with in our old dramatists, meaning *dejected, dispirited, out of heart;* in which sense it is still used in the Eastern Counties. It occurs again in "Henry VI." Pt. I. Act III. Sc. 2,—

"What, *all amort!* Rouen hangs her head for grief."

With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.
What, hast thou dined? The tailor stays thy leisure,
To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.

Enter Tailor.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments;

Enter Haberdasher.

Lay forth the gown:—what news with you, sir?
HAB. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.
PET. Why, this was moulded on a porringer;
A velvet dish;—fie, fie! 't is lewd and filthy;
Why, 't is a cockle, or a walnut-shell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap;
Away with it, come, let me have a bigger.
KATH. I'll have no bigger; this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.
PET. When you are gentle, you shall have one too,
And not till then.
HOR. That will not be in haste. [*Aside.*
KATH. Why, sir, I trust, I may have leave to speak;

And speak I will. I am no child, no babe:
Your betters have endur'd me say my mind;
And, if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart;
Or else my heart, concealing it, will break;
And rather than it shall, I will be free
Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.

PET. Why, thou say'st true; it is a* paltry cap,
A custard-coffin,[a] a bauble, a silken pie:
I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

KATH. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap;
And it I will have, or I will have none.

PET. Thy gown? why, ay:—come, tailor, let us see 't.
O mercy, God! what masking stuff is here!
What 's this? a sleeve? 't is like a* demi-cannon:
What! up and down, carv'd like an apple tart?
Here 's snip, and nip, and cut, and slish, and slash,
Like to a censer[b] in a barber's shop:
Why, what, o' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?

HOR. I see, she 's like to have neither cap nor gown. [*Aside.*

TAI. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion and the time.

PET. Marry, and did; but if you be remember'd,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.
Go, hop me over every kennel home,
For you shall hop without my custom, sir:
I'll none of it; hence, make your best of it.

KATH. I never saw a better fashion'd gown,
More quaint,[c] more pleasing, nor more commendable:
Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me.

PET. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee.

TAI. She says, your worship means to make a puppet of her.

PET. O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou thread, thou thimble,
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket thou:
Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thread!
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant;
Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st!
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

TAI. Your worship is deceiv'd; the gown is made
Just as my master had direction:
Grumio gave order how it should be done.

GRU. I gave him no order; I gave him the stuff.

TAI. But how did you desire it should be made?

GRU. Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

TAI. But did you not request to have it cut?

GRU. Thou hast faced[d] many things.

TAI. I have.

GRU. Face not me: thou hast braved[e] many men; brave not me. I will neither be faced nor braved. I say unto thee—I bid thy master cut out the gown; but I did not bid him cut it to pieces: *ergo*, thou liest.

TAI. Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.

PET. Read it.

GRU. The note lies in 's throat, if he say I said so.

TAI. *Imprimis, a loose-bodied gown:*

GRU. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sew me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread: I said, a gown.

PET. Proceed.

TAI. *With a small compassed cape;*

GRU. I confess the cape.

TAI. *With a trunk sleeve;*

GRU. I confess two sleeves.

TAI. *The sleeves curiously cut.*

PET. Ay, there's the villainy.

GRU. Error i' the bill, sir; error i' the bill. I commanded the sleeves should be cut out, and sewed up again: and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

TAI. This is true, that I say; an I had thee in place where thou shouldst know it!

GRU. I am for thee straight; take thou the bill, give me thy mete-yard, and spare not me.

HOR. God-a-mercy, Grumio! then he shall have no odds.

PET. Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

GRU. You are i' the right, sir; 't is for my mistress.

PET. Go, take it up unto thy master's use.

GRU. Villain, not for thy life: take up my mistress' gown for thy master's use!

PET. Why, sir, what 's your conceit in that?

GRU. O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for:

(*) First folio omits, *a*.

[a] Custard-coffin,—] A *coffin*, Steevens tells us, was the old culinary term for the raised crust of a pie or custard.

[b] *Like to* a censer *in a barber's shop:*] A *censer* was a fire-pan with a pierced cover, in which perfumes were burnt to sweeten the place.

[c] *More* quaint,—] *Quaint* here means *dainty, neat;* but it sometimes implies, *nimbleness*, or *cleverness*, as in the "Tempest," Act I. Sc. 2,—

"——— My *quaint* Ariel."

[d] *Thou hast* faced *many things.*] *Turned over* many garments with *facings*. Thus in "Henry IV." Pt. I., Act V. Sc. 1,—

"To *face* the garment of rebellion
With some fine colour."

[e] *Thou hast* braved *many men;*] That is, *bedizened, ornamented*, many men. *Bravery* was an ancient term for sumptuous apparel; Petruchio uses it in this sense just before,—

"With scarfs, and fans, and *double change of bravery.*"

And in Act I. Sc. 2, the old stage direction is,—

"Enter Tranio, *brave.*"

Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use!
O, fie, fie, fie!
PET. Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid:— [*Aside.*
Go, take it hence; begone, and say no more.
HOR. Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow.
Take no unkindness of his hasty words:
Away, I say; commend me to thy master.
[*Exit* Tailor.
PET. Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father's,
Even in these honest mean habiliments;
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor:
For 't is the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.
What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?
O, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture and mean array.
If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me:
And therefore frolic; we will hence forthwith,
To feast and sport us at thy father's house.
Go, call my men, and let us straight to him;
And bring our horses unto Long-lane end,
There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.
Let 's see; I think 't is now some seven o'clock,
And well we may come there by dinner-time.
KATH. I dare assure you, sir, 'tis almost two;
And 't will be supper-time ere you come there.
PET. It shall be seven, ere I go to horse:
Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,
You are still crossing it.—Sirs, let 't alone:
I will not go to-day; and ere I do,
It shall be what o'clock I say it is.
HOR. Why, so! this gallant will command the sun. [*Exeunt.*(4)

SCENE IV.—Padua. *Before* Baptista's *House.*

Enter TRANIO, *and the* Pedant *dressed like* VINCENTIO.

TRA. Sir,* this is the house: please it you that I call?
PED. Ay, what else? and, but I be deceiv'd,
Signior Baptista may remember me,
Near twenty years ago, in Genoa,
Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus.[a]

(*) Old copy, *Sirs.*

[a] At the Pegasus.] In the old copy, 1623, this line is given to Tranio.

TRA. 'T is well; and hold your own, in any case,
With such austerity as 'longeth to a father.

Enter BIONDELLO.

PED. I warrant you: but, sir, here comes your boy;
'T were good he were school'd.
TRA. Fear you not him. Sirrah Biondello,
Now do your duty thoroughly, I advise you;
Imagine 't were the right Vincentio.
BION. Tut! fear not me.
TRA. But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?
BION. I told him, that your father was at Venice,
And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.
TRA. Thou 'rt a tall fellow; hold thee; that to drink.
Here comes Baptista:—set your countenance, sir.

Enter BAPTISTA *and* LUCENTIO.[b]

Signior Baptista, you are happily met:—
Sir, [*To the* Pedant] this is the gentleman I told you of:
I pray you, stand good father to me now,
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.
PED. Soft, son!
Sir, by your leave, having come to Padua
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause
Of love between your daughter and himself:
And,—for the good report I hear of you;
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
And she to him,—to stay him not too long,
I am content, in a good father's care,
To have him match'd; and,—if you please to like
No worse than I,—upon some agreement,
Me shall you find ready and willing
With one consent to have her so bestow'd;
For curious[c] I cannot be with you,
Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.
BAP. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say;—
Your plainness and your shortness please me well.
Right true it is, your son Lucentio here
Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,
Or both dissemble deeply their affections:
And, therefore, if you say no more than this,
That like a father you will deal with him,
And pass my daughter a sufficient dower,
The match is made, and all is done:
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

[b] *Enter* BAPTISTA *and* LUCENTIO.] The folio, 1623, adds, "Pedant booted and bare headed."
[c] Curious—] That is, *scrupulous.*

TRA. I thank you, sir: where then do you know best,
We be affied; and such assurance ta'en,
As shall with either part's agreement stand?
BAP. Not in my house, Lucentio; for, you know,
Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants:
Besides, old Gremio is hearkening still;
And, happily, we might be interrupted.
TRA. Then at my lodging, an it like you, sir:[a]
There doth my father lie; and there, this night,
We'll pass the business privately and well:
Send for your daughter by your servant here,
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.
The worst is this, that, at so slender warning,
You are like to have a thin and slender pittance.
BAP. It likes me well: Cambio, hie you home,
And bid Bianca make her ready straight;
And, if you will, tell what hath happened:
Lucentio's father is arriv'd in Padua,
And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife!
LUC. I pray the gods she may, with all my heart![b]
TRA. Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.
Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way?
Welcome! one mess is like to be your cheer;
Come, sir; we will better it in Pisa.
BAP. I follow you.
[*Exeunt* TRANIO, Pedant, *and* BAPTISTA.
BION. Cambio.
LUC. What say'st thou, Biondello?
BION. You saw my master wink and laugh upon you?
LUC. Biondello, what of that?
BION. 'Faith, nothing; but has left me here behind, to expound the meaning or moral of his signs and tokens.
LUC. I pray thee, moralize them.
BION. Then thus:—Baptista is safe talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.
LUC. And what of him?
BION. His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.
LUC. And then?
BION. The old priest at Saint Luke's church is at your command at all hours.
LUC. And what of all this?
BION. I cannot tell: expect,[c] they are busied about a counterfeit assurance, take you assurance of her, *cum privilegio ad imprimendum solùm*, to the church;—take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses:
If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say,
But bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day.
[*Going.*
LUC. Hear'st thou, Biondello?
BION. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit; and so may you, sir; and so adieu, sir. My master hath appointed me to go to Saint Luke's, to bid the priest be ready to come against you come with your appendix.
[*Exit.*
LUC. I may, and will, if she be so contented:
She will be pleas'd, then wherefore should I doubt?
Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her;
It shall go hard, if Cambio go without her. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*A Public Road.*

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, *and* HORTENSIO.

PET. Come on, o' God's name; once more toward our father's.
Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!
KATH. The moon! the sun; it is not moonlight now.
PET. I say, it is the moon that shines so bright.
KATH. I know, it is the sun that shines so bright.
PET. Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself,
It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,
Or ere I journey to your father's house:—
Go on, and fetch our horses back again.—
Evermore cross'd and cross'd: nothing but cross'd!
HOR. Say as he says, or we shall never go.
KATH. Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please:
An if you please to call it a rush candle,
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.
PET. I say, it is the moon.
KATH. I know it is the moon.
PET. Nay, then you lie; it is the blessed sun:
KATH. Then, God be bless'd, it is* the blessed sun:
But sun it is not, when you say it is not;
And the moon changes, even as your mind.
What you will have it nam'd, even that it is;
And so it shall be so, for Katharine.

[a] *An it like you, sir:*] The word *sir* was added in the second folio.

[b] With all my heart!] In the old copy this line is assigned to Biondello, and the speaker is made to go out. The "business," no doubt, was, that Lucentio retired until Baptista, Tranio, and the Pedant, had left, and then came forward to confer privately with Biondello.

(*) First folio, *in.*

[c] Expect,—] So the first folio. The second reads *except.* If *expect* is the poet's word, the meaning seems to be, *anticipate.* They are busied about a counterfeit assurance: Go you, anticipate their movements by obtaining a real one.

HOR. Petruchio, go thy ways; the field is won.
PET. Well, forward, forward: thus the bowl should run,
And not unluckily against the bias.
But soft! Company is coming here!

Enter VINCENTIO, *in a travelling dress.*

Good morrow, gentle mistress: where away? [*To* VINCENTIO.
Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,
Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?
Such war of white and red within her cheeks?
What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,
As those two eyes become that heavenly face?
Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee:
Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.
HOR. 'A will make the man mad, to make a[a] woman of him.
KATH. Young budding virgin, fair, and fresh, and sweet,
Whither away; or where[b] is thy abode?
Happy the parents of so fair a child;
Happier the man, whom favourable stars
Allots thee for his lovely bedfellow!(5)
PET. Why, how now, Kate? I hope thou art not mad:
This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd;
And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.
KATH. Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,
That have been so bedazzled with the sun,
That everything I look on seemeth green:
Now I perceive thou art a reverend father;
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.
PET. Do, good old grandsire; and, withal, make known
Which way thou travellest; if along with us,
We shall be joyful of thy company.
VIN. Fair sir, and you my merry mistress,
That with your strange encounter much amaz'd me,
My name is call'd Vincentio, my dwelling Pisa;
And bound I am to Padua; there to visit
A son of mine, which long I have not seen.
PET. What is his name?
VIN. Lucentio, gentle sir.
PET. Happily met; the happier for thy son.
And now by law, as well as reverent age,
I may entitle thee my loving father;
The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,
Thy son by this hath married: wonder not,
Nor be not griev'd; she is of good esteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;
Beside, so qualified as may beseem
The spouse of any noble gentleman.
Let me embrace with old Vincentio:
And wander we to see thy honest son,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.
VIN. But is this true? or is it else your pleasure,
Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest
Upon the company you overtake?
HOR. I do assure thee, father, so it is.
PET. Come, go along, and see the truth hereof;
For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.
[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, *and* VINCENTIO.
HOR. Well, Petruchio, this has put me in heart.
Have to my widow; and if she be froward,[c]
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward.
[*Exit.*

[a] *To make* a *woman of him.*] Thus the second folio; the first has "*the* woman," &c.
[b] *Or* where—] The reading of the second folio; the first having "*whether*," &c.
[c] *And if she* be *froward*,—] The first folio omits *be*, which was supplied by the second.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Padua. *Before* Lucentio's *House.*

Enter on one side Biondello, Lucentio, *and* Bianca; Gremio *walking on the other side.*[a]

Bion. Softly and swiftly, sir; for the priest is ready.

Luc. I fly, Biondello; but they may chance to need thee at home, therefore leave us.

Bion. Nay, faith, I'll see the church o' your back; and then come back to my master* as soon as I can.

[*Exeunt* Lucentio, Bianca, *and* Biondello.

Gre. I marvel Cambio comes not all this while.

Enter Petruchio, Katharina, Vincentio, *and* Attendants.

Pet. Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's house,
My father's bears more toward the market-place;
Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir.

Vin. You shall not choose but drink before you go;
I think I shall command your welcome here,
And by all likelihood, some cheer is toward.
[*Knocks.*

Gre. They're busy within, you were best knock louder.

Enter Pedant *above at a window.*

Ped. What's he that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

Vin. Is signior Lucentio within, sir?

Ped. He's within, sir, but not to be spoken withal.

Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two to make merry withal?

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to yourself; he shall need none, as long as I live.

(*) Old copies, *Mistris.*

[a] Gremio *walking on the other side.*] The original stage direction is, *Enter Biondello, Lucentio and Bianca, Gremio is out before.*

PET. Nay, I told you your son was well beloved in Padua.—Do you hear, sir?—to leave frivolous circumstances,—I pray you, tell signior Lucentio, that his father is come from Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with him.

PED. Thou liest; his father is come from Pisa,* and here looking out at the window.

VIN. Art thou his father?

PED. Ay, sir; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

PET. Why, how now, gentleman! [*To* VINCEN.] why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

PED. Lay hands on the villain. I believe 'a means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

BION. I have seen them in the church together; God send 'em good shipping!—but who is here? mine old master, Vincentio? now we are undone, and brought to nothing.

VIN. Come hither, crack-hemp.

[*Seeing* BIONDELLO.

BION. I hope I may choose, sir.

VIN. Come hither, you rogue; what, have you forgot me?

BION. Forgot you? no, sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

VIN. What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy master's father,[a] Vincentio?

BION. What, my old, worshipful old master? yes, marry, sir; see where he looks out of the window.

VIN. Is 't so, indeed? [*Beats* BIONDELLO.

BION. Help, help, help! here 's a madman will murder me. [*Exit.*

PED. Help, son! help, signior Baptista!

[*Exit from the window.*

PET. Prithee, Kate, let's stand aside, and see the end of this controversy. [*They retire.*

Re-enter Pedant *below;* BAPTISTA, TRANIO, *and* Servants.

TRA. Sir, what are you that offer to beat my servant?

VIN. What am I, sir? nay, what are you, sir? —O immortal gods! O fine villain! A silken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a copatain hat![b]—O, I am undone, I am undone! while I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.

TRA. How now? what 's the matter?

BAP. What, is the man lunatic?

TRA. Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a madman. Why, sir, what concerns[c] it you if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

VIN. Thy father? O villain! he is a sail-maker in Bergamo.

BAP. You mistake, sir; you mistake, sir; pray, what do you think is his name?

VIN. His name? as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is Tranio.

PED. Away, away, mad ass! his name is Lucentio; and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, signior Vincentio.

VIN. Lucentio! O, he hath murdered his master! lay hold on him, I charge you, in the duke's name: O, my son, my son!—tell me, thou villain, where is my son, Lucentio.

TRA. Call forth an officer:(1) carry this mad knave to the gaol:—Father Baptista, I charge you see that he be forthcoming.

VIN. Carry me to the gaol!

[*Enter one with an* Officer.

GRE. Stay, officer; he shall not go to prison.

BAP. Talk not, signior Gremio; I say he shall go to prison.

GRE. Take heed, signior Baptista, lest you be coney-catched[d] in this business; I dare swear this is the right Vincentio.

PED. Swear, if thou darest.

GRE. Nay, I dare not swear it.

TRA. Then thou wert best say that I am not Lucentio.

GRE. Yes, I know thee to be signior Lucentio.

BAP. Away with the dotard; to the gaol with him.

VIN. Thus strangers may be haled and abus'd. O monstrous villain!

Re-enter BIONDELLO, *with* LUCENTIO *and* BIANCA.

BION. O, we are spoiled, and—yonder he is; deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

LUC. Pardon, sweet father. [*Kneeling.*

VIN. Lives my sweet son?

[BIONDELLO, TRANIO, *and* Pedant *run out.*[e]

BIAN. Pardon, dear father. [*Kneeling.*

(*) Old copies, *Padua.*

[a] *Thy* master's *father,*—] The first folio reads *mistris,* which was corrected in the second folio.

[b] A copatain hat!—] This was a high-crowned hat shaped like a sugar-loaf. "Upon their heads they ware felt-hats *copple-tanked,* a quarter of an ell high or more."—*Comines, trans. by Danet.*

[c] Concerns—] In the first folio, "*cerns.*" We read after the second edition.

[d] Coney-catched—] That is, *cheated, imposed upon.* We gather from Decker's "English Villanies," that formerly the sharpers termed their gang *a warren,* and their simpleton-victims *rabbit-suckers* (young rabbits), or *conies.* At other times their confederates were called *bird-catchers,* and their prey *gulls* (raw, unfledged greenhorns): and hence it was common to say of any person who had been swindled, or hoaxed, he was *coney-catched,* or *gulled.*

[e] *Run out.*] The old copy adds, "*as fast as may be.*"

BAP. How hast thou offended?
Where is Lucentio?
LUC. Here's Lucentio,
Right son unto* the right Vincentio;
That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit supposes[a] blear'd thine eyne.
GRE. Here's packing[b] with a witness, to deceive us all!
VIN. Where is that damned villain, Tranio,
That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter so?
BAP. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?
BIAN. Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.
LUC. Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love
Made me exchange my state with Tranio,
While he did bear my countenance in the town;
And happily I have arrived at the last,
Unto the wished haven of my bliss:
What Tranio did, myself enforc'd him to;
Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.
VIN. I'll slit the villain's nose, that would have sent me to the gaol.
BAP. But do you hear, sir? [*To* LUCENTIO.] Have you married my daughter without asking my good-will?
VIN. Fear not, Baptista; we will content you: go to: but I will in, to be revenged for this villainy. [*Exit.*
BAP. And I, to sound the depth of this knavery. [*Exit.*
LUC. Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not frown. [*Exeunt* LUC. *and* BIAN.
GRE. My cake is dough:[c] but I'll in among the rest;
Out of hope of all,—but my share of the feast. [*Exit.*

PETRUCHIO *and* KATHARINA *advance.*

KATH. Husband, let's follow, to see the end of this ado.
PET. First kiss me, Kate, and we will.
KATH. What, in the midst of the street?
PET. What, art thou ashamed of me?
KATH. No, sir; God forbid:—but ashamed to kiss.
PET. Why, then, let's home again:—come, sirrah, let's away.
KATH. Nay, I will give thee a kiss: now pray thee, love, stay.
PET. Is not this well?—come, my sweet Kate:
Better once than never, for never too late. [*Exeunt.*[d]

SCENE II.—*A Room in* Lucentio's *House.*

A banquet set out. Enter BAPTISTA, VINCENTIO, GREMIO, *the* Pedant, LUCENTIO, BIANCA, PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, HORTENSIO, *and* Widow. TRANIO, BIONDELLO, GRUMIO, *and others, attending.*

LUC. At last, though long, our jarring notes agree;
And time it is, when raging war is done,*
To smile at 'scapes and perils overblown.
My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,
While I with self-same kindness welcome thine:
Brother Petruchio,—sister Katharina,—
And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,—
Feast with the best, and welcome to my house.
My banquet[f] is to close our stomachs up,
After our great good cheer: pray you, sit down;
For now we sit to chat, as well as eat. [*They sit at table.*
PET. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat.
BAP. Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.
PET. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.
HOR. For both our sakes, I would that word were true.
PET. Now, for my life, Hortensio fears[g] his widow.
WID. Then never trust me if I be afeard.
PET. You are very sensible, and yet you miss my sense;
I mean, Hortensio is afeard of you.
WID. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.

(*) Old copies, *to.*

[a] *While counterfeit* supposes—] *Supposes* is here used in the same sense as in Gascoigne's Comedy of that name, for *impostors, changelings,* &c.

[b] *Here's* packing—] *Iniquitous collusion, chicanery, plotting.* The word is used metaphorically from *packing* cards with the view to defraud.

[c] My cake is dough:] See Note ([b]), p. 234.

[d] *Exeunt.*] In the original, the following stage direction and dialogue occur, after the parallel scene to this,—

"*Slie* sleepes.
Lord. Whose within there? come hither sirs my Lords
Asleepe againe: go take him easily vp,
And put him in his one apparel againe,
And lay him in the place where we did find him,
Iust vnderneath the alehouse side below,
But see you wake him not in any case.
Boy. It shall be don my Lord come helpe to beare him hence,
Exit."

[e] *When raging war is* done,—] The old copies have, "When raging war is *come,*" which is obviously a misprint. Rowe substituted *done.*

[f] *My* banquet—] *A banquet,* with our old writers, sometimes meant what we call *a dessert*—a slight refection, consisting of fruit, sweetmeats, &c.; and was occasionally set out in a room separated from the dining apartment. Thus, in Massinger's "Unnatural Combat," Act III. Sc. 1,—

"We'll *dine* in the great room, but let the music
And *banquet* be prepared here."

See also *The City Madam,* Act II. Sc. 2. GIFFORD's *Massinger.* More often, in Shakespeare, however, *a banquet* signifies a feast, as at the present day.

[g] *Hortensio* fears *his widow.*] To understand the equivoque, it must be remembered that *to fear* anciently had an active as well as a passive sense, and meant not only to feel alarm, but to frighten. So in Act I. Sc. 2,—

"——— *fear* boys with bugs,
For he *fears* none."

PET. Roundly replied.
KATH. Mistress, how mean you that?
WID. Thus I conceive by him.
PET. Conceives by me!—how likes Hortensio that?
HOR. My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.
PET. Very well mended: kiss him for that, good widow.
KATH. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round:—
I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.
WID. Your husband, being troubled with a shrew,[a]
Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe:
And now you know my meaning.
KATH. A very mean meaning.
WID. Right, I mean you.
KATH. And I am mean, indeed, respecting you.
PET. To her, Kate!
HOR. To her, widow!
PET. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.
HOR. That's my office.
PET. Spoke like an officer:—ha' to thee, lad.
[*Drinks to* HORTENSIO.
BAP. How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?
GRE. Believe me, sir, they butt together well.

BIAN. Head, and butt? an hasty-witted body
Would say your head and butt were head and horn.
VIN. Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd you?
BIAN. Ay, but not frighted me; therefore I'll sleep again.
PET. Nay, that you shall not; since you have begun,
Have at you for a bitter jest or two.[b]
BIAN. Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush,
And then pursue me as you draw your bow:—
You are welcome all.
[*Exeunt* BIANCA, KATHARINA, *and* Widow.
PET. She hath prevented me: here, signior Tranio,
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not;
Therefore, a health to all that shot and miss'd.
TRA. O, sir, Lucentio slipp'd me like his grey-hound,
Which runs himself, and catches for his master.
PET. A good swift simile, but something currish.
TRA. 'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for yourself;
'Tis thought, your deer does hold you at a bay.
BAP. O ho, Petruchio, Tranio hits you now.
LUC. I thank thee for that gird,[c] good Tranio.
HOR. Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here?

[a] Shrew,—woe:] *Shrew* was frequently pronounced, as well as spelt, *shrow*. Here it is evidently intended to rhyme with *woe;* and at the end of the play it couples with *so*.

[b] *A* bitter *jest or two.*] The old copies read, "a *better* jest." Capell suggested *bitter*, which was, no doubt, the poet's word. So in Act III. Sc. 2,—

"Hiding his *bitter* jests in blunt behaviour."

[c] I *thank thee for that* gird,—] *A sarcasm, a taunt, a bitter jest* "His life is a perpetual satyr, and he is still *girding* the age's vanity, when this very anger shows he too much esteems it."—EARLE's *Microcosmographie, Char.* 6.

PET. 'A has a little gall'd me, I confess;
And, as the jest did glance away from me,
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two* outright.
BAP. Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio,
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.
PET. Well, I say—no: and, therefore, for assurance,[a]
Let s each one send unto his wife;
And he, whose wife is most obedient
To come at first when he doth send for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propose.
HOR. Content: what is the wager?
LUC. Twenty crowns.
PET. Twenty crowns!
I'll venture so much of my hawk, or hound,
But twenty times so much upon my wife.
LUC. A hundred, then.
HOR. Content.
PET. A match; 'tis done.
HOR. Who shall begin?
LUC. That will I.
Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.
BION. I go. [*Exit.*
BAP. Son, I will be your half, Bianca comes.
LUC. I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all myself.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

How now! what news?
BION. Sir, my mistress sends you word
That she is busy, and she cannot come.
PET. How! she is busy, and she cannot come!
Is that an answer?
GRE. Ay, and a kind one too:
Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.
PET. I hope, better.
HOR. Sirrah Biondello, go, and entreat my wife,
To come to me forthwith. [*Exit* BIONDELLO.
PET. O, ho! entreat her!
Nay, then she must needs come.
HOR. I am afraid, sir,
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Now where's my wife?
BION. She says, you have some goodly jest in hand;
She will not come; she bids you come to her.
PET. Worse and worse; she will not come! O vile,
Intolerable, not to be endur'd!
Sirrah Grumio, go to your mistress;
Say, I command her come to me. [*Exit* GRUMIO.
HOR. I know her answer.

(*) First folio, *too.*

[a] For *assurance,*—] *For* is the correction of the second folio; the first has *sir.*

PET. What?
HOR. She will not.
PET. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Enter KATHARINA.

BAP. Now, by my holidam, here comes Katharina!
KATH. What is your will, sir, that you send for me?
PET. Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?
KATH. They sit conferring by the parlour fire.
PET. Go, fetch them hither; if they deny to come,
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands:
Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.
[*Exit* KATHARINA.
LUC. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.
HOR. And so it is; I wonder what it bodes.
PET. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,
An awful rule, and right supremacy;
And, to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy.
BAP. Now fair befall thee, good Petruchio!
The wager thou hast won; and I will add
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns,
Another dowry to another daughter,
For she is chang'd, as she had never been.
PET. Nay, I will win my wager better yet;
And show more sign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.

Re-enter KATHARINA, *with* BIANCA *and* Widow.

See, where she comes; and brings your froward wives,
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.
Katharine, that cap of yours becomes you not;
Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.
[KATHARINA *pulls off her cap, and throws it down.*
WID. Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,
Till I be brought to such a silly pass!
BIAN. Fie! what a foolish duty call you this?
LUC. I would, your duty were as foolish too:
The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
Hath cost me an hundred crowns[b] since supper-time.
BIAN. The more fool you, for laying on my duty.
PET. Katharine, I charge thee, tell these headstrong women,
What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.
WID. Come, come, you're mocking; we will have no telling.
PET. Come on, I say; and first begin with her.
WID. She shall not.
PET. I say, she shall;—and first begin with her.
KATH. Fie, fie! unknit that threat'ning unkind brow;

[b] An hundred *crowns*—] The old reading is, "Hath cost me *five hundred* crowns." Pope made the correction.

And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
It blots thy beauty, as frosts do bite the meads,
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds,
And in no sense is meet or amiable.
A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance: commits his body
To painful labour, both by sea and land;
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience,—
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such, a woman oweth to her husband:
And, when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she, but a foul contending rebel,
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?
I am asham'd, that women are so simple
To offer war, where they should kneel for peace;
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,
Unapt to toil, and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions, and our hearts,
Should well agree with our external parts?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms,
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great; my reason, haply, more,
To bandy word for word, and frown for frown;
But now, I see our lances are but straws,
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,
That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are.
Then vail your stomachs,[a] for it is no boot,
And place your hands below your husbands' foot:
In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready, may it do him ease!

PET. Why, there's a wench!—come on, and kiss me, Kate.

LUC. Well, go thy ways, old lad; for thou shalt ha't.

VIN. 'Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.

LUC. But a harsh hearing when women are froward.

PET. Come, Kate, we'll to bed:—
We three are married, but you two are sped.
'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white;
[*To* LUCENTIO
And being a winner, God give you good night!
[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO *and* KATH.

HOR. Now go thy ways, thou hast tam'd a curst shrew.[b]

LUC. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tam'd so. [*Exeunt.*(2)

[a] *Then* vail *your stomachs,*—] Abase your *pride*, your *spirit*. Thus, in "Henry IV." Part II. Act I. Sc. 1, we are told the bloody Douglas

" 'Gan *vail his stomach*, and did grace the shame
Of those that turn'd their backs."

[b] *Thou hast tam'd a curst* shrew.] *Shrew* here was doubtless intended to be pronounced *shrow*. See Note (a), p. 271.

ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

INDUCTION.

(1) SCENE I.—The following is the story mentioned in the Preliminary Notice as the most probable source whence the author of the "Taming of *a* Shrew" derived the notion of his Prelude :—

THE WAKING MAN'S DREAME.

In the time that *Phillip*, Duke of *Burgundy* (who by the gentlenesse and curteousnesse of his carriage purchaste the name of Good,) guided the reines of the country of *Flanders*, this prince, who was of an humour pleasing, and full of judicious goodnesse, rather then silly simplicitie, used pastimes which for their singularity are commonly called the pleasures of Princes: after this manner he no lesse shewed the quaintnesse of his wit then his prudence.

Being in *Bruxelles* with all his Court, and having at his table discoursed amply enough of the vanities and greatnesse of this world, he let each one say his pleasure on this subject, whereon was alleadged grave sentences and rare examples: walking towards the evening in the towne, his head full of divers thoughts, he found a Tradesman lying in a corner sleeping very soundly, the fumes of Bacchus having surcharged his braine. * * * * * He caused his men to carry away this sleeper, with whom, as with a blocke, they mighte doe what they would, without awaking him; he caused them to carry him into one of the sumptuousest parts of his Pallace, into a chamber most state-like furnished, and makes them lay him on a rich bed. They presently strip him of his bad cloathes, and put him on a very fine and cleane shirt, in stead of his own, which was foule and filthy. They let him sleepe in that place at his ease, and whilest hee settles his drinke the Duke prepares the pleasantest pastime that can be imagined.

In the morning, this drunkard being awake drawes the curtaines of this brave rich bed, sees himselfe in a chamber adorned like a Paradice, he considers the rich furniture with an amazement such as you may imagine: he beleeves not his eyes, but layes his finger on them, and feeling them open, yet perswades himselfe they are shut by sleep, and that all he sees is but a pure dreame.

Assoone as he was knowne to be awake, in comes the officers of the Dukes house, who were instructed by the Duke what they should do. There were pages bravely apparelled, Gentlemen of the chamber, Gentleman waiters, and the High Chamberlaine, who, all in faire order and without laughing, bring cloathing for this new guest: they honour him with the same great reverences as if hee were a Soveraigne Prince; they serve him bare headed, and aske him what suite hee will please to weare that day.

This fellow, affrighted at the first, beleeving these things to be inchantment or dreames, reclaimed by these submissions, tooke heart, and grew bold, and setting a good face on the matter, chused amongst all the apparell that they presented unto him that which he liked best, and which hee thought to be fittest for him: he is accommodated like a King, and served with such ceremonies, as he had never seene before, and yet beheld them without saying any thing, and with an assured countenance. This done, the greatest Nobleman in the Dukes Court enters the chamber with the same reverence and honour to him as if he had been their Soveraigne Prince. * * *

Being risen late, and dinner time approaching, they asked if he were pleased to have his tables covered. He likes that very well: * * * he eates with the same ceremony which was observed at the Dukes meales, he made good cheere, and chawed with all his teeth, but only drank with more moderation than he could have wisht, but the Majesty which he represented made him refraine. All taken away, he was entertained with new and pleasant things: * * * they made him passe the afternoone in all kinds of sports: musicke, dancing, and a Comedy, spent some part of the time. * * *

Super time approaching, * * * he was led with sound of Trumpets and Hoboyes into a faire hall, where long Tables were set, which were presently covered with divers sorts of dainty meates, the Torches shined in every corner, and made a day in he midst of a night. * * * Never was the imaginary Duke at such a feast: carousses begin after the manner of the Country * * * They serve him with very strong wine, good *Hipocras*, which hee swallowed downe in great draughts, and frequently redoubled; so that, charged with so many extraordinaryes, he yeelded to death's cousin german, sleep. * * *

Then the right Duke, who had put himselfe among the throng of his Officers to have the pleasure of this mummery, commanded that this sleeping man should be stript out of his brave cloathes, and cloathed againe in his old ragges, and so sleeping carried and layd in the same place where he was taken up the night before. This was presently done, and there did he snort all the night long, not taking any hurt either from the hardnesse of the stones or the night ayre, so well was his stomacke filled with good preservatives. Being awakened in the morning by some passenger, or it may bee by some that the good Duke *Philip* had thereto appointed, ha! said he, my friends, what have you done? you have rob'd mee of a Kingdome, and have taken mee out of the sweetest, and happiest dreame that ever man could have fallen into. * * * Being returned home to his house, hee entertaines his wife, neighbours, and friends, with this his dreame, as hee thought. * * *

In his adaptation of the foregoing incident to the purposes of the stage, the writer of the old play has displayed a knowledge of character and an appreciation of humour and effect which entitle him, perhaps, to higher commendation than he has yet received. His Induction opens thus :—

"Enter a Tapster, beating out of his doores *Slie Droonken*.*

Tapster. You whorson droonken slaue, you had best be gone,
And empty your droonken panch some where else
For in this house thou shalt not rest to night. *Exit* Tapster.
Slie. Tilly, vally, by crisee Tapster Ile fese you anon.
Fils the tother pot and alls paid for, looke you
I doo drinke it of mine owne Instegation, *Omne bene*
Heere Ile lie awhile, why Tapster I say,
Fils a fresh cushen heere.
Heigh ho, heers good warme lying.
He fals asleepe.

Enter a Noble man and his men from hunting.

Lord. Now that the gloomie shaddow of the night,
Longing to view Orions drisling lookes,
Leapes from th' antarticke world vnto the skie,
And dims the Welkin with her pitchie breath,
And darkesome night oreshades the christall heauens,
Here breake we off our hunting for to night;
Cupple vppe the hounds and let vs hie vs home,
And bid the huntsman see them meated well,
For they haue all deseru'd it well to daie,
But soft, what sleepie fellow is this lies heere?
Or is he dead, see one what he dooth lacke?
Seruingman. My lord, tis nothing but a drunken sleepe,
His head is too heauie for his bodie,
And he hath drunke so much that he can go no furder.
Lord. Fie, how the slauish villaine stinkes of drinke.
Ho, sirha arise. What so sounde asleepe?
Go take him vppe and beare him to my house,
And beare him easilie for feare he wake," &c. &c.

(2) SCENE II.—*Enter* Lord, *dressed like a servant*.] Compare Shakespeare's admirable picture of the tinker's transmutation with the corresponding scene in the original :—

* Our extracts are quoted *literatim* from the edition of 1594.

"Enter two with a table and a banquet on it, and two other with *Slie* asleepe in a chaire, richlie apparelled, and the musicke plaieng.

One. So: sirha now go call my Lord,
And tel him that all things is ready as he wild it.
Another. Set thou some wine vpon the boord
And then Ile go fetch my Lord presentlie. *Exit.*

Enter the Lord and his men.

Lord. How now, what is all thinges readie?
One. I my Lord.
Lord. Then sound the musick, and Ile wake him straight,
And see you doo as earst I gaue in charge.
My lord, My lord, he sleepes soundlie: My Lord.
Slie. Tapster, gis a little small ale. Heigh ho.
Lord. Heers wine my lord, the purest of the grape.
Slie. For which Lord?
Lord. For your honour my Lord.
Slie. Who I, am I a Lord? Jesus what fine apparell haue I got.
Lord. More richer farre your honour hath to weare,
And if it please you I will fetch them straight.
Wil. And if your honour please to ride abroad,
Ile fetch you lustie steedes more swift of pace
Then winged *Pegasus* in all his pride,
That ran so swiftlie ouer the Persian plaines.
Tom. And if your honour please to hunt the deere,
Your hounds stand readie cuppeld at the doore.
Who in running will oretake the Row,
And make the long breathde Tygre broken winded.
Slie. By the masse I think I am a Lord indeed,
Whats thy name?
Lord. *Simon* and it please your honour.
Slie. *Simon*, thats as much as to say *Simion* or *Simon*
Put foorth thy hand and fill the pot.
Give me thy hand, *Sim* am I a lord indeed?" &c. &c.

(3) SCENE II.—*Enter the* Page, *&c.*] In the old play the scene proceeds as follows:—

"Enter the boy in Womans attire.

Slie. *Sim*, Is this she?
Lord. I my Lord.
Slie. Masse tis a prettie wench, what's her name?
Boy. Oh that my louelie Lord would once vouchsafe
To looke on me and leaue these frantike fits,
Or were I now but halfe so eloquent,
To paint in words what ile performe in deedes,
I know your honour then would pittie me.
Slie. Harke you mistrese, will you eat a peece of bread,
Come sit downe on my knee, *Sim* drinke to hir *Sim*,
For she and I will go to bed anon.
Lord. May it please you, your honors plaiers be come;
To offer your honour a plaie.
Slie. A plaie *Sim*, O braue, be they my plaiers?
Lord. I my Lord.
Slie. Is there not a foole in the plaie?
Lord. Yes my lord.
Slie. When wil they plaie *Sim?*
Lord. Euen when it please your honor, they be readie.
Boy. My lord Ile go bid them begin their plaie.
Slie. Doo, but looke that you come againe.
Boy. I warrant you, my lord, I will not leave you thus. *Exit* boy.
Slie. Come *Sim*, where be the plaiers? *Sim* stand by me and weele flout the plaiers out of their cotes.
Lord. Ile cal them my lord. Hoe where are you there?"

ACT I.

(1) SCENE I.—*Gremio.*] In the first folio, Gremio is called "*a Pantelowne.*" *Il Pantalone* was the old baffled amoroso of the early Italian Comedy, and, like the Pedant and the Braggart, formed a never-failing source of ridicule upon the Italian stage.

(2) SCENE I.—*I wis, it is not half way to her heart.*] The word *I wis, in its origin,* is the Anglo-Saxon adjective *gewis, certain, sure,* which is still preserved in the modern German *gewiss,* and Dutch *gewis.* It is always used adverbially in the English writers of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, and it invariably means *certainly, truly.* The change of the Anglo-Saxon *ge* to *y* or *i*, appears to have been made in the thirteenth century, and the letters *y* or *i* are used indifferently, one being as right as the other. But although the word is really an adverb, Sir Frederic Madden thinks it questionable whether, in the latter part of the fifteenth century, it was not regarded as a *pronoun and a verb,* equivalent to the German *ich weiss.** That it was so considered in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries seems pretty generally admitted. In Shakespeare it is always printed with a capital letter, *I wis;* and we have no doubt he used it as a *pronoun and a verb,* not knowing its original sense *as an adverb.*

* See the Glossary to Sir Frederic Madden's "Syr Gawayne. *Printed for the Bannatyne Club,* 1839."

ACT II.

(1) SCENE I.—*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO *and* KATHARINA *severally.*] Compare the interview of the hero and heroine in the old comedy:—

"Enter *Kate.*

Alfon. Ha *Kate*, Come hither wench & list to me,
Vse this gentleman friendlie as thou canst.
Feran. Twentie good morrowes to my louely *Kate*
Kate. You iest I am sure, is she yours alreadie?
Feran. I tell thee *Kate* I know thou lou'st me well
Kate. The deuill you doo, who told you so?
Feran. My mind sweet *Kate* doth say I am the man,
Must wed, and bed, and marrie bonnie *Kate.*
Kate. Was euer seene so grose an asse as this?
Feran. I, to stand so long and neuer get a kisse.
Kate. Hands off I say, and get you from this place;
Or I wil set my ten commandments in your face.
Feran. I prethe doo *Kate;* they say thou art a shrew,
And I like thee the better for I would haue thee so.
Kate. Let go my hand for feare it reech your eare.
Feran. No *Kate*, this hand is mine and I thy loue.

Kate. In faith sir no, the woodcock wants his taile.
Feran. But yet his bil wil serue, if the other faile.
Alfon. How now, *Ferando*, what saies my daughter?
Feran. Shees willing sir and loues me as hir life.
Kate. Tis for your skin then, but not to be your wife.
Alfon. Come hither *Kate* and let me giue thy hand
To him that I haue chosen for thy loue,
And thou tomorrow shalt be wed to him.
Kate. Why father what do you meane to doo with me,
To giue me thus vnto this brainsick man,
That in his mood cares not to murder me?
She turnes aside and speakes.
But yet I will consent and marrie him,
For I methinkes haue liued too long a maid,
And match him to, or else his manhoods good.
Alfon. Giue me thy hand *Ferando* loues thee wel
And will with wealth and ease maintaine thy state,
Here *Ferando* take her for thy wife,
And Sunday next shall be your wedding day.
Feran. Why so, did I not tell thee I should be the man
Father, I leaue my loulie *Kate* with you,
Prouide your selues against our mariage daie;
For I must hie me to my countrie house
In hast to see prouision may be made,
To entertaine my *Kate* when she dooth come.
Alfon. Doo so, come *Kate* why doost thou looke
So sad, be merrie wench thy wedding daies at hand.
Sonne fare you well, and see you keepe your promise.
Exit Alfonso and Kate."

(2) SCENE I.—*Yet I have fac'd it with a card of ten.*] "A common phrase," says Nares, "which we may suppose to have been derived from some game (possibly *primero*), wherein the standing boldly upon a *ten* was often successful. *A card of ten* meant a tenth card, a ten, &c. I conceive the force of the phrase to have expressed, originally, the confidence or impudence of one who, with a ten, as at brag, *faced*, or *out-faced* one who had really a faced card against him. To face, meant, as it still does, to bully, to attack by impudence of face."

(3) SCENE I.—*If I fail not of my cunning.*] At the termination of this scene in the original, the following bit of by-play is introduced:—

"*Slie. Sim*, when will the foole come againe?
Lord. Heele come againe my Lord anon.
Slie. Gis some more drinke here, souns wheres
The Tapster, here *Sim* eate some of these things.
Lord. So I doo my Lord.
Slie. Here *Sim*, I drinke to thee.
Lord. My Lord heere comes the plaiers againe,
Slie. O braue, heers two fine gentlewomen."

ACT III.

(1) SCENE II.—*Enter* PETRUCHIO *and* GRUMIO.] The answerable scene to this in the old piece, though not without humour, is much inferior:—

"Enter *Ferando* baselie attired, and a red cap on his head.

Feran. Godmorow father, *Polidor* well met,
You wonder I know that I haue staid so long.
Alfon. I marrie son, we were almost perswaded,
That we should scarse haue had our bridegroome heere,
But say, why art thou thus basely attired?
Feran. Thus richlie father you should haue said,
For when my wife and I am married once,
Shees such a shrew, if we should once fal out
Sheele pul my costlie sutes ouer mine eares,
And therefore am I thus attired awhile,
For manie thinges I tell you's in my head,
And none must know thereof but *Kate* and I,
For we shall liue like lammes and Lions sure,
Nor Lammes to Lions neuer was so tame,
If once they lie within the Lions pawes
As *Kate* to me if we were married once,
And therefore come let vs to church presently.
Pol. Fie *Ferando* not thus atired for shame
Come to my Chamber and there sute thy selfe,
Of twentie sutes that I did neuer were.
Feran. Tush *Polidor* I haue as many sutes
Fantasticke made to fit my humor so
As any in Athens and as richlie wrought
As was the Massie Robe that late adornd,
The stately legate of the Persian King,
And this from them haue I made choise to weare.
Alfon. I prethie *Ferando* let me intreat
Before thou goste vnto the church with vs
To put some other sute vpon thy backe.
Feran. Not for the world if I might gaine it so,
And therefore take me thus or not at all."

(2) SCENE II.—
"*He calls for wine—*
——— *quaff'd off the muscadel,*" &c.
The custom of taking wine and sops in the church upon the conclusion of the marriage ceremonies is very ancient, and in this country, in our author's time, it was almost universal. The beverage usually chosen was *Muscadel*, or *Muscadine*, or a medicated drink called *Hippocras*. Thus, in Robert Armin's Comedy of "The History of the Two Maids of Moreclacke," 1609, the play begins with:—

"*Enter a Maid strewing flowers, and a serving-man perfuming the door.*

Maid. Strew, strew.
Man. The *muscadine* stays for the bride at church:
The priest and Hymen's ceremonies tend
To make them man and wife."

So at the marriage of Mary and Philip in Winchester Cathedral, 1554, we read:—"The trumpets sounded, and they returned to their traverses in the quire, and there remayned untill masse was done; at which tyme, *wyne* and *sopes* were hallowed and delyvered to them both."—*Appendix to* LELAND'S *Collectanea.*

(3) SCENE II.—*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, *and* GRUMIO.] Perhaps in no part of the play is the immeasurable superiority of Shakespeare to his predecessor more evident than in the boisterous vigour and excitation of this scene. Compared with it, the corresponding situation in the original is torpidity itself:—

"Enter *Ferando and Kate and Alfonso and Polidor and Amelia and Aurelius and Philema.*

Feran. Father farwell, my *Kate* and I must home,
Sirra go make ready my horse presentlie.
Alfon. Your horse? What son I hope you doo but iest
I am sure you will not go so suddainly.
Kate. Let him go or tarry I am resolu'de to stay,
And not to trauell on my wedding day.
Feran. Tut *Kate* I tell thee we must needes go home,
Villaine hast thou saddled my horse?
San. Which horse, your curtall?
Feran. Sounes you slaue stand you prating here?
Saddell the bay gelding for your Mistris.
Kate. Not for me: for Ile not go.
San. The ostler will not let me haue him you owe tenpence
For his meate and 6 pence for stuffing my Mistris saddle.
Feran. Here villaine go pay him straight.
San. Shall I giue them another pecke of lauender.
Feran. Out slaue and bring them presently to the dore.
Alfon. Why son I hope at least youle dine with vs.
San. I pray you maister lets stay till dinner be don.
Feran. Sounes villaine art thou here yet? *Ex. Sander*
Come *Kate* our dinner is prouided at home.

Kate. But not for me, for here I meane to dine
Ile haue my will in this as well as you,
Though you in madding mood would leaue your frends
Despite of you Ile tarry with them still.
Feran. I *Kate* so thou shalt but at some other time,
When as thy sisters here shall be espousd,
Then thou and I will keepe our wedding day,
In better sort then now we can prouide,
For here I promise thee before them all,
We will ere long returne to them againe,
Come *Kate* stand not on termes we will awaie,
This is my day, tomorrow thou shalt rule,
And I will doo what euer thou commandes.
Gentlemen farwell, wele take our leues,
It will be late before that we come home.
Exit Ferando and Kate."

ACT IV.

(1) SCENE I.—
He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speak; 't is charity to shew. [*Exit.*]
Subjoined is the parallel scene of the older play :—

"*Enter Ferando and Kate.*

Feran. Now welcome *Kate:* where's these villains
Here, what? not supper yet vppon the borde:
Nor table spred nor nothing don at all,
Wheres that villaine that I sent before.
San. Now, *ad sum*, sir.
Feran. Come hether you villaine Ile cut your nose,
You Rogue: helpe me of with my bootes: wilt please
You to lay the cloth? sounes the villaine
Hurts my foote? pull easely I say; yet againe.
He beates them all.
They couer the bord and fetch in the meate.
Sounes? burnt and skorcht who drest this meate?
Will. Forsouth Iohn cooke.
He throwes downe the table and meate and all, and beates them.

Feran. Go you villaines bringe you me such meate,
Out of my sight I say and beare it hence,
Come *Kate* wele haue other meate prouided,
Is there a fire in my chamber sir?
San. I forsooth. *Exit Ferando and Kate.*

Manent seruing men and eate vp all the meate.

Tom. Sounes? I thinke of my conscience my Masters
Mad since he was maried.
Will. I laft what a boxe he gaue *Sander*
For pulling of his bootes.

Enter *Ferando* againe.

San. I hurt his foote for the nonce man.
Feran. Did you so you damned villaine.
He beates them all out againe.
This humor must I holde me to awhile,
To bridle and holde backe my headstrong wife,
With curbes of hunger: ease: and want of sleepe,
Nor sleepe nor meate shall she inioie to night,
Ile mew her vp as men do mew their hawkes,
And make her gentlie come vnto the lure,
Were she as stuborne or as full of strength
As were the *Thracian* horse *Alcides* tamde,
That King *Egeus* fed with flesh of men,
Yet would I pull her downe and make her come
As hungry hawkes do flie vnto there lure. *Exit.*"

(2) SCENE II.—
"——— *but at last I spied*
An ancient angel coming down the hill."]
For upwards of a century, the expression, "An ancient *angel*," has been a puzzle to commentators. Theobald, Hanmer, and Warburton concurred in substituting *engle*, or *enghle* (the most innocent meaning of which is *gull*, or *dupe*) for "angel;" and this word has been supported strenuously by Gifford. In a note to Jonson's Poetaster, Act II. Sc. 1, he quotes a passage from Gascoigne's Supposes, the play Shakespeare is thought to have been under obligations to for this part of the plot, which he considers decisive:—"There Erostrato, the Biondello of Shakespeare, looks out for a person to gull by an idle story, judges *from appearances* that he has found him, and is not deceived:—'At the foot of the hill I met a gentleman, and *as methought by his habits and his looks he should be none of the wisest.*' Again, 'this gentleman being, as I guessed at the first, *a man of small sapientia.*' And Dulippo (the Lucentio of Shakespeare) as soon as he spies him coming, exclaims, 'Is this he? go meet him: by my truth, HE LOOKS LIKE A GOOD SOUL, he that fisheth for him might *be sure to catch a codshead.*'" But, after all, as Mr. Singer observes, it is not necessary to depart from the reading of the old copy. Cotgrave explains *Angelot à la grosse escaille*, "An old angell; and by metaphor a fellow of th' old, sound, honest, and worthie stamp." So *an ancient angel* may here have meant only *a good old simple soul.* It is singular that, while so much consideration has been bestowed on this expression, one very similar in "The Tempest," Act II. Sc. 1, "This *ancient morsel*," should scarcely have been noticed.

(3) SCENE III.—*Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave.*] We subjoin the analogous scene from the original play :—

"Enter *Sander and his Mistres.*

San. Come Mistris.
Kate. Sander I prethe helpe me to some meate,
I am so faint that I can scarsely stande.
San. I marry mistris but you know my maister
Has giuen me a charge that you must eate nothing,
But that which he himselfe giueth you.
Kate. Why man thy Maister needs never know it.
San. You say true indede: why looke you Mistris,
What say you to a peese of beeffe and mustard now?
Kate. Why I say tis excellent meate, canst thou helpe me to some?
San. I, I could helpe you to some but that
I doubt the mustard is too colerick for you,
But what say you to a sheepes head and garlick?
Kate. Why any thing, I care not what it be.
San. I but the garlike I doubt will make your breath stincke, and then my maister will course me for letting
You eate it: But what say you to a fat Capon?
Kate. Thats meate for a King sweet *Sander* helpe
Me to some of it.
San. Nay ber lady then tis too deere for vs, we must
Not meddle with the Kings meate.
Kate. Out villaine dost thou mocke me,
Take that for thy sawsinesse.
She beates him.

(4) SCENE III.—*Exeunt.*] The incidents in the foregoing scene closely resemble those in the following one from the old piece; it is in their treatment that the pre-eminence of Shakespeare is recognised :—

"Enter *Ferando and Kate and Sander.*

San. Master the haberdasher has brought my
Mistresse home hir cappe here.
Feran. Come hither sirra: what haue you there?
Habar. A veluet cappe sir and it please you.
Feran. Who speake for it? didst thou *Kate?*
Kate. What if I did, come hither sirra, giue me
The cap, Ile see if it will fit me. She sets it one hir head.
Feran. O monstrous, why it becomes thee not,
Let me see it *Kate:* here sirra take it hence,
This cappe is out of fashion quite.
Kate. The fashion is good inough: belike you
meane to make a foole of me.
Feran. Why true he meanes to make a foole of thee
To haue thee put on such a curtald cappe,
Sirra begon with it.

Enter the *Taylor* with a gowne.

San. Here is the *Taylor* too with my Mistris gowne.
Feran. Let me see it *Taylor:* what with cuts and iagges.
Sounes you villaine, thou hast spoiled the gowne.
Taylor. Why sir I made it as your man gaue me direction.
You may reade the note here.
Feran. Come hither sirra *Taylor* reade the note.
Taylor. Item. a faire round compast cape.
San. I thats true.
Taylor. And a large truncke sleeue.
San. Thats a lie maister. I sayd two truncke sleeues.
Feran. Well sir goe forward.
Taylor. Item a loose bodied gowne.
San. Maister if euer I sayd loose bodies gowne,
Sew me in a seame and beate me to death,
With bottome of browne thred.
Taylor. I made it as the note bad me.
San. I say the note lies in his throute and thou too
And thou sayst it.
Taylor. Nay nay nere be so hot sirra, for I feare you not.
San. Doost thou heare *Taylor*, thou hast braued
Many men: braue not me.
Thou'st faste many men.
Taylor. Well sir.
San. Face not me Ile neither be faste nor braued.
At thy handes I can tell thee.
Kate. Come come I like the fashion of it well enough,
Heres more a do then needs Ile haue it, I
And if you do not like it hide your eies,
I thinke I shall haue nothing by your will.
Feran. Go I say and take it vp for your maisters vse.
San. Souns villaine not for thy life touch it not,
Souns take vp my mistris gowne to his
Maisters vse?
Feran. Well sir whats your conceit of it.
San. I haue a deeper conceite in it then you thinke for, take vp my mistris gowne
To his maisters vse?
Feran. *Taylor* come hether; for this time take it
Hence againe, and Ile content thee for thy paines.
Taylor. I thanke you sir. *Exit Taylor.*
Feran. Come *Kate* we now will go see thy fathers house
Euen in these honest meane abilliments,
Our purses shall be rich our garments plaine,
To shrowd our bodies from the winter rage,
And that's inough, what should we care for more
Thy sisters *Kate* to morrow must be wed,
And I haue promised them thou shouldst be there
The morning is well vp lets hast away,
It will be nine a clocke ere we come there.
Kate. Nine a clock, why tis allreadie past two
In the after noone by all the clocks in the towne.
Feran. I say tis but nine a clock in the morning.
Kate. I say tis two a clock in the after noone.
Feran. It shall be nine then ere we go to your fathers,
Come backe againe we will not go to day.
Nothing but crossing of me still,
Ile haue you say as I doo ere you go. *Exeunt Omnes.*"

(5) SCENE V.—*Allots thee for his lovely bed-fellow!*] Compare the opening of the original scene:—

" *Feran.* Come *Kate* the Moone shines cleare to night
Methinkes.
Kate. The moone? why husband you are deceiued
It is the sun.
Feran. Yet againe come backe againe it shall be
The moone ere we come at your fathers.
Kate. Why Ile say as you say it is the moone.
Feran. Iesus saue the glorious moone.
Kate. Iesus saue the glorious moone.
Feran. I am glad *Kate* your stomack is come downe,
I know it well thou knowest it is the sun,
But I did trie to see if thou wouldst speake,
And crosse me now as thou hast donne before,
And trust me *Kate* hadst thou not named the moone,
We had gon back againe as sure as death
But soft whose this thats comming here."

ACT V.

(1) SCENE I.—*Call forth an officer.*] In the original the performance is interrupted at this point by the Tinker:—

" *Slie.* I say wele haue no sending to prison.
Lord. My Lord this is but the play, theyre but in iest.
Slie. I tell thee *Sim* wele haue no sending,
To prison thats flat: why *Sim* am not I *Don Christo Vary?* *
Therefore I say they shall not go to prison.
Lord. No more they shall not my Lord,
They be run away.
Slie. Are they run away *Sim?* thats well,
Then gis some more drinke, and let them play againe.
Lord. Here my Lord.
Slie drinkes and then falls asleepe."

(2) SCENE II.—*Exeunt.*] Shakespeare's piece terminates here, and no more is heard of the inimitable Christopher. Whether this is owing to the latter portion of the Induction having been lost, or whether the poet purposely dismissed the Tinker and the characters of the apologue, before whom we were to suppose the comedy was played, in the first act, we shall probably never know. In the old drama, at the end, the scene is supposed to change from the nobleman's palace to the outside of the alehouse-door, and Sly is properly re-introduced in the same state in which he first appeared:—

" Then enter two bearing of *Slie* in his
Owne apparrell againe and leaues him
Where they found, him, and then goes out.
Then enter the *Tapster*.

Tapster. Now that the darkesome night is ouerpast,
And dawning day appeares in chrystall sky,
Now must I hast abroad: but soft whose this?
What *Slie* oh wondrous hath he laine here allnight,
Ile wake him, I thinke he's starued by this,
But that his belly was so stuft with ale,
What how *Slie*, Awake for shame.
Slie. *Sim* gis some more wine, whats all the
Plaiers gon: am not I a Lord?
Tapster. A lord with a murrin: come art thou dronken still?
Slie. Whose this? *Tapster*, oh Lord sirra, I haue had
The brauest dreame to night, that euer thou
Hardest in all thy life.
Tapster. I marry but you had best get you home,
For your wife will course you for dreaming here tonight.
Slie. Will she? I know now how to tame a shrew,
I dreamt vpon it all this night till now,
And thou hast wakt me out of the best dreame
That euer I had in my life, but Ile to my
Wife presently and tame her too.
And if she anger me.
Tapster. Nay tarry *Slie* for Ile go home with thee,
And heare the rest that thou hast dreamt to night.
Exeunt Omnes."

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* *Christo Vary!*] A humorous variation of Christopher; whence, probably, Shakespeare's *Christophero* Sly.

CRITICAL OPINIONS

ON

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

"FROM whatever source the Apologue to this drama may have been directly taken, we cannot but feel highly indebted to Shakspeare for its conversion into a lesson of exquisite moral irony, while, at the same time, it unfolds his wonted richness of humour, and minute delineation of character. The whole, indeed, is conducted with such lightness and frolic spirit, with so many happy touches of risible simplicity, yet chastised by so constant an adherence to nature and verisimilitude, as to form one of the most delightful and instructive sketches.

"So admirably drawn is the character of Sly, that we regret to find the interlocution of the group before whom the piece is supposed to be performed, has been dropped by our author after the close of the first scene of the play. Here we behold the jolly tinker nodding, and, at length, honestly exclaiming, '*Would 't were done!*' and though the integrity of the representation requires that he should finally return to his former state, the transformation, as before, being effected during his sleep, yet we hear no more of this truly comic personage; whereas in the spurious play, he is frequently introduced commenting on the scene, is carried off the stage fast asleep, and on the termination of the drama, undergoes the necessary metamorphosis. It would appear, therefore, either that our bard's continuation of the Induction has been unaccountably lost, or that he trusted the remainder of Sly's part to the improvisatory ingenuity of the performers; or, what is more likely, that they were instructed to copy a certain portion of what had been written, for this subordinate division of the tinker's character, by the author of the elder play. Some of the observations, indeed, of Sly, as given by the writer of this previous comedy, are incompatible with the fable and *Dramatis Personæ* of Shakspeare's production; and have, consequently, been very injudiciously introduced by Mr. Pope; but there are two passages which, with the exception of but two names, are not only accordant with our poet's prelude, but absolutely necessary to its completion. Shakspeare, as we have seen, represents Sly as nodding at the end of the first scene, and the parts of the anonymous play to which we allude are those where the nobleman orders the sleeping tinker to be put into his own apparel again, and where he awakens in this garb, and believes the whole to have been a dream; the only alterations required in this *finale* being the omission of the Christian appellative *Sim*, and the conversion of *Tapster* into *Hostess*. These few lines were, most probably, those which Shakspeare selected as a necessary accompaniment to his piece, from the old drama supposed to have been written in 1590;* and these lines should be withdrawn from the notes in all the modern editions, and though distinguished as borrowed property, should be immediately connected with the text.

"As to the play itself, the rapidity and variety of its action, the skilful connexion of its double plot, and the strength and vivacity of its principal characters, must for ever ensure its popularity. There is, indeed, a depth and breadth of colouring in its execution, a boldness and prominency of relief, which may be thought to border upon coarseness; but the result has been an effect equally powerful and interesting, though occasionally, as the subject demanded, somewhat glaring and grotesque. *Petruchio*, *Katharina*, and *Grumio*, the most important personages of the play, are consistently supported throughout, and their peculiar features touched, and brought forward with singular sharpness and

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* "I suspect," says Mr. Malone, "that the anonymous 'Taming of a Shrew' was written about the year 1590, either by George Peele or Robert Greene."

spirit; the wild fantastic humour of the first, the wayward and insolent demeanour of the second, contrasted with the meek, modest, and retired disposition of her sister, together with the inextinguishable wit and drollery of the third, form a picture, at once rich, varied, and pre-eminently diverting."
—DRAKE.

"'The Taming of the Shrew' has the air of an Italian comedy: and indeed, the love of intrigue, which constitutes the main part of it, is derived, mediately or immediately, from a piece of Ariosto. The characters and passions are lightly sketched; the intrigue is introduced without much preparation, and in its rapid progress impeded by no sort of difficulties; however, in the manner in which Petruchio, though previously cautioned respecting Katharine, still runs the risk of marrying her, and contrives to tame her, the character and peculiar humour of the English are visible. The colours are laid somewhat coarsely on, but the ground is good. That the obstinacy of a young and untamed girl, possessed of none of the attractions of her sex, and neither supported by bodily nor mental strength, must soon yield to the still rougher and more capricious but assumed self-will of a man: such a lesson can only be taught on the stage, with all the perspicuity of a proverb.

"The prelude is still more remarkable than the play itself: the drunken tinker removed in his sleep to a palace, where he is deceived into the belief of being a nobleman. The invention, however, is not Shakspeare's; Holberg has handled the same subject in a masterly manner, and with inimitable truth; but he has spun it out to five acts, for which the matter is hardly sufficient. He probably did not borrow from the English dramatist, but like him took the hint from a popular story. There are several comic motives of this description, which go back to a very remote age, without ever becoming antiquated.—Shakspeare proves himself here, as well as everywhere else, a great poet: the whole is merely a light sketch, but in elegance and nice propriety it will hardly ever be excelled. Neither has he overlooked the irony which the subject naturally suggested to him, that the great lord who is driven by idleness and *ennui* to deceive a poor drunkard, can make no better use of his situation than the latter who every moment relapses into his vulgar habits. The last half of this prelude, that in which the tinker in his new state again drinks himself out of his senses, and is transformed in his sleep into his former condition, from some accident or other is lost. It ought to have followed at the end of the larger piece. The occasional observations of the tinker, during the course of the representation of the comedy, might have been improvisatory; but it is hardly credible that Shakspeare should have trusted to the momentary suggestions of the players, which he did not hold in high estimation, the conclusion of a work, however short, which he had so carefully commenced. Moreover, the only circumstance which connects the prelude with the play, is that it belongs to the new life of the supposed nobleman, to have plays acted in his castle by strolling actors. This invention of introducing spectators on the stage, who contribute to the entertainment, has been very wittily used by later English poets."—
SCHLEGEL.

Act IV. Sc. 1.

KING JOHN.

"King John," which is the only uncontested play of Shakespeare's not entered on the books of the Stationers' Company, was first printed in the folio collection of 1623. Though enumerated in the list of our author's works by Meres, 1598, commentators have not succeeded in determining the time when it was written. Malone seems to have been of opinion that the maternal lamentations of Lady Constance, for the loss of Arthur, are an expression of the poet's own grief at the death of his son Hammet in 1596; and if this theory were admissible, we should, of course, be bound to conclude that "King John" was not written until after that date. But conjectures of this nature are very fanciful. There are undoubtedly high authorities in literature to justify a poet in availing himself of such an occasion to celebrate an event not strictly connected with his theme; but in those cases the writers worked on great historical subjects. It can scarcely be believed that a man of Shakespeare's incomparable sagacity would have interwoven a merely personal sentiment into a drama intended to interest the public at large. It savours of a reproach to the poet's memory to represent him giving utterance to his own sorrow for the loss of an obscure lad, twelve years old, when depicting the anguish of such a character as Constance for the loss of her princely Arthur. The language and ideas which would be appropriate in the one case would be out of keeping in the other; and those who are best acquainted with Shakespeare's habitual self-negation, will not suspect him of perpetrating this act of bathos.

Johnson has observed, that the description of the English army which Chatillon, the French Ambassador, gives to King Philip, in the first scene of the second act, beginning,—

> "And all the unsettled humours of the land,"—

may have been suggested by the dramatist's acquaintance with the details of the grand fleet despatched against Spain in 1596. But here again we must be cautious in attaching particular meaning to descriptions which would apply with equal truth to almost any expedition. The fleet which the Earls of Nottingham and Essex led against Cadiz was not the only one which had been partly manned by gentlemen. History furnishes too many instances where men

> "Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
> Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,"

that they might participate in adventures of a similar kind; and Shakespeare may have derived the materials of Chatillon's description from the chronicles of different periods and various countries. As if to show, indeed, how fallacious such guess-work often is, Johnson has attempted to make a similar deduction from another passage in this play. He conceived that Pandulph's denunciation of King John,—

> "And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
> Canonized, and worshipp'd as a saint,
> That takes away by any secret course
> Thy hateful life,"—

might either refer to the bull published against Queen Elizabeth, or to the canonization of Garnet, Fawkes, and their accomplices, who, in a Spanish book which he had seen, are registered as saints. The latter theory would fix the writing of the play after 1605, and is at once demolished by a reference to the corresponding scene of the old piece of "King John," printed in 1591, upon which this is based, where the Legate denounces John:—

"Then I Pandulph of Padua, legate from the apostolike sea doe in the name of Saint Peter and his successor our holy father Pope *Innocent*, pronounce thee accursed, discharging every of thy subjects of all dutie and fealtie that they doe owe te thee, and pardon and forgiveness of sinne to those or them whatsoever, which shall carrie armes against thee, or murder thee: this I pronounce, and charge all good men to abhorre thee as an excommunicate person."

Such hypotheses as these, however, if they do little towards establishing the chronology of Shakespeare's writings, are forcible confirmations of the fact that he wrote "not for an age, but for all time." His representations are so truthful and life-like that it is the easiest of all undertakings to find a model whence he may be presumed to have drawn them. He describes the ruinous extravagance into which noblemen and gentlemen are seduced in equipping themselves for a foreign enterprise, and the arrogant pretensions of the Catholic Church in dealing with a rebellious monarch, with such fidelity, that we seem to be reading a particular relation of whichever individual occurrence of the kind our memory first brings to notice.

The play of "King John" stands precisely in the same relation to the old drama called "The Troublesome Raigne of John King of England," &c., that "The Taming of the Shrew" does to its predecessor, "The Taming of *a* Shrew." In both cases the elder productions were probably current favourites on the stage when Shakespeare first joined it; and in obedience to the customs of the time, and perhaps to the dictates of his employers, he took them up as good dramatic subjects, and availing himself of the general plot and leading incidents of each, transfused a new vitality into the crude materials furnished by some other workman.

At the present day it can hardly be necessary to vindicate Shakespeare from the charge of having falsified history in those of his performances which are founded on historical subjects. The marvel, indeed, is, how he has contrived to combine the highest dramatic effect with so close an adherence to historic truth. It must be remembered that he wrote without any of the advantages we derive from the researches which modern investigation has brought to bear upon the characters of particular personages and the secrets of peculiar transactions. He has left us, notwithstanding, so many masterly and instructive pictures of historic characters and events, that it may be safely said, the youth of England would be far less acquainted with and interested in the veritable annals of their country, if Shakespeare had never written his series of Historical Plays.

Persons Represented.

JOHN, *King of* ENGLAND.
PRINCE HENRY, *his son; afterwards* HENRY III.
ARTHUR, *Duke of* BRETAGNE, *son of* GEFFREY, *late Duke of* BRETAGNE, *the elder brother of* KING JOHN.
WILLIAM MARESHALL, *Earl of* PEMBROKE.
GEFFREY FITZ-PETER, *Earl of* ESSEX.
WILLIAM LONGSWORD, *Earl of* SALISBURY.
ROBERT BIGOT, *Earl of* NORFOLK.
HUBERT DE BURGH, *Chamberlain to the* KING.
ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, *son of* SIR ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE.
PHILIP FAULCONBRIDGE, *his half-brother, bastard son of* KING RICHARD THE FIRST.
JAMES GURNEY, *servant to* LADY FAULCONBRIDGE.
PETER *of* POMFRET, *a supposed prophet.*
PHILIP, *King of* FRANCE.
LEWIS, *the Dauphin; afterwards* LEWIS VIII.
ARCHDUKE *of* AUSTRIA.
PANDULPH, *the Pope's Legate.*
MELUN, *a French nobleman.*
CHATILLON, *ambassador from* FRANCE *to* KING JOHN.
ELINOR, *the widow of* HENRY II., *and mother of* KING JOHN.
CONSTANCE, *mother of* ARTHUR.
BLANCH, *daughter to* ALPHONSO, *King of* CASTILE, *and niece to* KING JOHN.
LADY FAULCONBRIDGE, *mother to* PHILIP *and* ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE.
Lords, Ladies, and divers other attendants, Sheriff, Heralds, Citizens, Officers, Soldiers, and Messengers.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Northampton. *A Room of State in the Palace.*

Enter King John, Elinor, *the* Queen-Mother, Pembroke, Essex, Salisbury, *and others, with* Chatillon.[a]

K. John. Now say, Chatillon, what would France with us?

[a] Chatillon.] In the old copy this name is spelt *Chattylion*, r *Chatillion*.

Chat. Thus, after greeting, speaks the king of France,
In my behaviour, to the majesty,
The borrow'd majesty, of England here.

Eli. A strange beginning;—borrow'd majesty!

K. John. Silence, good mother; hear the embassy.

Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalf

Of thy deceased brother Geffrey's son,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim
To this fair island, and the territories;
To Ireland, Poictiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine:
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword
Which sways usurpingly these several titles,
And put the same into young Arthur's hand,
Thy nephew and right royal sovereign.

K. JOHN. What follows, if we disallow of this?

CHAT. The proud control of fierce and bloody war,
To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

K. JOHN. Here have we war for war, and blood for blood,
Controlment for controlment: so answer France.

CHAT. Then take my king's defiance from my mouth,
The farthest limit of my embassy.

K. JOHN. Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace.
Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;
For ere thou canst report I will be there,
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard.
So hence! be thou the trumpet of our wrath,
And sullen[a] presage of your own decay.—
An honourable conduct let him have:
Pembroke, look to't.—Farewell, Chatillon.

[*Exeunt* CHATILLON *and* PEMBROKE.

ELI. What now, my son? have I not ever said,
How that ambitious Constance would not cease,
Till she had kindled France, and all the world,
Upon the right and party of her son?
This might have been prevented, and made whole,
With very easy arguments of love;
Which now the manage[b] of two kingdoms must
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

K. JOHN. Our strong possession, and our right, for us.

ELI. Your strong possession, much more than your right;
Or else it must go wrong with you and me:
So much my conscience whispers in your ear,
Which none but Heaven, and you, and I, shall hear.

Enter the Sheriff *of* Northamptonshire, *who whispers* ESSEX.

ESSEX. My liege, here is the strangest controversy,
Come from the country to be judged by you,
That e'er I heard: shall I produce the men?

K. JOHN. Let them approach.— [*Exit* Sheriff
Our abbeys and our priories shall pay
This expedition's charge.

Re-enter Sheriff, *with* ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, *and* PHILIP, *his bastard Brother.*

What men are you?

BAST. Your faithful subject, I; a gentleman,
Born in Northamptonshire; and eldest son,
As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge,
A soldier, by the honour-giving hand
Of Cœur-de-lion, knighted in the field.

K. JOHN. What art thou?

ROB. The son and heir to that same Faulconbridge.

K. JOHN. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?
You came not of one mother, then, it seems.

BAST. Most certain of one mother, mighty king,
That is well known; and, as I think, one father:
But, for the certain knowledge of that truth,
I put you o'er to Heaven, and to my mother;
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.

ELI. Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame thy mother,
And wound her honour, with this diffidence.

BAST. I, madam? no, I have no reason for it;
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine;
The which if he can prove, 'a pops me out
At least from fair five hundred pound a-year:
Heaven guard my mother's honour, and my land!

K. JOHN. A good blunt fellow.—Why, being younger born,
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?

BAST. I know not why, except to get the land.
But once he slander'd me with bastardy:
But whe'r[c] I be as true begot, or no,
That still I lay upon my mother's head;
But, that I am as well begot, my liege,
(Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!)
Compare our faces, and be judge yourself.
If old sir Robert did beget us both,
And were our father, and this son like him,
O, old sir Robert father, on my knee
I give Heaven thanks I was not like to thee!

K. JOHN. Why, what a madcap hath Heaven lent us here!

ELI. He hath a trick of Cœur-de-lion's face;
The accent of his tongue affecteth him:

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[a] *And* sullen *presage*—] That is, *doleful, melancholy* presage. Thus, in "Henry IV." Part II. Act I. Sc. 1,—

"——— and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a *sullen* bell,
Remember'd knolling a departing friend."

[b] *The* manage—] *Manage* of old meant *government, control, administration*:—

"——— and to him put
The *manage* of my state."

The Tempest, Act I. Sc. 2.

[c] *But* whe'r *I be as true begot*,—] This contraction of *whether* is frequent both in Shakespeare and his contemporaries; but they seem usually to have written it *where*.

Do you not read some tokens of my son
In the large composition of this man?
K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
And finds them perfect Richard.—Sirrah, speak,
What doth move you to claim your brother's land?
Bast. Because he hath a half-face, like my father;
With that half-face[a] would he have all my land:
A half-fac'd groat, five hundred pound a-year! (1)
Rob. My gracious liege, when that my father liv'd,
Your brother did employ my father much,—
Bast. Well, sir, by this you cannot get my land;
Your tale must be, how he employ'd my mother.
Rob. And once dispatch'd him in an embassy
To Germany, there, with the emperor,
To treat of high affairs touching that time.
The advantage of his absence took the king,
And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's;
Where how he did prevail, I shame to speak;
But truth is truth: large lengths of seas and shores
Between my father and my mother lay,—
As I have heard my father speak himself,—
When this same lusty gentleman was got.
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me; and took it, on his death,[b]
That this, my mother's son, was none of his;
And, if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.
Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,
My father's land, as was my father's will.
K. John. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate;
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him:
And, if she did play false, the fault was hers;
Which fault lies on the hazards of all husbands
That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,
Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,
Had of your father claim'd this son for his?

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[a] *With* that half-face—] This is a correction of Theobald's; the folio, 1623, reading, "with *half that face*."

[b] *And* took it, on his death,—] Steevens is the only one of the commentators who notices this expression; and he interprets it to mean, "entertained it as his fixed opinion, when he was dying." We believe it was a common form of speech, and signified that he swore, or *took oath, upon his death*, of the truth of his belief. Thus Falstaff, "Merry Wives of Windsor," Act II. Sc. 2, says, "——— and when mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan, *I took 't upon my honour* thou hadst it not." And Prince Henry in the First Part of "Henry IV." Act II. Sc. 4,—"They *take it already upon their salvation*." So, also, in Beaumont and Fletcher's play of "The Lover's Progress," Act V. Sc. 3,—

"——— *Upon my death*
I take it uncompelled, that they were guilty."

We still say, *upon my life, upon my honour*, meaning, *I swear or declare upon my life*, &c.

In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept
This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world;
In sooth, he might: then, if he were my brother's,
My brother might not claim him; nor your father,
Being none of his, refuse him. This concludes,[a]—
My mother's son did get your father's heir;
Your father's heir must have your father's land.

ROB. Shall, then, my father's will be of no force,
To dispossess that child which is not his?

BAST. Of no more force to dispossess me, sir,
Than was his will to get me, as I think.

ELI. Whether[b] hadst thou rather be a Faulconbridge,
And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land;
Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-lion,
Lord of thy presence,[c] and no land beside?

BAST. Madam, an if my brother had my shape,
And I had his, sir Robert* his, like him;
And if my legs were two such riding-rods,
My arms such eel-skins stuff'd, my face so thin,
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose, [*goes;* (2)
Lest men should say, *Look, where three farthings*
And, to his shape, were heir to all this land,
Would I might never stir from off this place,
I'd† give it every foot to have this face;
I would not be sir Nob[d] in any case. [fortune,

ELI. I like thee well. Wilt thou forsake thy
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?
I am a soldier, and now bound to France.

BAST. Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance:
Your face hath got five hundred pound a year;
Yet sell your face for five pence, and 'tis dear.—
Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

ELI. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.

BAST. Our country manners give our betters way.

K. JOHN. What is thy name?

BAST. Philip, my liege; so is my name begun;
Philip, good old sir Robert's wife's eldest son.

K. JOHN. From henceforth bear his name whose form thou bearest:
Kneel thou down Philip, but arise‡ more great;
Arise sir Richard, and Plantagenet.

BAST. Brother—by the mother's side, give me your hand;
My father gave me honour, yours gave land:—
Now blessed be the hour, by night or day,
When I was got, sir Robert was away.

ELI. The very spirit of Plantagenet!—
I am thy grandame, Richard; call me so.

BAST. Madam, by chance, but not by truth. What though?
Something about, a little from the right,
In at the window, or else o'er the hatch:[e]
Who dares not stir by day must walk by night,
And have is have, however men do catch:
Near or far off, well won is still well shot,
And I am I, howe'er I was begot.

K. JOHN. Go, Faulconbridge: now hast thou thy desire;
A landless knight makes thee a landed squire.—
Come, madam,—and come, Richard: we must speed,
For France, for France! for it is more than need.

BAST. Brother, adieu: good fortune come to thee!
For thou wast got i' the way of honesty.
[*Exeunt all except the* Bastard.

A foot of honour better than I was;
But many a many foot of land the worse.
Well, now can I make any Joan a lady:—
Good den, sir Richard.—God-a-mercy, fellow;
And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter,
For new-made honour doth forget men's names:
'Tis too respective,[f] and too sociable,
For your conversion. Now, your traveller,—
He and his toothpick at my worship's mess; (3)
And when my knightly stomach is suffic'd,
Why then I suck my teeth, and catechise
My pickéd man[g] of countries: *My dear sir,*
Thus, leaning on mine elbow, I begin,
I shall beseech you—that is Question now;
And then comes Answer like an A B C[h] book:
O, sir, says Answer, *at your best command;*
At your employment; at your service, sir:—
No, sir, says Question, *I, sweet sir, at yours:*
And so, ere Answer knows what Question would,
(Saving in dialogue of compliment,
And talking of the Alps and Apennines,
The Pyrenean, and the river Po,)

(*) First folio, *Roberts.* (†) First folio, *I would.*
(‡) First folio, *rise.*

[a] This concludes,—] "This is a *decisive argument.* As your father, if he liked him, could not have been forced to resign him; so, not liking him, he is not at liberty to reject him."—JOHNSON.

[b] Whether—] According to strict prosody this word should have been contracted, as in an instance just noted, to *whe'r;* but the old writers, or their printers, exhibited great laxity in such cases.

[c] *Lord of* thy presence,—] Queen Elinor, prepossessed by Philip's gallant bearing and likeness to her son, frames her question so as to discover whether he prefers to rest his claim to future distinction as the heir of Faulconbridge, or as the supposed son of Cœur-de-lion:—"Would you rather be a Faulconbridge, *resembling your brother,* but possessed of five hundred pounds a-year in land; or the reputed son of King Richard, *with similar personal endowments to his,* and no land at all?"

[d] I *would not be sir Nob*—] So the second folio, 1632; the first has, "*It* would."

[e] In at the window, or else o'er the hatch:] Proverbial sayings applied to illegitimate children;—"Woe worth the time that ever I gave suck to a child that *came in at the window!*"—*The Family of Love,* 1608. So, also, in "The Witches of Lancashire," by Heywood and Broome, 1634:—"——— It appears you *came in at the window.*"—"I would not have you think I scorn my grannam's cat to leap *over the hatch.*"

[f] *Too* respective,—] Too *mindful, considerate, retrospective;* and not, I believe, as Steevens interprets it, "*respectful,*" "*formal.*"

[g] *My* pickéd *man*—] See Note (d), p. 82, of the present volume.

[h] *Like an* A B C *book:*] These letters are printed as they were pronounced, *Absey,* in the old copies. An *Absey,* or *A B C* book, was a book to teach the young their letters, *catechism,* &c.:—

"In the *A B C* of bokes the least,
Yt is written, *Deus charitas est.*"

It draws toward supper in conclusion so.
But this is worshipful society,
And fits the mounting spirit like myself:
For he is but a bastard to the time,
That doth not smack* of observation;
(And so am I, whether I smack, or no;)
And not alone in habit and device,
Exterior form, outward accoutrement,
But from the inward motion, to deliver
Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth:
Which, though I will not practise to deceive,
Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;
For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.—
But who comes in such haste, in riding robes?
What woman-post is this? hath she no husband,
That will take pains to blow a horn before her?
O me! it is my mother.

Enter LADY FAULCONBRIDGE *and* JAMES GURNEY.

How now, good lady?
What brings you here to court so hastily?

LA. FAULC. Where is that slave, thy brother? where is he?
That holds in chase mine honour up and down?

BAST. My brother Robert? old sir Robert's son?
Colbrand the giant,[a] that same mighty man?
Is it sir Robert's son that you seek so?

LA. FAULC. Sir Robert's son! ay, thou unreverend boy,
Sir Robert's son: why scorn'st thou at sir Robert?
He is sir Robert's son, and so art thou.

BAST. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave a while?

GUR. Good leave,[b] good Philip.

BAST. *Philip!*—sparrow![c]—James,
There's toys abroad;[d] anon I'll tell thee more.
[*Exit* GURN.

Madam, I was not old sir Robert's son;
Sir Robert might have eat his part in me
Upon Good-Friday, and ne'er broke his fast:
Sir Robert could do well; Marry—to confess—
Could he† get me? Sir Robert could not do it;
We know his handiwork.—Therefore, good mother,
To whom am I beholden for these limbs?
Sir Robert never holp to make this leg.

LA. FAULC. Hast thou conspired with thy brother too,
That for thine own gain shouldst defend mine [honour?
What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave?

BAST. Knight, knight, good mother,—Basilisco-like;(4)
What! I am dubb'd; I have it on my shoulder.
But, mother, I am not sir Robert's son;
I have disclaim'd sir Robert, and my land;
Legitimation, name, and all, is gone:
Then, good my mother, let me know my father;
Some proper man, I hope; who was it, mother?

LA. FAULC. Hast thou denied thyself a Faulconbridge?

BAST. As faithfully as I deny the devil.

LA. FAULC. King Richard Cœur-de-lion was thy father:
By long and vehement suit I was seduc'd
To make room for him in my husband's bed:—
Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge!—
Thou[e] art the issue of my dear offence,
Which was so strongly urg'd, past my defence.

BAST. Now, by this light, were I to get again
Madam, I would not wish a better father.
Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,
And so doth yours; your fault was not your folly;
Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,—
Subjected tribute to commanding love,—
Against whose fury and unmatchèd force
The awless lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.
He, that perforce robs lions of their hearts,
May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,
With all my heart I thank thee for my father!
Who lives and dares but say, thou didst not well
When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell.
Come, lady, I will show thee to my kin;
And they shall say, when Richard me begot,
If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin:
Who says it was, he lies; I say, 't was not.
[*Exeunt.*(5)

---

* Old copies, *smoake.* (†) Old copies omit, *he.*

[a] Colbrand the giant,—] This was the Danish giant whom the renowned Guy of Warwick overcame in the presence of Athelstan. A description of the combat will be found in Drayton's "Polyolbion," Twelfth Song.

[b] Good leave,—] "*Good leave,*" Steevens says, "means a *ready assent.*"

[c] Philip!—sparrow!—] The sparrow was very early known by the name Sir *Richard* disdains, perhaps from its note, to which Catullus alludes:—

"Sed circumsiliens modo huc, modo illuc,
Ad solam dominam usque *pipilabat.*"

Thus, in Lyly's "Mother Bombie:"—

"——— cry
Phip phip the *sparrowes* as they fly."

Skelton, too, has a long poem, the title of which is "*Phyllyp Sparowe.*"

[d] *There's* toys *abroad;*] *Toys* may mean here *rumours, idle reports,* and the like; or *tricks, devices,* &c.; for Shakespeare uses the word with great latitude.

[e] Thou *art the issue*—] The old copy has, "*That* art," &c.; for which Rowe substituted *Thou,* &c. Some alteration was certainly required; but this is not satisfactory. I am half persuaded the misprint to be corrected is in the preceding line, and that we ought to read,—

"Heaven lay not my transgression to *thy* charge
That art the issue of my dear offence!"

She had a moment before confessed that Richard Cœur-de-lion was his father; and "*Thou* art the issue" is a needless repetition of the avowal.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—France. *Before the Walls of* Angiers.

Enter on one side, the Archduke of Austria, *and Forces; on the other,* Philip, *King of* France, *and Forces;* Lewis, Constance, Arthur, *and* Attendants.

Lew. Before Angiers well met, brave Austria.—
Arthur, that great fore-runner of thy blood,
Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart,(1)
And fought the holy wars in Palestine,
By this brave duke came early to his grave:
And, for amends to his posterity,
At our importance* hither is he come
To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf;
And to rebuke the usurpation
Of thy unnatural uncle, English John:
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

Arth. God shall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's death,
The rather, that you give his offspring life,
Shadowing their right under your wings of war.
I give you welcome with a powerless hand,
But with a heart full of unstainèd love:
Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.

Lew. A noble boy! who would not do thee right?

Aust. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,
As seal to this indenture of my love;

* *At our* importance—] At our *importunity*. See Note (e), p. 143, of the present volume.

That to my home I will no more return,
Till Angiers, and the right thou hast in France,
Together with that pale, that white-fac'd shore,
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,
And coops from other lands her islanders,
Even till that England, hedg'd in with the main,
That water-wallèd bulwark, still secure
And confident from foreign purposes,
Even till that utmost corner of the west
Salute thee for her king: till then, fair boy,
Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

CONST. O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,
Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength,
To make a more[a] requital to your love.

AUST. The peace of heaven is theirs, that lift their swords
In such a just and charitable war.

K. PHI. Well, then, to work; our cannon shall be bent
Against the brows of this resisting town.—
Call for our chiefest men of discipline,
To cull the plots of best advantages:—
We'll lay before this town our royal bones,
Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's blood,
But we will make it subject to this boy.

CONST. Stay for an answer to your embassy,
Lest unadvis'd you stain your swords with blood:
My lord Chatillon may from England bring
That right in peace, which here we urge in war;
And then we shall repent each drop of blood
That hot-rash haste so indirectly shed.[b]

Enter CHATILLON.

K. PHI. A wonder, lady!—lo, upon thy wish,
Our messenger Chatillon is arriv'd.—
What England says, say briefly, gentle lord,
We coldly pause for thee; Chatillon, speak.

CHAT. Then turn your forces from this paltry siege,
And stir them up against a mightier task.
England, impatient of your just demands,
Hath put himself in arms; the adverse winds,
Whose leisure I have stay'd, have given him time
To land his legions all as soon as I:
His marches are expedient[c] to this town,
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.
With him along is come the mother-queen,
An Até,* stirring him to blood and strife:
With her her niece, the lady Blanch of Spain;
With them a bastard of the king's deceas'd:
And all the unsettled humours of the land,—
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' spleens,—
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er,
Did never float upon the swelling tide,
To do offence and scath in Christendom.
[*Drums beat.*
The interruption of their churlish drums
Cuts off more circumstance: they are at hand
To parley, or to fight; therefore, prepare.

K. PHI. How much unlook'd-for is this expedition!

AUST. By how much unexpected, by so much
We must awake endeavour for defence,
For courage mounteth with occasion:
Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

Enter KING JOHN, ELINOR, BLANCH, *the* Bastard, PEMBROKE, *and Forces.*

K. JOHN. Peace be to France; if France in peace permit
Our just and lineal entrance to our own!
If not, bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven!
Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
Their proud contempt that beats his peace to heaven.

K. PHI. Peace be to England; if that war return
From France to England, there to live in peace!
England we love; and, for that England's sake,
With burden of our armour here we sweat:
This toil of ours should be a work of thine,
But thou from loving England art so far,
That thou hast under-wrought his lawful king,
Cut off the sequence of posterity,
Out-facèd infant state, and done a rape
Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.
Look here upon thy brother Geffrey's face;—
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his:
This little abstract doth contain that large,
Which died in Geffrey; and the hand of time
Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume.
That Geffrey was thy elder brother born,
And this his son; England was Geffrey's right,

---

[a] *A* more *requital*—] That is, a *greater* requital. Thus, in "Henry IV." Pt. I. Act IV. Sc. 3,—

"The *more* and less came in with cap and knee."

[b] *So* indirectly *shed.*] So *wrongfully* shed. The word occurs again with the same meaning in "Henry V." Act II. Sc. 4,—

(*) First folio, *Ace.*

"——— he bids you then resign
Your crown and kingdom *indirectly* held
From him, the native and true challenger."

[c] *Are* expedient—] *Expeditious, immediate.*

And this is Geffrey's. In the name of God
How comes it, then, that thou art call'd a king,
When living blood doth in these temples beat,
Which owe the crown that thou o'ermasterest?

K. JOHN. From whom hast thou this great commission, France,
To draw my answer from thy articles?

K. PHI. From that supernal Judge that stirs good thoughts
In any breast[a] of strong authority,
To look into the blots and stains of right.
That Judge hath made me guardian to this boy:
Under whose warrant, I impeach thy wrong,
And by whose help, I mean to chastise it.

K. JOHN. Alack, thou dost usurp authority.

K. PHI. Excuse—it is to beat usurping down.

ELI. Who is it, thou dost call usurper, France?

CONST. Let me make answer;—thy usurping son.

ELI. Out, insolent! thy bastard shall be king,
That thou mayst be a queen, and check the world![b]

CONST. My bed was ever to thy son as true,
As thine was to thy husband; and this boy
Liker in feature to his father Geffrey,
Than thou and John, in manners being as like
As rain to water, or devil to his dam.
My boy a bastard! By my soul, I think,
His father never was so true begot;
It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.

ELI. There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father.

CONST. There's a good grandame, boy, that would blot thee.

AUST. Peace!

BAST. Hear the crier.

AUST. What the devil art thou?

BAST. One that will play the devil, sir, with you,
An 'a may catch your hide and you alone.[c]
You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,[d]
Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard.
I'll smoke your skin-coat, an I catch you right:
Sirrah, look to't; i' faith, I will, i' faith.

BLANCH. O, well did he become that lion's robe,
That did disrobe the lion of that robe!

BAST. It lies as sightly on the back of him,
As great Alcides' shows upon an ass:—(2)
But, ass, I'll take that burden from your back;
Or lay on that shall make your shoulders crack.

AUST. What cracker is this same, that deafs our ears
With this abundance of superfluous breath?
King Philip, determine what we shall do straight.[e]

K. PHI. Women and fools, break off your conference.
King John, this is the very sum of all,—
England and Ireland, Anjou,[f] Touraine, Maine,
In right of Arthur do I claim of thee:
Wilt thou resign them, and lay down thy arms?

K. JOHN. My life as soon!—I do defy thee, France.
Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand,
And, out of my dear love, I'll give thee more
Than e'er the coward hand of France can win:
Submit thee, boy.

ELI. Come to thy grandame, child.

CONST. Do, child, go to it(3) grandame, child;
Give grandame kingdom, and it grandame will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig:
There's a good grandame.

ARTH. Good my mother, peace!
I would that I were low laid in my grave;
I am not worth this coil that's made for me.

ELI. His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps.

CONST. Now shame upon you, whe'r she does, or no!
His grandame's wrongs, and not his mother's shames,
Draw those heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes,
Which Heaven shall take in nature of a fee;
Ay, with these crystal beads Heaven shall be brib'd,
To do him justice, and revenge on you.

ELI. Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth!

CONST. Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth!
Call not me slanderer; thou, and thine, usurp
The dominations, royalties, and rights
Of this oppressed boy. This is thy eldest son's son,

---

[a] *In any* breast—] The first folio has *beast;* corrected in the edition of 1632.

[b] *That thou mayst be* a queen, *and* check *the world!*] It has been doubted whether Shakespeare, who appears to have had cognizance of nearly every sport and pastime of his age, was acquainted with the ancient game of chess; we believe the present passage may be taken to settle the question decisively. The allusion is obviously to the *Queen* of the chess-board, which, in this country, was invested with those remarkable powers that render her by far the most powerful piece in the game, somewhere about the second decade of the 16th century.

[c] *One that will play the devil, sir, with you,*
An 'a may catch your hide *and you alone.*]
The circumstance which more particularly awakens the wrath of Faulconbridge against Austria, namely, that after having caused the death of King Richard Cœur-de-lion, he now wore the lion's *hide* which had belonged to that prince, Shakespeare has omitted to mention. In the old play this incident is properly specified,—

Bastard. "—— how do my sinews shake?
My father's foe clad in my father's spoyle!
* * * * *
Base heardgroom, coward, peasant, worse than a threshing slave,
What mak'st thou with the trophie of a king?"

[d] *The* hare *of whom the proverb goes,*—] "Mortuo leoni et lepores insultant."—*Erasmi Adagia.*

[e] King Philip, *determine*—] The old copies have "King *Lewis,*" &c., and prefix *Lewis* to the next speech, which evidently belongs to the King.

[f] Anjou,—] The old editions read *Angiers.* Theobald made the necessary alteration.

Infortunate in nothing but in thee;
Thy sins are visited in this poor child;
The canon of the law is laid on him,
Being but the second generation
Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.

K. John. Bedlam, have done.

Const. I have but this to say,—
That he's not only plagued for her sin,[a]
But God hath made her sin and her the plague
On this removed issue;—plagued for her,
And with her plagued; her sin, his injury
Her injury, the beadle to her sin;
All punish'd in the person of this child,
And all for her. A plague upon her!

Eli. Thou unadvisèd scold, I can produce
A will, that bars the title of thy son.

Const. Ay, who doubts that? a will! a wicked will,
A woman's will, a canker'd grandame's will!

K Phi. Peace, lady; pause, or be more temperate:
It ill beseems this presence, to cry *aim!*[b]
To these ill-tuned repetitions.
Some trumpet summon hither to the walls
These men of Angiers; let us hear them speak,
Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's.

Trumpet sounds. Enter Citizens *upon the Walls.*

Cit. Who is it, that hath warn'd us to the walls?

K. Phi. 'Tis France, for England.

K. John. England, for itself:
You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects—

K. Phi. You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects,
Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle—

K. John. For our advantage,—therefore, hear us first.
These flags of France, that are advanced here
Before the eye and prospect of your town,
Have hither march'd to your endamagement.

---

[a] That he's not only plagued for her sin, &c.] The only departure from the old text in this obscure passage is in the punctuation, and in the addition of a *d* in the sentence of the second clause—

"And with her plagued ——"

which was first suggested by Mr. Roderick.

In the original, where it runs as follows, the whole passage is pointed with a ruthless disregard of meaning:—

"—— I have but this to say,
That he is not only plagued for her sin,
But God hath made her sin and her, the plague
On this removed issue, plagued for her,
And with her plague her sin: his injury
Her injury the Beadle to her sin,
All punish'd in the person of this child,
And all for her, a plague upon her."

[b] To cry *aim!*] See note ([a]), page 39, of the present volume.

The cannons have their bowels full of wrath,
And ready mounted are they, to spit forth
Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls:
All preparation for a bloody siege,
And merciless proceeding, by these French,
Confronts[a] your city's eyes, your winking gates;
And but for our approach, those sleeping stones,
That as a waist do girdle you about,
By the compulsion of their ordinance,[b]
By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had been dishabited, and wide havoc made
For bloody power to rush upon your peace.
But, on the sight of us, your lawful king,
Who painfully, with much expedient march,
Have brought a countercheck before your gates,
To save unscratch'd your city's threaten'd cheeks,—
Behold, the French, amaz'd, vouchsafe a parle;
And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,
To make a shaking fever in your walls,
They shoot but calm words, folded up in smoke,
To make a faithless error in your ears:
Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,
And let us in. Your king, whose labour'd spirits,
Forwearied in this action of swift speed,
Craves harbourage within your city walls.

K. PHI. When I have said, make answer to us both.
Lo, in this right hand, whose protection
Is most divinely vow'd upon the right
Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet,
Son to the elder brother of this man,
And king o'er him, and all that he enjoys:
For this down-trodden equity, we tread
In warlike march these greens before your town;
Being no further enemy to you,
Than the constraint of hospitable zeal,
In the relief of this oppressed child,
Religiously provokes. Be pleased then
To pay that duty, which you truly owe,
To him that owes(4) it,—namely, this young prince:
And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,
Save in aspect, have all offence seal'd up;
Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent
Against the invulnerable clouds of heaven;
And, with a blessed and unvex'd retire,
With unhack'd swords, and helmets all unbruis'd,
We will bear home that lusty blood again,
Which here we came to spout against your town,
And leave your children, wives, and you, in peace.
But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,
'Tis not the roundure[c] of your old-fac'd walls
Can hide you from our messengers of war,
Though all these English, and their discipline,
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.
Then, tell us, shall your city call us lord,
In that behalf which we have challeng'd it?
Or shall we give the signal to our rage,
And stalk in blood to our possession?

CIT. In brief, we are the king of England's subjects;
For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

K. JOHN. Acknowledge then the king, and let me in.

CIT. That can we not: but he that proves the king,
To him will we prove loyal; till that time,
Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.

K. JOHN. Doth not the crown of England prove the king?
And if not that, I bring you witnesses,
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed,—

BAST. Bastards, and else. [*Aside.*

K. JOHN. To verify our title with their lives.

K. PHI. As many, and as well-born bloods as those,—

BAST. Some bastards, too. [*Aside.*

K. PHI. Stand in his face, to contradict his claim.

CIT. Till you compound whose right is worthiest,
We, for the worthiest, hold the right from both.

K. JOHN. Then God forgive the sin of all those souls,
That to their everlasting residence,
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!

K. PHI. Amen, Amen!—Mount, chevaliers! to arms!

BAST. St. George, that swindg'd the dragon, and e'er since
Sits on his horseback at mine hostess' door,[d]
Teach us some fence!—Sirrah, were I at home,
At your den, sirrah [*to* AUSTRIA], with your lioness,
I'd set an ox-head to your lion's hide,
And make a monster of you.

AUST. Peace; no more.

BAST. O, tremble, for you hear the lion roar!

K. JOHN. Up higher to the plain; where we 'll set forth,
In best appointment, all our regiments.

---

[a] Confronts *your city's eyes*,—] The original has *comfort*, which was altered by Rowe to *confront*. Mr. Collier's MS. annotator reads, *Come 'fore* your city's eyes.

[b] Ordinance,—] The old spelling of this word should be retained here for the measure's sake.

[c] *The* roundure—] *Roundure*, or, as the old copies spell it, *rounder*, means *circle*, from the French, *rondeur*.

[d] St. George, &c.] In the old text this passage runs thus,—
"St. George that swindg'd the dragon,
And ere since sits on 's horseback at mine hostess door," &c.

BAST. Speed then, to take advantage of the field.
K. PHI. It shall be so;—[*to* LEWIS] and at the other hill
Command the rest to stand.—God, and our right!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Alarums and Excursions; then a Retreat. Enter a French Herald, *with Trumpets, to the gates.*

FR. HER. You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,
And let young Arthur, duke of Bretagne, in;
Who, by the hand of France, this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an English mother,
Whose sons lie scatter'd on the bleeding ground;
Many a widow's husband grovelling lies,
Coldly embracing the discolour'd earth;
And victory, with little loss, doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the French,
Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,
To enter conquerors, and to proclaim
Arthur of Bretagne, England's king, and yours!

Enter an English Herald, *with Trumpets.*

ENG. HER. Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your bells;
King John, your king and England's, doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day!
Their armours, that march'd hence so silver-bright,
Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood;
There stuck no plume in any English crest,
That is removed by a staff of France;
Our colours do return in those same hands
That did display them when we first march'd forth;
And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen,[a] come
Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,
Dyed in the dying slaughter of their foes:
Open your gates, and give the victors way.
HUBERT.[b] Heralds, from off our towers we might behold,
From first to last, the onset and retire
Of both your armies; whose equality
By our best eyes cannot be censured.
Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd blows;
Strength match'd with strength, and power confronted power:
Both are alike, and both alike we like.
One must prove greatest: while they weigh so even,
We hold our town for neither; yet for both.

Re-enter, at one side, KING JOHN, *with his Power,* ELINOR, BLANCH, *and the* Bastard; *at the other,* KING PHILIP, LEWIS, AUSTRIA, *and Forces.*

K. JOHN. France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away?
Say, shall the current of our right run[c] on,
Whose passage, vex'd with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channel, and o'erswell
With course disturb'd even thy confining shores,
Unless thou let his silver water keep
A peaceful progress to the ocean?
K. PHI. England, thou hast not sav'd one drop of blood
In this hot trial, more than we of France;
Rather, lost more. And by this hand I swear,
That sways the earth this climate overlooks,
Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,
We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we bear,
Or add a royal number to the dead;
Gracing the scroll, that tells of this war's loss,
With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.
BAST. Ha, majesty! how high thy glory towers,
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!
O, now doth death line his dead chaps with steel,
The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs;
And now he feasts, mousing[d] the flesh of men,
In undetermin'd differences of kings.
Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?
Cry, havoc, kings! back to the stained field,
You equal-potents, fiery-kindled spirits!
Then let confusion of one part confirm
The other's peace; till then, blows, blood, and death!
K. JOHN. Whose party do the townsmen yet admit?

---

[a] And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen,—] It appears to have been a practice of the chase formerly for the huntsmen to steep their hands in the blood of the deer as a trophy. Thus in "Julius Cæsar," Act III. Sc. 1,—

"—— here thy hunters stand,
Sign'd in thy spoil and *crimson'd in thy lethe.*"

[b] *Hubert.*] In the early copies several speeches of the present scene have this prefix, and Shakespeare may have intended to represent Hubert as a citizen of Angiers; but the more probable explanation is, that the name was prefixed merely because it was the custom of the actor who personated the character of Hubert to "double" with it that of the Angiers' spokesman.

[c] *Say, shall the current of our right* run *on,*—] So the second folio; the first has *rome,* a likely misprint of *ronne.*

[d] Mousing *the flesh of men,*—] For *mousing* Pope substituted a less expressive term, *mouthing,* which Malone very properly rejected, and restored the old word. *Mousing* meant *gorging, devouring.* Thus, in Decker's "Wonderful Year," 1603,—

"Whilst Troy was swilling sack and sugar, and *mousing* fat venison," &c.

K. PHI. Speak, citizens, for England; who 's your king?
HUBERT. The king of England, when we know the king.
K. PHI. Know him in us, that here hold up his right.
K. JOHN. In us, that are our own great deputy,
And bear possession of our person here;
Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.
HUBERT. A greater power than we denies all this;
And, till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates,
Kings, of our fear;[a] until our fears, resolv'd,
Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd.
BAST. By heaven, these scroyles[b] of Angiers flout you, kings,
And stand securely on their battlements,
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point
At your industrious scenes and acts of death.
Your royal presences be rul'd by me;
Do like the mutines of Jerusalem,(5)
Be friends a while, and both conjointly bend
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town:
By east and west let France and England mount
Their battering cannon chargèd to the mouths,
Till their soul-fearing clamours have brawl'd down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city:—
I 'd play incessantly upon these jades,
Even till unfenced desolation
Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.—
That done, dissever your united strengths,
And part your mingled colours once again,
Turn face to face, and bloody point to point
Then, in a moment, fortune shall cull forth
Out of one side her happy minion;
To whom in favour she shall give the day,
And kiss him with a glorious victory.
How like you this wild counsel, mighty states?
Smacks it not something of the policy?
K. JOHN. Now, by the sky that hangs above our heads,
I like it well;—France, shall we knit our powers,
And lay this Angiers even with the ground;
Then, after, fight who shall be king of it?
BAST. An if thou hast the mettle of a king,
Being wrong'd, as we are, by this peevish town,
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
As we will ours, against these saucy walls:
And when that we have dash'd them to the ground,
Why, then defy each other; and, pell-mell,
Make work upon ourselves, for heaven, or hell.
K. PHI. Let it be so.—Say, where will you assault?
K. JOHN. We from the west will send destruction
Into this city's bosom.
AUST. I, from the north.
K. PHI. Our thunder from the south,
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.
BAST. O prudent discipline! From north to south,
Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth:
[*Aside.*
I'll stir them to it:—Come, away, away!
HUBERT. Hear us, great kings: vouchsafe a while to stay,
And I shall show you peace, and fair-fac'd league;
Win you this city without stroke or wound,
Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,
That here come sacrifices for the field:
Persèver not, but hear me, mighty kings.
K. JOHN. Speak on, with favour; we are bent to hear.
HUBERT. That daughter there of Spain, the lady Blanch,[c]
Is near to England: look upon the years
Of Lewis the Dauphin, and that lovely maid:
If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?
If zealous love should go in search of virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?
If love ambitious sought a match of birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood than lady Blanch?
Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young Dauphin every way complete;
If not complete, O say,[d] he is not she:
And she again wants nothing, to name want,
If want it be not, that she is not he:
He is the half part of a blessed man,
Left to be finished by such a* she;
And she a fair divided excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.
O, two such silver currents, when they join,
Do glorify the banks that bound them in;
And two such shores to two such streams made one,

---

[a] Kings, of our fear;] This passage has been a good deal discussed. Warburton and Johnson read,—

"Kings *are* our fears;"—

Tyrwhitt,—

"*King'd* of our fears;"—

which latter is the reading usually adopted. Mr. Knight adheres to the original text; but his interpretation of it is to us unfathomable. The meaning of the speaker, however quaintly expressed, we imagine to be simply this,—Each of you lays claim to our allegance, but neither has produced satisfactory proof of his right to it; and until all doubts upon that point are resolved, we shall trust to *our strong-barred gates* as the protectors, or *Kings*, of our fear.

[b] *These* scroyles—] From the French *escrouelles*, *scabby* rogues.

[c] *The lady* Blanch,—] This lady was daughter to Alphonso the Ninth, King of Castile, and was niece to King John, by his sister Eleanor.

[d] *If not complete*, O *say*,—] The old copy reads:—

"If not complete *of*, say,—"

Hanmer first suggested the alteration.

(*) Old copies, *as*.

Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,
To these two princes, if you marry them.
This union shall do more than battery can,
To our fast-closed gates; for, at this match,
With swifter spleen than powder can enforce,
The mouth of passage shall we fling, wide ope,
And give you entrance; but, without this match,
The sea enraged is not half so deaf,
Lions more confident, mountains and rocks
More free from motion, no, not death himself
In mortal fury half so peremptory,
As we to keep this city.

BAST. Here 's a stay,[a]
That shakes the rotten carcase of old death
Out of his rags! Here 's a large mouth, indeed,
That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks, and seas,
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions,
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs!
What cannoneer begot this lusty blood?
He speaks plain cannon-fire, and smoke, and bounce;
He gives the bastinado with his tongue;
Our ears are cudgell'd; not a word of his,
But buffets better than a fist of France:
Zounds! I was never so bethump'd with words,
Since I first called my brother's father, dad.

ELI. Son, list to this conjunction, make this match;
Give with our niece a dowry large enough:
For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie
Thy now unsur'd assurance to the crown,
That yon green boy shall have no sun to ripe
The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.
I see a yielding in the looks of France;
Mark, how they whisper: urge them, while their souls
Are capable[b] of this ambition;
Lest zeal, now melted, by the windy breath
Of soft petitions, pity, and remorse,
Cool and congeal again to what it was.

HUBERT. Why answer not the double majesties,
This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town?

K. PHI. Speak England first, that hath been forward first
To speak unto this city. What say you?

K. JOHN. If that the Dauphin there, thy princely son,
Can in this book of beauty read—*I love,*
Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen:
For Anjou,* and fair Touraine, Maine, Poictiers,
And all that we upon this side the sea
(Except this city now by us besieg'd)
Find liable to our crown and dignity,
Shall gild her bridal bed; and make her rich
In titles, honours, and promotions,
As she in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hand with any princess of the world.

K. PHI. What sayst thou, boy? look in the lady's face.

LEW. I do, my lord, and in her eye I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
The shadow of myself form'd in her eye;
Which being but the shadow of your son,
Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow:
I do protest, I never lov'd myself,
Till now infixed I beheld myself,
Drawn in the flattering table[c] of her eye.
[*Whispers with* BLANCH.

BAST. Drawn in the flattering table of her eye!—
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!—
And quarter'd in her heart!—he doth espy
Himself love's traitor: this is pity now,
That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd, there should be,
In such a love, so vile a lout as he. [*Aside.*

BLANCH. My uncle's will, in this respect, is mine.
If he see aught in you, that makes him like,
That anything he sees, which moves his liking,
I can with ease translate it to my will;
Or, if you will, to speak more properly,
I will enforce it easily to my love.
Further I will not flatter you, my lord,
That all I see in you is worthy love,
Than this,—that nothing do I see in you,
Though churlish thoughts themselves should be your judge,
That I can find should merit any hate.

K. JOHN. What say these young ones? What say you, my niece?

BLANCH. That she is bound in honour still to do
What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say.

K. JOHN. Speak then, prince Dauphin; can you love this lady?

LEW. Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love;
For I do love her most unfeignedly.

---

[a] *Here's* a stay,—] *Stay*, if that be the poet's word, is used, we suppose, in the sense of a *sudden* check or obstacle. It may not be the most suitable expression to introduce the following line; but it appears at least as good as *flaw* or *say*, which have been proposed to supersede it.

[b] *Are* capable *of this ambition;*] *Capable* is *impressible, susceptible.* So, in the next Act, Constance says,—

"—— I am sick and *capable* of fears.

(*) Old copies, *Angiers.*

and "Hamlet," Act III. Sc. 4,—

"His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them *capable.*"

[c] *The flattering* table—] *Table* the expositors define to mean *picture*, or the board or canvas on which any object is painted.

K. JOHN. Then do I give Volquessen,[a] Touraine, Maine,
Poictiers, and Anjou, these five provinces,
With her to thee; and this addition more,
Full thirty thousand marks of English coin.
Philip of France, if thou be pleas'd withal,
Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

K. PHI. It likes us well. Young princes, close your hands.

AUST. And your lips too; for I am well assur'd
That I did so, when I was first assur'd.[b]

K. PHI. Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates;
Let in that amity which you have made,
For at saint Mary's chapel, presently,
The rites of marriage shall be solemniz'd.
Is not the lady Constance in this troop?
I know she is not; for this match, made up,
Her presence would have interrupted much:
Where is she and her son? tell me, who knows.

LEW. She is sad and passionate[c] at your highness' tent.

K. PHI. And, by my faith, this league that we have made,
Will give her sadness very little cure.
Brother of England, how may we content
This widow lady? In her right we came;
Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way,
To our own vantage.

K. JOHN. We will heal up all,
For we 'll create young Arthur duke of Bretagne,
And earl of Richmond; and this rich fair town
We make him lord of.—Call the lady Constance;
Some speedy messenger bid her repair
To our solemnity:—I trust we shall,
If not fill up the measure of her will,
Yet in some measure satisfy her so,
That we shall stop her exclamation.
Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,
To this unlook'd-for, unprepared pomp.

[*Exeunt all but the* Bastard.—*The* Citizens *retire from the walls.*

BAST. Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!
John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed[d] with a part:
And France, whose armour conscience buckled on,
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field
As God's own soldier, rounded[e] in the ear
With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil,
That broker,[f] that still breaks the pate of faith;
That daily break-vow; he that wins of all,
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,—
Who having no external thing to lose
But the word maid, cheats the poor maid of that;
That smooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling commodity,[g]
Commodity, the bias of the world;
The world, who of itself is peised[h] well,
Made to run even, upon even ground;
Till this advantage, this vile drawing bias,
This sway of motion, this commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent:
And this same bias, this commodity,
This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,
Clapp'd on the outward eye[i] of fickle France,
Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aid,[k]
From a resolv'd and honourable war,
To a most base and vile-concluded peace.—
And why rail I on this commodity?
But for because he hath not woo'd me yet:
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,
When his fair angels would salute my palm;
But for my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.
Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,
And say,—there is no sin but to be rich;
And being rich, my virtue then shall be,
To say,—there is no vice but beggary:
Since kings break faith upon commodity,
Gain, be my lord! for I will worship thee!

[*Exit.*

---

[a] Volquessen,—] The ancient name of that part of France now called *Le Vexin;* in Latin, *Pagus Velocassinus.* Thus, in the old play,—

"And here in marriage I do give with her,
From me and my successors, English kings,
Volquesson, Poilers, Anjou, Torain, Main,
And thirtie thousand markes of stipened coyne."

[b] *When I was first* assur'd.] In the previous line *assured* is used in its ordinary sense; here it means *affianced* or *contracted.* The kiss was a part of the ceremony of betrothing. So, in "Twelfth Night," Act V. Sc. 1,—

"A contract of eternal bond of love
Attested by the *holy close of lips.*"

[c] *Sad and* passionate—] *Passionate* in this place signifies *perturbed, agitated,* not *irascible.*

[d] *Willingly* departed with—] That is, *parted* with. *Depart* and *part* were used of old synonymously. See note (a), page 62. of the present volume.

[e] Rounded *in the ear*—] *Insinuated, whispered* in the ear. Thus, in the "Spanish Tragedy," Act I.—

"Forthwith Revenge she *rounded* thee in *th' ear.*"

[f] *That* broker,—] Broker in old language usually meant *a pander,* or *procuress;* but sometimes also, as in this passage, *a dissembler, or cheat.*

[g] *Tickling* commodity,—] *Commodity* is *advantage, self-interest.* So, in "Barnaby Riche's Farewell to Militarie Profession:"—"In the whiche Fineo, to his greate contentment, had the *comoditie* daiely to see his Fiamma," &c.

[h] *Peised*—] That is, *balanced, poised.*

[i] *On the outward* eye—] A continuation of the well-sustained metaphor derived from the game of bowls. The aperture on one side which contains the *bias* or weight that inclines the bowl, in running, from a direct course, was sometimes called the eye.

[k] *His own determin'd aid,*—] Mason suggested, and perhaps rightly, that we should read *aim,* instead of *aid.*

CONSTANCE.—Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.

ACT III.[a]

SCENE I.—*The same. The* French King's *Tent.*

Enter CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, *and* SALISBURY.

CONST. Gone to be married! gone to swear a peace!
False blood to false blood join'd! Gone to be friends!
Shall Lewis have Blanch? and Blanch those provinces?
It is not so; thou hast mis-spoke, misheard;
Be well advis'd,[b] tell o'er thy tale again:

[a] *Act III.*] In the old copy the Second Act extended to the conclusion of the speech of Lady Constance, when she throws herself upon the ground. The division now always adopted was made by Theobald.

[b] *Be well* advis'd,—] *Be thoroughly assured. Advised*, in this sense, is common both in Shakespeare and the books of his time.

It cannot be; thou dost but say 'tis so:
I trust I may not trust thee; for thy word
Is but the vain breath of a common man:
Believe me, I do not believe thee, man;
I have a king's oath to the contrary.
Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frighting me,
For I am sick, and capable[a] of fears,
Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears;
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;
A woman, naturally born to fears;
And though thou now confess thou didst but jest,
With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce,[b]
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?
What means that hand upon that breast of thine?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?
Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?
Then speak again; not all thy former tale,
But this one word,—whether thy tale be true.

SAL. As true as, I believe, you think them false,
That give you cause to prove my saying true.

CONST. O, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,
Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die;
And let belief and life encounter so,
As doth the fury of two desperate men,
Which, in the very meeting, fall, and die.—
Lewis marry Blanch! O, boy, then where art thou?
France friend with England! what becomes of me?—
Fellow, be gone: I cannot brook thy sight;
This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

SAL. What other harm have I, good lady, done,
But spoke the harm that is by others done?

CONST. Which harm within itself so heinous is,
As it makes harmful all that speak of it.

ARTH. I do beseech you, madam, be content.

CONST. If thou that bid'st me be content, wert grim,
Ugly, and slanderous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleasing blots and sightless[c] stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,[d]
Patch'd with foul moles and eye-offending marks,
I would not care, I then would be content,
For then I should not love thee; no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.
But thou art fair; and at thy birth, dear boy,
Nature and Fortune join'd to make thee great;
Of Nature's gifts thou mayst with lilies boast,
And with the half-blown rose: but Fortune, O!
She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee;
She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John;
And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France
To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,
And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.
France is a bawd to Fortune, and king John;
That strumpet Fortune, that usurping John:—
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn?
Envenom him with words; or get thee gone,
And leave those woes alone, which I alone
Am bound to under-bear.

SAL. Pardon me, madam,
I may not go without you to the kings.

CONST. Thou mayst, thou shalt, I will not go with thee;
I will instruct my sorrows to be proud,
For grief is proud, and makes his owner stout.(1)
To me, and to the state of my great grief,
Let kings assemble; for my grief's so great
That no supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up: here I and sorrows sit;
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.
[*She throws herself on the ground.*

Enter KING JOHN, KING PHILIP, LEWIS, BLANCH, ELINOR, Bastard, AUSTRIA, *and* Attendants.

K. PHI. 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this blessed day
Ever in France shall be kept festival:
To solemnize this day, the glorious sun
Stays in his course, and plays the alchymist;
Turning, with splendour of his precious eye,
The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold:
The yearly course that brings this day about
Shall never see it but a holiday.

CONST. A wicked day, and not a holy day!—
[*Rising.*
What hath this day deserv'd? what hath it done,
That it in golden letters should be set,
Among the high tides, in the kalendar?
Nay, rather, turn this day out of the week,
This day of shame, oppression, perjury:
Or, if it must stand still, let wives with child
Pray that their burthens may not fall this day,
Lest that their hopes prodigiously be cross'd:[e]
But on this day[f] let seamen fear no wrack;
No bargains break, that are not this day made

---

[a] Capable *of fears*,—] See note (b), page 297.

[b] I *cannot* take a truce,—] To *take truce*, in the language of our author, meant to *make peace*. Thus, in "Romeo and Juliet," Act III. Sc. 1,—

"Romeo ———
Could not *take truce* with the unruly spleen
Of Tybalt deaf to peace ——."

[c] Sightless—] *Unsightly*.

[d] Prodigious,—] *Monstrous*.

[e] Prodigiously *be cross'd*:] That is, *be frustrated by their burdens proving monsters*, or prodigies.

[f] But on *this day*—] *Except*, or *unless*, on this day.

This day, all things begun come to ill end,
Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change!
K. PHI. By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause
To curse the fair proceedings of this day.
Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty?
CONST. You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit,
Resembling majesty; which, being touch'd, and tried,
Proves valueless. You are forsworn, forsworn;
You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,
But now in arms you strengthen it with yours.
The grappling vigour, and rough frown of war,
Is cold in amity and painted peace,[a]
And our oppression hath made up this league:—
Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjur'd kings!
A widow cries; be husband to me, heavens!
Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out the day* in peace; but, ere sunset,
Set armed discord 'twixt these perjur'd kings!
Hear me, O, hear me!
AUST. Lady Constance, peace.
CONST. War! war! no peace! peace is to me a war.
O Lymoges! O Austria![2] thou dost shame
That bloody spoil: thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward,
Thou little valiant, great in villainy!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
Thou Fortune's champion, that dost never fight
But when her humorous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety! thou art perjur'd too,
And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool; to brag, and stamp, and swear,
Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?
Been sworn my soldier? Bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.
AUST. O, that a man should speak those words to me!
BAST. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.
AUST. Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy life.
BAST. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.
K. JOHN. We like not this; thou dost forget thyself.

(*) Old copies, *days*.

[a] The grappling vigour, and rough frown of war,
Is cold in amity, and painted peace,—]
The ingenious annotator of Mr. Collier's folio would read "*faint in* peace;" but if any alteration be required, of which I am by no means certain, it should be simply to read *coil'd* for cold. The meaning seems to be,—The vigorous arms are coiled in amity, and grim-visaged war become a smooth-faced peace.

Enter PANDULPH.

K. PHI. Here comes the holy legate of the pope.
PAND. Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven!—
To thee, king John, my holy errand is.
I, Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,
And from pope Innocent the legate here,
Do, in his name, religiously demand,
Why thou, against the church, our holy mother,
So wilfully dost spurn; and, force perforce,
Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop
Of Canterbury, from that holy see?
This, in our 'foresaid holy father's name,
Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.
K. JOHN. What earthly* name to interrogatories[b]
Can task† the free breath of a sacred king?
Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name
So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
To charge me to an answer, as the pope.
Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England
Add thus much more,—That no Italian priest
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;
But as we under heaven are supreme head,
So, under Him, that great supremacy,
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
Without the assistance of a mortal hand:
So tell the pope; all reverence set apart,
To him, and his usurp'd authority.
K. PHI. Brother of England, you blaspheme in this.
K. JOHN. Though you, and all the kings of Christendom,
Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out;
And by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
Who, in that sale, sells pardon from himself;
Though you, and all the rest, so grossly led,
This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish:
Yet I alone, alone do me oppose
Against the pope, and count his friends my foes.
PAND. Then, by the lawful power that I have,
Thou shalt stand curs'd, and excommunicate:
And blessed shall he be that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretic;
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
Canonized, and worshipp'd as a saint,
That takes away by any secret course
Thy hateful life.[3]
CONST. O, lawful let it be,
That I have room with Rome to curse a while!

(*) Old copies, *earthie*. (†) Old copies, *tast*.

[b] To interrogatories—] That is, *subjoined* to interrogatories.

Good father cardinal, cry thou. Amen.
To my keen curses: for, without my wrong,
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

PAND. There 's law and warrant, lady, for my curse.

CONST. And for mine too. When law can do no right,
Let it be lawful that law bar no wrong;
Law cannot give my child his kingdom here,
For he, that holds his kingdom, holds the law:
Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,
How can the law forbid my tongue to curse?

PAND. Philip of France, on peril of a curse,
Let go the hand of that arch-heretic,
And raise the power of France upon his head,
Unless he do submit himself to Rome.

ELI. Look'st thou pale, France? do not let go thy hand.

CONST. Look to that, devil! lest that France repent,
And, by disjoining hands, hell lose a soul.

AUST. King Philip, listen to the cardinal.

BAST. And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant limbs.

AUST. Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs,
Because ——

BAST. Your breeches best may carry them.

K. JOHN. Philip, what say'st thou to the cardinal?

CONST. What should he say, but as the cardinal?

LEW. Bethink you, father; for the difference
Is, purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,
Or the light loss of England for a friend:
Forego the easier.

BLANCH. That 's the curse of Rome.

CONST. O Lewis, stand fast; the devil tempts thee here,
In likeness of a new uptrimmed[a] bride.

BLANCH. The lady Constance speaks not from her faith,
But from her need.

CONST. O, if thou grant my need,
Which only lives but by the death of faith,
That need must needs infer this principle,—
That faith would live again by death of need:
O, then, tread down my need, and faith mounts up,
Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down.

K. JOHN. The king is mov'd, and answers not to this.

CONST. O, be remov'd from him, and answer well.

AUST. Do so, king Philip, hang no more in doubt.

BAST. Hang nothing but a calf's-skin, most sweet lout.

K. PHI. I am perplex'd, and know not what to say.

PAND. What canst thou say, but will perplex thee more,
If thou stand excommunicate, and curs'd?

K. PHI. Good reverend father, make my person yours,
And tell me how you would bestow yourself.
This royal hand and mine are newly knit,
And the conjunction of our inward souls
Married in league, coupled and link'd together
With all religious strength of sacred vows.
The latest breath that gave the sound of words
Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love,
Between our kingdoms, and our royal selves:
And even before this truce, but new before,—
No longer than we well could wash our hands,
To clap this royal bargain up of peace,—
Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and overstain'd
With slaughter's pencil; where revenge did paint
The fearful difference of incensed kings:
And shall these hands, so lately purg'd of blood,
So newly join'd in love, so strong in both,
Unyoke this seizure, and this kind regreet?
Play fast and loose with faith? so jest with heaven,
Make such unconstant children of ourselves,
As now again to snatch our palm from palm?
Unswear faith sworn? and on the marriage bed
Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,
And make a riot on the gentle brow
Of true sincerity? O, holy sir,
My reverend father, let it not be so:
Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose
Some gentle order; and then we shall be bless'd
To do your pleasure, and continue friends.

PAND. All form is formless, order orderless,
Save what is opposite to England's love.
Therefore, to arms! be champion of our church!
Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,
A mother's curse, on her revolting son.
France, thou mayst hold a serpent by the tongue,
A chafed[b] lion by the mortal paw,
A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

K. PHI. I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.

PAND. So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith;
And, like a civil war, sett'st oath to oath,

---

[a] *In likeness of a new* uptrimmed *bride.*] As *untrimmed*, the reading of the old copies, is usually conceived to mean *unadorned*, and the sense appears to require a word implying the reverse, we have adopted the happy and unforced emendation of Mr. Dyce. Theobald reads, "*and* trimmed bride."

[b] *A* chafed *lion*—] The old text has "A *cased* lion." *Chafed* was first suggested by Mr. Dyce, and receives support from a well-known passage in "Henry VIII." Act III. Sc. 2,—

"——— So looks the *chafed* lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him."

Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy vow
First made to heaven, first be to heaven perform'd;
That is, to be the champion of our church!
What since thou swor'st, is sworn against thyself,
And may not be performed by thyself:
For that which thou hast sworn to do amiss,
Is not[a] amiss when it is truly done;
And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
The truth is then most done not doing it:
The better act of purposes mistook
Is, to mistake again; though indirect,
Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
And falsehood falsehood cures, as fire cools fire
Within the scorched veins of one new burn'd.
It is religion that doth make vows kept;[b]
But thou hast sworn against religion,
By what thou swear'st against the thing thou swear'st;
And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth
Against an oath: the truth thou art unsure
To swear, swears only not to be forsworn;
Else, what a mockery should it be to swear!
But thou dost swear only to be forsworn,
And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear.
Therefore, thy later vows, against thy first,
Is in thyself rebellion to thyself;
And better conquest never canst thou make,
Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts
Against these giddy loose suggestions:
Upon which better part our prayers come in,
If thou vouchsafe them; but, if not, then know,
The peril of our curses light on thee
So heavy, as thou shalt not shake them off,
But, in despair, die under their black weight.

AUST. Rebellion, flat rebellion!

BAST. Will 't not be?
Will not a calf's-skin stop that mouth of thine?

LEW. Father, to arms!

BLANCH. Upon thy wedding-day?
Against the blood that thou hast married?
What, shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd men?
Shall braying trumpets, and loud churlish drums,
Clamours of hell, be measures to our pomp?
O husband, hear me!—aye, alack, how new
Is husband in my mouth!—even for that name,
Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,
Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms
Against mine uncle.

CONST. O, upon my knee,
Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,
Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom
Fore-thought by heaven.

BLANCH. Now shall I see thy love. What motive may
Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?

CONST. That which upholdeth him that thee upholds,
His honour: O, thine honour, Lewis, thine honour!

LEW. I muse your majesty doth seem so cold,
When such profound respects do pull you on.

PAND. I will denounce a curse upon his head.

K. PHI. Thou shalt not need:—England, I will fall from thee.

CONST. O fair return of banish'd majesty!

ELI. O foul revolt of French inconstancy!

K. JOHN. France, thou shalt rue this hour within this hour.

BAST. Old Time the clock-setter, that bald sexton, Time,
Is it as he will? well then, France shall rue.

BLANCH. The sun's o'ercast with blood: fair day adieu!
Which is the side that I must go withal?
I am with both: each army hath a hand,
And, in their rage, I having hold of both,
They whirl asunder, and dismember me.
Husband, I cannot pray that thou mayst win;
Uncle I needs must pray that thou mayst lose;
Father, I may not wish the fortune thine;
Grandame, I will not wish thy wishes thrive:
Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose;
Assured loss, before the match be play'd.

LEW. Lady, with me; with me thy fortune lies.

BLANCH. There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.

K. JOHN. Cousin, go draw our puissance together.— [*Exit* Bastard.
France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath,
A rage whose heat hath this condition,
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
The blood, and dearest-valued blood, of France.

K. PHI. Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou shalt turn

---

[a] *Is* not *amiss when it is truly done;*] Surely the argument proves beyond question that *not* is a misprint for *but*, and that we should read:—

"For that which thou hast sworn to do amiss,
Is *but* amiss, when it is truly done;
And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
The truth is then most done, not doing it."

[b] It is religion that doth make vows kept, &c. &c.] In the folios this passage is exhibited as follows:—

"It is religion that doth make vows kept,
But thou hast sworn against religion:
By what thou swear'st against the thing thou swear'st,
And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth,
Against an oath the truth, thou art unsure
To swear, swears only not to be forsworn,
Else what a mockery should it be to swear!" &c.

There are critics who profess to understand this and similar textual imbroglios of the 1623 edition, which is more than the author himself would do. I venture to suggest the following as a probable reading of the passage in its original form:—

"It is religion that doth make vows kept,
But thou hast sworn against religion:
By *that*, thou swear'st against the thing thou swear'st,
And mak'st an oath, the surety for thy truth,
Against an oath, the *proof* thou art unsure.
Who swears swears only not to be forsworn,
Else what a mockery should it be to swear!" &c.

To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire:
Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.

K. John. No more than he that threats.—To arms! let's hie. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. Plains near* Angiers.

Alarums; Excursions. Enter the Bastard *with* Austria's *Head.*

Bast. Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot;
Some airy(4) devil hovers in the sky,
And pours down mischief. Austria's head, lie there;
While Philip breathes.(5)

Enter King John, Arthur *and* Hubert.

K. John. Hubert, keep this boy:—Philip, make up:
My mother is assailed in our tent,
And ta'en, I fear.

Bast. My lord, I rescued her;
Her highness is in safety, fear you not:
But on, my liege; for very little pains
Will bring this labour to an happy end. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same.*

Alarums; Excursions; Retreat. Enter KING JOHN, ELINOR, ARTHUR, *the* Bastard, HUBERT, *and* Lords.

K. JOHN. So shall it be; your grace shall stay behind, [*To* ELINOR.
So strongly guarded.—Cousin, look not sad, [*To* ARTHUR.
Thy grandame loves thee, and thy uncle will
As dear be to thee as thy father was. [grief.
ARTH. O, this will make my mother die with
K. JOHN. Cousin, [*to the* Bastard] away for England; haste before:
And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags
Of hoarding abbots; imprisoned angels
Set at liberty; the fat ribs of peace
Must by the hungry now[a] be fed upon:
Use our commission in his utmost force. [back,
BAST. Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me
When gold and silver becks me to come on.
I leave your highness.—Grandame, I will pray
(If ever I remember to be holy)
For your fair safety; so I kiss your hand.
ELI. Farewell, gentle cousin.
K. JOHN. Coz, farewell. [*Exit* Bastard.
ELI. Come hither, little kinsman; hark, a word. [*She takes* ARTHUR *aside.*
K. JOHN. Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,
We owe thee much; within this wall of flesh
There is a soul counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love:
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.
Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,—
But I will fit it with some better tune.[b]
By heaven, Hubert, I am almost asham'd
To say what good respect I have of thee.
HUB. I am much bounden to your majesty.
K. JOHN. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet:
But thou shalt have: and, creep time ne'er so slow,
Yet it shall come, for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to say,—but let it go:
The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gauds,
To give me audience.—If the midnight bell
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound one into the drowsy ear of night; (6)
If this same were a churchyard where we stand,
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs;
Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,
Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy-thick,
(Which, else, runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that idiot, laughter, keep[c] men's eyes,
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
A passion hateful to my purposes;)
Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words;
Then, in despite of brooded[d] watchful day,
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:
But ah, I will not:—yet I love thee well;
And, by my troth, I think thou lov'st me well.
HUB. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Though that my death were adjunct to my act,
By heaven, I would do it!
K. JOHN. Do not I know thou wouldst?
Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
On yon young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend,
He is a very serpent in my way;
And wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread
He lies before me: dost thou understand me?
Thou art his keeper.
HUB. And I'll keep him so,
That he shall not offend your majesty.
K. JOHN. Death.
HUB. My lord!
K. JOHN. A grave.
HUB. He shall not live.
K. JOHN. Enough.
I could be merry now: Hubert, I love thee.
Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee:
Remember.——Madam, fare you well:
I'll send those powers o'er to your majesty.
ELI. My blessing go with thee!

---

[a] *Must by the hungry* now *be fed upon:*] For *now*, Warburton proposed to read *war;* a substitution supported by the corresponding passage in the old play:—

"Philip, I make thee chiefe in this affaire,
Ransacke the abbeis, cloysters, priories,
Convert their coyne unto my *souldiers* use."

[b] *Some better* tune.] So the old copies. Pope altered *tune* to *time;* perhaps without necessity, for these words were often used, of old, as synonymes.

[c] *Making that idiot, laughter,* keep *men's eyes,*—] From a passage in the "Merchant of Venice," Act I. Sc. 1:—

"Some that will evermore *peep* through their eyes,
And laugh—."

I, at one time, thought *keep* a misprint of *peep*, that is, *half close*, which agrees, too, with the context:—

"And *strain their cheeks* to idle merriment."

Keep, however, in the sense of occupy, may be right; for Biron, "Love's Labour 's Lost," Act IV. Sc. 3, says:—

"Other slow arts entirely *keep* the brain."

[d] *Then, in despite* of brooded *watchful day,*—] Pope reads *broad-eyed*, an unobjectionable emendation, if any change were required, for *broad-eyed* and *narrow-eyed* are expressions repeatedly to be found in the old writers; but *brooded* for *brooding*, in allusion to the vigilance of birds *on brood*, conveys the very sense intended. So, in Massinger's play of "The City Madam," Act III. Sc. 3:—

"——— I did not slumber,
And could wake ever with a *brooding* eye
To gaze upon 't——."

So Milton also, in "L'Allegro:"—

"——— Find out some uncouth cell,
Where *brooding* darkness spreads his *jealous* wings."

K. JOHN. For England, cousin, go:
Hubert shall be your man, attend on you
With all true duty.—On toward Calais, ho!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The same. The* French King's *Tent.*

Enter KING PHILIP, LEWIS, PANDULPH, *and* Attendants.

K. PHI. So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,
A whole armado of convicted[a] sail
Is scatter'd and disjoin'd from fellowship. [well.
PAND. Courage and comfort! all shall yet go
K. PHI. What can go well, when we have run so ill?
Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?
Arthur ta'en prisoner? divers dear friends slain?
And bloody England into England gone,
O'erbearing interruption, spite of France?
LEW. What he hath won, that hath he fortified:
So hot a speed with such advice dispos'd,
Such temperate order in so fierce a course,[b]
Doth want example. Who hath read, or heard,
Of any kindred action like to this? [this praise,
K. PHI. Well could I bear that England had
So we could find some pattern of our shame.
Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul;
Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,

Enter CONSTANCE.

In the vile prison of afflicted breath:—
I prithee, lady, go away with me. [peace!
CONST. Lo, now! now see the issue of your
K. PHI. Patience, good lady! comfort, gentle Constance!
CONST. No, I defy all counsel, all redress,
But that which ends all counsel, true redress.
Death, death, O amiable lovely death!
Thou odoriferous stench! sound rottenness!
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
And I will kiss thy detestable bones,
And put my eyeballs in thy vaulty brows,
And ring these fingers with thy household worms,
And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust,
And be a carrion monster like thyself.
Come, grin on me; and I will think thou smil'st,
And buss thee as thy wife! Misery's love,
O, come to me!
K. PHI. O fair affliction, peace! [cry:—
CONST. No, no, I will not, having breath to
O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!
Then with a passion would I shake the world,
And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy,
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
Which scorns a modern[c] invocation.
PAND. Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.
CONST. Thou art unholy* to belie me so.
I am not mad: this hair I tear is mine;
My name is Constance, I was Geffrey's wife;
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost.
I am not mad;—I would to heaven I were!
For then, 'tis like I should forget myself:
O, if I could, what grief should I forget!—
Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be canoniz'd, cardinal.
For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,
My reasonable part produces reason
How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang myself:
If I were mad, I should forget my son,
Or madly think a babe of clouts were he.
I am not mad; too well, too well I feel
The different plague of each calamity. [note
K. PHI. Bind up those tresses: O, what love I
In the fair multitude of those her hairs!
Where but by chance a silver drop hath fall'n,
Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends†
Do glue themselves in sociable grief;
Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,
Sticking together in calamity.
CONST. To England, if you will![d]
K. PHI. Bind up your hairs.
CONST. Yes, that I will. And wherefore will I do it?
I tore them from their bonds, and cried aloud,
O that these hands could so redeem my son,
As they have given these hairs their liberty!
But now I envy at their liberty,
And will again commit them to their bonds,
Because my poor child is a prisoner.
And, father cardinal, I have heard you say,
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven;
If that be true, I shall see my boy again:
For, since the birth of Cain, the first male child,

---

[a] *A whole armado of* convicted *sail*—] *Convicted* is the word in the old copies; and, as it may have been used in the sense of *vanquished*, or *overpowered*, we have not displaced it from the text, although every one admits a preference for *convented*, the reading adopted by Mr. Singer, and which is found in the margin of Mr. Collier's folio, 1632. Mr. Dyce suggests that the true word may have been *connected*, from the Latin *connectus*, but gives no example of its use.

[b] *In so fierce* a course,—] The old text has *cause*. Warburton proposed the change, but oddly enough interpreted *course* as a *march!* By *course* is no doubt meant the *carrière* of a horse, or a *charge*, in a passage of arms.

[c] *Which scorns* a modern *invocation.*] A *common*, an *ordinary* invocation. See note (b), page 190, of the present volume.

[d] To England, if you will!] It has been conjectured that the unhappy Constance, in her despair, addresses the absent King John:—"*Take my son to England*, if you will." Does she not rather apostrophize her hair, as she madly tears it from its bonds!

(*) The old text has *holy*.
(†) Old text, *fiends*.

To him that did but yesterday suspire,
There was not such a gracious[a] creature born.
But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a ghost,
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit,
And so he'll die: and, rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven
I shall not know him: therefore never, never
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

PAND. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

CONST. He talks to me that never had a son.

K. PHI. You are as fond of grief as of your child.

CONST. Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,

[a] *A* gracious *creature born.*] Malone was correct in surmising that *gracious*, in Shakespeare's time, included the idea of beauty. Florio explains *Gratioso, gracious, favourable, loving, milde, gentle, comely, well-favoured.*

Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then, have I reason to be fond of grief.
Fare you well: had you such a loss as I,
I could give better comfort[a] than you do.—
I will not keep this form upon my head,
[*Tearing off her head-dress.*
When there is such disorder in my wit.
O Lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!
My widow-comfort, and my sorrows' cure! [*Exit.*

K. PHI. I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her. [*Exit.*

LEW. There's nothing in this world can make me joy:
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man;
And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's[b] taste,
That it yields nought but shame and bitterness.

PAND. Before the curing of a strong disease,
Even in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest; evils, that take leave,
On their departure most of all shew evil:
What have you lost by losing of this day?

LEW. All days of glory, joy, and happiness.

PAND. If you had won it, certainly, you had.
No, no: when fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threatening eye.
'Tis strange to think how much king John hath lost
In this, which he accounts so clearly won:
Are not you griev'd that Arthur is his prisoner?

LEW. As heartily, as he is glad he hath him.

PAND. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.
Now hear me speak with a prophetic spirit;
For even the breath of what I mean to speak
Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,
Out of the path which shall directly lead
Thy foot to England's throne. And, therefore, mark:—
John hath seiz'd Arthur, and it cannot be,
That, whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins,
The misplac'd John should entertain an hour,
One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest.
A sceptre, snatch'd with an unruly hand,
Must be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd:
And he that stands upon a slippery place
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up:
That John may stand then, Arthur needs must fall;
So be it, for it cannot be but so.

LEW. But what shall I gain by young Arthur's fall?

PAND. You, in the right of lady Blanch your wife,
May then make all the claim that Arthur did.

LEW. And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.

PAND. How green you are, and fresh in this old world!
John lays you plots; the times conspire with you—
For he that steeps his safety in true blood
Shall find but bloody safety, and untrue.—
This act, so evilly borne, shall cool the hearts
Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal,
That none so small advantage shall step forth
To check his reign, but they will cherish it.
No natural exhalation in the sky,
No scope of nature, no distemper'd day,
No common wind, no customed event,
But they will pluck away his natural cause,
And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,
Abortives, presages, and tongues of heaven,
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.

LEW. May be, he will not touch young Arthur's life,
But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

PAND. O, sir, when he shall hear of your approach,
If that young Arthur be not gone already,
Even at that news he dies: and then the hearts
Of all his people shall revolt from him,
And kiss the lips of unacquainted change,
And pick strong matter of revolt and wrath,
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.
Methinks, I see this hurly all on foot;
And, O, what better matter breeds for you,
Than I have nam'd!—The bastard Faulconbridge
Is now in England, ransacking the church,
Offending charity. If but a dozen French
Were there in arms, they would be as a call[c]
To train ten thousand English to their side;
Or, as a little snow, tumbled about,
Anon becomes a mountain. O noble Dauphin,
Go with me to the king; 't is wonderful
What may be wrought out of their discontent,
Now that their souls are topfull of offence.
For England go; I will whet on the king.

LEW. Strong reasons make strange actions. Let us go;
If you say ay, the king will not say no.
[*Exeunt.*

---

[a] I could give better comfort—] "This is a sentiment which great sorrow always dictates. Whoever cannot help himself casts his eyes on others for assistance, and often mistakes their inability for coldness."—JOHNSON.

[b] *The sweet* world's *taste,*—] For *world's* the old copies have *words.* The correction is Pope's.

[c] *They would be as* a call—] An allusion to the reed, or pipe, termed a *bird-call;* or to the practice of bird-catchers, who, in laying their nets, place a caged bird over them, which they term the *call*-bird or bird-*call*, to lure the wild birds to the snare. Thus, in Beaumont and Fletcher's play of "The Bloody Brother," Act IV. Sc. 2, Pippeau, the scout or decoy of the Astrologers, tells them:—

"——— but it is I
That bring you in your rents for 'em, 'tis Pippeau
That is your *bird-call.*"

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room in a Castle.*

Enter Hubert *and Two* Attendants.

Hub. Heat me these irons hot, and look thou stand
Within the arras: when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,
And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,
Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.
1 Attend. I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.
Hub. Uncleanly scruples! Fear not you: look to 't.— [*Exeunt* Attendants.
Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter Arthur.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.
Hub. Good morrow, little prince.
Arth. As little prince (having so great a title
To be more[a] prince) as may be.—You are sad.
Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.
Arth. Mercy on me!
Methinks, nobody should be sad but I:
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,
So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,
I should be as merry as the day is long;
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practises more harm to me:

[a] *To be* more *prince*—] That is, *greater* prince. See note (a), page 291.

He is afraid of me, and I of him
Is it my fault that I was Geffrey's son?
No, indeed is 't not; and I would to heaven
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.
HUB. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:
Therefore I will be sudden, and despatch. [*Aside.*
ARTH. Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day:
In sooth, I would you were a little sick,
That I might sit all night, and watch with you:
I warrant I love you more than you do me.
HUB. His words do take possession of my bosom.—
Read here, young Arthur. [*Showing a paper.*
How now, foolish rheum! [*Aside.*
Turning dispiteous torture out of door?
I must be brief, lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish tears.
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?
ARTH. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect:
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?
HUB. Young boy, I must.
ARTH. And will you?
HUB. And I will.
ARTH. Have you the heart? When your head did but ache,
I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
(The best I had, a princess wrought it me,)
And I did never ask it you again.
And with my hand, at midnight held your head;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time,
Saying, *What lack you?* and, *Where lies your grief?*
Or, *What good love may I perform for you?*
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning; do, an if you will:
If heaven be pleas'd that you must use me ill,
Why, then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,
So much as frown on you?
HUB. I have sworn to do it;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.
ARTH. Ah, none, but in this iron age, would do it!
The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,
And quench his* fiery indignation,
Even in the matter of mine innocence:
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.

(*) Old copies, *this.*

Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?
An if an angel should have come to me,
And told me, Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believ'd him: no tongue but Hubert's—
HUB. Come forth! [*Stamps.*

Re-enter Attendants, *with Cords, Irons, &c.*

Do as I bid you do.
ARTH. O, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out,
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.
HUB. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.
ARTH. Alas, what need you be so boist'rous-rough?
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
For heaven sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!
Nay, hear me, Hubert! drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angerly:
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.
HUB. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.
1 ATTEND. I am best pleas'd to be from such a deed. [*Exeunt* Attendants.
ARTH. Alas! I then have chid away my friend;
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:—
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.
HUB. Come, boy, prepare yourself.
ARTH. Is there no remedy?
HUB. None, but to lose your eyes.
ARTH. O heaven!—that there were but a mote in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense!
Then, feeling what small things are boist'rous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.
HUB. Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.
ARTH. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert!
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes. O, spare mine eyes;
Though to no use, but still to look on you!
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.
HUB. I can heat it, boy.
ARTH. No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief,
Being create for comfort to be us'd

In undeserv'd extremes: see else yourself;
There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

HUB. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

ARTH. An if you do, you will but make it blush
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert:
Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes,
And, like a dog that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre[a] him on.
All things that you should use to do me wrong,
Deny their office: only you do lack
That mercy which fierce fire and iron extends,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

HUB. Well, see to live. I will not touch thine eyes
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes:
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.

ARTH. O, now you look like Hubert! all this while
You were disguised.

HUB. Peace, no more: Adieu.
Your uncle must not know but you are dead:
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports;
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure,
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

ARTH. O heaven!—I thank you, Hubert.

HUB. Silence! no more. Go closely in with me;[b]
Much danger do I undergo for thee.(1) [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room of State in the Palace.*

Enter KING JOHN, *crowned;* PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, *and other* LORDS. *The* KING *takes his State.*

K. JOHN. Here once again we sit, once again* crown'd,
And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.

PEM. This once again, but that your highness pleas'd,
Was once superfluous; you were crown'd before,
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off,
The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt,
Fresh expectation troubled not the land,
With any long'd-for change, or better state.

SAL. Therefore, to be possess'd with double pomp,
To guard[c] a title that was rich before,
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess.

PEM. But that your royal pleasure must be done,
This act is as an ancient tale new told,
And, in the last repeating, troublesome,
Being urged at a time unseasonable.

SAL. In this, the antique and well-noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigured;
And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about,
Startles and frights consideration;
Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected,
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

PEM. When workmen strive to do better than well,[d]
They do confound their skill in covetousness;
And oftentimes excusing of a fault
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse;
As patches, set upon a little breach,
Discredit more in hiding of the fault,
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

SAL. To this effect, before you were new crown'd,
We breath'd our counsel; but it pleas'd your highness
To overbear it, and we are all well pleas'd,
Since all and every part of what we would,
Doth make a stand at what your highness will.

K. JOHN. Some reasons of this double coronation
I have possess'd you with, and think them strong;
And more, more strong, when[e] lesser is my fear,
I shall indue you with: meantime, but ask
What you would have reform'd that is not well,
And well shall you perceive how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requests.

PEM. Then I, as one that am the tongue of these,
To sound the purposes of all their hearts,
Both for myself and them, (but, chief of all,
Your safety, for the which myself and them
Bend their best studies,) heartily request
The enfranchisement of Arthur; whose restraint
Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent
To break into this dangerous argument,—

(*) Old copies, *against.*

[a] Tarre *him on.*] *Tarre,* Horne Tooke derives from Tyrian, A. S. *exacerbare, irritare.* It was more probably coined from the sound, *arre,* usually made to incite a dog to attack anything. We meet with it again in "Hamlet," Act II. Sc. 2:—"And the nation holds it no sin to *tarre* them on to controversy;" and in "Troilus and Cressida," Act I. Sc. 3:—

"——— Pride alone
Must *tarre* the mastiffs on,——"

[b] *Go* closely *in with me;*] That is, *secretly, privately.* So in "Hamlet," Act III. Sc. 1:—

"For we have *closely* sent for Hamlet hither."

[c] *To* guard *a title*—] To *guard* meant *to ornament with a border.*

[d] *When workmen strive to* do better *than well,*—] This is painfully dissonant, perhaps we should read,—

"——— to *better do* than well."

[e] When *lesser is my fear,*—] The original has, "*Then* lesser" &c. Tyrwhitt made the alteration.

Pembroke intercedes for Arthur's liberty.

If what in rest[a] you have, in right you hold,
Why, then, your fears, which (as they say) attend
The steps of wrong, should move you to mew up
Your tender kinsman, and to choke his days

---

[a] *If what* in rest *you have, in right you hold,*
Why, then, your fears, which (as they say) attend
The steps of wrong, should move you to mew up
Your tender kinsman, &c.]

Steevens proposed to read, "If what in *wrest*," &c.; i.e., *if what you possess by an act of seizure or violence*, &c.; but even then, to restore the generally-understood sense of the passage, Henley's suggestion to make *then* and *should* change places, and insert a note of interrogation after *exercise*, would be necessary. After all, is the ordinary interpretation the true one? The alteration of a single word gives a meaning which squares better with the reasoning of the speaker, and does away with the necessity of transposing the words, or even altering the punctuation of the old text. Suppose we were to read,—

"If what in rest you have, *not* right you hold,
Why, then, your fears," &c.—

and the sense of the "dangerous argument" is at once clear and consistent. This reading is forcibly corroborated, too, by the parallel passage in the older play:—

"We crave my lord Essex, to please the commons with
The libertie of lady Constance soone:
Whose durance darkeneth your highnesse right,
As if you kept him prisoner, to the end
Your selfe were doubtfull of the thing you have."

With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exercise.
That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occasions, let it be our suit,
That you have bid us ask his liberty;
Which for our goods, we do no further ask,
Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,
Counts it your weal he have his liberty.

K. JOHN. Let it be so; I do commit his youth
To your direction:—

Enter HUBERT.

Hubert, what news with you? [*Taking him apart.*

PEM. This is the man should do the bloody deed;
He shew'd his warrant to a friend of mine:
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye; that close aspect of his
Doth shew the mood of a much-troubled breast,
And I do fearfully believe 't is done,
What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

SAL. The colour of the king doth come and go
Between his purpose and his conscience,
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set:
His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

PEM. And, when it breaks, I fear will issue thence
The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

K. JOHN. We cannot hold mortality's strong hand:— [*Coming forward.*
Good lords, although my will to give is living,
The suit which you demand is gone and dead:
He tells us, Arthur is deceas'd to-night.

SAL. Indeed we fear'd his sickness was past cure.

PEM. Indeed we heard how near his death he was,
Before the child himself felt he was sick:
This must be answer'd, either here, or hence.

K. JOHN. Why do you bend such solemn brows on me?
Think you I bear the shears of destiny?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life?

SAL. It is apparent[a] foul play; and 't is shame
That greatness should so grossly offer it:—
So thrive it in your game! and so farewell.

PEM. Stay yet, lord Salisbury: I'll go with thee,
And find the inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forced grave.
That blood, which ow'd the breadth of all this isle,
Three foot of it doth hold. Bad world the while!
This must not be thus borne; this will break out
To all our sorrows, and ere long, I doubt.
[*Exeunt* Lords.

K. JOHN. They burn in indignation. I repent.
There is no sure foundation set on blood;
No certain life achiev'd by others' death.—

Enter a Messenger.

A fearful eye thou hast. Where is that blood,
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?
So foul a sky clears not without a storm:
Pour down thy weather.—How goes all in France?

MESS. From France to England.[b]—Never such a power,
For any foreign preparation,
Was levied in the body of a land!
The copy of your speed is learn'd by them;
For, when you should be told they do prepare,
The tidings come that they are all arriv'd.

K. JOHN. O, where hath our intelligence been drunk?
Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's care,[c]
That such an army could be drawn in France,
And she not hear of it?

MESS. My liege, her ear
Is stopp'd with dust; the first of April, died
Your noble mother. And, as I hear, my lord,
The lady Constance in a frenzy died
Three days before: but this from rumour's tongue
I idly heard; if true, or false, I know not.

K. JOHN. Withhold thy speed, dreadful occasion!
O, make a league with me, till I have pleas'd
My discontented peers!—What! mother dead!
How wildly then walks my estate in France.—
Under whose conduct came those powers of France,
That thou for truth giv'st out are landed here?

MESS. Under the dauphin.

Enter the Bastard *and* PETER *of* Pomfret.

K. JOHN. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tidings.—Now, what says the world
To your proceedings? do not seek to stuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.

BAST. But, if you be afeard to hear the worst,
Then let the worst, unheard, fall on your head.

K. JOHN. Bear with me, cousin; for I was amaz'd
Under the tide; but now I breathe again
Aloft the flood, and can give audience
To any tongue, speak it of what it will.

BAST. How I have sped among the clergymen,
The sums I have collected shall express.
But, as I travell'd hither through the land,
I find the people strangely fantasied,
Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams;
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear:
And here 's a prophet,(2) that I brought with me
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels;
To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding rhymes,
That, ere the next Ascension-day at noon,

[a] *It is* apparent *foul play;*] It is *obvious, evident* foul play.
[b] From France to England.—] All in France *goes* now *to* England.
[c] *My mother's* care,—] *Care* may be suspected, from the context, a misprint for *ears*.

Your highness should deliver up your crown.

K. JOHN. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst thou so?

PETER. Foreknowing that the truth will fall out so.

K. JOHN. Hubert, away with him; imprison him;
And on that day at noon, whereon, he says,
I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd:
Deliver him to safety, and return,
For I must use thee.—

[*Exit* HUBERT, *with* PETER.

O my gentle cousin,
Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd?

BAST. The French, my lord; men's mouths are full of it:
Besides, I met lord Bigot, and lord Salisbury,
(With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,)
And others more, going to seek the grave
Of Arthur, who, they say, is kill'd to-night
On your suggestion.

K. JOHN. Gentle kinsman, go,
And thrust thyself into their companies;
I have a way to win their loves again:
Bring them before me.

BAST. I will seek them out.

K. JOHN. Nay, but make haste, the better foot before.
O, let me have no subject-enemies,
When adverse foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of stout[a] invasion!
Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels,
And fly, like thought, from them to me again.

BAST. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed. [*Exit.*

K. JOHN. Spoke like a spriteful noble gentleman.—
Go after him; for he, perhaps, shall need
Some messenger betwixt me and the peers,
And be thou he.

MESS. With all my heart, my liege. [*Exit.*

K. JOHN. My mother dead!

Re-enter HUBERT.

HUB. My lord, they say five moons were seen to-night:
Four fixed, and the fifth did whirl about
The other four, in wondrous motion.

K. JOHN. Five moons?

HUB. Old men, and beldams, in the streets
Do prophesy upon it dangerously:
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths,
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,

[a] Stout *invasion!*] That is, *bold, proud*, invasion.

And whisper one another in the ear;
And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's wrist,
Whilst he that hears makes fearful action,
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers, (which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,)
Told of a many thousand warlike French,
That were embattailed and rank'd in Kent:
Another lean unwash'd artificer
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?
Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?
Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had a mighty cause
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

Hub. No had,[a] my lord! why, did you not provoke me?

K. John. It is the curse of kings to be attended,
By slaves that take their humours for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life;
And, on the winking of authority,
To understand a law; to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humour than advis'd respect.

Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

K. John. O, when the last account 'twixt heaven and earth
Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation!
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds

---

[a] No had, *my lord!*] From ignorance of this archaism most editors alter it to "None had," or "Had none." *No had, no did, no will*, &c., were ordinary forms of expression with the old English writers:—"'Nay, veryly sir,' quoth I, 'my Lord hath yit no word,'" &c. "'*No had*,' quoth he, 'I mych mervaile therof,'" &c.—*Letter of Sir Thomas More to Wolsey*. (Ellis's "Original Letters," &c., vol. i. p. 253.)

"Chedsey. Christ said, 'Take, eat, this is my body;' and not, 'Take ye, eat ye.'

Philpot. *No did*, master doctor? &c."—Foxe's *Acts and Monuments*, vol. vii. p. 637, (Cattley's edition.)

"Philpot. And as I remember it is even the saying of St. Bernard, * * * * as my Lord of Durham and my Lord of Chichester by their learning can discern, and will not reckon it evil said.

London. *No will?*"—*Ibid.* p. 658.

For further examples of this idiom see "Notes and Queries," vol. vii. p. 520.

HUBERT.—I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus—

Makes ill deeds done![a] Hadst thou not been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted, and sign'd, to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind:
But, taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villainy,
Apt, liable, to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;
And thou, to be endeared to a king,
Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

HUB. My lord,—

K. JOHN. Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made a pause,
When I spake darkly what I purposed,
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
As bid me tell my tale in express words, [off,
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break
And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me:
But thou didst understand me by my signs,
And didst in signs again parley with sin;[b]
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
And, consequently, thy rude hand to act [name.
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to
Out of my sight, and never see me more!
My nobles leave me, and my state is brav'd,
Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers;
Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hostility and civil tumult reigns
Between my conscience and my cousin's death.

HUB. Arm you against your other enemies,
I'll make a peace between your soul and you;
Young Arthur is alive. This hand of mine
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
Within this bosom never enter'd yet
The dreadful motion of a murderous thought;
And you have slander'd nature in my form,
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,

[a] Makes ill deeds *done!*] The original has, *Make deeds ill* done.
[b] And didst in signs again parley with sin;] Mr. Collier's MS. annotator very plausibly suggests the reading of *sign* for *sin* in this line.

Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
Than to be butcher of an innocent child. [peers,
K. John. Doth Arthur live? O, haste thee to the
Throw this report on their incensed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience!
Forgive the comment that my passion made
Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,
And foul imaginary eyes of blood
Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
O, answer not; but to my closet bring
The angry lords, with all expedient haste;
I conjure thee but slowly, run more fast.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Before the Castle.*

Enter Arthur *on the Walls.*

Arth. The wall is high, and yet will I leap down.—
Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not!—
There 's few, or none, do know me; if they did,
This ship-boy's semblance hath disguis'd me quite.
I am afraid; and yet I'll venture it.
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
I'll find a thousand shifts to get away:
As good to die and go, as die and stay.
[*Leaps down.*
O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones:—
Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones! [*Dies.*(3)

Enter Pembroke, Salisbury, *and* Bigot.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at St. Edmund's-Bury;
It is our safety, and we must embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time.
Pem. Who brought that letter from the cardinal?
Sal. The count Melun, a noble lord of France,

Whose private[a] with me, of the dauphin's love,
Is much more general than these lines import.
BIG. To-morrow morning let us meet him then.
SAL. Or rather, then set forward: for 't will be
Two long days' journey, lords, or e'er we meet.

Enter the Bastard.

BAST. Once more to-day well met, distemper'd lords!
The king, by me, requests your presence straight.
SAL. The king hath dispossess'd himself of us.
We will not line his thin, bestained cloak
With our pure honours, nor attend the foot
That leaves the print of blood where'er it walks:
Return, and tell him so; we know the worst.
BAST. Whate'er you think, good words, I think, were best.
SAL. Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now.
BAST. But there is little reason in your grief;
Therefore, 't were reason you had manners now.
PEM. Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege.
BAST. 'T is true; to hurt his master, no man* else.
SAL. This is the prison. What is he lies here? [*Seeing* ARTHUR.
PEM. O death, made proud with pure and princely beauty!
The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.
SAL. Murder, as hating what himself hath done,
Doth lay it open, to urge on revenge.
BIG. Or, when he doom'd this beauty to a grave,
Found it too precious-princely for a grave.
SAL. Sir Richard, what think you? Have you beheld,[b]
Or have you read, or heard? or could you think?
Or do you almost think, although you see,
That you do see? could thought, without this object,
Form such another? This is the very top,
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,
Of murder's arms: this is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke,
That ever wall-ey'd wrath, or staring rage,
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.
PEM. All murders past do stand excus'd in this:
And this so sole, and so unmatchable,
Shall give a holiness, a purity,
To the yet-unbegotten sin of times;
And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,
Exampled by this heinous spectacle.
BAST. It is a damned and a bloody work;
The graceless action of a heavy hand,
If that it be the work of any hand.
SAL. If that it be the work of any hand?—
We had a kind of light what would ensue.
It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand;
The practice, and the purpose, of the king:—
From whose obedience I forbid my soul,
Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,
And breathing to his breathless excellence
The incense of a vow, a holy vow,
Never to taste the pleasures of the world,
Never to be infected with delight,
Nor conversant with ease and idleness,
Till I have set a glory to this hand,[c]
By giving it the worship of revenge.
PEM., BIG. Our souls religiously confirm thy words.

Enter HUBERT.

HUB. Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you:
Arthur doth live; the king hath sent for you.
SAL. O, he is bold, and blushes not at death:—
Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone!
HUB. I am no villain.
SAL. Must I rob the law? [*Drawing his sword.*
BAST. Your sword is bright, sir; put it up again.
SAL. Not till I sheathe it in a murderer's skin.
HUB. Stand back, lord Salisbury, stand back, I say;
By heaven, I think, my sword's as sharp as yours:
I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;
Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget
Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.
BIG. Out, dunghill! dar'st thou brave a nobleman?
HUB. Not for my life: but yet I dare defend
My innocent life against an emperor.

(*) First folio, *mans.*

[a] *Whose* private *with me,*—] Whose *confidential parley.* Mr. Collier's MS. annotator reads, "Whose private *missive,*" &c.; and a little lower, for—

"——— thin, bestained cloak—"

has—

"——— *sin* bestained cloak."

[b] Have you *beheld,*—] This is the corrected lection in the third folio, 1664. In the two previous editions the passage stands—"*You have* beheld."

[c] *A glory to this* hand,—] Pope reads *head* for hand, which, perhaps, gives a more elegant sense; but Malone quotes a passage from "Troilus and Cressida," Act IV. Sc. 1. confirmatory of the old reading:—

"——— Jove, let Æneas live,
If *to my sword* his fate be not the *glory,*
A thousand complete courses of the sun!"

SAL. Thou art a murderer.
HUB. Do not prove me so;
Yet, I am none.[a] Whose tongue soe'er speaks false,
Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lies.
PEM. Cut him to pieces.
BAST. Keep the peace, I say.
SAL. Stand by, or I shall gall you, Faulconbridge.
BAST. Thou wert better gall the devil, Salisbury:
If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,
I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime,
Or I'll so maul you and your toasting-iron,
That you shall think the devil is come from hell.
BIG. What wilt thou do, renowned Faulconbridge?
Second a villain and a murderer?
HUB. Lord Bigot, I am none.
BIG. Who kill'd this prince?
HUB. 'Tis not an hour since I left him well:
I honour'd him, I lov'd him; and will weep
My date of life out, for his sweet life's loss.
SAL. Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villainy is not without such rheum;
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse[b] and innocency.
Away, with me, all you whose souls abhor
The uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house;
For I am stifled with this smell of sin.
BIG. Away, toward Bury, to the Dauphin there!
PEM. There, tell the king, he may inquire us out. [*Exeunt* Lords.
BAST. Here's a good world!—Knew you of this fair work?
Beyond the infinite and boundless reach of mercy,
If thou didst this deed of death, art thou damn'd, Hubert.
HUB. Do but hear me, sir,—
BAST. Ha! I'll tell thee what;
Thou 'rt damn'd as black—nay, nothing is so black;
Thou art more deep damn'd than prince Lucifer:
There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.
HUB. Upon my soul,—
BAST. If thou didst but consent
To this most cruel act, do but despair,
And, if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb
Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be a beam
To hang thee on; or, wouldst thou drown thyself,
Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be, as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up.—
I do suspect thee very grievously.
HUB. If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want pains enough to torture me!
I left him well.
BAST. Go, bear him in thine arms.—
I am amaz'd, methinks, and lose my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.—
How easy dost thou take all England up!
From forth this morsel of dead royalty,
The life, the right, and truth of all this realm
Is fled to heaven; and England now is left
To tug and scamble,[c] and to part by the teeth
The unow'd interest of proud-swelling state.
Now, for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty
Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest,
And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace:
Now powers from home, and discontents at home,
Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits,
As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast,
The imminent decay of wrested pomp.
Now happy he, whose cloak and cincture[d] can
Hold out this tempest. Bear away that child,
And follow me with speed; I'll to the king:
A thousand businesses are brief in hand,
And heaven itself doth frown upon the land.
[*Exeunt.*

---

[a] Do not prove me so;
Yet, I am none.]
Do not compel me to become one. *Now, at present,* I am no murderer.

[b] *Like rivers of* remorse—] *Remorse,* in Shakespeare and his contemporaries, almost invariably signifies *pity.* See Note (e), p. 31, of the present volume.

[c] *To tug and* scamble,—] *To scamble is to seize, to scramble,*—

"*Fortune.* Right now thou madste confessyon of thy boldnesse, what sodaine bashfulnes possessed thee, that thou fearedst to snatch out of my hands, as wel as others?
"*Author.* Truelye Madame I was never instructed in the scoole of *scambling* and now I am too old to learne."
FULWEL'S *Art of Flattery,* 1576.

[d] *Whose cloak and* cincture—] The old text *t* has *center.* The emendation *cincture,* a belt or girdle, is Pope's.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING JOHN, PANDULPH *with the Crown, and* Attendants.

K. JOHN. Thus have I yielded up into your hand
The circle of my glory.

PAND. Take again
From this my hand, as holding of the pope,
Your sovereign greatness and authority.
[*Giving* JOHN *the crown.*

K. JOHN. Now keep your holy word: go meet the French;

And from his holiness use all your power
To stop their marches, 'fore we are inflam'd.
Our discontented counties [a] do revolt,
Our people quarrel with obedience,
Swearing allegiance, and the love of soul,
To stranger blood, to foreign royalty.
This inundation of mistemper'd humour
Rests by you only to be qualified.
Then pause not; for the present time's so sick,
That present medicine must be minister'd,
Or overthrow incurable ensues.

PAND. It was my breath that blew this tempest up,
Upon your stubborn usage of the pope;
But, since you are a gentle convertite,
My tongue shall hush again this storm of war,
And make fair weather in your blustering land.
On this Ascension-day, remember well,
Upon your oath of service to the pope,
Go I to make the French lay down their arms.
[*Exit.*

K. JOHN. Is this Ascension-day? Did not the prophet
Say, that before Ascension-day at noon,
My crown I should give off? Even so I have:
I did suppose it should be on constraint,
But, heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

Enter the Bastard.

BAST. All Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds out
But Dover castle: London hath receiv'd,
Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers:
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer service to your enemy;
And wild amazement hurries [b] up and down
The little number of your doubtful friends.

K. JOHN. Would not my lords return to me again,
After they heard young Arthur was alive?

BAST. They found him dead, and cast into the streets;
An empty casket, where the jewel of life
By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.

K. JOHN. That villain Hubert told me he did live.

BAST. So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew.
But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?
Be great in act, as you have been in thought;
Let not the world see fear and sad distrust,
Govern the motion of a kingly eye.
Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threat'ner, and outface the brow
Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution.
Away; and glister like the god of war,
When he intendeth to become the field:
Shew boldness and aspiring confidence.
What, shall they seek the lion in his den,
And fright him there? and make him tremble there?
O, let it not be said!—Forage, and run [c]
To meet displeasure farther from the doors;
And grapple with him, ere he come so nigh.

K. JOHN. The legate of the pope hath been with me,
And I have made a happy peace with him;
And he hath promis'd to dismiss the powers
Led by the Dauphin.

BAST. O inglorious league!
Shall we upon the footing of our land,
Send fair-play orders, and make compromise,
Insinuation, parley, and base truce,
To arms invasive? shall a beardless boy,
A cocker'd silken wanton, brave our fields,
And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,
Mocking the air with colours idly spread,
And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms:
Perchance, the cardinal cannot make your peace,
Or if he do, let it at least be said,
They saw we had a purpose of defence.

K. JOHN. Have thou the ordering of this present time.

BAST. Away then, with good courage; yet I know,
Our party may well meet a prouder foe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Plain, near* St. Edmund's-Bury.

Enter in arms, LEWIS, SALISBURY, MELUN, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, *and* Soldiers.

LEW. My lord Melun, let this be copied out,
And keep it safe for our remembrance:
Return the precedent [d] to these lords again,
That, having our fair order written down,
Both they, and we, perusing o'er these notes,
May know wherefore we took the sacrament,
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

SAL. Upon our sides it never shall be broken.

---

[a] *Our discontented* counties *do revolt,*—] *Counties* here mean *nobility*, the *peers*, &c.

[b] Hurries *up and down*—] Perhaps a misprint for *harries*. *To harry* is *to hunt, to harass.*

[c] Forage, *and run*—] The original sense of *to forage*, Johnson says is, *to range abroad.* If so, the meaning may be, "*To the field!*" &c.; but I suspect the word has no business here. Mr. Collier's annotator reads, "*Courage;* and run—."

[d] *The* precedent—] The original draft of the treaty between Lewis and the English barons.

And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear
A voluntary zeal, and an unurg'd faith,
To your proceedings; yet, believe me, prince,
I am not glad that such a sore of time
Should seek a plaster by contemn'd revolt,
And heal the inveterate canker of one wound
By making many. O, it grieves my soul,
That I must draw this metal from my side
To be a widow-maker; O, and there,
Where honourable rescue, and defence,
Cries out upon the name of Salisbury:
But such is the infection of the time,
That, for the health and physic of our right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of stern injustice and confused wrong.—
And is 't not pity, O my grieved friends,
That we, the sons and children of this isle,
Were born to see so sad an hour as this;
Wherein we step after a stranger, march
Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up
Her enemies' ranks, (I must withdraw and weep
Upon the spot[a] of this enforced cause,)
To grace the gentry of a land remote,
And follow unacquainted colours here?
What, here?—O nation, that thou couldst remove!
That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about,
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,
And grapple* thee unto a pagan shore;
Where these two Christian armies might combine
The blood of malice in a vein of league,
And not to-spend it so unneighbourly!

LEW. A noble temper dost thou shew in this;
And great affections, wrestling in thy bosom,
Do make an earthquake of nobility.
O, what a noble combat hast thou[b] fought
Between compulsion and a brave respect!
Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks:
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation;
But this effusion of such manly drops,
This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd
Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven
Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.
Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,
And with a great heart heave away this storm;
Commend these waters to those baby eyes,
That never saw the giant world enrag'd;
Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,
Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping.
Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep
Into the purse of rich prosperity,
As Lewis himself:—so, nobles, shall you all,
That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.
And even there, methinks, an angel spake:
Look, where the holy legate comes apace,
To give us warrant from the hand of heaven;
And on our actions set the name of right,
With holy breath.

Enter PANDULPH, *attended.*

PAND. Hail, noble prince of France!
The next is this,—King John hath reconcil'd
Himself to Rome; his spirit is come in,
That so stood out against the holy church,
The great metropolis and see of Rome:
Therefore thy threat'ning colours now wind up,
And tame the savage spirit of wild war;
That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
And be no further harmful than in show.

LEW. Your grace shall pardon me, I will not back;
I am too high-born to be propertied,
To be a secondary at control,
Or useful serving-man, and instrument,
To any sovereign state throughout the world.
Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars
Between this chastis'd kingdom and myself,
And brought in matter that should feed this fire;
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
With that same weak wind which enkindled it.
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with interest to[c] this land,
Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart;
And come you now to tell me, John hath made
His peace with Rome? What is that peace to me?
I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
After young Arthur, claim this land for mine;
And now it is half-conquer'd, must I back
Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?
Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome borne,
What men provided, what munition sent,
To underprop this action? Is 't not I
That undergo this charge? Who else but I,
And such as to my claim are liable,
Sweat in this business, and maintain this war?
Have I not heard these islanders shout out,
Vive le roy! as I have bank'd their towns?[d]
Have I not here the best cards for the game,
To win this easy match play'd for a crown?

(*) Old text, *cripple.*

[a] *Upon the* spot—] The *stain* or *disgrace.*

[b] *O, what a noble combat hast* thou *fought*—] In the early folios *thou* is omitted, but was restored in the edition of 1685.

[c] *With interest* to *this land,*—] A familiar construction at the time. Thus, in "Henry IV." Part II. Act III. Sc. 2:—

"He hath more worthy interest *to* the state
Than thou—."

[d] *As I have* bank'd their towns?] This is supposed to mean, *sail'd along beside their towns upon the rivers' banks;* but from the context it seems more probably an allusion to card-playing; and by "bank'd their towns" is meant, *won their towns, put them in bank or rest.*

And shall I now give o'er the yielded set?
No, no, on my soul, it never shall be said.
PAND. You look but on the outside of this work.
LEW. Outside or inside, I will not return
Till my attempt so much be glorified,
As to my ample hope was promised
Before I drew this gallant head of war,
And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world,
To outlook conquest, and to win renown
Even in the jaws of danger and of death.—
[*Trumpet sounds.*
What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

Enter the Bastard, *attended.*

BAST. According to the fair play of the world,
Let me have audience: I am sent to speak.
My holy lord of Milan, from the king,
I come to learn how you have dealt for him;
And, as you answer, I do know the scope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.
PAND. The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite,
And will not temporize with my entreaties;
He flatly says, he'll not lay down his arms.
BAST. By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,
The youth says well.—Now hear our English king;
For thus his royalty doth speak in me.
He is prepar'd, and reason too, he should:
This apish and unmannerly approach,
This harness'd masque, and unadvised revel,
This unhair'd[a] sauciness, and boyish troops,
The king doth smile at; and is well prepar'd
To whip this dwarfish war, these* pigmy arms,
From out the circle of his territories. [door,
That hand, which had the strength, even at your
To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch;[b]
To dive, like buckets, in concealed wells;
To crouch in litter of your stable planks;

[a] *This* unhair'd *sauciness,*—] *Unhair'd*, meaning *unbearded*, is the suggestion of Theobald, the old text having "*unheard.*"

(*) Old copies, *this.*

[b] *And make you* take *the hatch;*] *To take*, i.e. *to leap.*

To lie, like pawns, lock'd up in chests and trunks;
To hug with swine; to seek sweet safety out
In vaults and prisons; and to thrill, and shake,
Even at the crying of your nation's crow,[a]
Thinking this voice an armed Englishman:—
Shall that victorious hand be feebled here,
That in your chambers gave you chastisement?
No! Know, the gallant monarch is in arms,
And, like an eagle o'er his aiery, towers
To souse annoyance that comes near his nest. (1)
And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,
You bloody Neros, ripping up the womb
Of your dear mother England, blush for shame:
For your own ladies, and pale-visag'd maids,
Like Amazons, come tripping after drums;
Their thimbles into armed gauntlets change,
Their neelds to lances, and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination. [in peace;

LEW. There end thy brave, and turn thy face
We grant thou canst outscold us, fare thee well;
We hold our time too precious to be spent
With such a brabbler.

PAND. Give me leave to speak.

BAST. No, I will speak.

LEW. We will attend to neither:—
Strike up the drums; and let the tongue of war
Plead for our interest, and our being here. [out;

BAST. Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry
And so shall you, being beaten. Do but start
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,
And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd
That shall reverberate all as loud as thine;
Sound but another, and another shall,
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder: for at hand
(Not trusting to this halting legate here,
Whom he hath us'd rather for sport than need),
Is warlike John; and in his forehead sits
A bare-ribb'd death, whose office is this day
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.

LEW. Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.

BAST. And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not doubt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. A Field of Battle.*

Alarums. Enter KING JOHN *and* HUBERT.

K. JOHN. How goes the day with us? O, tell me, Hubert.

HUB. Badly, I fear: how fares your majesty?

K. JOHN. This fever, that hath troubled me so long,
Lies heavy on me; O, my heart is sick!

Enter a Messenger.

MESS. My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faulconbridge,
Desires your majesty to leave the field,
And send him word by me which way you go.

K. JOHN. Tell him, toward Swinstead, to the abbey there.

MESS. Be of good comfort; for the great supply,
That was expected by the Dauphin here,
Are wrack'd three nights ago on Goodwin sands.
This news was brought to Richard but even now;
The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.

K. JOHN. Aye me! this tyrant fever burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news.
Set on toward Swinstead; to my litter straight:
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The same. Another part of the same.*

Enter SALISBURY, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, *and others.*

SAL. I did not think the king so stor'd with friends.

PEM. Up once again; put spirit in the French:
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.

SAL. That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,
In spite of spite, alone upholds the day.

PEM. They say, King John, sore sick, hath left the field.

Enter MELUN, *wounded, and led by* Soldiers.

MEL. Lead me to the revolts of England here.

SAL. When we were happy we had other names.

PEM. It is the count Melun.

SAL. Wounded to death.

MEL. Fly, noble English, you are bought and sold;
Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,[b]
And welcome home again discarded faith.
Seek out King John, and fall before his feet;
For, if the French be lords of this loud day,

---

a *Of your* nation's crow,—] "That is, at the crowing of a cock; *gallus* meaning both a cock and a Frenchman."—DOUCE.

b Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,—] Retrace the difficult path upon which you have entered. Theobald proposed to read, *untread* the rude *way*, &c., but to *thread one's way* through any intricacy is still an habitual figure, and to pass through the eye of a needle is an oriental metaphor for any troublesome undertaking, familiar to us all by the passage in St. Matthew, chap. xix., which Shakespeare has himself paraphrased in Richard II. Act V. Sc. 5:—

"It is as hard to come, as for a camel
To *thread* the *postern* of a *needle's eye*."

So in Coriolanus, Act III. Sc. 1, we have:—

"Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,
They would not *thread* the gates."

Moreover, the original spelling is *unthred*, and it is remarkable that in the folio, 1623, *thread*, which occurs many times, is invariably spelt *thred*, whilst *tread* is always exhibited in its present form.

He[a] means to recompense the pains you take
By cutting off your heads: thus hath he sworn,
And I with him, and many more with me,
Upon the altar at St. Edmund's-Bury,
Even on that altar where we swore to you
Dear amity and everlasting love.

SAL. May this be possible? may this be true?

MEL. Have I not hideous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity of life
Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax
Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire?
What in the world should make me now deceive,
Since I must lose the use of all deceit?
Why should I then be false, since it is true
That I must die here, and live hence by truth?
I say again, if Lewis do win the day,
He is forsworn if e'er those eyes of yours
Behold another day break in the east.
But even this night,—whose black contagious breath
Already smokes about the burning crest
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun,—
Even this ill night your breathing shall expire,
Paying the fine of rated treachery,
Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,
If Lewis by your assistance win the day.
Commend me to one Hubert, with your king;
The love of him,—and this respect besides,
For that my grandsire was an Englishman,—
Awakes my conscience to confess all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence
From forth the noise and rumour of the field;
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
In peace, and part this body and my soul
With contemplation and devout desires.(2)

SAL. We do believe thee.—And beshrew my soul,
But I do love the favour and the form
Of this most fair occasion, by the which
We will untread the steps of damned flight;
And, like a bated and retired flood,
Leaving our rankness[b] and irregular course,
Stoop low within those bounds we have o'erlook'd,[c]
And calmly run on in obedience,
Even to our ocean, to our great King John.—
My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence;
For I do see the cruel pangs of death
Right[d] in thine eye.—Away, my friends! New flight,
And happy newness, that intends old right.

[*Exeunt, leading off* MELUN.

[a] He means—] *Lewis*, the *Frenchman*, means, &c.

[b] *Leaving our* rankness—] Rank is here used in a sense it has ceased to retain, that of *riotous, impetuous*, &c.

[c] *Those bounds we have* o'erlook'd,—] That is, *o'erborne, overcome.*

[d] Right *in thine eye.*—] Mr. Collier's annotator would read *bright;* but the old word, meaning *direct, immediate*, is preferable.

[e] *When* the *English* measur'd *backward their own ground,*—] The original has, "When English measure," &c.

SCENE V.—*The same. The* French *Camp.*

Enter LEWIS *and his Train.*

LEW. The sun of heaven, methought, was loth to set,
But stay'd, and made the western welkin blush,
When the English measur'd[e] backward their own ground,
In faint retire: O bravely came we off
When with a volley of our needless shot,
After such bloody toil, we bid good night;
And wound our tottering colours clearly up,[f]
Last in the field, and almost lords of it!

Enter a Messenger.

MESS. Where is my prince, the Dauphin?

LEW. Here:—What news?

MESS. The count Melun is slain; the English lords,
By his persuasion, are again fallen off:
And your supply, which you have wish'd so long,
Are cast away, and sunk, on Goodwin sands.

LEW. Ah, foul shrewd news!—Beshrew thy very heart!
I did not think to be so sad to-night
As this hath made me.—Who was he that said,
King John did fly, an hour or two before
The stumbling night did part our weary powers?

MESS. Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.

LEW. Well; keep good quarter and good care to-night;
The day shall not be up so soon as I,
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*An open Place in the Neighbourhood of* Swinstead Abbey.

Enter the Bastard *and* HUBERT, *meeting.*

HUB. Who's there? speak, ho! speak quickly, or I shoot.

BAST. A friend.—What art thou?

HUB. Of the part of England.

BAST. Whither dost thou go?

HUB. What's that to thee?
Why may not I demand of thine affairs,

[f] *And wound our* tottering *colours* clearly *up,*—] Mr. Collier's old corrector suggests—

"And wound our *tott'red* colours *closely* up."

Tottering, or *tottered*, is explained to mean *tattered;* but *to totter* signified also *to hang* or *droop;* and the *tottering*, or *drooping* colours, after a hard fight, contrast becomingly with the *spreading, waving* colours of an army advancing to battle. The main difficulty is the word *clearly;* for which we are more disposed to substitute Capell's "*chearly*" than the "*closely*" of the ancient annotator.

As well as thou of mine?
BAST. Hubert, I think.
HUB. Thou hast a perfect thought;
I will, upon all hazards, well believe [well.
Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so
Who art thou?
BAST. Who thou wilt: an if thou please,
Thou mayst befriend me so much, as to think
I come one way of the Plantagenets. [night,[a]
HUB. Unkind remembrance! thou, and eyeless
Have done me shame:—brave soldier, pardon me,
That any accent, breaking from thy tongue,
Should 'scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.
BAST. Come, come; sans compliment, what news abroad? [night,
HUB. Why, here walk I, in the black brow of
To find you out.
BAST. Brief, then; and what's the news?
HUB. O, my sweet sir, news fitting to the night,
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.
BAST. Show me the very wound of this ill news;
I am no woman, I'll not swoon at it.
HUB. The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk:
I left him almost speechless, and broke out
To acquaint you with this evil, that you might
The better arm you to the sudden time,
Than if you had at leisure known of this. [him?
BAST. How did he take it? who did taste to
HUB. A monk, I tell you; a resolved villain,
Whose bowels suddenly burst out: the king
Yet speaks, and, peradventure, may recover.
BAST. Who didst thou leave to tend his majesty?
HUB. Why, know you not the lords are all come back,
And brought prince Henry in their company?
At whose request the king hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his majesty. [heaven,
BAST. Withhold thine indignation, mighty
And tempt us not to bear above our power!
I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide,
These Lincoln washes have devoured them;
Myself, well mounted, hardly have escap'd.
Away, before! conduct me to the king.
I doubt he will be dead, or e'er I come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*The Orchard of* Swinstead Abbey.

Enter PRINCE HENRY, SALISBURY, *and* BIGOT.

P. HEN. It is too late; the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly; and his pure brain
(Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house)
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretell the ending of mortality.

Enter PEMBROKE.

PEM. His highness yet doth speak; and holds belief,
That being brought into the open air
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poison which assaileth him.
P. HEN. Let him be brought into the orchard here.—
Doth he still rage? [*Exit* BIGOT.
PEM. He is more patient
Than when you left him; even now he sung.
P. HEN. O vanity of sickness! fierce extremes,
In their continuance, will not feel themselves.
Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,
Leaves them insensible;[b] and his siege is now
Against the mind,(*) the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of strange fantasies;
Which, in their throng and press to that last hold,
Confound themselves. 'Tis strange that death should sing!
I am the cygnet (†) to this pale faint swan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death;
And, from the organ-pipe of frailty, sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest.
SAL. Be of good comfort, prince; for you are born
To set a form upon that indigest,
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

Re-enter BIGOT *and* Attendants, *who bring in* KING JOHN *in a Chair.*[c]

K. JOHN. Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow room;
It would not out at windows, nor at doors.
There is so hot a summer in my bosom,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust:
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment; and against this fire
Do I shrink up.
P. HEN. How fares your majesty?
K. JOHN. Poison'd,—ill fare;—dead, forsook, cast off:
And none of you will bid the winter come,
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw;
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course

---

[a] *Thou, and* eyeless night,—] The old text has "*endless* night." *Eyeless*, which is peculiarly applicable, we owe to Theobald.

[b] *Leaves them* insensible;] The original lection is *invisible:* a word, notwithstanding Malone's defence of it, that appears to be without sense in this passage. Hanmer first suggested the reading in the text, and his emendation is in some degree verified by the corresponding passage in the earlier play,—

(*) Old text, *winde.* (†) Old text, *Symet.*

"Power after power forsake their proper power,
Onely the heart impugnes with faint resist."

[c] The stage direction in the old copies is simply, "*John brought in.*"

Through my burn'd bosom; nor entreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold:—I do not ask you much,
I beg cold comfort; and you are so strait,
And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

P. Hen. O, that there were some virtue in my tears,
That might relieve you!

K. John. The salt in them is hot.
Within me is a hell; and there the poison
Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize
On unreprievable condemned blood.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. O, I am scalded with my violent motion,
And spleen of speed to see your majesty.

K. John. O cousin, thou art come to set mine eye:
The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burnt,
And all the shrouds, wherewith my life should sail,
Are turned to one thread, one little hair:
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be uttered;
And then all this thou seest is but a clod,
And module of confounded royalty.

Bast. The Dauphin is preparing hitherward,
Where, heaven he knows, how we shall answer him:
For, in a night, the best part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the washes, all unwarily,
Devoured by the unexpected flood.

[*The* King *dies.* (3)

Sal. You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear.—
My liege! my lord!—But now a king,—now thus!

P. Hen. Even so must I run on, and even so stop.
What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a king, and now is clay!

BAST. Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind
To do the office for thee of revenge;
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,
As it on earth hath been thy servant still.
Now, now, you stars, that move in your right spheres,
Where be your powers? Shew now your mended faiths;
And instantly return with me again,
To push destruction, and perpetual shame,
Out of the weak door of our fainting land:
Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be sought;
The Dauphin rages at our very heels.

SAL. It seems, you know not then so much as we:
The cardinal Pandulph is within at rest,
Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin;
And brings from him such offers of our peace
As we with honour and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leave this war.

BAST. He will the rather do it, when he sees
Ourselves well sinewed to our defence.

SAL. Nay, 'tis in a manner done already;
For many carriages he hath dispatch'd
To the sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel
To the disposing of the cardinal;
With whom yourself, myself, and other lords,
If you think meet, this afternoon will post
To consummate this business happily.

BAST. Let it be so.—And you, my noble prince,
With other princes that may best be spar'd,
Shall wait upon your father's funeral.

P. HEN. At Worcester must his body be interr'd; (4)
For so he will'd it.

BAST. Thither shall it then.
And happily may your sweet self put on
The lineal state and glory of the land!
To whom, with all submission, on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithful services
And true subjection everlastingly.

SAL. And the like tender of our love we make,
To rest without a spot for evermore.

P. HEN. I have a kind soul, that would give you[a] thanks,
And knows not how to do it, but with tears.

BAST. O, let us pay the time but needful woe,
Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.—
This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true. (5) [*Exeunt.*

[a] *That would give* you *thanks,*—] The word *you*, which is wanting in the original, was supplied by Rowe.

ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

ACT I.

(1) SCENE I.—

With that half-face would he have all my land :
A half-fac'd groat, five hundred pound a-year !]

The old text, which has "with *half that* face," was corrected by Theobald. *Half-faced groat* appears to have been a popular epithet for a meagre visage ; and was derived from the issue of *groats* by Henry VII., which, in opposition to the general coinage, bore a *half-face*, or profile, instead of a full-face. Steevens quotes a passage from "The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntingdon," 1601, where we meet the same allusion :—

"You *half-fac'd groat*, you thick-cheek'd chitty face."

(2) SCENE I.—

That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose,
Lest men should say, Look, where three farthings goes.]

In his chapter "On the Coines of England," Holinshed tells us that, after the death of Mary, "The ladie Elizabeth her sister, and now our most gratious queene, sovereigne and princesse, did finish the matter wholie, utterly abolishing the use of copper and brasen coine, and converting the same into guns and great ordinance, she restored sundrie coines of fine silver, as peeces of *halfepenie farding*, of a penie, of three halfe pence, peeces of two pence, of three pence, of foure pence (called the groat), of six pence, usuallie named the testone, and shilling of twelve pence, whereon she hath imprinted her owne image, and emphatical superscription."

The silver three-farthings was, of course, very thin ; and as with the profile of the sovereign it bore the emblem of *a rose*, its similitude to a weazen-faced beau with that flower stuck in his ear, according to a courtly fashion of Shakespeare's day, is sufficiently intelligible and humorous.

(3) SCENE I.—

——— *Now, your traveller,—*
He and his tooth-pick at my worship's mess.]

We may readily believe that in an "age of newly-excited curiosity," as Dr. Johnson describes it, when intelligence was transmitted with incredible slowness and uncertainty, the company of a travelled man, conversant with the manners and languages of foreign countries, must have been eagerly sought after. The craving, indeed, for such society appears to have been carried at one time to so extravagant a pitch that there are good grounds for believing a professed traveller, engaged to relate his adventures, formed a not unfrequent source of entertainment at the dinner-table of the opulent. The writers of the period abound in allusions, invariably sarcastic, to this Tom Odcomb tribe. According to them, your professed traveller was the synonyme for a formal, mendacious coxcomb. Thus, in Marlowe's "Edward II." Act I. Sc. 1, Gaveston asks one of the "three poor men :"—

"What art thou ?
Man. A traveller.
Gav. Let me see—thou wouldst do well
To wait at my trencher, and tell me lies at dinner time."

So, too, in Jonson's "Cynthia's Revels," Act II. Sc. 1, (Gifford's Edition :)—

"He that is with him is Amorphus, a traveller, one so made out of the mixture of shreds of forms that himself is truly deform'd. He walks most commonly with a clove or pick-tooth in his mouth. * * * He will lie cheaper than any beggar, and louder than most clocks."

Overbury, in his "Characters," has hit off the ridiculous peculiarities of "An Affectate Traveller" with his accustomed penetration : not omitting, any more than Shakespeare or Jonson, who, in such portraiture, omit nothing, the indispensable *tooth-pick* :—

"His attire speakes *French* or *Italian*, and his *gate* cries, *Behold me*. He censures all things by countenances, and shrugs and speakes his own language with shame and lisping : he will choake, rather than confess *beere* good drinke ; and his pick-tooth is a maine part of his behaviour."

(4) SCENE I.—*Knight, knight, good mother,—Basilisco-like.*] A satirical reference to the old play of "Soliman and Perseda," in one scene of which the clownish servant, Piston, springs on the back of a certain swaggering, cowardly knight, called Basilisco, and compels him to swear as he dictates :—

"*Bas.* O, I swear, I swear.
Pist. By the contents of this blade,—
Bas. By the contents of this blade,—
Pist. I, the aforesaid Basilisco,—
Bas. I, the aforesaid Basilisco,—*knight*, good fellow, *knight, knight*,—
Pist. Knave, good fellow, *knave, knave*."

For the episode of the brothers Faulconbridge, appealing to the king to decide upon their respective right to old Sir Robert's estate, as, indeed, for nearly every other incident in the play, Shakespeare is indebted to "The Troublesome Raigne of King John." Malone had the temerity to assert, and his dictum has been taken for granted by the critics since, that, "In expanding the character of the Bastard, Shakspeare seems to have proceeded on the following slight hint in the original play :—

'Near them, a bastard of the king's deceas'd,
A hardie wild-head, rough and venturous.'"

How far this statement is justifiable, let the reader determine after perusing only a few extracts from the earlier work. In the parallel scene, King John decrees that the paternity of Philip shall be determined by his mother and himself ; the mother, on being questioned, declares his father was Sir Robert Faulconbridge ; whereupon the king says :—

"Aske Philip whose sonne he is.
Essex. Philip, who was thy father ?
Philip. Mas my lord and that's a question : and you had not
Taken some paines with her before, I should have desired
You to aske my mother.
John. Say, who was thy father ?
Philip. Faith (my lord) to answere you, sure hee is my
Father that was neerest my mother when I was begotten,
And him I think to be Sir Robert Fauconbridge.
John. Essex, for fashions sake demand agen,
And so an end to this contention.
Robert. Was ever man thus wrongd as Robert is ?
Essex. Philip speake I say, who was thy father ?
John. Young man how now, what art thou in a trance ?
Elinor. Philip awake, the man is in a dreame.
Philip. Philippus atavis ædite Regibus.
What saist thou Philip, sprung of auncient kings ?

Quo me rapit tempestas?
What winde of honour blowes this furie forth?
Or whence proceede these fumes of majestie?
Me thinkes I heare a hollow eccho sound,
That Philip is the sonne unto a king:
The whistling leaves upon the trembling trees,
Whistle in consort I am Richard's sonne:
The bubling murmur of the waters fall,
Records *Philippus Regius filius:*
Birds in their flight make musicke with their wings,
Filling the aire with glorie of my birth:
Birds, bubbles, leaves and mountaines, eccho, all
Ring in mine eares, that I am Richard's sonne.
Fond man! ah whither art thou carried?
How are thy thoughts ywrapt in honors heaven?
Forgetfull what thou art, and whence thou camst.
Thy fathers land cannot maintaine these thoughts;
These thoughts are farre unfitting Fauconbridge:
And well they may; for why this mounting minde
Doth soare too high to stoupe to Fauconbridge.
Why how now! knowest thou where thou art?
And knowest thou who expects thine answer here?
Wilt thou upon a franticke madding vaine
Goe loose thy land, and say thyselfe base borne?
No, keepe thy land, though Richard were thy sire,
What ere thou thinkst, say thou art Fauconbridge.
John. Speake man, be sodaine, who thy father was.
Philip. Please it your majestie, Sir Robert—
Philip, that Fauconbridge cleaves to thy jawes:
It will not out, I cannot for my life
Say I am sonne unto a Fauconbridge.
Let land and living goe, tis honors fire
That makes me sweare King Richard was my sire.
Base to a king addes title of more state,
Than knights begotten though legitimate.
Please it your grace, I am King Richards sonne."

We miss in the original the keen but sportive wit, the exuberant vivacity, the shrewd worldliness and the military genius of Shakespeare's Bastard; but his archetype in the old piece was the work of no mean hand.

(5) SCENE I.—Compare the corresponding passage in the old play, beginning,—

"Then *Robin Fauconbridge* I wish thee joy,
My sire a king, and I a landlesse boy," &c.

ACT II.

(1) SCENE I.—*Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart.*] The exploit by which this pattern of chivalry was supposed to have acquired his distinguishing appellation, *Cœur-de-lion*, is related in the ancient metrical romance which bears his name:* and from thence was probably transferred into our old chronicles:—"It is sayd that a *lyon* was put to Kynge *Richarde* beynge in prison to have devoured him, and when the *lyon* was gapynge he put his arme in his mouth and pulled the *lyon* by the harte so harde, that he slew the lyon, and therefore some say he is called *Rycharde Cure de Lyon:* but some say he is called *Cure de Lyon*, because of his boldenesse and hardy stomake."—RASTALL'S *Chronicle.*

(2) SCENE I.—
It lies as sightly on the back of him,
As great Alcides' shows upon an ass.]
The old text has *shoes*, instead of *shows;* and the commentators have produced a formidable array of instances in our old comedies where the *shoes* of Hercules are mentioned. Notwithstanding these, I feel persuaded that the allusion, as Theobald pointed out, is to the fable of the ass in the lion's skin. *Shoe* and *show* were often spelt alike:—

"Yet, what is Love? I pray thee, *shoe.*
A thing that creepes, it cannot *goe.*"
The Phœnix nest, set foorth by R. S. Lond. 1593.

(3) SCENE I.—
Do, child, go to it grandame, child;
Give grandame kingdom, and it grandame will
Give it a plum.]
"Mr. Guest ('Phil. Pro.' I. 280) has observed that, in the dialects of the North-Western Counties, formerly *it* was sometimes used for *its;* and that, accordingly, we have not only in Shakespeare's 'King John,' 'Goe to yt grandame, childe * * * * and it grandame will giue yt a plum,' but, in Ben Jonson's 'Silent Woman,' II. 3, 'It knighthood and it friends.' So in 'Lear,' I. 4, we have, in a speech of the Fool, 'For you know, Nunckle, the Hedge-Sparrow fed the Cuckoo so long, that it's had it head bit off by it young,' (that is, that it has had its head,—not that it had its head,) as the modern editors give the passage, after the Second Folio, in which it stands, 'that it had its head bit off by it young.' So likewise, long before *its* was generally received, we have *it self* commonly printed in two words, evidently under the impression that *it* was a possessive, of the same syntactical force with the pronouns in *my self, your self, her self.*"—*The English of Shakespeare*, &c., by GEORGE L. CRAIK, &c. &c.

(4) SCENE I.—
——— *Be pleased then*
To pay that duty, which you truly owe,
To him that owes it.]
In this passage the verb *to owe* is used both in its current acceptation, *to be indebted*, and in the sense which it repeatedly bears in Shakespeare and his contemporaries of *own:*—

"To him that *owes* it"—

means—

"To him that it *belongs to.*"

Owe, when used for *own*, generally implies absolute possession. Thus, in "Othello," Act III. Sc. 3:—

"——— Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou *owed'st* yesterday."

That is, which thou *possessed*, or which was thy property yesterday. So, also, in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," Act V. Sc. 2:—

"*Thu.* Considers she my possessions?
Pro. O, ay; and pities them.
Thu. Wherefore?
Jul. That such an ass should *owe* them."

(5) SCENE II.—*Do like the mutines of Jerusalem.*] *Mutines* for *mutineers.* An allusion to the combination of the civil factions in Jerusalem when the city was threatened by Titus. Malone thinks it probable that Shakespeare derived the reference from Joseph Ben Gorion's "History of the Latter Times of the Jewes Common-Weale," translated from Hebrew into English by Peter Morwyn, 1575.

* *See* WEBER'S *Metrical Romances*, ii. 44.

ACT III.

(1) SCENE I.—
I will instruct my sorrows to be proud,
For grief is proud, and makes his owner stout.]
This passage has long been, and will long continue to be, a torment to critics. The old text reads, "——— and makes his owner stoope." Hanmer first proposed the substitution of *stout* for *stoope;* and he has been generally, but not invariably, followed by the other editors. I must confess, despite the elaborate defence of the ancient reading by Malone, and its adoption by Messrs. Collier and Knight, that *stoop* appears to me entirely inconsistent both with the context and with the subsequent language and demeanour of Lady Constance before the Kings of France and England. Shakespeare, I conceive, intended to express the very natural sentiment, that grief is proud, and renders its possessor proud also; but wishing to avoid the repetition of *proud*, which had been introduced twice immediately before, he adopted a word, *stout*, which was commonly used in the same sense.

The argument that in other passages of these plays the effect of grief is to deject and dishearten has been so admirably answered by Dr. Johnson, that it would be presumptuous to add anything to a criticism so discriminative and profound. "In 'Much Ado About Nothing,' the father of Hero, depressed by her disgrace, declares himself so subdued by grief that a *thread may lead him*. How is it that grief, in Leonato and Lady Constance, produces effects directly opposite, and yet both agreeable to nature? Sorrow softens the mind while yet it is warmed by hope; but hardens it when it is congealed by despair. Distress, while there remains any prospect of relief, is weak and flexible; but when no succour remains, is fearless and stubborn: angry alike at those that injure, and at those that do not help; careless to please where nothing can be gained, and fearless to offend when there is nothing further to be dreaded. Such was this writer's knowledge of the passions!"

(2) SCENE I.—*O Lymoges! O Austria!*] Historically, these titles indicate two distinct personages. The one, Leopold Duke of Austria, by whom Richard Cœur-de-Lion was imprisoned in the year 1193; and the other, Vidomar, Viscount of Limoges, before whose Castle of Chaluz, in 1199, the King was wounded by an archer, one Bertrand de Gourdon, of which wound he died. The author of the old play ascribes the death of Richard to the Duke of Austria, uniting in his person both the well-known enemies of the lion-hearted Monarch, and Shakespeare has followed him.

(3) SCENE I.—
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
Canonized, and worshipp'd as a saint,
That takes away by any secret course
Thy hateful life.]
The similar denunciation from "The Troublesome Raigne," &c., which was the model of this play, is given in the Preliminary Notice; but there is a still older dramatic piece entitled "Kynge Johan," written by Bishop Bale, wherein the sentence of excommunication pronounced by the Pope upon the contumacious monarch is far more curious and circumstantial;—

"For as moch as Kyng Johan doth Holy Church so handle,
Here I do curse hym wyth crosse, boke, bell and candle.
Lyke as this same roode turneth now from my face,
So God I requyre to sequester hym of his grace.
As this boke doth speare by my worke mannuall,
I wyll God to close uppe from hym his benefyttes all.
As this burnyng flame goth from this candle in syght,
I wyll God to put hym from his eternal lyght.
I take hym from Crist, and after the sownd of this bell,
Both body and sowle I geve hym to the devyll of hell," &c.—
P 40.

Kynge Johan, a Play in two Parts, &c. &c., by John Bale. Printed for the Camden Society, from the MS. of the author in the library of the Duke of Devonshire.

(4) SCENE II.—*Some airy devil hovers in the sky.*] The demonologists distributed their good and evil spirits into many divisions and subordinations, each class having its peculiar attributes and functions. Of the *Sublunary devils*, Burton tells us,—

"*Psellus makes six kinds: fiery, aeriall, terrestiall, watery, and subterranean devils, besides those faieries, satyres, nymphs,*" &c.—

"Fiery spirits or devills, are such as commonly worke by blazing starres, fire-drakes, or *ignes fatui;* * * * * likewise they counterfeit sunnes and moones, stars oftentimes, and sit on ship masts," &c. &c.

"Aeriall spirits or devils, such as keep quarter most part in the aire, cause many tempests, thunder and lightnings, teare oakes, fire steeples, houses, strike men and beasts, make it raine stones, as in Livy's time, woole, frogs, &c. * * * * These can corrupt the aire, and cause plagues, sicknesse, storms, shipwrecks, fires, inundations," &c. &c.
BURTON's *Anatomie of Melancholy*, P. I. Sc. II.

(5) SCENE II.—
——— *Austria's head, lie there;*
While Philip breathes.]
Shakespeare follows the old play in making the Bastard kill Austria to revenge the death of Cœur-de-Lion:—

"Thus hath K. *Richards* son performed his vowes,
And offred Austria's blood for his sacrifice
Unto his father's everliving soule."

According to history, it was the Viscount of Lymoges who was slain by Philip:—"The same yere, Philip bastard sonne to King Richard, to whome his father had given the castell and honor of Coinacke, killed the Vicount of Limoges, in revenge of his father's death, who was slaine (as yee have heard) in besieging the castell of Chalus Cheverell."—HOLINSHED, *under the year* 1199.

(6) SCENE III.—
——— *If the midnight bell*
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound one into the drowsy ear of night.]
In the original the last line reads thus,—

"Sound *on* into the drowsy *race* of night."

The main pose in this troublesome passage is the word *race: on* was so frequently printed for *one*, both in these plays and in other books of the period, that there is great probability of its being so here; and *into* was often used formerly where we now employ *unto:* but *race* must be a corruption. What is meant by "the *drowsy race?*" I, at one time, conjectured that *race* was a misprint, by transposition of the letters, for *carr*, or *carre*, and that the "Sound on" might be applicable to "Night's black chariot:"—

"All *drowsy* night who in a *car* of jet
By steeds of iron grey * * *
* * * * * drawn through the sky."
BROWNE's *Britannia's Pastorals*. B. II. Song 1.

I am now, however, firmly assured that it is a corruption of *eare*, a word which occurred to me many years ago, as it did to Mr. Dyce, Mr. Collier, and no doubt to a hundred people besides. It has been suggested that the "midnight bell" might mean the bell which summoned the monks to prayer at that time, and that the "Sound on" referred to repeated strokes rather than to the hour of *one* proclaimed

by the clock; but is there not something infinitely more awful and impressive in the idea of the solemn, single, boom of a church clock, knelling the death of time, and startling the hushed and drowsy ear of Night, than in the clangour of a whole peal of bells? Steevens thought so:—"The repeated strokes have less of solemnity than the single notice, as they take from the horror and awful silence here described as so propitious to the dreadful purposes of the King. Though the hour of *one* be not the natural midnight, it is yet the most solemn moment of the poetical one; and Shakespeare himself has chosen to introduce his Ghost in Hamlet,—

'The bell then beating *one*.'"

ACT IV.

(1) SCENE I.—

Silence! no more. Go closely in with me;
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.*]

Let the reader who would appreciate in some degree the infusive, enriching faculty which Shakespeare possessed—marvellous almost as his wisdom, and creative power—compare the foregoing scene with its original in the old drama:—

"Enter Arthur to Hubert de Burgh.

Arthur.

Gramercie *Hubert* for thy care of me,
In or to whom restraint is newly knowne,
The joy of walking is small benefit,
Yet will I take thy offer with small thanks,
I would not loose the pleasure of the eie.
But tell me curteous keeper if thou can,
How long the king will have me tarrie heere.

Hubert.

I know not prince, but as I gesse, not long.
God send you freedome, and God save the king.
[*They issue forth.*

Arthur.

Why how now sirs, what may this outrage meane?
O helpe me *Hubert*, gentle keeper help:
God send this sodaine mutinous approach
Tend not to reave a wretched guiltles life.

Hubert.

So sirs, depart, and leave the rest for me.

Arthur.

Then *Arthur* yeeld, death frowneth in thy face,
What meaneth this? good *Hubert* pleade the case.

Hubert.

Patience yong lord, and listen words of woe,
Harmefull and harsh, hells horror to be heard:
A dismall tale fit for a furies tongue.
I faint to tell, deepe sorrow is the sound.

Arthur.

What, must I die?

Hubert.

No newes of death, but tidings of more hate,
A wrathfull doome, and most unluckie fate:
Deaths dish were daintie at so fell a feast,
Be deafe, heare not, its hell to tell the rest.

Arthur.

Alas, thou wrongst my youth with words of feare,
Tis hell, tis horror, not for one to heare:
What is it man if it must needes be done,
Act it, and end it, that the paine were gone.

Hubert.

I will not chaunt such dolour with my tongue,
Yet must I act the outrage with my hand.
My heart, my head, and all my powers beside,
To aide the office have at once denide.
Peruse this letter, lines of trebble woe,
Reade ore my charge, and pardon when you know.

'*Hubert*, these are to commaund thee, as thou tendrest our quiet in minde, and the estate of our person, that presently upon the receipt of our commaund, thou put out the eies of *Arthur Plantaginet!*'

Arthur.

Ah monstrous damned man! his very breath infects the elements.
Contagious venome dwelleth in his heart,
Effecting meanes to poyson all the world.
Unreverent may I be to blame the heavens
Of great injustice, that the miscreant
Lives to oppresse the innocents with wrong.
Ah *Hubert!* makes he thee his instrument,
To sound the trump that causeth hell triumph?
Heaven weepes, the saints do shed celestiall teares,
They fear thy fall, and cite thee with remorse,
They knocke thy conscience, moving pitie there,
Willing to fence thee from the rage of hell;
Hell, *Hubert*, trust me all the plagues of hell
Hangs on performance of this damned deed.
This seale, the warrant of the bodies blisse,
Ensureth satan chieftaine of thy soule:
Subscribe not *Hubert*, give not Gods part away.
I speake not only for eies priviledge,
The chiefe exterior that I would enjoy:
But for thy perill, far beyond my paine,
Thy sweete soules losse, more than my eies vaine lacke:
A cause internall, and eternall too.
Advise thee *Hubert*, for the case is hard,
To loose salvation for a kings reward.

Hubert.

My lord, a subject dwelling in the land
Is tied to execute the kings commaund.

Arthur.

Yet God's commaunds whose power reacheth further,
That no commaund should stand in force to murther.

Hubert.

But that same essence hath ordained a law,
A death for guilt, to keepe the world in awe.

Arthur.

I pleade, not guilty, treasonlesse and free.

Hubert.

But that appeale, my lord, concernes not me.

Arthur.

Why thou art he that maist omit the perill.

Hubert.

I, if my soveraigne would omit his quarrell.

Arthur.

His quarrell is unhallowed false and wrong.

Hubert.

Then be the blame to whom it doth belong.

Arthur.

Why thats to thee if thou as they proceede,
Conclude their judgement with so vile a deede.

Hubert.

Why then no execution can be lawfull,
If judges doomes must be reputed doubtfull.

Arthur.

Yes where in forme of law in place and time,
The offender is convicted of the crime.

Hubert.

My lord, my lord, this long expostulation,
Heapes up more griefe, than promise of redresse;
For this I know, and so resolvde I end,
That subjects lives on kings commauds depend.
I must not reason why he is your foe,
But do his charge since he commaunds it so.

Arthur.

Then do thy charge, and charged be thy soule
With wrongfull persecution done this day.
You rowling eyes, whose superficies yet
I do behold with eies that nature lent:
Send foorth the terror of your moovers frowne,
To wreake my wrong upon the murtherers
That rob me of your faire reflecting view:
Let hell to them (as earth they wish to me)
Be darke and direfull guerdon for their guilt,
And let the black tormenters of deepe *Tartary*
Upbraide them with this damned enterprise,
Inflicting change of tortures on their soules.
Delay not *Hubert*, my orisons are ended,
Begin I pray thee, reave me of my sight:
But to performe a tragedie indeede,
Conclude the period with a mortall stab.
Constance farewell, tormenter come away,
Make my dispatch the tyrants feasting day.

Hubert.

I faint, I feare, my conscience bids desist:
Faint did I say? feare was it that I named:
My king commaunds, that warrant sets me free:
But God forbids, and he commaundeth kings,
That great commaunder countercheckes my charge,
He stayes my hand, he maketh soft my heart.
Goe cursed tooles, your office is exempt,
Cheere thee yong lord, thou shalt not loose an eie,
Though I should purchase it with losse of life.
Ile to the king, and say his will is done,
And of the lauyor tell him thou art dead,
Goe in with me, for *Hubert* was not borne
To blinde those lampes that nature pollisht so.

Arthur.

Hubert, if ever *Arthur* be in state,
Looke for amends of this received gift,
I took my eiesight by thy curtesie,
Thou lentst them me, I will not be ingrate.
But now procrastination may offend
The issue that thy kindnesse undertakes:
Depart we, *Hubert*, to prevent the worst. [*Exeunt.*"

(2) SCENE II.—
And here's a prophet, that I brought with me
From forth the streets of Pomfret.]

"There was in this season an heremit, whose name was Peter, dwelling about Yorke, a man in great reputation with the common people, bicause that either inspired with some spirit of prophesie as the people beleeved, or else having some notable skill in art magikē, he was accustomed to tell what should follow after. And for so much as oftentimes his saiengs prooved true, great credit was given to him as a verie prophet," &c. "This Peter about the firste of January last past, had tolde the king, that at the feast of the Ascension it should come to passe, that he should be cast out of his kingdome; and (whether, to the intent that his words should be better beleeved, or whether upon too much trust of his owne cunning) he offered himselfe to suffer death for it, if his prophesie prooved not true. Hereupon being committed to prison within the castell of Corf, when the day by him prefixed came without any other notable damage unto King John, he was by the kings commandement drawne from the said castell into the towne of Warham, and there hanged, togither with his sonne.

"The people much blamed King John for this extreame dealing, bicause that the heremit was supposed to be a man of great vertue, and his sonne nothing guiltie of the offence committed by his father (if any were) against the king. Moreover some thought that he had much wrong to die, bicause the matter fell out even as he had prophesied; for the day before the Ascension day, King John had resigned the superioritie of his kingdome (as they tooke the matter) unto the pope."—HOLINSHED, *under the year* 1213.

(3) SCENE III.—*Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones!*] Shakespeare, in his incidents, adheres closely to the old play:—

"*Enter young* Arthur *on the walls.*

Now help good hap to farther mine entent,
Crosse not my youth with any more extremes:
I venter life to gaine my libertie,
And if I die, world's troubles have an end.
Feare gins disswade the strength of my resolve,
My holde will faile, and then alas I fall,
And if I fall, no question death is next:
Better desist, and live in prison still.
Prison said I? Nay, rather death than so:
Comfort and courage come again to me,
Ile venter sure: tis but a leape for life."

How the ill-fated Arthur really lost his life we have no authentic evidence. Holinshed only says,—"Touching the maner in verie deed of the end of this Arthur, writers make sundrie reports. Neverthelesse certeine it is, that in the yeare next insuing, he was remooved from Falais unto the castell or tower of Rouen, out of the which there was not any that would confesse that ever he saw him go alive. Some have written that as he assaied to have escaped out of prison, and prooving to clime over the wals of the castell, he fell into the river of Saine, and so was drowned. Other write, that through verie greefe and languor he pined awaie and died of natural sicknesse. But some affirme, that King John secretelie caused him to be murthered and made awaie, so as it is not throughly agreed upon, in what sort he finished his daies: but verelie King John was had in great suspicion, whether worthilie or not, the Lord knoweth."—*Chronicles, under the year* 1202.

ACT V.

(1) SCENE II.—
——— *the gallant monarch is in arms,*
And, like an eagle o'er his aiery, towers
To souse annoyance that comes near his nest.]

The only explanation of this passage usually given is that "aiery signifies a nest;" but, regarded as the purely technical phraseology of Falconry, the lines will be found susceptible of much more meaning than this interpretation attributes to them. By the ordinary punctuation of the second line,—

"And like an eagle o'er his aiery towers,"—

it would seem, too, as if the words were supposed to refer to the elevation of the nest, and were equivalent only to "airy towers;" while it is clear that Shakespeare uses *tower* here as he does in another part of the present play,—

"Ha, majesty! how high thy glory towers,"
Act II. Sc. 2,—

in the sense of a hawking-technical, descriptive of the soaring of a falcon or an eagle, towering spirally in the manner natural to birds of prey. In this ascent, when his flight has brought him directly over the object of his aim, the falcon makes a rapid and destructive plunge, or, technically speaking, *souce*, upon it. There is in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song XX., a description of a falcon flight at a brook for water fowl, which illustrates this passage vividly, both as to the circular flight, and the sanguinary pouncing of the hawk:—

"When making for the brook the Falconer doth spy
One river, plash, or mere, where store of fowl doth lie,—
Whence forced over-land, by skilful Falconer's trade,
A fair convenient flight may easily be made;
He whistleth off his hawks, whose nimble pinions straight
Do work themselves by turns into a stately height.
* * * * * *
Still as the fearful fowl attempt to 'scape away,
With many a *stooping* brave, them in again they lay:

But when the Falconers take their hawking-poles in hand,
And crossing of the brook, do put it over land:
The Hawk gives it a Souce, that makes it to rebound
Well near the height of man, sometimes, above the ground
Oft takes a leg or wing, oft takes away the head,
And oft from neck to tail the back in two doth shred."

With respect to the verb *towers*, as expressive of the flight of an eagle, a falcon, &c., it would appear then to have formerly denoted, not merely a soaring to a great height, but to fly spirally. When the latter only is implied, it should be spelt *tour*, which Cotgrave, 1660, explains as "a turn, round, circle, compasse, wheeling, revolution."

After the preceding extract from Drayton, a short note only will be required to illustrate the original sense of the word *Souce*. Beaumont and Fletcher employ it as a hawking-phrase in "The Chances," Act IV. Sc. 1,—

"Her conscience and her fears creeping upon her,
Dead as a fowle *at souce* she 'll sink."

Spenser uses it to describe the heavy and irresistible blows of the hammer in the House of Care:—

"In which his worke he had six servants prest,
About the andvile standing evermore
With huge great hammers, that did never rest
From heaping *stroukes that thereon sousèd sore.*"
Faëry Queene, B. IV. Ch. V. St. XXX.

To souce is also still well known in the domestic meaning of plunging, and throwing provisions into salt and water, from the Latin *Salsum*; which sense agrees with the precipitate plunge of a bird of prey on a water-fowl. The German *Sausen*, however, may rather be considered as the real etymon of the word. It signifies to rush with whistling sound like the blustering of the wind: which is remarkably expressive of the *whirr* made by the wings of a falcon when swooping on his quarry.

(2) SCENE IV.—*With contemplation and devout desires.*] This circumstance is historical:—"About the same time, or rather in the yeare last past as some hold, it fortuned that the vicount of Melune, a French man, fell sicke at London, and perceiving that death was at hand, he called unto him certeine of the English Barons, which remained in the citie, upon safegard thereof, and to them made this protestation: I lament (saith he) your destruction and desolation at hand, bicause ye are ignorant of the perils hanging over your heads. For this understand, that Lewes, and with him 16 earles and barons of France, have secretlie sworne (if it shall fortune him to conquere this realme of England and to be crowned king) that he will kill, banish and confine all those of the English nobilitie (which now doe serve under him, and persecute their owne king) as traitours and rebels, and furthermore will dispossesse all their linage of such inheritances as they now hold in England. And bicause (saith he) you shall not have doubt hereof, I which lie here at the point of death, doo now affirm unto you, and take it on the perill of my soule that I am one of those sixteen that have sworne to performe this thing: wherefore I advise you to provide for your owne safeties, and your realmes which you now destroie, and keepe this thing secret which I have uttered unto you. After this speech was uttered he streightwaies died."—HOLINSHED, *under the year* 1216.

In the old play, the dying nobleman declares his motives for this confession to be,—

"The greatest for the freedome of my soule,
That longs to leave this mansion free from guilt:
The other on a naturall instinct,
For that my grandsire was an Englishman."

In Shakespeare he is impelled by another circumstance:—

"Commend me to one Hubert, with your king:
The love of him,—and this respect besides,
For that my grandsire was an Englishman,—
Awakes my conscience to confess all this."

(3) SCENE VII.—*The King dies.*] The chroniclers, who wrote within sixty years after his death, make no mention of John having died by poison. Shakespeare found the incident in "The Troublesome Raigne," &c., and it is interesting to contrast his treatment of the king's dying scene with that of the older workman:—

John.

Philip, some drinke, oh for the frozen Alpes,
To tumble on and coole this inward heate,
That rageth as the fornace seven-fold hote.
To burne the holy tree in *Babylon*,
Power after power forsake their proper power,
Onely the heart impugnes with faint resist
The fierce invade of him that conquers kings,
Helpe God, O paine! die *John*, O plague
Inflicted on thee for thy grievous sinnes.
Philip, a chaire, and by and by a grave,
My legges disdaine the carriage of a king.

Bastard.

A good my liege, with patience conquer griefe,
And beare this paine with kingly fortitude.

John.

Methinkes I see a catalogue of sinne,
Wrote by a fiend in marble characters,
The least enough to loose my part in heaven.
Methinkes the divell whispers in mine eares,
And tells me, tis in vaine to hope for grace,
I must be damn'd for *Arthur*'s sodaine death,
I see I see a thousand thousand men
Come to accuse me for my wrong on earth,
And there is none so mercifull a God
That will forgive the number of my sinnes.
How have I liv'd, but by another's losse?
What have I lov'd, but wracke of others weale?
Where have I done a deede deserving well?
How, what, when, and where, have I bestow'd a day,
That tended not to some notorious ill?
My life repleate with rage and tyrannie,
Craues little pittie for so strange a death.
Or, who will say that *John* deceasde too soone?
Who will not say, he rather liv'd too long?
Dishonour did attaint me in my life,
And shame attendeth *John* unto his death.
Why did I scape the fury of the French,
And dide not by the temper of their swords?
Shamelesse my life, and shamefully it ends,
Scorned by my foes, disdained of my friends.

Bastard.

Forgive the world and all your earthly foes,
And call on Christ, who is your latest friend.

John.

My tongue doth falter; *Philip*, I tell thee man,
Since *John* did yeeld unto the priest of *Rome*,
Nor he nor his have prospered on the earth:
Curst are his blessings, and his curse is blisse.
But in the spirit I crie unto my God,
As did the kingly prophet *David* cry,
(Whose hands, as mine, with murder were attaint)
I am not he shall build the Lord a house,
Or roote these locusts from the face of earth:
But if my dying heart deceive me not,
From out these loynes shall spring a kingly branch
Whose armes shall reach unto the gates of *Rome*,
And with his feete treades downe the strumpets pride,
That sits upon the chaire of *Babylon*.
Philip, my heart strings breake, the poysons flame
Hath overcome in me weake natures power,
And in the faith of *Jesu John* doth die."

(4) SCENE VII.—
At Worcester must his body be interred;
For so he will'd it.]

According to Holinshed, King John was buried at Croxton Abbey, in Staffordshire; but a stone coffin, containing his body, was discovered in the Cathedral Church of Worcester, July 17, 1797.

(5) SCENE VII.—
Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true.]

This conclusion is borrowed from the old play:—

"Let *England* live but true within it selfe,
And all the world can never wrong her state.
Lewes, thou shalt be bravely shipt to Fraunce,
For never *Frenchman* got of *English* ground
The twentith part that thou hast conquered.
Dolphin, thy hand: to Worster we will march:
Lords all, lay hands to beare your soveraigne
With obsequies of honour to his grave:
If *England* peeres and people joyne in one,
Nor pope, nor France, nor Spaine can do them wrong."

CRITICAL OPINIONS ON KING JOHN

"If 'King John,' as a whole, be not entitled to class among the very first-rate compositions of our author, it can yet exhibit some scenes of superlative beauty and effect, and two characters supported with unfailing energy and consistency.

"The bastard Faulconbridge, though not, perhaps, a very amiable personage, being somewhat too interested and worldly-minded in his conduct to excite much of our esteem, has, notwithstanding, so large a portion of *the very spirit of Plantagenet* in him; so much heroism, gaiety, and fire, in his constitution; and, in spite of his avowed accommodation to the times,—

> 'For he is but a bastard to the time,
> That doth not smack of observation,' &c.

such an open and undaunted turn of mind, that we cannot refuse him our admiration; nor, on account of his fidelity to John, however ill-deserved, our occasional sympathy and attachment. The alacrity and intrepidity of his daring spirit are nobly supported to the very last; where we find him exerting every nerve to rouse and animate the conscience-stricken soul of the tyrant.

"In the person of Lady Constance *Maternal Grief*, the most interesting passion of the play, is developed in all its strength; the picture penetrates to the inmost heart; and seared must those feelings be, which can withstand so powerful an appeal; for all the emotions of the fondest affection and the wildest despair, all the rapid transitions of anguish, and approximating frenzy, are wrought up into the scene with a truth of conception which rivals that of nature herself.

"The innocent and beauteous Arthur, rendered doubly attractive by the sweetness of his disposition and the severity of his fate, is thus described by his doting mother:—

> 'But thou art fair, and at thy birth, dear boy!
> Nature and Fortune join'd to make thee great;
> Of Nature's gifts thou may'st with lilies boast,
> And with the half-blown rose.'

When he is captured, therefore, and imprisoned by John, and consequently sealed for destruction, who but Shakspeare could have done justice to the agonizing sorrows of the parent? Her invocation to Death, and her address to Pandulph, paint maternal despair with a force which no imagination can augment, and of which the tenderness and pathos have never been exceeded.

"Independent of the scenes which unfold the striking characters of Constance and Faulconbridge there are two others in the play which may vie with anything that Shakspeare has produced; namely the scene between John and Hubert, and that between Hubert and Arthur. The former, where the usurper obscurely intimates to Hubert his bloody wishes, is conducted in a manner so masterly that we behold the dark and turbulent soul of John lying naked before us in all its deformity, and shrinking with fear even from the enunciation of its own vile purposes. 'It is one of the scenes,' as Mr. Steevens has well observed, 'to which may be promised a lasting commendation. Art could add little to its perfection; and time itself can take nothing from its beauties.'

"The scene with Hubert and the executioners, where the hapless Arthur supplicates for mercy, almost lacerates the heart itself; and is only rendered supportable by the tender and alleviating impression which the sweet innocence and artless eloquence of the poor child fix with indelible influence on the mind. Well may it be said, in the language of our poet, that he who can behold this scene without the gushing tribute of a tear —

> 'Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;—
> Let no such man be trusted.'

CRITICAL OPINIONS.

"As for the character of John, which, from its meanness and imbecility, seems not well calculated for dramatic representation, Shakspeare has contrived, towards the close of the drama, to excite in his behalf some degree of interest and commiseration; especially in the dying scene, where the fallen monarch, in answer to the inquiry of his son as to the state of his feelings, mournfully exclaims,—

'Poison'd,—ill fare;—dead, forsook, cast off.'"

DRAKE.

"The dramas derived from the English history, ten in number, form one of the most valuable of Shakspeare's works, and partly the fruit of his maturest age. I say advisedly *one* of his works, for the poet evidently intended them to form one great whole. It is, as it were, an historical heroic poem in the dramatic form, of which the separate plays constitute the rhapsodies. The principal features of the events are exhibited with such fidelity; their causes, and even their secret springs, are placed in such a clear light, that we may attain from them a knowledge of history in all its truth, while the living picture makes an impression on the imagination which can never be effaced.

"In King John the political and warlike events are dressed out with solemn pomp, for the very reason that they possess but little of true grandeur. The falsehood and selfishness of the monarch speak in the style of a manifesto. Conventional dignity is most indispensable where personal dignity is wanting. The bastard Faulconbridge is the witty interpreter of this language; he ridicules the secret springs of politics without disapproving of them; for he owns that he is endeavouring to make his fortune by similar means, and wishes rather to belong to the deceivers than the deceived, for in his view of the world there is no other choice. His litigation with his brother respecting the succession of his pretended father, by which he effects his acknowledgment at court as natural son of the most chivalrous king of England, Richard Cœur-de-Lion, forms a very entertaining and original prelude in the play itself. When, amidst so many disguises of real sentiments, and so much insincerity of expression, the poet shows us human nature without a veil, and allows us to take deep views of the inmost recesses of the mind, the impression produced is only the more deep and powerful. The short scene in which John urges Hubert to put out of the way Arthur, his young rival for the possession of the throne, is superlatively masterly; the cautious criminal hardly ventures to say to himself what he wishes the other to do. The young and amiable prince becomes a sacrifice of unprincipled ambition; his fate excites the warmest sympathy. When Hubert, about to put out his eyes with the hot iron, is softened by his prayers, our compassion would be almost overwhelming, were it not sweetened by the winning innocence of Arthur's childish speeches. Constance's maternal despair on her son's imprisonment is also of the highest beauty; and even the last moments of John,—an unjust and feeble prince, whom we can neither respect nor admire,—are yet so portrayed as to extinguish our displeasure with him, and fill us with serious considerations on the arbitrary deeds and the inevitable fate of mortals."—SCHLEGEL.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

THE earliest editions of this drama are two quartos, both published in 1600, one by Thomas Fisher, the other by James Roberts, entitled, "A Midsommer Nights dreame. As it hath beene sundry times publickely acted, by the Right honourable, the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. Written by William Shakespeare." Fisher's impression was duly registered at Stationers' Hall; but no memorandum of Roberts's has ever been found: and from this circumstance, and the greater accuracy of its text, the former has usually been considered the authorized version. Yet, strange to say, the player editors of the first folio, when they reprinted the work twenty-three years afterwards, adopted the text of Roberts, and appear to have been unacquainted altogether with the more correct quarto of Fisher.

Malone, in his attempt to determine the chronological order in which these plays were written, assigns the composition of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" to 1594; and Titania's fine description of the unnatural succession of the seasons and the "progeny of evils," which fairy discords had brought upon the "human mortals," is singularly applicable to a state of things prevalent in England during the years 1593 and 1594. Strype (*Annals, b.* IV. *p.* 211) has printed an extract from one of Dr. J. King's "Lectures upon Jonas," preached at York in 1594, in which that divine reminds his hearers of the various signs of God's wrath with which England was visited in 1593 and 1594; as storms, pestilence, dearth, and unseasonable weather. Of the last he says, "Remember that the spring" (that year that the plague broke out) "was very unkind, by means of the abundance of rains that fell; our July hath been like to a February; our June even as an April; so that the air must needs be corrupted." Then, having spoken of the three successive years of scarcity, he adds—"and see whether the Lord doth not threaten us much more, by sending such unseasonable weather and storms of rain among us; which, if we will observe, and compare it with that which is past, we may say, that the course of nature is very much inverted; our years are turned upside down; our summers are no summers: our harvests are no harvests: our seeds-times are no seeds-times." The passage is quoted by Blakeway; and it certainly bears a striking resemblance to the picture drawn by the Fairy Queen, beginning,—

"Therefore the winds piping to us in vain," &c.

But we are not disposed to attach much importance to these coincidences as settling the date of the play, and still less to the interpretation of the well-known lines,—

"The thrice three Muses mourning for the death
Of learning, late deceas'd in beggary,"—

which Warton and Malone conceive to be an allusion either to Spenser's poem, "The Tears of the Muses on the Neglect and Contempt of Learning," or to the death of Spenser. The poem in question was first published in 1591, three years before the period fixed for the production of this piece, and the death of Spenser did not take place till 1599, five years after it. Mr. Knight conjectures, with more plausibility, that the allusion was to the erring but unfortunate Robert Greene, who died in 1592. Whatever uncertainty may attend these speculations, the internal evidence of the play proves at least that it was written in the full vigour of Shakespeare's youthful genius, and subsequent, there is every probability, to "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," "Love's Labour's Lost," "The Comedy of Errors," "The Taming of the Shrew," and "Romeo and Juliet."

The commentators have been even less successful in their attempts to discover the origin of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," than in fixing the period of its production. Their persistence in assigning the ground-work of the fable to Chaucer's "Knight's Tale," is a remarkable instance of the docility with which succeeding writers will adopt, one after the other, an assertion that has really little or no foundation in fact. There is scarcely any resemblance whatever between Chaucer's tale and Shakespeare's play, beyond that of the scene in both being laid at the Court of Theseus. The Palamon, Arcite, and Emilie of the former are very different persons indeed from the Demetrius, Lysander, Helena, and Hermia, of the latter. Chaucer has made Duke

Theseus a leading character in his story, and has ascribed the unearthly incidents to mythological personages, conformable to a legend which professes to narrate events that actually happened in Greece. Shakespeare, on the other hand, has merely adopted Theseus, whose exploits he was acquainted with through the pages of North's Plutarch, as a well-known character of romance, in subordination to whom the rest of the *dramatis personæ* might fret their hour; and has employed for supernatural machinery those "airy nothings" familiar to the literature and traditions of various people and nearly all ages. There is little at all in common between the two stories except the name Theseus, the representative of which appears in Shakespeare simply as a prince who lived in times when the introduction of ethereal beings, such as Oberon, Titania, and Puck, was in accordance with tradition and romance.

Beyond one or two passing allusions, there is no attempt to individualize either the man or the country, and, but for these, Theseus might have been called by any other name, and have been lord of any other territory. There is another enunciation of the critics, which requires to be taken with considerable modification: we are told that the characters of the play are classical, while the accessories are Gothic; but the distinction implied is not perhaps so great as we have been led to believe. Godwin has called Theseus the "knight-errant" of antiquity, from which it might be inferred that the knight-errant of the middle ages was a very different person to the romantic hero of ancient times: but, in truth, the two characters were almost identical, as the history of Theseus proves. What material difference, for example, is there between his victory over the Minotaur, and that of Guy, the renowned Earl of Warwick, over the Dun cow? The combats with dragons and other ferocious monsters, the protection of the virtuous and the weak against the wicked and the strong, fluctuation of good and evil fortune, adventures with the fair sex, and engagements with supernatural enemies, these were the incidents of every story in which a warrior was made to figure as the hero of romance. Nor is there anything peculiarly Gothic in the imaginary population of the fairy-world. It is not improbable that many of our legends connected with this fabulous race were derived indirectly from Greece itself. It is impossible to read the Golden Ass of Apuleius, one of the few prose works of imagination which have been transmitted to us from ancient times, without being struck by the similarity of classic and Gothic literature in this department of romance. The Fawns, Satyrs, and Dryads of the Greeks were undoubtedly of a kindred origin with the woodland fairies of more recent times, and the intervention of an agency known as witchcraft is alike traceable in both ages.

There can be little doubt that Golding's translation of the story of Pyramus and Thisbe suggested the interlude by the hard-handed men of Athens, as North's Plutarch certainly furnished the characters of Theseus and his "bouncing Amazon;" but that which constitutes the charm and essence of the play, the union of those gross materials with the delicate, benign, and sportive beings of fairy-land, "lighter than the gossamer, and smaller than a cowslip's bell," was the pure creation of Shakespeare's own illimitable and delightful fancy.

Persons Represented.

THESEUS, *Duke of Athens.*
EGEUS, *father to* HERMIA.
LYSANDER, *in love with* HERMIA.
DEMETRIUS, *beloved of* HELENA.
PHILOSTRATE, *master of the sports to* THESEUS.

QUINCE, *the carpenter.*
SNUG, *the joiner.*
BOTTOM, *the weaver.*
FLUTE, *the bellows-mender.*
SNOUT, *the tinker.*
STARVELING, *the tailor.*
} *Clowns, representing in the Interlude,—*
The Prologue.
PYRAMUS.
THISBE.
WALL.
LION.
MOONSHINE.

HIPPOLYTA, *Queen of the* AMAZONS, *betrothed to* THESEUS.

HERMIA.
HELENA.

OBERON, *king of the fairies.*
TITANIA, *queen of the fairies.*
PUCK, *or* ROBIN GOODFELLOW, *a fairy.*
PEAS-BLOSSOM.
COBWEB.
MOTH.
MUSTARD-SEED.
} *fairies.*

Other fairies attending the King and Queen.
Attendants upon THESEUS *and* HIPPOLYTA.

SCENE.—ATHENS, *and an adjacent Wood.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Athens. *A Room in the Palace of* Theseus.

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, *and* Attendants.

THE. Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace; four happy days bring in
Another moon: but, oh, methinks, how slow
This old moon wanes! she lingers my desires,
Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue.

HIP. Four days will quickly steep themselves in nights;
Four nights will quickly dream away the time;

And then the moon, like to a silver bow
New[a] bent in heaven, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.

THE. Go, Philostrate,
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments;
Awake the pert(1) and nimble spirit of mirth;
Turn melancholy forth to funerals,
The pale companion is not for our pomp.
[*Exit* PHILOSTRATE.
Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword,
And won thy love, doing thee injuries;
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.

Enter EGEUS, HERMIA, LYSANDER, *and* DEMETRIUS.

EGE. Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke!

THE. Thanks, good Egeus. What's the news with thee?

EGE. Full of vexation come I, with complaint
Against my child, my daughter Hermia:
Stand forth, Demetrius. My noble lord,
This man hath my consent to marry her.—
Stand forth, Lysander:—and, my gracious duke,
This man hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child:
Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes,
And interchang'd love-tokens with my child:
Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung,
With feigning voice, verses of feigning love;
And stol'n the impression of her fantasy
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,
Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweet-meats; messengers
Of strong prevailment in unharden'd youth:
With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart;
Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
To stubborn harshness.—And, my gracious duke,
Be it so, she will not here before your grace
Consent to marry with Demetrius,
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens,
As she is mine, I may dispose of her:
Which shall be either to this gentleman,
Or to her death; according to our law,
Immediately provided in that case.

THE. What say you, Hermia? be advis'd, fair maid:
To you your father should be as a god;
One that compos'd your beauties; yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax,
By him imprinted, and within his power
To leave the figure, or disfigure it.
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

HER. So is Lysander.

THE. In himself he is:
But, in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
The other must be held the worthier.

HER. I would my father look'd but with my eyes!

THE. Rather, your eyes must with his judgment look.

HER. I do entreat your grace to pardon me.
I know not by what power I am made bold,
Nor how it may concern my modesty,
In such a presence here, to plead my thoughts:
But I beseech your grace that I may know
The worst that may befal me in this case,
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

THE. Either to die the death, or to abjure
For ever the society of men.
Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires,
Know of your youth,[b] examine well your blood,
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
You can endure the livery of a nun;
For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
Thrice blessed they that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage:
But earthly happier* is the rose distill'd,
Than that, which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.

HER. So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
Unto his lordship,[c] whose unwished yoke
My soul consents not to give sovereignty.[d]

THE. Take time to pause; and, by the next new moon,
(The sealing-day betwixt my love and me,
For everlasting bond of fellowship,)
Upon that day either prepare to die,
For disobedience to your father's will;
Or else, to wed Demetrius, as he would;
Or on Diana's altar to protest,
For aye, austerity and single life.

---

a New *bent in heaven*,—] The early editions read *now*, which was corrected by Rowe.

b Know of your youth,—] *Know*, here, as in the Second Part of "Henry IV." Act I. Sc. 3,—

"—— Know our own estate,"

seems to be used in the sense of *ascertain*.

c *Unto his* lordship,—] That is, *dominion, authority*.

d "—— whose unwished yoke
My soul consents not to give sovereignty."]

That is, give sovereignty *to*. An elliptical mode of expression not unfrequent in Shakespeare. Thus, in the "Winter's Tale," Act II. Sc. 1:—

"—— even as bad as those,
That vulgars give bold'st titles" [*to*.]

Again, in "Othello," Act I. Sc. 3:—

"What conjuration and what mighty magic—
I won his daughter" [*with*.]

Again, in "Henry VII." Act II. Sc. 1:—

"—— whoever the king removes,
The cardinal instantly will find employment" [*for*.]

(*) Old editions, *earthlier happy*.

DEM. Relent, sweet Hermia;—and, Lysander, yield
Thy crazed title to my certain right.
LYS. You have her father's love, Demetrius;
Let me have Hermia's: do you marry him.
EGE. Scornful Lysander! true, he hath my love;
And what is mine my love shall render him;
And she is mine; and all my right of her
I do estate unto Demetrius.
LYS. I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he,
As well possess'd; my love is more than his;
My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd,
If not with vantage, as Demetrius';
And, which is more than all these boasts can be,
I am belov'd of beauteous Hermia:
Why should not I then prosecute my right?
Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,
And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes,
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
Upon this spotted and inconstant man.
THE. I must confess that I have heard so much,
And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof,
But, being over-full of self-affairs,
My mind did lose it.—But, Demetrius, come;
And come, Egeus; you shall go with me,
I have some private schooling for you both.
For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself
To fit your fancies to your father's will;
Or else the law of Athens yields you up
(Which by no means we may extenuate)
To death, or to a vow of single life.
Come, my Hippolyta; what cheer, my love?
Demetrius, and Egeus, go along:
I must employ you in some business
Against our nuptial; and confer with you
Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.
EGE. With duty and desire, we follow you.
[*Exeunt* THES., HIP., EGE., DEM., *and Train.*
LYS. How now, my love? Why is your cheek so pale?
How chance the roses there do fade so fast?
HER. Belike for want of rain, which I could well
Beteem[a] them from the tempest of mine eyes.
LYS. Ay me!* for aught that I could ever† read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth:[b]
But, either it was different in blood;—
HER. O cross! too high to be enthrall'd to low!‡
LYS. Or else misgraffed, in respect of years;
HER. O spite! too old to be engag'd to young!
LYS. Or else it stood upon the choice of friends;§
HER. O hell! to choose love by another's eye!
LYS. Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it;
Making it momentany[c] as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream,
Brief as the lightning in the collied[d] night,
That, in a spleen,(2) unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say,—Behold!
The jaws of darkness do devour it up:
So quick bright things come to confusion.
HER. If then true lovers have been ever cross'd,
It stands as an edict in destiny:
Then let us teach our trial patience,
Because it is a customary cross;
As due to love, as thoughts, and dreams, and sighs,
Wishes, and tears, poor fancy's[e] followers.
LYS. A good persuasion; therefore, hear me, Hermia.
I have a widow aunt, a dowager
Of great revénue, and she hath no child;
From Athens is her house remote‖ seven leagues;
And she respects me as her only son.
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee,
And to that place the sharp Athenian law
Cannot pursue us. If thou lov'st me then,
Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night;
And in the wood, a league without the town,
Where I did meet thee once with Helena,
To do observance to¶ a morn of May,(3)
There will I stay for thee.

---

[a] —— *which I could well*
Beteem *them*—]
Allow them. In this sense the word occurs in "Hamlet," Act I. Sc. 2:—

"—— so loving to my mother
That he might not *beteem* the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly."

And in Spenser's "Faërie Queen," II. viii. 19:—

"So would I, said the enchanter, glad and faine
Beteeme to you this sword you to defend."

[b] The course of true love never did run smooth:] This sentiment is not uncommon, but it has never been so beautifully expressed. It occurs in Milton's "Paradise Lost," Book x. 896, et seqq., and we meet with it in Middleton's "Blurt, Master Constable," Act III. Sc. 1:—

"—— I never heard
Of any true affection, but 't was nipt
With care."

[c] *Making it* momentany—] So the two quartos; the folio, 1623, reads *momentary*. We have improvidently permitted too many of our old expressions to become obsolete.

(*) First folio omits, *Ay me.*
(†) First folio, *ever I could.*
(‡) Old copies, *love.*
(§) First folio, *merit.*
(‖) First folio, *remov'd.*
(¶) First folio, *for.*

[d] *In the* collied *night,*—] In the *black* or *dark* night. *Collied,* literally, is *smutted with coal.* So, in "The Marriage of Witt and Wisdome," 1579:—"Then let her set a fooles bable on his head, and *colling* his face."

"And now of a scollar
I will make him a collier."
Ibid.

So, too, in Ben Jonson's "Poetaster:"—

"——Thou hast not *collied* thy face enough."

[e] Fancy's *followers.*] *Fancy* is used here in the same sense as in Act II. Sc. 2:—

"In maiden meditation, *fancy* free;—"

And in Act IV. Sc. 1:—

"Fair Helena in *fancy* following me.

HER. My good Lysander!
I swear to thee by Cupid's strongest bow;
By his best arrow with the golden head;
By the simplicity of Venus' doves;
By that which knitteth souls, and prospers loves;[a]
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen,
When the false Trojan under sail was seen;
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women spoke;—
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

LYS. Keep promise, love. Look, here comes Helena.

Enter HELENA.

HER. God speed fair Helena! Whither away?

HEL. Call you me fair? that fair again unsay.
Demetrius loves your fair:[b] O happy fair!
Your eyes are lode-stars;(4) and your tongue's sweet air
More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.
Sickness is catching; O, were favour[c] so,
Your words I'd catch, fair Hermia, ere I go,[d]
My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,
My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.
Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
The rest I'll give to be to you translated.
O, teach me how you look, and with what art
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

HER. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

HEL. O that your frowns would teach my smiles such skill!

HER. I give him curses, yet he gives me love.

HEL. O that my prayers could such affection move!

HER. The more I hate, the more he follows me.

HEL. The more I love, the more he hateth me.

HER. His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.[e]

HEL. None, but your beauty; would that fault were mine! [face;

HER. Take comfort, he no more shall see my Lysander and myself will fly this place.
Before the time I did Lysander see,
Seem'd Athens like a paradise to me:
O then, what graces in my love do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heaven unto a* hell!

LYS. Helen, to you our minds we will unfold:
To-morrow night, when Phœbe doth behold
Her silver visage in the wat'ry glass,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,
(A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal,)
Through Athens' gates have we devis'd to steal.

HER. And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primrose beds were wont to lie,
Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet,
There my Lysander and myself shall meet:
And thence, from Athens, turn away our eyes,
To seek new friends and stranger companies.[f]
Farewell, sweet playfellow, pray thou for us,
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!—
Keep word, Lysander: we must starve our sight
From lovers' food, till morrow deep midnight.
[*Exit* HERMIA.

LYS. I will, my Hermia.—Helena, adieu:
As you on him, Demetrius dote† on you!
[*Exit* LYSANDER.

HEL. How happy some o'er other-some can be!
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;
He will not know what all but he do know.
And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities.
Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity:
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind,
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind.
Nor hath love's mind of any judgment taste,
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste;
And therefore is love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft‡ beguil'd.
As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,
So the boy love is perjur'd everywhere:
For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne,
He hail'd down oaths, that he was only mine;
And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,
So he dissolv'd, and showers of oaths did melt.
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight:

---

[a] *And prospers* loves;] This is the reading of the quarto published by Fisher; that by Roberts, and the folio, have *love*.

[b] *Your* fair:] That is, your *beauty*. See "Love's Labour's Lost," note (a), p. 69, and the "Comedy of Errors," note (b), p. 121. The folio reads, *you* fair.

[c] *O, were* favour *so*,—] *Favour*, in Shakespeare sometimes means *countenance, features*, and occasionally, as here, *good graces* generally.

[d] *Your words* I'd catch, *fair Hermia, ere I* go,—] The old copies read, "Your words *I* catch, fair Hermia, ere I go." The very slight alteration, which gives intelligibility to the line, was first made in the folio, 1632. Helena would catch not only the beauty of her rival's aspect, and the melody of her tones, but her language also. If the lection here proposed is inadmissible, we must adopt that of Hanmer,—"Yours would I catch," for the old text will never be accepted as the author's.

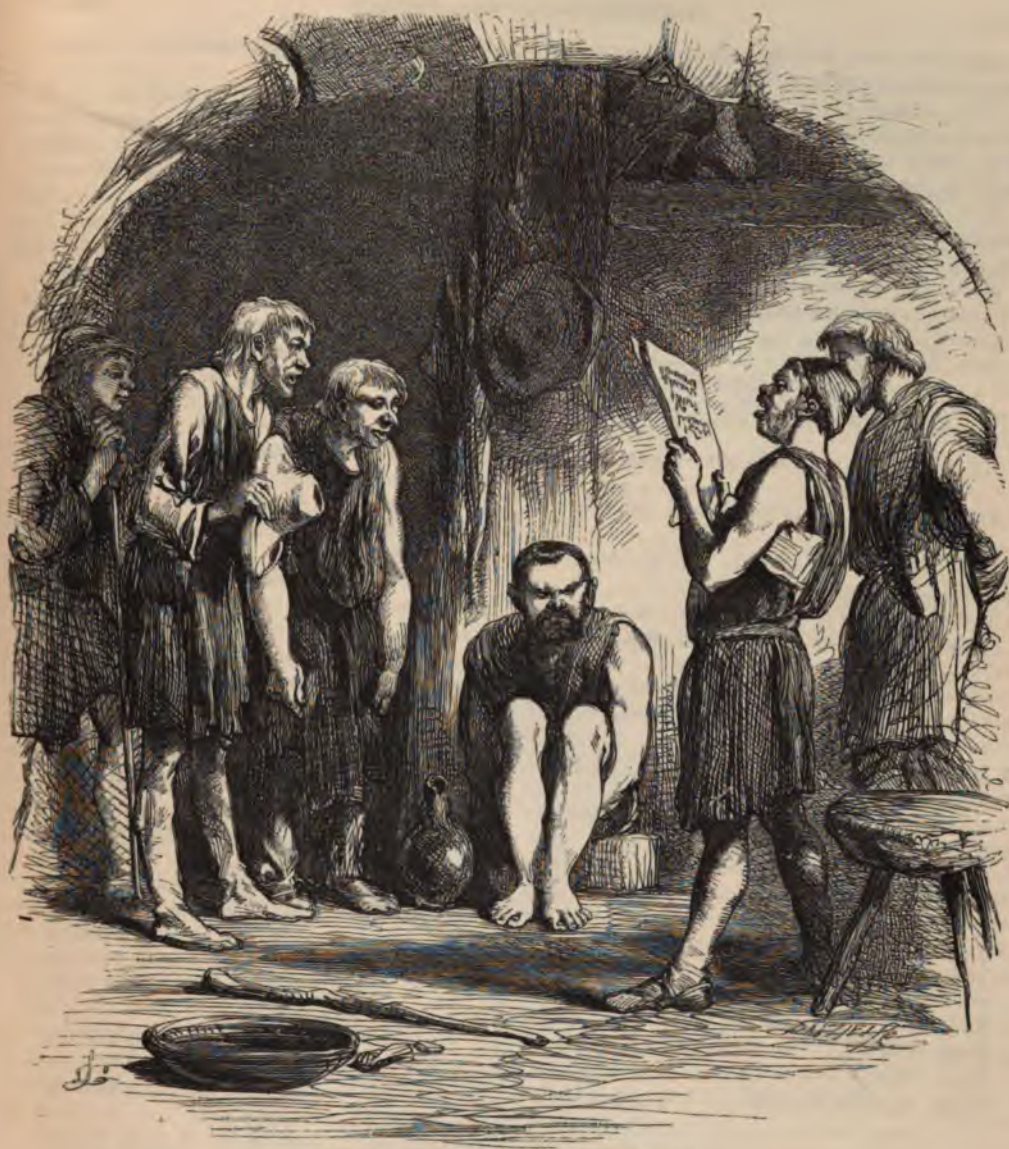
[e] *His folly, Helena, is* no fault *of mine*.] Thus, Fisher's quarto; that by Roberts, and the folio, have, "*none* of mine."

(*) First folio, *into*. (†) First folio, *dotes*. (‡) First folio, *is often*.

[f] *And* stranger companies.] In the old text the passage runs as follows:—

"And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primrose beds were wont to lie,
Emptying our bosoms of their counsel *swell'd*,
There my Lysander and myself shall meet,
And thence from Athens turn away our eyes
To seek new friends and *strange companions*."

The restoration of "counsel *sweet*," and "*stranger companies*," is due to Theobald, and as the rest of the scene from the entrance of Helena is in rhyme, there can be no reasonable doubt that these four lines were originally in rhyme also.



QUINCE.—Here is the scroll of every man's name.

Then to the wood will he to-morrow night,
Pursue her; and for this* intelligence
If I have thanks, it is a dear expense:[a]
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
To have his sight thither and back again. [*Exit.*

(*) First folio, *his.*

[a] *It is a* dear expense:] Steevens supposes this to mean "it will *cost him much* (be a severe constraint on his feelings), to make even so slight a return for my communication." Is not the meaning rather, that, as to gratify her lover with this intelligence she makes the most painful sacrifice of her feelings, his thanks, even if obtained, are dearly bought? Mr. Collier's MS. annotator reads,—

"If I have thanks, it is *dear recompense;*"

which cannot be right, since Helena expressly tells us her recompense will be,—

"To have his sight thither and back again."

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room in* Quince's *house.*

Enter SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, QUINCE, *and* STARVELING.[b](5)

QUIN. Is all our company here?

[b] *Enter* QUINCE, *&c.*] In the old stage direction, "Enter Quince the Carpenter, Snug the Joyner, Bottom the Weaver, Flute the Bellows-mender, Snout the Tinker, and Starveling the Taylor."

BOT. You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip.

QUIN. Here is the scroll of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the duke and the duchess, on his wedding-day at night.

BOT. First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors; and so grow* to a point.[a]

QUIN. Marry, our play is—The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisbe.(6)

BOT. A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry. Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll: Masters, spread yourselves.

QUIN. Answer, as I call you.—Nick Bottom, the weaver.

BOT. Ready. Name what part I am for, and proceed.

QUIN. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

BOT. What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

QUIN. A lover that kills himself most gallant† for love.

BOT. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it. If I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms; I will condole in some measure. To the rest yet,[b] my chief humour is for a tyrant: I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split[c] the raging rocks; and shivering shocks shall break the locks of prison-gates, and Phibbus' car shall shine from far, and make and mar the foolish fates.[d] This was lofty!—Now name the rest of the players.—This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein; a lover is more condoling.

QUIN. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

FLU. Here, Peter Quince.

QUIN. Flute,‡ you must take Thisbe on you.

FLU. What is Thisbe? a wandering knight?

QUIN. It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

FLU. Nay, faith, let not me play a woman; I have a beard coming.

QUIN. That's all one; you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will.

BOT. An I may hide my face, let me play Thisbe too: I'll speak in a monstrous little voice; —*Thisne, Thisne,—Ah, Pyramus, my lover dear;—thy Thisbe dear!* and—*lady dear!*

QUIN. No, no, you must play Pyramus; and, Flute, you Thisbe.

BOT. Well, proceed.

QUIN. Robin Starveling, the tailor.

STAR. Here, Peter Quince.

QUIN. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisbe's mother.—Tom Snout, the tinker.

SNOUT. Here, Peter Quince.

QUIN. You, Pyramus' father; myself, Thisbe's father;—Snug, the joiner, you, the lion's part:—and, I hope, here* is a play fitted.

SNUG. Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

QUIN. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

BOT. Let me play the lion too: I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the duke say, *Let him roar again, let him roar again.*

QUIN. An† you should do it too terribly, you would fright the duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

ALL. That would hang us, every mother's son.

BOT. I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us; but I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you‡ an't were any nightingale.

QUIN. You can play no part but Pyramus: for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man; a proper man as one shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely,

(*) First folio, *grow on.* (†) First folio, *gallantly.* (‡) First folio omits *Flute.*

(*) First folio, *there.* (†) First folio, *If.* (‡) First folio omits, *you.*

[a] *And so* grow to a point.] *And so to business.* A common colloquial phrase formerly:—

"Our reasons will be infinite I trow,
Unless *unto some other point we grow.*"
The Arraignment of Paris, 1584.

[b] To the rest yet,—] So the old copies. The modern editors place a colon after *rest*, "To the rest: yet my chief humour," &c.; a deviation which originated perhaps in unconsciousness of one of the senses Shakespeare attributes to the word *yet*. "To the rest yet," is simply "To the rest now," or, as he shortly after repeats it, "*Now*, name the rest of the players."

[c] *I could play* Ercles *rarely, or a part to* tear a cat *in*,—] Hercules and his labours formed a popular subject of entertainment on the early English stage. The player in Greene's "Groat's-worth of Wit," 1592, recounts to Roberto how he had "terribly thundered" the Twelve Labours of Hercules. He could probably, too, have enumerated among his performances *a part to tear a cat in*, for this allusion was evidently to an incident familiar to the auditory. In "Histriomastix, or the Player Whipt," an anonymous production published in 1610, some soldiers drag in a company of players; and the captain addresses one of them with, "Sirrah, this is you that would rend and *tear a cat* upon the stage," &c. And in "The Roaring Girl," 1611, one of the characters is called *Tear-cat*.

The expression, *to make all split*, is thought to be of nautical extraction; it is met with in many of the old dramas:—"Two roaring boys of Rome, that *made all split*."—Beaumont and Fletcher's "Scornful Lady," Act II. Sc. 3. Again in Chapman's play of "The Widow's Tears:"—"Her wit I must employ upon this business to prepare my next encounter, but in such a fashion as shall *make all split*."

[d] The foolish fates.] The chief humour of Bottom's "lofty" rant consists in the speaker's barbarous disregard of sense and rhythm; yet, notwithstanding this, and that the whole is printed as prose, carefully punctuated to be unintelligible in all the old copies, modern editors will persist in presenting it in good set doggrel rhyme.

gentleman-like man; therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

BOT. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

QUIN. Why, what you will.

BOT. I will discharge it in either your straw-colour beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-colour* beard, your perfect yellow.

QUIN. Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-faced.—But, masters, here are your parts: and I am to intreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night, and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moonlight; there will we* rehearse: for if we meet in the city we shall be dogg'd with company, and our devices known. In the mean time I will draw a bill of properties such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

BOT. We will meet; and there we may rehearse most† obscenely and courageously. Take pains; be perfect; adieu.

QUIN. At the duke's oak we meet.

BOT. Enough. Hold, or cut bow-strings.(7)

[*Exeunt.*

(*) First folio, *coloured.*

(*) First folio, *we will.* (†) First folio, *more.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Wood near* Athens.

Enter, from opposite sides, a Fairy, *and* Puck.[a]

Puck. How now, spirit! whither wander you?
Fai. Over hill, over dale,
Thorough* bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough* flood, thorough fire,
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs[b] upon the green:
The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours:

(*) First folio, *through*.

[a] *Enter*, &c.] The original stage direction is "*Enter a Fairy at one doore, and* Robin Good-fellow *at another;*" and in the prefixes to his speeches, until the entrance of Oberon and Titania, Puck is thus designated.

[b] To dew her orbs—] The *orbs* are those circles in fields known as fairy rings, and popularly supposed to be produced by these "demi-puppets" in their moonlight revelry:—

"And in their courses make that *round*,
In meadows and in marshes found,
Of them so called the fairy ground."
Drayton's *Nymphidia*.

There is a peculiar propriety in the office assigned to the fairy of refreshing these ringlets, since we learn from Olaus Magnus, that the night-tripping spirits always parched up the grass on which they danced.

I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
Farewell, thou lob[a] of spirits, I'll be gone;
Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

PUCK. The king doth keep his revels here to-night;
Take heed, the queen come not within his sight,
For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,
Because that she, as her attendant, hath
A lovely boy stol'n from an Indian king;
She never had so sweet a changeling:
And jealous Oberon would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild:
But she, perforce, withholds the loved boy,
Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy:
And now they never meet in grove, or green,
By fountain clear, or spangled star-light sheen,
But they do square;[b] that all their elves, for fear,
Creep into acorn-cups, and hide them there.

FAI. Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite,
Call'd Robin Goodfellow;(1) are not you* he,
That frights the maidens of the villagery;
Skim milk; and sometimes labour in the quern,[c]
And bootless make the breathless housewife churn;
And sometime make the drink to bear no barm;
Mislead night wanderers, laughing at their harm?
Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,
You do their work, and they shall have good luck:
Are not you he?

PUCK. Thou speak'st aright;
I am that merry wanderer of the night.
I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a filly† foal:
And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab;[d]
And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob,

---

[a] *Thou* lob *of spirits,*—] *Lob* here, I believe, is no more than another name for *clown*, or *fool;* and does not necessarily denote inactivity either of mind or body.

[b] *But they do* square;] To *square* in this place means to *quarrel*, and was commonly used in that sense by the old writers. Some have thought it derived from the French *quarrer*, which Cotgrave interprets, "*To strut*, or *square it, looke big out*," &c.

(*) First folio, *you not.* (†) First folio, *silly.*

[c] The quern,—] The handmill.

[d] *A roasted* crab;] That is, the *crab*, or *wild apple:*—

"Yet we will have in store a *crab* in the fire,
With Nut-browne ale."
Anonymous play, called The Famous Victories of Henry V.

And on her wither'd dewlap pour the ale.
The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;
Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
And *tailor* cries,[a] and falls into a cough;
And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe,
And waxen[b] in their mirth, and neeze, and swear
A merrier hour was never wasted there.—
But room, Faëry, here comes Oberon.

FAI. And here my mistress:—Would that he were gone!

[a] And *tailor* cries.—] "The custom of crying *tailor*, at a sudden fall backwards, I think I remember to have observed. He that slips beside his chair falls as a tailor squats upon his board."—JOHNSON.

[b] *And* waxen—] *Waxen*, as Farmer surmised, is most probably a corruption of the old Saxon word *yezen*, *to hiccup*.

Enter OBERON, *on one side, with his Train, and* TITANIA, *on the other, with hers.*[a]

OBE. Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.(2)
TITA. What, jealous Oberon? Fairies,* skip hence;
I have forsworn his bed and company.
OBE. Tarry, rash wanton. Am not I thy lord?
TITA. Then I must be thy lady. But I know
When thou hast† stolen away from fairy land,
And in the shape of Corin sat all day,
Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love
To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,
Come from the farthest steep of India?
But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,
Your buskin'd mistress, and your warrior love,
To Theseus must be wedded; and you come
To give their bed joy and prosperity.
OBE. How canst thou thus, for shame, Titania,
Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,
Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?
Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering night
From Perigenia, whom he ravished?
And make him with fair Æglé‡ break his faith,
With Ariadne, and Antiopa?(3)
TITA. These are the forgeries of jealousy:
And never, since the middle summer's spring,
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
By paved fountain, or by rushy brook,
Or in the beached margent of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.
Therefore, the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
Contagious fogs; which, falling in the land,
Have every pelting[b] river made so proud,
That they have overborne their continents:
The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,
The ploughman lost his sweat; and the green corn
Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard:
The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
And crows are fatted with the murrain flock;
The nine men's morris is filled up with mud;(4)
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,
For lack of tread, are undistinguishable;
The human mortals want their winter here,[c]
No night is now with hymn or carol bless'd:—
Therefore, the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
That rheumatic diseases do abound:
And thorough* this distemperature, we see
The seasons alter: hoary-headed† frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;
And on old Hyems' thin[d] and icy crown,
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
Is, as in mockery, set. The spring, the summer,
The childing[e] autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries; and the 'mazed world,
By their increase, now knows not which is which;
And this same progeny of evils comes
From our debate, from our dissension;
We are their parents and original.
OBE. Do you amend it then; it lies in you:
Why should Titania cross her Oberon?
I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my henchman.[f]
TITA. Set your heart at rest,
The fairy land buys not the child of me.
His mother was a votaress of my order:
And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,
Full often hath she gossip'd by my side,
And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,
Marking the embarked traders on the flood;
When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive,
And grow big-bellied, with the wanton wind:
Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait,
Following, (her womb then rich with my young squire,)
Would imitate; and sail upon the land,
To fetch me trifles, and return again,
As from a voyage, rich with merchandise.
But she, being mortal, of that boy did die;
And, for her sake, do I‡ rear up her boy:
And, for her sake, I will not part with him.
OBE. How long within this wood intend you stay?

(*) Old copies, *Fairy.* (†) First folio, *wast.*
(‡) Old copies, *Eagles.*

(*) First folio, *through.* (†) First folio, *hoared-headed.*
(‡) First folio, *I do.*

[a] *Enter*, &c.] According to the old stage direction, "*Enter the* King of Fairies *at one doore with his traine, and the* Queene *at another with hers.*" All the modern editors, except Mr. Collier, mark this entrance as a new scene; upon what principle it is not easy to divine.

[b] *Have every* pelting *river*—] The folio reads *petty* *Pelting* is *paltry, peddling, despicable*:—

"——— Jove would ne'er be quiet,
For every *pelting*, petty officer," &c.
Measure for Measure, Act II. Sc. 2.

[c] *The human mortals* want *their winter here*,—] *Want*, in this passage, does not appear to mean *need, lack, wish for*, &c., but to be used in the sense of *be without*. The human mortals are *without* their winter here. Thus, in Harrison's "Description of Britaine," p. 42:—"In like sort they *want* venomous beasts, chiefelie such as doo delight in hotter soile." It occurs, with the same meaning, in a well-known passage of "Macbeth," Act III. Sc. 6:—

"——— Men must not walk too late
Who cannot *want* the thought, how monstrous
It was," &c.;—

and is repeatedly found in the old writers with this signification.

[d] *And on old Hyems'* thin *and icy crown*,—] The ancient copies concur in reading, "Hyems *chin* and icy crown." The change was proposed by Tyrwhitt.

[e] *The* childing *autumn*,—] That is, the *teeming* autumn, *frugifer autumnus.*

[f] Henchman.] Page. The derivation is uncertain.

TITA. Perchance, till after Theseus' wedding-day.
If you will patiently dance in our round,
And see our moonlight revels, go with us;
If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.
OBE. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.
TITA. Not for thy fairy kingdom. Fairies, away:
We shall chide downright, if I longer stay.
[*Exeunt* TITANIA *and her Train.*
OBE. Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from this grove,
Till I torment thee for this injury:
My gentle Puck, come hither. Thou remember'st
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song;
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music.
PUCK. I remember.
OBE. That very time I saw,* (but thou couldst not,)
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal, throned by the west;
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts:
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watery moon;
And the imperial votaress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flower,—
Before, milk-white, now purple with love's wound,—
And maidens call it love-in-idleness.
Fetch me that flower: the herb I shew'd thee once;
The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid,

* *That very time* I saw,—] The quarto, published by Roberts, and the folio, read, "I *say*."

Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herb, and be thou here again,
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

PUCK. I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes.[a] [*Exit* PUCK.

OBE. Having once this juice,
I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes:
The next thing then* she waking looks upon,
(Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
On meddling monkey, or on busy ape,)
She shall pursue it with the soul of love:
And ere I take this charm from off† her sight,
(As I can take it, with another herb,)
I'll make her render up her page to me.
But who comes here? I am invisible;(5)
And I will overhear their conference.

Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA *following him.*

DEM. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
Where is Lysander, and fair Hermia?
The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me.[b]
Thou told'st me, they were stol'n unto‡ this wood.
And here am I, and wood[c] within this wood,
Because I cannot meet my Hermia.
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

HEL. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;
But yet you draw not iron, for my heart
Is true as steel. Leave you your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to follow you.

DEM. Do I entice you? Do I speak you fair?
Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth
Tell you—I do not, nor I cannot, love you?

HEL. And even for that do I love you§ the more.
I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.
What worser place can I beg in your love,
(And yet a place of high respect with me,)
Than to be used as you use¶ your dog? [spirit,

DEM. Tempt not too much the hatred of my
For I am sick when I do look on thee.

HEL. And I am sick when I look not on you.

DEM. You do impeach your modesty too much,
To leave the city, and commit yourself
Into the hands of one that loves you not;
To trust the opportunity of night,
And the ill counsel of a desert place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.

HEL. Your virtue is my privilege; for that
It is not night, when I do see your face,
Therefore I think I am not in the night:
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company,
For you, in my respect, are all the world:
Then how can it be said, I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?

DEM. I'll run from thee, and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

HEL. The wildest hath not such a heart as you.[d]
Run when you will; the story shall be chang'd;
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase;
The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind
Makes speed to catch the tiger: bootless speed!
When cowardice pursues, and valour flies.

DEM. I will not stay thy questions; let me go:
Or, if thou follow me, do not believe
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

HEL. Ay, in the temple, in the town, and field,
You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius!
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex:
We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo.
[*Exit* DEM.
I'll* follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love so well.
[*Exit* HEL.

OBE. Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do leave this grove,
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.

Re-enter PUCK.

Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.

PUCK. Ay, there it is.

OBE. I pray thee, give it me.

(*) First folio, *when.* (†) First folio, *off from.*
(‡) First folio, *into.* (§) First folio, *thee.*
(¶) First folio, *do.*

a *I'll put a girdle* round *about the earth*
In forty minutes.]

Roberts's quarto and the folio omit *round. To put a girdle round about the earth* seems to have been a proverbial mode of expressing a voyage round the world. It occurs in Chapman's "Bussy d'Ambois," Act I. Sc. 1. 1613:—

"And as great seamen, using all their wealth
And skills in Neptune's deep invisible paths,
In tall ships richly built, and ribb'd with brass,
To put a girdle round about the world."

(*) First folio, *I.*

And in Shirley's "Humorous Courtier," Act I. Sc. 1:—

"Thou hast been a traveller, and convers'd
With the Antipodes, almost *put a girdle*
About the world."

b *The one I'll* slay, *the other* slayeth *me.*] The old copies read, "The one I'll *stay*, the other *slayeth* me." Dr. Thirlby first suggested the probability of a misprint.

c *And* wood—] That is, *raging, mad.*

d The wildest hath not such a heart as you.] So Ovid:—

"Mitius inveni quam te genus omne ferarum."

I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine:
There sleeps Titania, sometime of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove,
A sweet Athenian lady is in love
With a disdainful youth: anoint his eyes;
But do it when the next thing he espies
May be the lady. Thou shalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on.
Effect it with some care; that he may prove
More fond on her, than she upon her love:
And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

PUCK. Fear not, my lord, your servant shall do so. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Wood.*

Enter TITANIA, *with her Train.*

TITA. Come, now a roundel,* and a fairy song;
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence;
Some, to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds;
Some, war with rear-mice for their leathern wings,
To make my small elves coats; and some, keep back
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots and wonders
At our quaint spirits: sing me now asleep,
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

SONG.

I.

1 FAI. *You spotted snakes, with double tongue,*
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;
Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong;
Come not near our fairy queen:

CHORUS.

Philomel, with melody
Sing in our sweet lullaby;*
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby;
Never harm, nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby.

(*) First folio, *your.*

* *Come, now a* roundel,—] A *roundel*, a *dance*, where the parties joined hands and formed a ring. This kind of dance was sometimes called a *round*, and a *roundelay* also, according to Minshew, who explains, "Roundelay, *Shepheards daunce.*"

II.

2 FAI. *Weaving spiders, come not here:*
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm, nor snail, do no offence.

CHORUS.

Philomel, with melody, &c.

2 FAI. Hence, away; now all is well:
One, aloof, stand sentinel.
[*Exeunt* Fairies. TITANIA *sleeps*

Enter OBERON.

OBE. What thou seest, when thou dost wake,
[*Squeezes the flower on* TITANIA'*s eyelids.*
Do it for thy true-love take;
Love and languish for his sake;
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
In thy eye that shall appear
When thou wak'st, it is thy dear;
Wake, when some vile thing is near.
[*Exit.*

Enter LYSANDER *and* HERMIA.

LYS. Fair love, you faint with wandering in the woods,
And, to speak troth, I have forgot our way;
We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.
HER. Be it so, Lysander, find you out a bed,
For I upon this bank will rest my head.
LYS. One turf shall serve as pillow for us both;
One heart, one bed, two bosoms and one troth.
HER. Nay, good Lysander; for my sake, my dear,
Lie further off yet, do not lie so near.
LYS. O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence;
Love takes the meaning, in love's conference.
I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit,
So that but one heart can we* make of it:
Two bosoms interchained† with an oath;
So then, two bosoms, and a single troth.
Then, by your side no bed-room me deny,
For, lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.
HER. Lysander riddles very prettily:—
Now much beshrew my manners and my pride,
If Hermia meant to say, Lysander lied.

(*) First folio, *you.* (†) First folio, *interchanged.*

But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy
Lie further off; in human modesty,
Such separation, as, may well be said,
Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid:
So far be distant, and good night, sweet friend;
Thy love ne'er alter, till thy sweet life end!

LYS. Amen, Amen, to that fair prayer say I,
And then end life, when I end loyalty!
Here is my bed: Sleep give thee all his rest!

HER. With half that wish the wisher's eyes be press'd! [*They sleep.*

Enter PUCK.

PUCK. Through the forest have I gone,
But Athenian found* I none,
On whose eyes I might approve
This flower's force in stirring love.
Night and silence! who is here?
Weeds of Athens he doth wear:
This is he my master said
Despised the Athenian maid;
And here the maiden, sleeping sound,
On the dank and dirty ground.
Pretty soul, she durst not lie
Near this lack-love, this kill-court'sy.
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charm doth owe:[a]
When thou wak'st, let love forbid
Sleep his seat on thy eyelid.
So awake, when I am gone;
For I must now to Oberon. [*Exit.*

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* HELENA, *running.*

HEL. Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.

DEM. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.

HEL. O, wilt thou darkling[b] leave me? do not so.

DEM. Stay, on thy peril; I alone will go. [*Exit* DEMETRIUS.

(*) First folio, *And.*

[a] *Doth* owe:] That is, doth *own, possess.*

[b] O, *wilt thou* darkling *leave me?*] *Darkling* is, in the dark. Shakespeare uses this word again in "King Lear," Act I. Sc. 4:—

"So out went the candle, and we were left darkling.

And in "Antony and Cleopatra," Act IV. Sc. 13. It occurs, too, in the old play called "The Two Angry Women of Abingdon:"—

"We'll run away with the torch and leave them to fight darkling."

HEL. O, I am out of breath in this fond chase!
The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.
Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies,
For she hath blessed and attractive eyes:
How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears;
If so, my eyes are oftener wash'd than hers.
No, no, I am as ugly as a bear,
For beasts that meet me run away for fear;
Therefore, no marvel, though Demetrius
Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.
What wicked and dissembling glass of mine
Made me compare with Hermia's sphery eyne?
But who is here?—Lysander! on the ground!
Dead? or asleep? I see no blood, no wound!—
Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.

LYS. [*Waking.*] And run through fire I will, for thy sweet sake:
Transparent Helena! Nature shows her art,[a]
That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.
Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word
Is that vile name to perish on my sword!

HEL. Do not say so, Lysander; say not so:
What though he love your Hermia? Lord, what though?
Yet Hermia still loves you; then be content.

LYS. Content with Hermia? No: I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have spent.
Not Hermia, but Helena * I love:
Who will not change a raven for a dove?
The will of man is by his reason sway'd,
And reason says you are the worthier maid.
Things growing are not ripe until their season,
So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason;
And touching now the point of human skill,
Reason becomes the marshal to my will,
And leads me to your eyes; where I o'erlook
Love's stories, written in love's richest book.

HEL. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?
When, at your hands, did I deserve this scorn?
Is 't not enough, is 't not enough, young man,
That I did never, no, nor never can,
Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,
But you must flout my insufficiency?
Good troth, you do me wrong, good sooth, you do,
In such disdainful manner me to woo.
But fare you well: perforce I must confess,
I thought you lord of more true gentleness.
O, that a lady, of one man refus'd,
Should of another therefore be abus'd! [*Exit.*

LYS. She sees not Hermia:—Hermia, sleep thou there;
And never mayst thou come Lysander near!
For, as a surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings;
Or, as the heresies that men do leave,
Are hated most of those they* did deceive;
So thou, my surfeit, and my heresy,
Of all be hated, but the most, of me!
And all my powers address your love and might,
To honour Helen, and to be her knight. [*Exit.*

HER. [*starting.*] Help me, Lysander, help me! do thy best,
To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast!
Ah me, for pity!—what a dream was here!
Lysander, look how I do quake with fear!
Methought a serpent ate my heart away,
And you† sat smiling at his cruel prey:
Lysander! what, remov'd? Lysander! lord!
What, out of hearing? gone? no sound, no word?
Alack, where are you? speak, an if you hear;
Speak, of all loves;[b] I swoon almost with fear.
No?—then I well perceive you are not nigh:
Either death, or you, I'll find immediately.
[*Exit.*

(*) First folio, *now I.*

(*) First folio, *that.* (†) First folio, *yet.*

[a] *Nature shows* her *art,*—] The quartos have,—"Nature shows art;" the folio, "Nature *her* shows art."

[b] *Speak,* of all loves;] This pretty imploration, with the sense of, *for love's sake,* is found again in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," Act II. Sc. 2:—"But Mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page, *of all loves.*" And in "Othello," Act III. Sc. 1:—"But, Masters, here's money for you: and the general so likes your music, that he desires you, *of all loves,* to make no more noise with it."

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Wood. The Queen of Fairies lying asleep.*

Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, *and* STARVELING.[a]

BOT. Are we all met?

QUIN. Pat, pat; and here 's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal. This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn brake our tyring-house; and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the duke.

BOT. Peter Quince,—

QUIN. What say'st thou, bully Bottom?

BOT. There are things in this comedy of *Pyramus and Thisbe* that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself; which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

SNOUT. By 'rlakin, a parlous fear.[b]

STAR. I believe we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

BOT. Not a whit; I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue: and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords; and that Pyramus is not killed indeed: and, for the more better assurance, tell them, that I Pyramus am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver: this will put them out of fear.

QUIN. Well, we will have such a prologue: and it shall be written in eight and six.[c]

BOT. No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

SNOUT. Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

STAR. I fear it, I promise you.

BOT. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in, God shield us! a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion, living; and we ought to look to 't.

SNOUT. Therefore, another prologue must tell he is not a lion.

---

[a] *Enter* QUINCE, &c.] The old stage direction is simply, "Enter the Clownes."

[b] By 'rlakin, *a* parlous *fear.*] By our *lady kin*, or *little lady*. *Par'lous*, a popular corruption of *perilous*, occurs again in "Richard III," Act II. Sc. 4; in "Romeo and Juliet," Act I. Sc. 3; and in "As You Like It," Act III. Sc. 2.

[c] *And it shall be written in* eight *and* six.] In fourteen-syllable measure, which was frequently divided into two lines of *eight and six* syllables.

Re-enter SNOUT.

SNOUT. O Bottom, thou art changed! what do I see on thee?

BOT. What do you see? you see an ass-head of your own; do you?

Re-enter QUINCE.

QUIN. Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated. [*Exit.*

BOT. I see their knavery: this is to make an ass of me; to fright me, if they could. But I will not stir from this place, do what they can: I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid. [*Sings.*

The oosel-cock, so black of hue,[a]
With orange-tawny bill,
The throstle with his note so true,
The wren with little quill;*

TITA. [*Waking.*] What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?

BOT. *The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,*
The plain-song cuckoo gray,
Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not answer, nay—

for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird? who would give a bird the lie, though he cry *cuckoo* never so?

TITA. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again:
Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note,
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;
And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me,
On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.

BOT. Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that: and yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days. The more the pity, that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek upon occasion.[b]

(*) First folio, *and.*

[a] *The* oosel-cock,—] That is, the blackbird. Florio explains *merlo* to be "the birde called an *owsell*, a *mearle*, *or a blacke-birde;*" and Minshew has, "blackbird, or *blacke-ousell.*"

[b] *Nay, I can* gleek *upon occasion.*] The ordinary sense of *gleek* is, *to jest*, or *joke*, and it is with this meaning the word is used here. The all-accomplished Bottom is boasting of his versatility. He has shown, by his last profound observation on the disunion of love and reason, that he possesses a pretty turn for the didactic and sententious; but he wishes Titania to understand that, upon fitting occasion, he can be as waggish as he has just been grave.

TITA. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

BOT. Not so, neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

TITA. Out of this wood do not desire to go;
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.
I am a spirit, of no common rate;
The summer still doth tend upon my state,
And I do love thee: therefore, go with me;
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee;
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep:
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.—
Peas-blossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustard-seed!

Enter PEAS-BLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, *and* MUSTARD-SEED, Fairies.

1 FAI. Ready.
2 FAI. And I.
3 FAI. And I.
4 FAI. And I.
ALL. Where shall we go?

TIT. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricocks, and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;
The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,
And, for night-tapers, crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
To have my love to bed, and to arise;
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes:
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

1 FAI. Hail, mortal!
2 FAI. Hail!
3 FAI. Hail!
4 FAI. Hail!

BOT. I cry your worships mercy, heartily.—I beseech your worship's name.

COB. Cobweb.

Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance,[a] good master Cobweb. If I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you.—Your name, honest gentleman?

Peas. Peas-blossom.

Bot. I pray you, commend me to mistress Squash,[b] your mother, and to master Peas-cod, your father. Good master Peas-blossom, I shall desire you of* more acquaintance too.—Your name, I beseech you, sir?

Mus. Mustard-seed.

Bot. Good master Mustard-seed, I know your patience well: that same cowardly, giant-like ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house: I promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you more acquaintance, good master Mustard-seed.

Tita. Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower.

The moon, methinks, looks with a watery eye;
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,
Lamenting some enforced chastity.
Tie up my love's† tongue, bring him silently.
[*Exeunt.*

(*) First folio, *of you.* (†) Old text, *lovers.*

[a] *I shall desire* you of *more acquaintance,*—] This construction is by no means unusual with our old writers. Thus, in "The Marriage of Witt and Wisdome," 1579:—

"Gentlewoman, this shalbe to *desier you of more* acquaintance."

Again, in the "Morality of Lusty Juventus:"—

"I snall desire you of better acquaintance."

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Wood.*

Enter Oberon.

Obe. I wonder, if Titania be awak'd;
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on in extremity.

Enter Puck.

Here comes my messenger.—How now, mad spirit?
What night-rule[c] now about this haunted grove?

Puck. My mistress with a monster is in love.
Near to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,
Were met together to rehearse a play,
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day.
The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,
Who Pyramus presented in their sport,
Forsook his scene, and enter'd in a brake:
When I did him at this advantage take,

So, also, in Greene's "Groat's-worth of Wit:"—

"——— craving *you of more* acquaintance."

[b] Squash,—] A *squash,* Steevens tells us, is an immature peascod.

[c] *What night*-rule now—] *Rule,* in this word, has the same meaning as in the "Christmas lord of Mis-*rule,*" and is a corruption of *revel,* formerly written *reuel.*

DEM. I'd rather give his carcase to my hounds.
HER. Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'st me past the bounds
Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him then?
Henceforth be never number'd among men!
Oh, once tell true, tell true,* even for my sake;
Durst thou have look'd upon him, being awake,
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O, brave touch!
Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?
An adder did it: for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.
DEM. You spend your passion on a mispris'd mood:[a]
I am not guilty of Lysander's blood;
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.
HER. I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.
DEM. An if I could, what should I get therefore?
HER. A privilege, never to see me more.—
And from thy hated presence part I so:[b]
See me no more, whether he be dead or no. [*Exit.*
DEM. There is no following her in this fierce vein:
Here, therefore, for a while I will remain.
So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow
For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe;
Which now, in some slight measure, it will pay,
If for his tender here I make some stay.
[*Lies down.*
OBE. What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken quite,
And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight:
Of thy misprision must perforce ensue
Some true-love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.
PUCK. Then fate o'er-rules; that, one man holding troth,
A million fail, confounding oath on oath.
OBE. About the wood go swifter than the wind,
And Helena of Athens look thou find:
All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer[c]
With sighs of love, that cost the fresh blood dear.[d]
By some illusion see thou bring her here;
I'll charm his eyes against she doth appear.
PUCK. I go, I go; look, how I go;
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow. [*Exit.*
OBE. Flower of this purple dye,
Hit with Cupid's archery,
Sink in apple of his eye!
When his love he doth espy,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the Venus of the sky.
When thou wak'st, if she be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Re-enter PUCK.

PUCK. Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand;
And the youth, mistook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee;
Shall we their fond pageant see?
Lord, what fools these mortals be!
OBE. Stand aside: the noise they make,
Will cause Demetrius to awake.
PUCK. Then will two at once woo one—
That must needs be sport alone;
And those things do best please me,
That befal preposterously.[e]

Enter LYSANDER *and* HELENA.

LYS. Why should you think that I should woo in scorn?
Scorn and derision never come in tears.
Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows so born,
In their nativity all truth appears.
How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true?
HEL. You do advance your cunning more and more.
When truth kills truth, O devilish-holy fray!
These vows are Hermia's; will you give her o'er?
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh:
Your vows to her and me, put in two scales,
Will even weigh; and both as light as tales.
LYS. I had no judgment, when to her I swore.
HEL. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.
LYS. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.
DEM. [*awaking.*] O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine!

(*) First folio omits the repetition of *tell true.*

[a] *You spend your passion on a* mispris'd mood:] This is not very intelligible, and we prefer the critical remedy applied by Mr. Collier's annotator, who reads,—

"You spend your passion *in* a mispris'd *flood*,"—

to any explication of the old text that has yet been given.

[b] *Part I so:*] *So*, omitted in the quartos and folio, was inserted by Pope.

[c] *And pale of* cheer—] Cheer, visage, from the French *chère.* The word occurs again in this sense in "Henry VI." Pt. I. Act I. Sc. 2:—

"Methinks, your looks are sad, your *cheer* appall'd."

[d] *With* sighs *of love, that* cost the fresh blood dear.] It was formerly supposed that the indulgence of every sigh cost a drop of blood, and the notion that sighing tends to impair the animal powers is still prevalent. Shakespeare has many allusions to this popular belief:—

"And then this *should* is like *a spendthrift sigh,*
That hurts by easing."—*Hamlet,* Act IV. Sc. 7.

Again:—

"I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,
Look pale as primrose, with *blood-drinking sighs.*"
Henry VI. Pt. II. Act III. Sc. 2.

Again:—

"Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear,
And stop the rising of *blood-sucking sighs.*"
Henry VI. Pt. III. Act IV. Sc. 4.

[e] Preposterously.] *i.e. Inversely.* See note [a], p. 248.

To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?
Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow,
Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow,
When thou hold'st up thy hand: O, let me kiss
This impress of pure white, this seal of bliss![a]

HEL. O, spite! O, hell! I see you all* are bent
To set against me, for your merriment.
If you were civil and knew courtesy,
You would not do me thus much injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you must join, in souls, to mock me too?
If you were† men, as men you are in show,
You would not use a gentle lady so;
To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,
When, I am sure, you hate me with your hearts.
You both are rivals, and love Hermia,
And now both rivals, to mock Helena:
A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes
With your derision! None of noble sort
Would so offend a virgin; and extort
A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

LYS. You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so;
For you love Hermia: this, you know, I know;
And here, with all good will, with all my heart,
In Hermia's love I yield you up my part;
And yours of Helena to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do to my death.

HEL. Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

DEM. Lysander, keep thy Hermia; I will none:
If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone.
My heart to her but as guest-wise sojourn'd;
And now to Helen is it‡ home return'd,
There to remain.

LYS. Helen,§ it is not so.

DEM. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
Lest, to thy peril, thou aby[b] it dear.—
Look, where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.

Enter HERMIA.

HER. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehension makes;
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompense:
Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found;
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy* sound.
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?

LYS. Why should he stay whom love doth press to go?

HER. What love could press Lysander from my side?

LYS. Lysander's love, that would not let him bide;
Fair Helena; who more engilds the night
Than all yon fiery oes[c] and eyes of light.
Why seek'st thou me? could not this make thee know,
The hate I bear thee made me leave thee so?

HER. You speak not as you think, it cannot be.

HEL. Lo, she is one of this confederacy!
Now I perceive they have conjoin'd, all three,
To fashion this false sport in spite of me.
Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!
Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd
To bait me with this foul derision?
Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us,—O, and† is all forgot?
All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our neelds created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;
But yet a union in partition,
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem:
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart,
Two of the first, like‡ coats in heraldry,(2)
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.
And will you rent our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 't is not maidenly:
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,
Though I alone do feel the injury.

HER. I am amazed at your passionate§ words:
I scorn you not; it seems that you scorn me.

HEL. Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,

(*) First folio, *are all.* (†) First folio, *are.*
(‡) First folio, *it is.* (§) First folio omits *Helen.*

(*) First folio, *that.* (†) First folio omits *and.*
(‡) Old copies, *life.* (§) The quartos omit *passionate.*

a *This* impress *of pure white, this seal of bliss!*] The old copies have, "This *princess* of pure white," &c. Mr. Collier suggested the reading in the text; it has been subsequently found in the marginal notes of his old corrector, and is supported by a passage I have met with in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Double Marriage," Act IV. Sc. 3, where Virolet, apostrophizing Juliana's hand, calls it—

"—— *White seal of virtue.*"

b *Lest, to thy peril, thou* aby *it dear.*—] *Aby it dear* is, *pay dearly for it.* This form of *abide* is not at all unfrequent, it is found in the old version of the Psalms iii. v. 26, "Thou shalt dear *aby* this blow." And in "Gorboduc," Act IV. Sc. 2:—

"Thou Porrex, thou shalt dearely *abye* the same."

It occurs, too, in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Knight of the Burning Pestle," Act III. Sc. 4:—

"Fool-hardy knight, full soon thou shalt *aby*
This fond reproach: Thy body will I bang."

c *Than all yon fiery* oes—] *Oes* were small circular bosses of shining metal.

To follow me, and praise my eyes and face?
And made your other love, Demetrius,
(Who even but now did spurn me with his foot,)
To call me goddess, nymph, divine, and rare,
Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates? and wherefore doth Lysander
Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
And tender me, forsooth, affection;
But by your setting on, by your consent?
What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, so fortunate;
But miserable most, to love unlov'd!
This you should pity, rather than despise.

HER. I understand not what you mean by this!

HEL. Ay, do, persèver, counterfeit sad looks,
Make mouths upon me when I turn my back,
Wink each at other, hold the sweet jest up:
This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument.
But, fare ye well: 'tis partly mine own fault,
Which death, or absence, soon shall remedy.

LYS. Stay, gentle Helena, hear my excuse;
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!

HEL. O, excellent!

HER. Sweet, do not scorn her so.

DEM. If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

LYS. Thou canst compel no more than she entreat;
Thy threats have no more strength, than her weak prayers.*—
Helen, I love thee; by my life I do;
I swear by that which I will lose for thee,
To prove him false that says I love thee not.

DEM. I say, I love thee more than he can do.

LYS. If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.

DEM. Quick, come,—

HER. Lysander, whereto tends all this?

LYS. Away, you Ethiope!

DEM. No, no, he'll—[a]
Seem to break loose; take on, as you would follow;
But yet come not. You are a tame man, go!

LYS. Hang off, thou cat, thou burr: vile thing, let loose;
Or I will shake thee from me, like a serpent.

HER. Why are you grown so rude? what change is this,
Sweet love?

LYS. Thy love? out, tawny Tartar, out!
Out, loathed medicine! O, hated potion,† hence!

HER. Do you not jest?

HEL. Yes, 'sooth; and so do you.

(*) Old copies, *praise*. (†) First folio, *poison*.

[a] No, no, he'll—] This is the reading of Fisher's quarto; the folio has:—
"No, no, sir: seem to break loose;
Take on as you would follow."

LYS. Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.

DEM. I would I had your bond, for I perceive
A weak bond holds you; I'll not trust your word.

LYS. What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.

HER. What, can you do me greater harm than hate?
Hate me! wherefore? O me! what means[b] my love?
Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lysander?
I am as fair now as I was erewhile.
Since night, you lov'd me; yet, since night, you left me:
Why then you left me,—O, the gods forbid!—
In earnest, shall I say?

LYS. Ay, by my life;
And never did desire to see thee more.
Therefore, be out of hope, of question, doubt,*
Be certain, nothing truer, 'tis no jest,
That I do hate thee, and love Helena.

HER. O me! you juggler! you canker-blossom!
You thief of love! what, have you come by night,
And stol'n my love's heart from him?

HEL. Fine, i' faith
Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet, you!

HER. Puppet! why so? Ay, that way goes the game.
Now I perceive that she hath made compare
Between our statures, she hath urg'd her height;
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.—
And are you grown so high in his esteem
Because I am so dwarfish, and so low?
How low am I, thou painted maypole? speak;
How low am I? I am not yet so low,
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

HEL. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me; I was never curst;[c]
I have no gift at all in shrewishness;
I am a right maid for my cowardice;
Let her not strike me. You, perhaps, may think,
Because she's something lower than myself,
That I can match her.

HER. Lower! hark, again.

HEL. Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.
I evermore did love you, Hermia,
Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you;
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,

* Old copies, *of doubt*.

[b] *O me! what* means *my love?*] The old copies have *newes*, a very probable misprint of *meanes*, the word substituted by Mr. Collier's annotator.

[c] *I was never* curst;] That is, *froward, irascible, shrewish.*

HEL. O, I am out of breath in this fond chase!
The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.
Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies,
For she hath blessed and attractive eyes:
How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears;
If so, my eyes are oftener wash'd than hers.
No, no, I am as ugly as a bear,
For beasts that meet me run away for fear;
Therefore, no marvel, though Demetrius
Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.
What wicked and dissembling glass of mine
Made me compare with Hermia's sphery eyne?
But who is here?—Lysander! on the ground!
Dead? or asleep? I see no blood, no wound!—
Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.

LYS. [*Waking.*] And run through fire I will, for thy sweet sake:
Transparent Helena! Nature shows her art,[a]
That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.
Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word
Is that vile name to perish on my sword!

HEL. Do not say so, Lysander; say not so:
What though he love your Hermia? Lord, what though?
Yet Hermia still loves you; then be content.

LYS. Content with Hermia? No: I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have spent.
Not Hermia, but Helena * I love:
Who will not change a raven for a dove?
The will of man is by his reason sway'd,
And reason says you are the worthier maid.
Things growing are not ripe until their season,
So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason;
And touching now the point of human skill,
Reason becomes the marshal to my will,
And leads me to your eyes; where I o'erlook
Love's stories, written in love's richest book.

(*) First folio, *now I.*

[a] *Nature shows* her *art,*—] The quartos have,—"Nature shows art;" the folio, "Nature *her* shows art."

HEL. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?
When, at your hands, did I deserve this scorn?
Is 't not enough, is 't not enough, young man,
That I did never, no, nor never can,
Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,
But you must flout my insufficiency?
Good troth, you do me wrong, good sooth, you do,
In such disdainful manner me to woo.
But fare you well: perforce I must confess,
I thought you lord of more true gentleness.
O, that a lady, of one man refus'd,
Should of another therefore be abus'd! [*Exit.*

LYS. She sees not Hermia:—Hermia, sleep thou there;
And never mayst thou come Lysander near!
For, as a surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings;
Or, as the heresies that men do leave,
Are hated most of those they* did deceive;
So thou, my surfeit, and my heresy,
Of all be hated, but the most, of me!
And all my powers address your love and might,
To honour Helen, and to be her knight. [*Exit.*

HER. [*starting.*] Help me, Lysander, help me! do thy best,
To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast!
Ah me, for pity!—what a dream was here!
Lysander, look how I do quake with fear!
Methought a serpent ate my heart away,
And you† sat smiling at his cruel prey:
Lysander! what, remov'd? Lysander! lord!
What, out of hearing? gone? no sound, no word?
Alack, where are you? speak, an if you hear;
Speak, of all loves;[b] I swoon almost with fear.
No?—then I well perceive you are not nigh:
Either death, or you, I'll find immediately.
[*Exit.*

(*) First folio, *that.* (†) First folio, *yet.*

[b] *Speak,* of all loves;] This pretty imploration, with the sense of, *for love's sake,* is found again in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," Act II. Sc. 2:—"But Mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page, *of all loves.*" And in "Othello," Act III. Sc. 1:—"But, Masters, here's money for you: and the general so likes your music, that he desires you, *of all loves,* to make no more noise with it."

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Wood. The Queen of Fairies lying asleep.*

Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, *and* STARVELING.[a]

BOT. Are we all met?

QUIN. Pat, pat; and here 's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal. This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn brake our tyring-house; and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the duke.

BOT. Peter Quince,—

QUIN. What say'st thou, bully Bottom?

BOT. There are things in this comedy of *Pyramus and Thisbe* that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself; which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

SNOUT. By 'rlakin, a parlous fear.[b]

STAR. I believe we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

BOT. Not a whit; I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue: and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords; and that Pyramus is not killed indeed: and, for the more better assurance, tell them, that I Pyramus am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver: this will put them out of fear.

QUIN. Well, we will have such a prologue: and it shall be written in eight and six.[c]

BOT. No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

SNOUT. Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

STAR. I fear it, I promise you.

BOT. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in, God shield us! a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion, living; and we ought to look to 't.

SNOUT. Therefore, another prologue must tell he is not a lion.

---

[a] *Enter* QUINCE, &c.] The old stage direction is simply, "Enter the Clownes."

[b] By 'rlakin, *a* parlous *fear*.] By our *lady kin*, or *little lady*. *Par'lous*, a popular corruption of *perilous*, occurs again in "Richard III," Act II. Sc. 4; in "Romeo and Juliet," Act I. Sc. 3; and in "As You Like It," Act III. Sc. 2.

[c] *And it shall be written in* eight *and* six.] In fourteen-syllable measure, which was frequently divided into two lines of *eight and six* syllables.

BOT. Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect,—*Ladies*, or, *fair ladies, I would wish you*, or, *I would request you*, or, *I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life: no, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are:* and there, indeed, let him name his name; and tell them* plainly he is Snug the joiner.

QUIN. Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things; that is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber: for, you know, Pyramus and Thisbe meet by moonlight.

SNUG. Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

BOT. A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanac; find out moonshine, find out moonshine.

QUIN. Yes, it doth shine that night.

BOT. Why, then may you leave a casement of the great chamber-window, where we play, open; and the moon may shine in at the casement.

QUIN. Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lantern, and say, he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of Moonshine. Then there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisbe, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

SNUG. You can never bring in a wall.—What say you, Bottom?

BOT. Some man or other must present wall: and let him have some plaster, or some loam, or some rough-cast, about him, to signify wall; or let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisbe whisper.

QUIN. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin: when you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake; and so every one according to his cue.

Enter PUCK *behind.*

PUCK. What hempen homespuns have we swaggering here,
So near the cradle of the fairy queen?
What, a play toward? I'll be an auditor;
An actor too, perhaps, if I see cause.

QUIN. Speak, Pyramus:—Thisbe, stand forth.

PYR. *Thisbe, the flowers of odious savours sweet.*

QUIN. Odours, odours.

PYR. ——*odours savours sweet:*
So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisbe, dear.
But, hark, a voice! stay thou but here a while,
And by and by I will to thee appear.
[*Exit.*

PUCK. A stranger Pyramus than e'er play'd here! [*Aside.—Exit.*

THIS. Must I speak now?

QUIN. Ay, marry, must you: for you must understand he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

THIS. *Most radiant Pyramus, most lily white of hue,*
Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,
Most brisky juvenal, and eke most lovely Jew,
As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire,
I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.

QUIN. Ninus' tomb, man: why you must not speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus: you speak all your part at once, cues[a] and all.—Pyramus, enter; your cue is past; it is, *never tire.*

Re-enter PUCK, *and* BOTTOM *with an ass's head.*

THIS. O,—*As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.*

PYR. *If I were fair, Thisbe*[b] *I were only thine:*—

QUIN. O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted. Pray, masters! fly, masters! help!
[*Exeunt* Clowns.

PUCK. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,
Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier;
Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,
A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn.
[*Exit.*

BOT. Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them to make me afeard.

---

* First folio, *him.*

[a] *You speak all your part at once, cues and all.*—] A *cue* is the stage technical for the last words of a speech, which serve as an indication to an actor of when he is to enter, and when to speak. To appreciate the importance of *cues*, it must be borne in mind that when the "parts," or written language of a new play, are distributed, each performer receives only what he has himself to recite; consequently, if this were unaccompanied by *cues*, or catchwords, from the other parts, he would be utterly at a loss to know either when to make his entrance on the scene, or to join in the dialogue.

[b] If I were fair, Thisbe—] "Perhaps," Malone remarks, "we ought to point thus: If I were, [*i.e.* as true, &c.] fair Thisbe, I were only thine." There cannot be a doubt of it, if we absolutely insist upon making bully Bottom speak sensibly, which Shakespeare has taken some pains to show he was never designed to do.

Re-enter SNOUT.

SNOUT. O Bottom, thou art changed! what do I see on thee?

BOT. What do you see? you see an ass-head of your own; do you?

Re-enter QUINCE.

QUIN. Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated. [*Exit.*

BOT. I see their knavery: this is to make an ass of me; to fright me, if they could. But I will not stir from this place, do what they can: I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid. [*Sings.*

The oosel-cock, so black of hue,[a]
With orange-tawny bill,
The throstle with his note so true,
The wren with little quill;*

TITA. [*Waking.*] What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?

BOT. *The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,*
The plain-song cuckoo gray,
Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not answer, nay—

for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird? who would give a bird the lie, though he cry *cuckoo* never so?

TITA. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again:
Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note,
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;
And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me,
On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.

BOT. Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that: and yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days. The more the pity, that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek upon occasion.[b]

(*) First folio, *and.*

[a] *The* oosel-cock,—] That is, the blackbird. Florio explains *merlo* to be "the birde called an *owsell, a mearle, or a blacke-birde;*" and Minshew has, "blackbird, or *blacke-ousell.*"

[b] *Nay, I can* gleek *upon occasion.*] The ordinary sense of *gleek* is, *to jest,* or *joke,* and it is with this meaning the word is used here. The all-accomplished Bottom is boasting of his versatility. He has shown, by his last profound observation on the disunion of love and reason, that he possesses a pretty turn for the didactic and sententious; but he wishes Titania to understand that, upon fitting occasion, he can be as waggish as he has just been grave.

TITA. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

BOT. Not so, neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

TITA. Out of this wood do not desire to go;
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.
I am a spirit, of no common rate;
The summer still doth tend upon my state,
And I do love thee: therefore, go with me;
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee;
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep:
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.—
Peas-blossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustard-seed!

Enter PEAS-BLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, *and* MUSTARD-SEED, Fairies.

1 FAI. Ready.
2 FAI. And I.
3 FAI. And I.
4 FAI. And I.
ALL. Where shall we go?

TIT. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricocks, and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;
The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,
And, for night-tapers, crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
To have my love to bed, and to arise;
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes:
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

1 FAI. Hail, mortal!
2 FAI. Hail!
3 FAI. Hail!
4 FAI. Hail!

BOT. I cry your worships mercy, heartily.—I beseech your worship's name.

COB. Cobweb.

Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance,[a] good master Cobweb. If I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you.—Your name, honest gentleman?

Peas. Peas-blossom.

Bot. I pray you, commend me to mistress Squash,[b] your mother, and to master Peas-cod, your father. Good master Peas-blossom, I shall desire you of* more acquaintance too.—Your name, I beseech you, sir?

Mus. Mustard-seed.

Bot. Good master Mustard-seed, I know your patience well: that same cowardly, giant-like ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house: I promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you more acquaintance, good master Mustard-seed.

Tita. Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower.

The moon, methinks, looks with a watery eye;
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,
Lamenting some enforced chastity.
Tie up my love's† tongue, bring him silently.
[*Exeunt.*

(*) First folio, *of you.* (†) Old text, *lovers.*

[a] *I shall desire* you of *more acquaintance,*—] This construction is by no means unusual with our old writers. Thus, in "The Marriage of Witt and Wisdome," 1579:—

"Gentlewoman, this shalbe to *desier you of more* acquaintance."

Again, in the "Morality of Lusty Juventus:"—

"I snall desire you of better acquaintance."

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Wood.*

Enter Oberon.

Obe. I wonder, if Titania be awak'd;
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on in extremity.

Enter Puck.

Here comes my messenger.—How now, mad spirit?
What night-rule[c] now about this haunted grove?

Puck. My mistress with a monster is in love.
Near to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,
Were met together to rehearse a play,
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day.
The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,
Who Pyramus presented in their sport,
Forsook his scene, and enter'd in a brake:
When I did him at this advantage take,

So, also, in Greene's "Groat's-worth of Wit:"—

"——— craving *you of more* acquaintance."

[b] Squash,—] A *squash,* Steevens tells us, is an immature peascod.

[c] *What night*-rule now—] *Rule,* in this word, has the same meaning as in the "Christmas lord of Mis-*rule,*" and is a corruption of *revel,* formerly written *reuel.*

An ass's nowl I fixed on his head ;(1)
Anon, his Thisbe must be answered,
And forth my mimic comes: when they him spy,
As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,
Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,
Rising and cawing at the gun's report,
Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky;
So, at his sight, away his fellows fly:
And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls,
He murder cries, and help from Athens calls.
Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears thus strong,
Made senseless things begin to do them wrong;
For briers and thorns at their apparel snatch,
Some, sleeves; some, hats; from yielders all things catch.
I led them on in this distracted fear,
And left sweet Pyramus translated there:
When in that moment (so it came to pass)
Titania wak'd, and straightway lov'd an ass.

OBE. This falls out better than I could devise.
But hast thou yet latch'd* the Athenian's eyes
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?

PUCK. I took him sleeping,—that is finish'd too,—
And the Athenian woman by his side;
That when he wak'd of force she must be ey'd.

* Latch'd—] According to Hanmer, *letch'd, lick'd over;* but I have found no example of the word so used.

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* HERMIA.

OBE. Stand close; this is the same Athenian.

PUCK. This is the woman, but not this the man.

DEM. O, why rebuke you him that loves you so?
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

HER. Now I but chide, but I should use thee worse;
For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.
If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,
And kill me too.
The sun was not so true unto the day,
As he to me: would he have stolen away
From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon,
This whole earth may be bor'd; and that the moon
May through the centre creep, and so displease
Her brother's noontide with the Antipodes.
It cannot be, but thou hast murder'd him;
So should a murderer look; so dead, so grim.

DEM. So should the murder'd* look; and so should I,
Piere'd through the heart with your stern cruelty:
Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,
As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.

HER. What's this to my Lysander? where is he?
Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?

(*) First folio, *murderer*.

DEM. I'd rather give his carcase to my hounds.
HER. Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'st me past the bounds
Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him then?
Henceforth be never number'd among men!
Oh, once tell true, tell true,* even for my sake;
Durst thou have look'd upon him, being awake,
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O, brave touch!
Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?
An adder did it: for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.
DEM. You spend your passion on a mispris'd mood:[a]
I am not guilty of Lysander's blood;
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.
HER. I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.
DEM. An if I could, what should I get therefore?
HER. A privilege, never to see me more.—
And from thy hated presence part I so:[b]
See me no more, whether he be dead or no. [*Exit.*
DEM. There is no following her in this fierce vein:
Here, therefore, for a while I will remain.
So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow
For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe;
Which now, in some slight measure, it will pay,
If for his tender here I make some stay.
[*Lies down.*
OBE. What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken quite,
And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight:
Of thy misprision must perforce ensue
Some true-love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.
PUCK. Then fate o'er-rules; that, one man holding troth,
A million fail, confounding oath on oath.
OBE. About the wood go swifter than the wind,
And Helena of Athens look thou find:
All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer[c]
With sighs of love, that cost the fresh blood dear.[d]
By some illusion see thou bring her here;
I'll charm his eyes against she doth appear.
PUCK. I go, I go; look, how I go;
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow. [*Exit.*
OBE. Flower of this purple dye,
Hit with Cupid's archery,
Sink in apple of his eye!
When his love he doth espy,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the Venus of the sky.
When thou wak'st, if she be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Re-enter PUCK.

PUCK. Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand;
And the youth, mistook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee;
Shall we their fond pageant see?
Lord, what fools these mortals be!
OBE. Stand aside: the noise they make,
Will cause Demetrius to awake.
PUCK. Then will two at once woo one—
That must needs be sport alone;
And those things do best please me,
That befal preposterously.[e]

Enter LYSANDER *and* HELENA.

LYS. Why should you think that I should woo in scorn?
Scorn and derision never come in tears.
Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows so born,
In their nativity all truth appears.
How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true?
HEL. You do advance your cunning more and more.
When truth kills truth, O devilish-holy fray!
These vows are Hermia's; will you give her o'er?
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh:
Your vows to her and me, put in two scales,
Will even weigh; and both as light as tales.
LYS. I had no judgment, when to her I swore.
HEL. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.
LYS. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.
DEM. [*awaking.*] O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine!

(*) First folio omits the repetition of *tell true.*

[a] *You spend your passion on a* mispris'd mood:] This is not very intelligible, and we prefer the critical remedy applied by Mr. Collier's annotator, who reads,—

"You spend your passion *in* a mispris'd *flood*,"—

to any explication of the old text that has yet been given.

[b] *Part I so:*] *So*, omitted in the quartos and folio, was inserted by Pope.

[c] *And pale of* cheer—] Cheer, visage, from the French *chère.* The word occurs again in this sense in "Henry VI." Pt. I. Act I. Sc. 2:—

"Methinks, your looks are sad, your *cheer* appall'd."

[d] *With* sighs *of love, that* cost the fresh blood dear.] It was formerly supposed that the indulgence of every sigh cost a drop of blood, and the notion that sighing tends to impair the animal powers is still prevalent. Shakespeare has many allusions to this popular belief:—

"And then this *should* is like *a spendthrift sigh,*
That hurts by easing."—*Hamlet*, Act IV. Sc. 7.

Again:—

"I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,
Look pale as primrose, with *blood-drinking sighs.*"
Henry VI. Pt. II. Act III. Sc. 2.

Again:—

"Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear,
And stop the rising of *blood-sucking sighs.*"
Henry VI. Pt. III. Act IV. Sc. 4.

[e] Preposterously.] *i.e. Inversely.* See note [a], p. 248.

To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?
Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow,
Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow,
When thou hold'st up thy hand: O, let me kiss
This impress of pure white, this seal of bliss![a]

HEL. O, spite! O, hell! I see you all* are bent
To set against me, for your merriment.
If you were civil and knew courtesy,
You would not do me thus much injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you must join, in souls, to mock me too?
If you were† men, as men you are in show,
You would not use a gentle lady so;
To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,
When, I am sure, you hate me with your hearts.
You both are rivals, and love Hermia,
And now both rivals, to mock Helena:
A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes
With your derision! None of noble sort
Would so offend a virgin; and extort
A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

LYS. You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so;
For you love Hermia: this, you know, I know;
And here, with all good will, with all my heart,
In Hermia's love I yield you up my part;
And yours of Helena to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do to my death.

HEL. Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

DEM. Lysander, keep thy Hermia; I will none:
If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone.
My heart to her but as guest-wise sojourn'd;
And now to Helen is it‡ home return'd,
There to remain.

LYS. Helen,§ it is not so.

DEM. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
Lest, to thy peril, thou aby[b] it dear.—
Look, where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.

Enter HERMIA.

HER. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehension makes;
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompense:
Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found;
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy* sound.
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?

LYS. Why should he stay whom love doth press to go?

HER. What love could press Lysander from my side?

LYS. Lysander's love, that would not let him bide;
Fair Helena; who more engilds the night
Than all yon fiery oes[c] and eyes of light.
Why seek'st thou me? could not this make thee know,
The hate I bear thee made me leave thee so?

HER. You speak not as you think, it cannot be.

HEL. Lo, she is one of this confederacy!
Now I perceive they have conjoin'd, all three,
To fashion this false sport in spite of me.
Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!
Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd
To bait me with this foul derision?
Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us,—O, and† is all forgot?
All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our neelds created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;
But yet a union in partition,
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem:
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart,
Two of the first, like‡ coats in heraldry,(2)
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.
And will you rent our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 't is not maidenly:
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,
Though I alone do feel the injury.

HER. I am amazed at your passionate§ words:
I scorn you not; it seems that you scorn me.

HEL. Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,

(*) First folio, *are all.* (†) First folio, *are.*
(‡) First folio, *it is.* (§) First folio omits *Helen.*

[a] *This* impress *of pure white, this seal of bliss!*] The old copies have, "This *princess* of pure white," &c. Mr. Collier suggested the reading in the text; it has been subsequently found in the marginal notes of his old corrector, and is supported by a passage I have met with in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Double Marriage," Act IV. Sc. 3, where Virolet, apostrophizing Juliana's hand, calls it—

"—— *White seal of virtue.*"

[b] *Lest, to thy peril, thou* aby *it dear.*—] *Aby it dear* is, *pay dearly for it.* This form of *abide* is not at all unfrequent, it is found in the old version of the Psalms iii. v. 26, "Thou shalt dear *aby* this blow." And in "Gorboduc," Act IV. Sc. 2:—

"Thou Porrex, thou shalt dearely *abye* the same."

It occurs, too, in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Knight of the Burning Pestle," Act III. Sc. 4:—

"Fool-hardy knight, full soon thou shalt *aby*
This fond reproach: Thy body will I bang."

[c] *Than all yon fiery* oes—] *Oes* were small circular bosses of shining metal.

(*) First folio, *that.* (†) First folio omits *and.*
(‡) Old copies, *life.* (§) The quartos omit *passionate.*

To follow me, and praise my eyes and face?
And made your other love, Demetrius,
(Who even but now did spurn me with his foot,)
To call me goddess, nymph, divine, and rare,
Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates? and wherefore doth Lysander
Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
And tender me, forsooth, affection;
But by your setting on, by your consent?
What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, so fortunate;
But miserable most, to love unlov'd!
This you should pity, rather than despise.

HER. I understand not what you mean by this!

HEL. Ay, do, persèver, counterfeit sad looks,
Make mouths upon me when I turn my back,
Wink each at other, hold the sweet jest up:
This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument.
But, fare ye well: 'tis partly mine own fault,
Which death, or absence, soon shall remedy.

LYS. Stay, gentle Helena, hear my excuse;
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!

HEL. O, excellent!

HER. Sweet, do not scorn her so.

DEM. If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

LYS. Thou canst compel no more than she entreat;
Thy threats have no more strength, than her weak prayers.*—
Helen, I love thee; by my life I do;
I swear by that which I will lose for thee,
To prove him false that says I love thee not.

DEM. I say, I love thee more than he can do.

LYS. If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.

DEM. Quick, come,—

HER. Lysander, whereto tends all this?

LYS. Away, you Ethiope!

DEM. No, no, he'll—[a]
Seem to break loose; take on, as you would follow;
But yet come not. You are a tame man, go!

LYS. Hang off, thou cat, thou burr: vile thing, let loose;
Or I will shake thee from me, like a serpent.

HER. Why are you grown so rude? what change is this,
Sweet love?

LYS. Thy love? out, tawny Tartar, out!
Out, loathed medicine! O, hated potion,† hence!

HER. Do you not jest?

HEL. Yes, 'sooth; and so do you.

(*) Old copies, *praise*. (†) First folio, *poison*.

[a] No, no, he'll—] This is the reading of Fisher's quarto; the folio has:—

"No, no, sir: seem to break loose;
Take on as you would follow."

LYS. Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.

DEM. I would I had your bond, for I perceive
A weak bond holds you; I'll not trust your word.

LYS. What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.

HER. What, can you do me greater harm than hate? [love?
Hate me! wherefore? O me! what means[b] my
Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lysander?
I am as fair now as I was erewhile.
Since night, you lov'd me; yet, since night, you left me:
Why then you left me,—O, the gods forbid!—
In earnest, shall I say?

LYS. Ay, by my life;
And never did desire to see thee more.
Therefore, be out of hope, of question, doubt,*
Be certain, nothing truer, 'tis no jest,
That I do hate thee, and love Helena.

HER. O me! you juggler! you canker-blossom!
You thief of love! what, have you come by night,
And stol'n my love's heart from him?

HEL. Fine, i' faith
Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet, you!

HER. Puppet! why so? Ay, that way goes the game.
Now I perceive that she hath made compare
Between our statures, she hath urg'd her height;
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.—
And are you grown so high in his esteem
Because I am so dwarfish, and so low?
How low am I, thou painted maypole? speak;
How low am I? I am not yet so low,
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

HEL. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me; I was never curst;[c]
I have no gift at all in shrewishness;
I am a right maid for my cowardice;
Let her not strike me. You, perhaps, may think,
Because she's something lower than myself,
That I can match her.

HER. Lower! hark, again.

HEL. Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.
I evermore did love you, Hermia,
Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you;
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,

* Old copies, *of doubt*.

[b] *O me! what* means *my love?*] The old copies have *newes*, a very probable misprint of *meanes*, the word substituted by Mr. Collier's annotator.

[c] *I was never* curst;] That is, *froward, irascible, shrewish*.

I told him of your stealth unto this wood:
He follow'd you; for love I follow'd him.
But he hath chid me hence; and threaten'd me
To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too:
And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To Athens will I bear my folly back,
And follow you no further. Let me go;
You see how simple and how fond[a] I am.

HER. Why, get you gone: who is't that hinders you?

HEL. A foolish heart that I leave here behind.

HER. What, with Lysander?

HEL. With Demetrius.

LYS. Be not afraid: she shall not harm thee, Helena.

DEM. No, sir, she shall not, though you take her part.

HEL. O when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd;
She was a vixen, when she went to school,
And, though she be but little, she is fierce.

HER. Little again? nothing but low and little?
Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.

LYS. Get you gone, you dwarf;
You minimus, of hind'ring knot-grass made;[b]
You bead, you acorn.

DEM. You are too officious
In her behalf that scorns your services.
Let her alone; speak not of Helena;
Take not her part: for if thou dost intend
Never so little show of love to her,
Thou shalt aby it.

LYS. Now she holds me not;
Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right,
Or* thine or mine, is most in Helena.

DEM. Follow? nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by jole. [*Exeunt* LYS. *and* DEM.

HER. You, mistress, all this coil is 'long of you:
Nay, go not back.

HEL. I will not trust you, I;
Nor longer stay in your curst company.
Your hands than mine are quicker for a fray,
My legs are longer though, to run away. [*Exit.*

HER. I am amaz'd, and know not what to say.[c]
[*Exit, pursuing* HELENA.

OBE. This is thy negligence: still thou mistak'st,
Or else committ'st thy knaveries wilfully.†

PUCK. Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.
Did not you tell me, I should know the man
By the Athenian garments he had* on?
And so far blameless proves my enterprise,
That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes:
And so far am I glad it so did sort,
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.

OBE. Thou seest, these lovers seek a place to fight:
Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night;
The starry welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fog as black as Acheron;
And lead these testy rivals so astray,
As one come not within another's way.
Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue,
Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong;
And sometime rail thou like Demetrius;
And from each other look thou lead them thus,
Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep:
Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye,
Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,
To take from thence all error, with his might,
And make his eyeballs roll with wonted sight.
When they next wake, all this derision
Shall seem a dream, and fruitless vision;
And back to Athens shall the lovers wend,
With league, whose date till death shall never end.
Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,†
I'll to my queen, and beg her Indian boy;
And then I will her charmed eye release
From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.

PUCK. My fairy lord, this must be done with haste;
For night's swift‡ dragons cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger;
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,
Troop home to churchyards: damned spirits all,
That in cross-ways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone;
For fear lest day should look their shames upon,
They wilfully themselves exile from light,
And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.

OBE. But we are spirits of another sort:
I with the morning's love have oft made sport;[d]
And, like a forester, the groves may tread,
Even till the eastern gate, all fiery-red,
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
Turns into yellow gold his salt-green streams.

(*) Old copies, *Of.* (†) First folio, *willingly.*

[a] *And how* fond *I am.*] *How foolish I am.* This sense of *fond* is so trite in old books, that it scarcely requires explanation.

[b] You minimus, of hind'ring knot-grass made;] Knot-grass was formerly believed to possess the property of stunting animal growth. Thus, Beaumont and Fletcher, in "The Coxcomb," Act II. Sc. 2:—

"We want a boy extremely for this function,
Kept under for a year, *with milk and knot-grass.*"

[c] HER. *I am amaz'd,* &c.] This line is omitted in the folio.

(*) First folio, *hath.* (†) First folio, *imply.* (‡) First folio, *night-swift.*

[d] *I with the* morning's love *have oft made sport;*] Johnson would read, "the morning's *light,*" which is plausible; but I prefer to believe, with Holt White, that by the *morning's love* the poet intended Cephalus, the mighty hunter, and paramour of Aurora:—

"*Aurora* now began to rise againe
From watrie couch and from old *Tithon's* side,
In hope to kisse upon Acteian plaine
Yong *Cephalus,*" &c.—*The Phœnix Nest,* 4to. 1593, p. 95.

But, notwithstanding, haste; make no delay:
We may effect this business yet ere day.
[*Exit* Oberon.

Puck. Up and down, up and down,
I will lead them up and down;
I am fear'd in field and town;
Goblin, lead them up and down.
Here comes one.

Enter Lysander.

Lys. Where art thou, proud Demetrius? speak thou now.

Puck. Here, villain; drawn and ready. Where art thou?

Lys. I will be with thee straight.

Puck. Follow me then,
To plainer ground.
[*Exit* Lys. *as following the voice.*

Enter Demetrius.

Dem. Lysander! speak again.
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled—
Speak—in some bush? Where dost thou hide thy head?

Puck. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
And wilt not come? Come, recreant; come, thou child;
I 'll whip thee with a rod: he is defil'd
That draws a sword on thee.

Dem. Yea; art thou there?

Puck. Follow my voice: we 'll try no manhood here. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Lysander.

Lys. He goes before me, and still dares me on;
When I come where he calls, then he is gone.

The villain is much lighter heel'd than I,
I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly;
That fallen am I in dark uneven way,
And here will rest me. Come, thou gentle day!
[*Lies down.*
For if but once thou show me thy grey light,
I'll find Demetrius, and revenge this spite.
[*Sleeps.*

Re-enter PUCK *and* DEMETRIUS.

PUCK. Ho, ho, ho! (3) Coward, why com'st thou not?
DEM. Abide me, if thou dar'st; for well I wot,
Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place;
And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face.
Where art thou now?*
PUCK. Come hither; I am here.
DEM. Nay, then, thou mock'st me. Thou shalt 'by this dear,[a]
If ever I thy face by daylight see:
Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me
To measure out my length on this cold bed.
By day's approach look to be visited.
[*Lies down and sleeps.*

Enter HELENA.

HEL. O, weary night, O, long and tedious night,
Abate thy hours: shine, comforts, from the east,
That I may back to Athens by daylight,
From these that my poor company detest:—
And sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,
Steal me awhile from mine own company. [*Sleeps.*

(*) First folio omits, *now*.

[a] Thou shalt 'by this dear,—] The old text has "*buy* this dear," but there can be little doubt the true word was '*by*. See note [b], p. 364.

[b] Jack shall have Jill, &c.] A popular proverb of olden times, signifying, as Puck expresses it, "that every man should take his own," or, as we should say, "all ended happily." It occurs in Skelton's poem, "Magnyfycence," Dyce's Ed. Vol. I. p. 234:—

"—— Jack shall have Gyll"

PUCK. Yet but three? Come one more;
Two of both kinds makes up four.
Here she comes, curst and sad:
Cupid is a knavish lad,
Thus to make poor females mad.

Enter HERMIA.

HER. Never so weary, never so in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briers;
I can no further crawl, no further go,
My legs can keep no pace with my desires.
Here will I rest me, till the break of day.
Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray!
[*Lies down.*
PUCK. On the ground
Sleep sound:
I'll apply
To* your eye,
Gentle lover, remedy
[*Squeezing the juice on* LYSANDER'S *eye.*
When thou wak'st,
Thou tak'st
True delight
In the sight
Of thy former lady's eye:
And the country proverb known,
That every man should take his own,
In your waking shall be shown:
Jack shall have Jill;[b]
Nought shall go ill;
The man shall have his mare again, and all shall be well.
[*Exit* PUCK.—DEM., HEL., *&c., sleep.*[c]

(*) Old copies omit, *To*.

And in Heywood, "Dialogue," Sig. F. 3, 1598:—

"Come chat at home, *all is well, Jack shall have Gill.*"

So, too, Biron, in "Love's Labour's Lost," Act V. Sc. 2:—

"Our wooing doth not end like an old play;
Jack hath not Jill ——."

[c] DEM., HEL., &c., *sleep.*] In the folio, the old stage direction is, "*They sleepe all the Acte.*"

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Wood.*

Enter TITANIA *and* BOTTOM,[a] Fairies *attending;* OBERON *behind unseen.*

TITA. Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

BOT. Where 's Peas-blossom?

PEAS. Ready.

BOT. Scratch my head, Peas-blossom.—Where 's monsieur Cobweb?

COB. Ready.

BOT. Monsieur Cobweb; good monsieur, get

[a] *And* BOTTOM,—] Bottom's was the *Clown's* part, and in the old copies he is sometimes designated *Clown*, and sometimes *Bottom*.

you* your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipped humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good monsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, monsieur; and, good monsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not; I would be loth to have you overflown with a honey-bag, signior. Where's monsieur Mustard-seed?

MUST. Ready.

BOT. Give me your neif,* monsieur Mustard-seed. Pray you, leave your courtesy, good monsieur.

MUST. What's your will?

BOT. Nothing, good monsieur, but to help cavalero Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's, monsieur; for, methinks, I am marvellous hairy about the face; and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.

TITA. What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love?

BOT. I have a reasonable good ear in music; let us have the tongs(1) and the bones.[b]

TITA. Or say, sweet love, what thou desir'st to eat.

BOT. Truly, a peck of provender: I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

TITA. I have a venturous fairy that shall seek
The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

BOT. I had rather have a handful, or two, of dried peas. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me; I have an exposition of sleep come upon me. [arms.

TITA. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my
Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away.[c]
So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle
Gently entwist; the female ivy so
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.
O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee!
[*They sleep.*

OBERON *advances.* *Enter* PUCK.

OBE. Welcome, good Robin. See'st thou this sweet sight?
Her dotage now I do begin to pity:
For meeting her of late, behind the wood,
Seeking sweet favours[d] for this hateful fool,
I did upbraid her and fall out with her:
For she his hairy temples then had rounded
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;
And that same dew, which sometime on the buds
Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flow'rets' eyes,
Like tears, that did their own disgrace bewail.
When I had, at my pleasure, taunted her,
And she, in mild terms, begg'd my patience,
I then did ask of her her changeling child;
Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent
To bear him to my bower in fairy land.
And now I have the boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes.
And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp
From off the head of this Athenian swain;
That he awaking when the other do,
May all to Athens back again repair,
And think no more of this night's accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
But first I will release the fairy queen.
Be, as thou wast wont to be,
[*Touching her eyes with an herb.*
See, as thou wast wont to see:
Dian's bud o'er* Cupid's flower
Hath such force and blessed power.
Now, my Titania, wake you, my sweet queen.

TITA. My Oberon! what visions have I seen!
Methought I was enamour'd of an ass.

OBE. There lies your love.

TITA. How came these things to pass?
O, how mine eyes do loath his† visage now!

OBE. Silence a while.—Robin, take off this‡ head.—
Titania, music call; and strike more dead
Than common sleep, of all these five§ the sense.

TITA. Music, ho! music; such as charmeth sleep.
[*Still music.*[e]

PUCK. Now,‖ when thou wak'st, with thine own fool's eyes peep.

OBE. Sound, music. Come, my queen, take hands with me,
And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.

(*) First folio omits, *you.*

[a] Neif.—] A north country word, meaning *fist.* Shakespeare uses it again in "Henry IV." Pt. II. Act II. Sc. 4:—

"Sweet knight, I kiss thy *neif.*"

[b] *Let us have* the tongs and the bones.] It appears to have been the custom of the old theatres to gratify Bottom's "reasonable good ear," for the folio has a stage direction in this part of the scene, "*Musicke Tongs, Rurall Musicke.*

[c] *And be* all ways *away.*] *Disperse yourselves in every direction.* Mr. Collier's annotator reads *a while* for *all ways.*

[d] *Seeking sweet* favours—] This is the reading of Fisher's quarto; that published by Roberts, and the folio, 1623, have *savours.*

[e] [*Still music.*] In the folio, the stage direction here, not as all modern editions place it, in Oberon's speech, is, "*Music still;*"

(*) Old copies, *or.* (†) First folio, *this.*
(‡) First folio, *his.* (§) Old copies, *fine.*
(‖) First folio omits, *Now.*

"which means, probably," Mr. Collier observes, "that the music was to cease before Puck spoke, as Oberon afterwards exclaims 'Sound music' when it is to be renewed." We apprehend, rather, by "*Music still,*" or "*still music,*" was meant *soft, subdued music,* such music as Titania could command,—"as charmeth sleep;" the object of it being to—

"—— Strike more dead
Than common sleep ——."

This being effected, Oberon himself calls for more stirring strains while he and the Queen take hands—

"And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be."

Now thou and I are new in amity;
And will, to-morrow midnight, solemnly,
Dance in Duke Theseus' house triumphantly,
And bless it to all fair posterity:
There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be
Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.

PUCK. Fairy king, attend, and mark,
I do hear the morning lark.

OBE. Then, my queen, in silence sad,
Trip we after the night's shade:
We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wand'ring moon.

TITA. Come, my lord; and in our flight,
Tell me how it came this night,
That I sleeping here was found,
With these mortals on the ground.

[*Exeunt.*

[*Horns sound within.*

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, *and Train.*

THE. Go one of you, find out the forester,
For now our observation[a] is perform'd;
And since we have the vaward of the day,
My love shall hear the music of my hounds.
Uncouple in the western valley; let them go:
Despatch, I say, and find the forester.
We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

HIP. I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear
With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear
Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seem'd* all one mutual cry: I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder. [kind,

THE. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan
So flew'd, so sanded; and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-knee'd and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian bulls;
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each.(2) A cry more tuneable
Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly:
Judge, when you hear.—But, soft; what nymphs are these?

EGE. My lord, this is my daughter here asleep
And this Lysander; this Demetrius is;
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena:
I wonder of their* being here together.

THE. No doubt they rose up early, to observe
The rite of May; and, hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our solemnity.
But, speak, Egeus; is not this the day
That Hermia should give answer of her choice?

EGE. It is, my lord.

THE. Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their horns.

Horns, and shout within. DEMETRIUS, LYSANDER, HERMIA, *and* HELENA, *wake and start up.*

THE. Good morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is past;
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?

LYS. Pardon, my lord.

[*He and the rest kneel to* THESEUS.

THE. I pray you, all stand up.
I know, you two are rival enemies;
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so far from jealousy,
To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity?

LYS. My lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Half 'sleep, half waking: but as yet, I swear
I cannot truly say how I came here:
But, as I think, (for truly would I speak,—
And now I do bethink me, so it is;)
I came with Hermia hither: our intent
Was, to be gone from Athens, where we might be
Without[b] the peril of the Athenian law.

EGE. Enough, enough, my lord; you have enough:
I beg the law, the law, upon his head.
They would have stol'n away, they would, Demetrius,
Thereby to have defeated you and me:
You of your wife, and me of my consent,—
Of my consent that she should be your wife.

DEM. My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth,
Of this their purpose hither, to this wood;
And I in fury hither follow'd them,
Fair Helena in fancy[c] following† me.
But, my good lord, I wot not by what power,
(But, by some power it is,) my love to Hermia,

(*) Old copies, *seem.*

[a] *Our* observation—] The rites or *observance* due to the morn of May.

[b] Without *the peril of the Athenian law.*] That is, *beyond* the peril, &c. *Without*, in this sense, occurs repeatedly in Shakespeare and the books of his age. There is a memorable instance of it in a passage of "The Tempest," Act V. Sc. 1, where, from not being understood, it has been the occasion of perpetual discussion:—

"His mother was a witch, and one so strong
That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command *without* her power."

Here, "*without* her power" means, *beyond* her power, or *sphere*, as I am strongly inclined to think the poet wrote. Thus, too, in Ben Jonson's "Cynthia's Revels," Act I. Sc. IV. Gifford's Ed.:—

"Oh, now I apprehend you: your phrase was
Without me before."

[c] *In* fancy—] That is, *love*, or *affection*.

(*) First folio, *this.* (†) First folio, *followed.*

Melted as the snow, seems to me now[a]
As the remembrance of an idle gaud,
Which in my childhood I did dote upon:
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
The object, and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is only Helena. To her, my lord,
Was I betroth'd ere I saw* Hermia:
But, like a sickness, did I loath this food:
But, as in health, come to my natural taste,
Now do I wish it, love it, long for it,
And will for evermore be true to it.

THE. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met:
Of this discourse we more will hear† anon.
Egeus, I will overbear your will,
For in the temple, by and by with us,
These couples shall eternally be knit.
And, for the morning now is something worn,
Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.
Away, with us, to Athens; three and three,
We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.
Come, Hippolyta.

[*Exeunt* THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, *and Train.*

DEM. These things seem small and undistinguishable,
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds. [eye,

HER. Methinks I see these things with parted
When everything seems double.

HEL. So methinks:
And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,[b]
Mine own, and not mine own.

DEM. Are you sure
That we are awake?[c] It seems to me,
That yet we sleep, we dream.—Do not you think,
The duke was here, and bid us follow him?

HER. Yea, and my father.

HEL. And Hippolyta.

LYS. And he did‡ bid us follow to the temple.

DEM. Why then, we are awake: let's follow him,
And, by the way, let us recount our dreams.

[*Exeunt.*

As they go out, BOTTOM *awakes.*

BOT. When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer:—my next is, *Most fair Pyramus.*—

(*) Old copies, *see.* (†) First folio, *shall hear more.*
(‡) First folio omits, *did.*

a *Melted as* the snow, *seems to me now*—] To remedy the prosodical imperfection in this line, the modern editors adopt Capell's ungrammatical lection,—

"Melted as *doth* the snow," &c.

I should prefer,—

"*All* melted as the snow," &c.

b *And I have found Demetrius like* a jewel,
Mine own, and not mine own.]

For *jewel*, Warburton proposed to read *gemell*, from *gemellus*, a twin; a substitution preferable to any explanation yet given of the text as it stands.

c Are you sure
That we are awake?]

The folio omits these words.

Hey, ho!—Peter Quince! Flute, the bellows-mender! Snout, the tinker! Starveling! God's my life! stolen hence, and left me asleep! I have had a most rare vision. I have* had a dream,—past the wit of man to say what dream it was.—Man is but an ass if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was—there is no man can tell what. Methought I was—and methought I had.—But man is but a patched fool[d] if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it shall be called Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the duke: peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it after death.[e]

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—Athens. *A Room in* Quince's *House.*

Enter QUINCE, FLUTE, SNOUT, *and* STARVELING.

QUIN. Have you sent to Bottom's house? is he come home yet?

STAR. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt, he is transported.[f]

FLU. If he come not, then the play is marred. It goes not forward, doth it?

QUIN. It is not possible: you have not a man in all Athens able to discharge Pyramus, but he.

FLU. No; he hath simply the best wit of any handicraft man in Athens.

QUIN. Yea, and the best person too: and he is a very paramour for a sweet voice.

FLU. You must say, paragon: a paramour is, God bless us, a thing of naught.

Enter SNUG.

SNUG. Masters, the duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies

(*) First folio omits, *have.*

d *But man is but* a patched fool—] See Note (b), p. 127. Since writing that note I have met with remarkable proof of the supposed connexion between the term *patch*, applied to a fool, and the garb such a character sometimes wore, in a Flemish picture of the sixteenth century. In this picture, which represents a grand *al fresco* entertainment of the description given to Queen Elizabeth during her "Progresses," there is a procession of masquers and mummers, led by a fool or jester, whose dress is covered with many-coloured coarse patches from head to heel.

e *I shall sing it* after *death.*] This is the extremely plausible emendation of Theobald. The old copy has, "——— *at her* death;" from which no ingenuity has ever succeeded in extracting a shred of humour or even meaning.

f *Out of doubt, he is* transported.] Or, as Snout expressed it when he first saw Bottom adorned with an ass's head, *translated*, that is, *transformed.*

more, married: if our sport had gone forward we had all been made men.

FLU. O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost sixpence a-day during his life; he could not have 'scaped sixpence a-day: an the duke had not given him sixpence a-day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hanged; he would have deserved it: sixpence a-day, in Pyramus, or nothing.

Enter BOTTOM.

BOT. Where are these lads? where are these hearts?

QUIN. Bottom!—O most courageous day! O most happy hour!

BOT. Masters, I am to discourse wonders: but ask me not what; for if I tell you I am no true Athenian. I will tell you everything, right* as it fell out.

QUIN. Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

BOT. Not a word of me. All that I will tell you is, that the duke hath dined. Get your apparel together; good strings to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps; meet presently at the palace; every man look o'er his part; for, the short and the long is, our play is preferred. In any case, let Thisbe have clean linen: and let not him that plays the lion pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions, nor garlic, for we are to utter sweet breath; and I do not doubt but to hear them say, it is a sweet comedy. No more words; away; go, away. [*Exeunt.*

(*) First folio omits, *right.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Athens. *An Apartment in the Palace of* Theseus.

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, Lords, *and* Attendants.

HIP. 'T is strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.

THE. More strange than true. I never may believe
These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.
Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact:
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold—

That is the madman: the lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt.
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.
Such tricks hath strong imagination,
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy;
Or, in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear.

HIP. But all the story of the night told over,
And all their minds transfigur'd so together,
More witnesseth than fancy's images,
And grows to something of great constancy;[a]
But, howsoever, strange, and admirable.

Enter LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA, *and* HELENA.

THE. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.—
Joy, gentle friends! joy, and fresh days of love,
Accompany your hearts!

LYS. More than to us,
Wait in your royal walks, your board, your bed!

THE. Come now; what masks, what dances shall we have,
To wear away this long age of three hours,
Between our after-supper(1) and bed-time?
Where is our usual manager of mirth?
What revels are in hand? Is there no play,
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?
Call Philostrate.[b]

PHILOST. Here, mighty Theseus.

THE. Say, what abridgment[c] have you for this evening?
What mask, what music? How shall we beguile
The lazy time, if not with some delight?

PHILOST. There is a brief, how many sports are ripe;*
Make choice of which your highness will see first.
[*Giving a paper.*

LYS. [*Reads.*] *The battle with the Centaurs, to be sung,*
By an Athenian eunuch to the harp.

THE. We'll none of that: that have I told my love,
In glory of my kinsman Hercules.

LYS. *The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,*
Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage.

THE. That is an old device, and it was play'd
When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.

LYS. *The thrice three Muses mourning for the death*
Of learning, late deceased in beggary.

THE. That is some satire, keen, and critical,
Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.

LYS. *A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus,*
And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth.

THE. Merry and tragical? Tedious and brief?
That is, hot ice, and wondrous strange snow.[d]
How shall we find the concord of this discord?

PHILOST. A play there is, my lord, some ten words long;
Which is as brief as I have known a play;
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long;
Which makes it tedious: for in all the play,
There is not one word apt, one player fitted.
And tragical, my noble lord, it is;
For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.
Which, when I saw rehears'd, I must confess,
Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears
The passion of loud laughter never shed.

THE. What are they that do play it?

PHILOST. Hard-handed men, that work in Athens here,
Which never labour'd in their minds till now;
And now have toil'd their unbreath'd memories
With this same play, against your nuptial.

THE. And we will hear it.

PHILOST. No, my noble lord,
It is not for you: I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world,
(Unless you can find sport in their intents,)
Extremely stretch'd, and conn'd with cruel pain,
To do you service.

THE. I will hear that play;
For never anything can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it.
Go, bring them in: and take your places, ladies.
[*Exit* PHILOSTRATE.

HIP. I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharg'd,
And duty in his service perishing.

THE. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.

HIP. He says, they can do nothing in this kind.

THE. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.

(*) First folio, *rife.*

[a] Constancy;] *Consistency, congruity.*

[b] *Call* Philostrate.] The folio has, "Call *Egeus;*" and, in that edition, nearly every speech spoken by Philostrate in this scene is assigned to *Egeus.* We follow the two quartos.

[c] *What* abridgment—] That is, what *pastime.*

[d] *That is, hot ice, and wondrous* strange *snow.*] *Strange* is undoubtedly a corruption. It forms no antithesis where one certainly was intended. Upton's *black* snow comes nearest to the sense demanded; but *strange* could hardly have been a misprint for *black.* Perhaps we should read, *swarthy* snow. *Swarte,* as formerly spelt, is not so far removed from the word in the text as Upton's *black,* or Hanmer's *scorching,* or the old annotator's *seething.*

Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake:
And what poor duty cannot do, noble respect
Takes it in might,[a] not merit.
Where I have come, great clerks have purposed
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,
And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome. Trust me, sweet,
Out of this silence yet I pick'd a welcome;
And in the modesty of fearful duty,
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.
Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity,
In least, speak most, to my capacity.

Enter PHILOSTRATE.

PHILOST. So please your grace, the prologue is address'd.[b]

THE. Let him approach. [*Flourish of trumpets.*

Enter Prologue.[c]

PROL. *If we offend, it is with our good will.*
That you should think, we come not to offend,
But with good will. To show our simple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.
Consider then, we come but in despite.
We do not come, as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight,
We are not here. That you should here repent you,
The actors are at hand; and by their show,
You shall know all, that you are like to know.(2)

THE. This fellow doth not stand upon points.

LYS. He hath rid his prologue like a rough colt; he knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord: it is not enough to speak, but to speak true.

HIP. Indeed he hath played on his prologue like a child on a recorder; a sound, but not in government.

THE. His speech was like a tangled chain; nothing impaired, but all disordered. Who is next?

Enter PYRAMUS *and* THISBE, WALL, MOONSHINE, *and* LION, *as in dumb show.*[d]

PROL. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show;
But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.
This man is Pyramus, if you would know;
This beauteous lady Thisbe is, certain.
This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present
Wall, that vile Wall which did these lovers sunder:
And through Wall's chink, poor souls, they are content
To whisper; at the which let no man wonder.
This man, with lantern, dog, and bush of thorn,
Presenteth Moonshine: for, if you will know,
By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn
To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.
This grisly beast, which by name Lion hight,[e]
The trusty Thisbe, coming first by night,
Did scare away, or rather did affright:
And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall;
Which Lion vile with bloody mouth did stain.
Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall,
And finds his trusty * Thisbe's mantle slain:
Whereat with blade, with bloody blameful blade,
He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast; (3)
And, Thisbe tarrying in mulberry shade,
His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
Let Lion, Moonshine, Wall, and lovers twain,
At large discourse, while here they do remain.
[*Exeunt* PROLOGUE, THISBE, LION, *and* MOONSHINE.

THE. I wonder, if the lion be to speak.

DEM. No wonder, my lord: one lion may, when many asses do.

WALL. In this same interlude, it doth befall,
That I, one Snout by name, present a wall:
And such a wall as I would have you think,
That had in it a cranny'd hole, or chink,
Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisbe,
Did whisper often very secretly.
This loam, this rough-cast, and this stone doth show
That I am that same wall; the truth is so:
And this the cranny is, right and sinister,
Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.

THE. Would you desire lime and hair to speak better?

DEM. It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard discourse, my lord.

THE. Pyramus draws near the wall: silence.

PYR. O grim-look'd night! O night with hue so black!
O night, which ever art when day is not!
O night, O night, alack, alack, alack,
I fear my Thisbe's promise is forgot!—
And thou, O wall, O sweet, O† lovely wall,
That stand'st between her father's ground and mine,
Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,
Show me thy chink, to blink through with mine eyne.
[WALL *holds up his fingers.*
Thanks, courteous wall: Jove shield thee well for this!
But what see I? No Thisbe do I see.
O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss;
Curs'd be thy stones for thus deceiving me!

THE. The wall, methinks, being sensible, should curse again.

BOT. No, in truth, sir, he should not. *Deceiving me* is Thisbe's cue: she is to enter now,‡ and I am to spy her through the wall. You shall see, it will fall pat as I told you:—yonder she comes.

---

[a] *Takes it in* might, *not merit.*] This is very oddly expressed; but the sense appears to be, "Takes it in *will, intention,*" &c., as in Act II. Sc. 3:—

"Love takes the *meaning* in love's conference."

[b] Address'd.] That is, *prepared.*

[c] *Enter* Prologue.] The prologue was evidently spoken by Peter Quince, as in the folio, after the direction, "*Enter the Prologue,*" is "*Quince.*"

(*) First folio omits, *trusty.*
(†) First folio, *thou sweet and.*
(‡) First folio omits, *now.*

[d] *Enter* Pyramus, &c.] In the folio this stage direction is preceded by a direction, "*Tawyer with a trumpet before them.*"

[e] *Which* by name Lion hight,—] The old text reads, "Lion hight by name." Theobald suggested the transposition, to make this line and the two next lines form a triplet.

Enter THISBE.

THIS. O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans,
For parting my fair Pyramus and me:
My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones;
Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee.
PYR. I see a voice: now will I to the chink,
To spy an I can hear my Thisbe's face.
Thisbe!
THIS. My love! thou art my love, I think.
PYR. Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace;
And like Limander[a] am I trusty still.
THIS. And I like Helen, till the fates me kill.
PYR. Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true.
THIS. As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you.
PYR. O, kiss me through the hole of this vile wall.
THIS. I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all.
PYR. Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway?
THIS. 'Tide life, 'tide death, I come without delay.
WALL. Thus have I, Wall, my part discharged so;
And, being done, thus Wall away doth go.
[*Exeunt* WALL, PYRAMUS, *and* THISBE.

THE. Now is the mural* down between the two neighbours.

DEM. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wilful to hear without warning.

HIP. This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.

THE. The best in this kind are but shadows; and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

HIP. It must be your imagination, then, and not theirs.

THE. If we imagine no worse of them, than they of themselves, they may pass for excellent men. Here come two noble beasts in, a man and a lion.[b]

Enter LION *and* MOONSHINE.

LION. You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear
The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,
May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,
When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.
Then know that I, one Snug the joiner, am
A lion fell,[c] nor else no lion's dam:
For if I should as lion come in strife
Into this place, 't were pity on† my life.

THE. A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.

DEM. The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er I saw.

LYS. This lion is a very fox for his valour.

THE. True; and a goose for his discretion.

DEM. Not so, my lord; for his valour cannot carry his discretion; and the fox carries the goose.

THE. His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valour; for the goose carries not the fox. It is well: leave it to his discretion, and let us hearken to the moon.

MOON. This lantern doth the horned moon present—

DEM. He should have worn the horns on his head.

THE. He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible within the circumference.

MOON. This lantern doth the horned moon present;
Myself the man i' th' moon doth seem to be.(4)

THE. This is the greatest error of all the rest: the man should be put into the lantern: how is it else the man i' the moon?

DEM. He dares not come there for the candle; for, you see, it is already in snuff.[d]

HIP. I am aweary of this moon; would he would change.

THE. It appears, by his small light of discretion,[e] that he is in the wane: but yet, in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the time.

LYS. Proceed, Moon.

MOON. All that I have to say, is to tell you, that the lantern is the moon; I, the man in the moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog.

DEM. Why, all these should be in the lantern; for they are in the moon. But, silence; here comes Thisbe.

Enter THISBE.

THIS. This is old Ninny's tomb. Where is my love?
LION. Oh—. [*The* LION *roars.*—THISBE *runs off.*

DEM. Well roared, lion.

THE. Well run, Thisbe.

HIP. Well shone, moon. Truly, the moon shines with a good grace.

THE. Well moused, lion.

[LION *tears* THISBE'*s mantle, and exit.*

DEM. And then came Pyramus.

LYS. And so the lion vanished.

Enter PYRAMUS.

PYR. Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams.
I thank thee, moon, for shining now so bright;
For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering gleams,[f]
I trust to taste of truest Thisbe's sight.
But stay;—O spite!
But mark;—poor knight,
What dreadful dole is here?
Eyes, do you see?
How can it be?
O dainty duck! O dear!

(*) Old copies, *moral.* (†) First folio, *of.*

[a] *And like* Limander—] Bottom's *Limander* and *Helen* are intended for Leander and Hero; as his *Shafalus* and *Procrus* for Cephalus and Procris.

[b] *Here come two noble beasts* in, a *man and a lion.*] The conceit is not apparent; and Theobald plausibly suggested that we should read,—

"—— in a moon and a lion."

[c] A lion fell, *nor else no lion's dam:*] So the old copies. Mr. Barron Field proposed for *A lion fell*, to read, *A lion's fell*, which is extremely ingenious; but in the rehearsal of this scene Snug is expressly enjoined to show his face through the lion's neck, tell his name and trade, and say, "If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life: *No*, I am no such thing," &c. I am disposed, therefore, if *nor* is not to be taken as relating to both members of the sentence, to read,—

"*No* lion fell, nor else no lion's dam;"—

i. e. neither lion nor lioness.

[d] *Already* in snuff.] That is, *in anger.* See Note (e), p. 84.

[e] *By his* small light of discretion,—] So, in "Love's Labour's Lost," Act V. Sc. 2:—"I have seen the day of wrong *through the little hole of discretion.*" The expression was evidently familiar, though we have never met with any explanation of it.

[f] *Thy gracious, golden, glittering* gleams,—] The old copies read, *beams.* We adopt the emendation suggested by Mr. Knight.

Thy mantle good,
What, stain'd with blood?
Approach, ye furies fell!
O fates! come, come;
Cut thread and thrum;
Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!

THE. This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look sad.(5)

HIP. Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

PYR. O, wherefore, nature, didst thou lions frame?
Since lion vile hath here deflower'd my dear:
Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame,
That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with cheer.
Come, tears, confound;
Out, sword, and wound
The pap of Pyramus:
Ay, that left pap
Where heart doth hop:—
Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.
Now am I dead,
Now am I fled,
My soul is in the sky:
Tongue, lose thy light!
Moon, take thy flight!
Now, die, die, die, die, die.
[*Dies.—Exit* MOONSHINE.

DEM. No die, but an ace, for him; for he is but one.

LYS. Less than an ace, man, for he is dead; he is nothing.

THE. With the help of a surgeon, he might yet recover, and prove an ass.

HIP. How chance Moonshine is gone, before Thisbe comes back and finds her lover?

THE. She will find him by starlight.—Here she comes; and her passion ends the play.

Enter THISBE.

HIP. Methinks, she should not use a long one for such a Pyramus: I hope she will be brief.

DEM. A mote will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which Thisbe, is the better. He for a man, God warn'd us; she for a woman, God bless us.[a]

LYS. She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes.

DEM. And thus she moans,[b] *videlicet*.

THIS. Asleep, my love?
What, dead, my dove?
O Pyramus, arise,
Speak, speak. Quite dumb?
Dead, dead? A tomb
Must cover thy sweet eyes.
These lily lips,
This cherry nose,
These yellow cowslip cheeks,
Are gone, are gone:
Lovers, make moan!
His eyes were green as leeks.
O sisters three,
Come, come to me,
With hands as pale as milk;
Lay them in gore,
Since you have shore
With shears his thread of silk.
Tongue, not a word:
Come, trusty sword;
Come, blade, my breast imbrue;
And farewell, friends;
Thus Thisbe ends:
Adieu, adieu, adieu. [*Dies.*

THE. Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the dead.

DEM. Ay, and Wall too.

BOT. No, I assure you; the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask[c] dance, between two of our company?

THE. No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it had played Pyramus, and hanged himself in Thisbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy: and so it is, truly; and very notably discharged. But come, your Bergomask: let your epilogue alone.

[*Here a dance of* Clowns.[d]

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve:—
Lovers to bed: 't is almost fairy time.
I fear we shall outsleep the coming morn,
As much as we this night have overwatch'd.
This palpable-gross play hath well beguil'd
The heavy gait of night.—Sweet friends, to bed.—
A fortnight hold we this solemnity,
In nightly revels, and new jollity. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter PUCK.

PUCK. Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf behowls* the moon;

---

[a] *He for a man, God warn'd us; she for a woman, God bless us.*] We should probably read, "God *ward* us." The meaning appears to be, "From such a man God defend us; from such a woman God save us." The passage is altogether omitted in the folio, on account of the statute, 3 Jac. ch. 21, against the profane using of the sacred name.

[b] *And thus she* moans,—] The old copies have *means*. The change was made by Theobald; but, perhaps, without necessity, as *means* appears formerly to have sometimes borne the same signification. Thus, in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," Act V. Sc. 4:—

"The more degenerate and base art thou,
To make such *means* for her as thou hast done."

[c] *A* Bergomask *dance*,—] This is supposed to have been a dance in the manner of the rustics of Bergomasco, a province of Italy.

[d] *Here a dance of Clowns.*] This stage direction was introduced by Malone.

(*) Old copies, *beholds*.

Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task fordone.
Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the scritch-owl, scritching loud,
Puts the wretch, that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,
In the church-way paths to glide.
And we fairies, that do run
By the triple Hecate's team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic; not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallow'd house:
I am sent, with broom, before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

Enter OBERON *and* TITANIA, *with their Train.*

OBE. Through the house give glimmering light,
By the dead and drowsy fire,
Every elf, and fairy sprite,
Hop as light as bird from brier;
And this ditty, after me,
Sing, and dance it trippingly.
TITA. First, rehearse your * song by rote:
To each word a warbling note,
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we sing, and bless this place.

SONG, AND DANCE.

OBE. Now, until the break of day,
Through this house each fairy stray.
To the best bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall blessed be:(6)
And the issue there create,
Ever shall be fortunate.
So shall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be;
And the blots of Nature's hand
Shall not in their issue stand;
Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,
Nor mark prodigious, such as are
Despised in nativity,
Shall upon their children be.
With this field-dew consecrate,
Every fairy take his gait;
And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace with sweet peace,
And the owner of it blest,
Ever shall in safety rest.[a]
Trip away;
Make no stay:
Meet me all by break of day.
[*Exeunt* OBERON, TITANIA, *and Train.*
PUCK. If we shadows have offended,
Think but this, (and all is mended,)
That you have but slumber'd here,
While these visions did appear.
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend;
If you pardon, we will mend.
And, as I am an honest Puck,
If we have unearned luck,
Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,
We will make amends, ere long:
Else the Puck a liar call.
So, good night unto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends. [*Exit.*

(*) First folio, *this.*

[a] And the owner of it blest,
Ever shall in safety rest.]

In the old editions these lines run thus:—

"Ever shall in safety rest,
And the owner of it blest."

I, at one time, thought "*Ever shall*" a misprint for "*Every hall;*" and proposed to read,—

"Every hall in safety rest,
And the owner of it blest;"—

but it has since been suggested to me by Mr. Singer, and by an anonymous correspondent, that the difficulty in the passage arose from the printer's having transposed the two last lines.

ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

ACT I.

(1) SCENE I.—*A wake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth.*] The very peculiar use of the adjective *pert* in this line, shows that in the sixteenth century it was not always understood with the ordinary meaning of saucy or talkative, but that it was also employed to express, *quick, lively, subtle.* Hence Skinner, in 1671, derived it through the French *appert*, from the Latin *ad peritus*, skilful, *expert, prompt*, &c. He also cites Dr. Davies as stating that in the Cambro-British the word signified elegant, or beautiful, as it occurs in the English poetical version of the Romance of Sir Launfal, in the description of Dame Tryainous :—

> "Sche was as whyt as lylye in May,
> Or snow that sneweth yn wynterys day;
> He seigh never none so *pert*."
> KEIGHTLEY'S *Fairy Mythology*, Ed. 1850, p. 36.

(2) SCENE I.—
> *Brief as the lightning in the collied night,*
> *That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,*
> *And ere a man hath power to say,—Behold!*
> *The jaws of darkness do devour it up.*]

"The word *spleen* is laid under suspicion by Warburton, and is not justified by the later commentators. Nares says, 'We do not find it so used by other writers.' This is a mistake: and it will be seen that a happier choice could not have been made than the poet has made of this word :—

> 'Like winter fires that with disdainful heat
> The opposition of the cold defeat;
> And in an *angry spleen* do burn more fair
> The more encountered by the frosty air.'
> *Verses by* POOLE, *before his England's Parnassus*, 8vo. 1657.

So, in Lithgow's 'Nineteen Years' Travels,' quarto, 1632, p. 61 :—'All things below and above being cunningly perfected, and every one ranked in order with his harquebuse and pike, to stand in the centinel of his own defence, we recommend ourselves in the hands of the Almighty, and, in the meanwhile, attended their fiery salutations. In a *furious spleen*, the first holla of their courtesies was the progress of a martial conflict, thundering forth a terrible noise of gally-roaring pieces,'" &c.
HUNTER'S *New Illustrations of Shakespeare*, I. 289.

(3) SCENE I.—
> ——— *In the wood a league without the town,*
> *Where I did meet thee once with Helena,*
> *To do observance to a morn of May.*]

The principal ceremonies with which young persons of both sexes were formerly accustomed to honour the mornings of May, were the Maying, which belonged especially to the first day; and the collecting of May-dew, which appears to have been practised at any part of the month. "On the *Calends*, or the first day of May," says Bourne, "commonly called May-day, the juvenile part of both sexes were wont to rise a little after midnight, and walk to some neighbouring wood, accompany'd with music, and the blowing of horns, where they break down branches from the trees, and adorn them with *nosegays* and *crowns of flowers*. When this is done they return with their booty homewards about the rising of the sun, and make their doors and windows to triumph in the flowery spoil. The after part of the day is chiefly spent in dancing round a tall pole, which is called a *May Pole*; which being placed in a convenient part of the village, stands there, as it were, consecrated to the *Goddess* of *Flowers*, without the least violence offered it, in the whole circle of the year."

The general popularity of this custom of early rising "to go a Maying," may be inferred from a passage in "Henry VIII." Act V. Sc. 3, where the Porter's man exclaims of the crowd :—

> "——— 'T is as much impossible
> To scatter them, as 't is to make them sleep
> On May-day morning, which will never be."

Herrick—for in his time, though half a century later than Shakespeare, bigotry had not succeeded in frowning down all the simple, healthful pleasures of the people—has a poem, *Corinna's going a Maying*, in which the May worship is delightfully pictured :—

> "Get up———and see
> The dew-bespangling herbe and tree :
> Each flower has wept, and bow'd toward the east,
> Above an houre since;—it is sin,
> Nay, profanation to keep in;
> Whenas a thousand virgins on this day,
> Spring sooner than the lark, to fetch in May!
> Come, my Corinna, come; and coming marke
> How each field turns a street, each street a parke,
> Made green, and trimm'd with trees, see how
> Devotion gives each house a bough,
> Or branch: each porch, each doore, ere this,
> An arke, a tabernacle is
> Made up of white-thorn neatly interwove.—
>
> There's not a budding boy, or girle, this day,
> But 'is got up, and gone to bring in May:
> A deale of youth ere this is come
> Back, and with white-thorn laden home.
> Some have dispatcht their cakes and creame,
> Before that we have left to dreame:
> And some have wept, and woo'd and plighted troth,
> And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth."

The most direct and charming illustration of the homage paid to the month of love and flowers is, however, contained in two exquisite pictures from the Knightes Tale of Chaucer :—

> 'This passeth yere by yere, and day by day,
> Tille it felle ones in a morwè of May,
> That Emelie, that fayrer was to seene
> Than is the lilie on hire stalkes grene,
> And fresher than the May with flowrès newe,
> (For with the rose colour strof hire hewe;
> I n'ot which was the finer of hem two,)
> Ere it was day, as sche was wont to do,
> Sche was arisen and al redy dight;
> For May wol have no slogardie a-night.
> The seson priketh every gentil herte,
> And maketh him out of his sleepe sterte,
> And seith, '*Aryse, and do thin observance.*
> This maketh Emilie han remembrance
> *To do honour to May*, and for to ryse."—

And,—

"The busy larke, messager of day,
Saleweth in hir song the morwe gray,
And fiery Phœbus ryseth up so bright,
That all the orient laugheth of the light:
And with his strèmes drieth in the greves
The silver droppès hongyng on the leaves;
And Arcite, that is in the court ryal
With Thescus, his squier principal,
Is risen, and looketh on the mery day;
And for to doon his *observance to May*,
Remembring of the point of his desire,
He on his courser, sterting as the fire,
Is riden into fieldès him to pleye,
Out of the court, were it a mile or tway:
And to the grove, of which that I you told,
By aventure his way he 'gan to hold,
To maken him a garland of the greves,
Were it of woodewynde or hawthorn leaves,
And loud he song against the sonny scheen;
'May, with all thyn floures and thy greene,
Welcome be thou, wel faire freissche May.'"

All the ceremonial observed by Emelie is to walk in her garden at the sun-rising; and this primitively was perhaps the simple method of collecting the May-dew—receiving it on the face and hands before it had evaporated. In the seventeenth century, however, the dew, held sovereign as a cosmetic by the damsels of old, was evidently gathered in phials; for, in 1667, Mrs. Turner had taught Mrs. Pepys to collect the May-dew, as being "the only thing in the world to wash her face with."

(4) SCENE I.—*Your eyes are lode-stars.*] The *lode-star* is the *leading* or *guiding star*, the *pole-star*, by which navigators directed their course. Davies, in his "Dedication to Queen Elizabeth," calls her,—

"*Lode-stone* to hearts, and *lode-star* to all eyes."

And in another place speaks of her as,—

"Eagle-ey'd Wisdome, life's *lode-star*."
* * * * *
"If we this star once cease to see
No doubt our state will shipwreck'd be."

Milton adopts the same metaphor in his "L'Allegro:"—

"Towers and battlements it sees
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The *cynosure* of neighboring eyes."

(5) SCENE II.—*Enter Quince, Bottom, Flute, Snug, Snout, and Starveling.*] The old editions add the several occupations of these individuals after their names, when they make their first appearance. It is possible that in the rude dramatic performance of these handicraftsmen of Athens, Shakespeare was referring to the plays and pageants exhibited by the trading companies of Coventry, which were celebrated down to his own time, and which he might very probably have witnessed. The last of those performances recorded in the list which the late Mr. Thomas Sharpe published from the City Leet-books, took place in 1591; when it was agreed by the whole consent of the council, "that the Destrucyon of Jerusalem, the Conquest of the Danes, or the Historie of King Edward (the Confessor), should be plaied on the pagens on Midsomer daye and St. Peter's daye next, in this cittie, and none other playes." In 1656, Dugdale states that he had been told "by some old people, who, in their younger years were eye-witnesses of these pageants, that the yearly confluence of people to see that shew, was extraordinary great, and yielded no small advantage to this city." For the support therefore of the expenses of these profitable entertainments, the several municipal trading companies of Coventry were charged either to contribute in association to the exhibition of a joint performance; or else to furnish a pageant of their own. These theatrical unions were ordered by the Leet or Common Council; and the combination of trades which played together was often remarkably like that of the operatives of Athens in this drama:—

"A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,
(Who) met together to rehearse a play."—Act III. Sc. 2.

In 1434 it was ordered "that the Sadelers and the Peyntours, be fro this tyme contrebotory unto the pajont of the Cardemakers." In 1435 the council "will that the Carpenters be associate unto the Tilers and Pinners, to maynten ther pagent." In 1492 "it is ordeyned that the Chaundelers and Cookes of this Cite shall be contributory to the Smythes of this Cite;" and in subsequent years Bakers were added to the Smiths, the Barbers to the Girdlers, and the Shoemakers to the Tanners. So late as 1533 it was "enacted that such persons as are not associate or assistant to any craft which is charged with a pageant, such as Fishmongers, Bowyers, Fletchers, and others, shall now be associate or assistant to such crafts as the Mayor shall assign." As most of the performances of these companies were Religious Mysteries taken from the Scriptures, there appears to have been a priest attached to each society, who directed the exhibition probably and played the most important part, as well as taught the other actors.

(6) SCENE II.—QUIN. *Marry, our play is—The most lamentable comedy and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisbe.*] In the title of this interlude Shakespeare doubtless intended a burlesque on the old play by Thomas Preston, entitled, "A lamentable tragedie *mixed full of pleasant mirth* containing the life of Cambises king of Persia." The sad tale of Pyramus and Thisbe is told in the fourth book of Ovid's Metamorphoses; and if we may judge by the number of versions put forth in the sixteenth century, the story must have been very popular with our forefathers. The book of "Perymus and Thesbye" was entered on the Stationers' registers in 1562–3. Arthur Golding's translation of Ovid was first published in 1567; and went through several editions. Another translation of the tale of the lovers appeared in the "Gorgious Gallery of Gallant Inventions," 1578; and a "new sonet of Pyramus and Thisbie" in "The Handefull of Pleasant Delites," 1584. Of course, the incidents are the same in all; but Shakespeare appears to have had recourse to Golding's version, some extracts from which are here given:—

"Within the towne (of whose huge walles so monstrous high and thicke
The fame is giuen Semyramis for making them of bricke)
Dwelt hard toogither twoo yoong folke in houses ioynde so nere
That vnder all one roofe well nie both twaine conueyed were.
The name of him was Pyramus and Thisbe cald was shee.
* * * * * *
And if that right had taken place, they had bin man and wife.
But still their Parents went about to let which (for their life)
They could not let. * * * *
The wall that parted house from house had riuen therein a cranie
Which shroonke at making of the wall, this fault not markt of anie
Of many hundred yeeres before (what doth not loue espie?)
These louers first of all found out, and made a way whereby
To talke togither secretly, and through the same did go
Their louing whisprings very light and safely to and fro.
Now as at one side Pyramus, and Thisbe on the tother
Stood often drawing one of them the pleasant breath from other,
O thou envious wall (they sayd) why letst thou louers thus
What matter were it if that thou permitted both of vs
In armes ech other to embrace? Or if thou thinke that this
Were ouer-much, yet mightest thou at least make roome to kisse.
* * * * * *
Thus hauing where they stoode in vaine complayned of their wo,
When night drew neere, they bade adew and eche gaue kisses sweete
Vnto the parget on their side, the whiche did neuer meete.
* * * * * *
And to thentent that in the feeldes they strayde not up and downe,
They did agree at Ninus Tumb to meet without the towne,
And tarie vnderneath a tree that by the same did grow
Which was a faire high Mulberie with fruite as white as snow.
* * * * * *
As soone as darkenesse once was come, straight Thisbe did deuyse
A shift to wind her out of doores, that none that were within
Perceiued her: and muffling her with clothes about her chin,
That no man might discerne her face, to Ninus Tombe she came
Vnto the tree; and set her downe there vnderneath the same.

Loue made her bold, but see the chance, there comes beswerde
with blood
About the chappes a Lyonnesse all foming from the wood
From slaughter lately made of kine, to stanch her bloody thirst
With water of the foresaid spring. Whom Thisbe spying first
Afarre by moonelight, thereupon with fearefull steps gan flie
And in a dark and yrkesome cave did hide her selfe thereby
And as she fled away for haste she let her mantle fall
The which for feare she left behinde not looking backe at all.

* * * * * *

The night was somewhat further spent ere Pyramus came there
Who seeing in the suttle sand the print of Lyons paw,
Waxt pale for feare. But when also the bloodie cloke he saw
All rent and torne: one night (he sayd) shall lovers two confound
My soule deserves of this mischaunce the perill for to beare.

* * * * * *

And when he had bewept and kist the garment which he knew,
Receive thou my blood too, (quoth he) and therewithall he drew
His sword the which among his guts he thrust, and by and bie
Did draw it from the bleeding wound beginning for to die,
And cast himselfe vpon his backe, the blood did spinne on hie.

* * * * * *

For doubt of disappointing him comes Thisbe forth in hast,
And for her lover lookes about, reioycing for to tell
How hardly she had scapt that night the danger that befell.

* * * she cast her eye aside
And there beweltred in his blood hir louer she espide.

* * * * * *

She beate hir brest, she shricked out, she tare hir golden heares,
And taking him betweene hir armes did wash his wounds with
teares,
She meynt hir weepying with his blood, and kissing all his face
(Which now became as cold as yse) she cride in wofull case
Alas what chaunce my Pyramus hath parted thee and mee?
Make answeere O my Pyramus: It is thy Thisbe owen shee
Whome thou doste loue most heartely that speaketh unto thee.
Give eare and raise thy heavie head. He hearing Thisbe's name
Lift vp his dying eyes and having seene hir closede the same.
But when she knew hir mantle there, and saw his scabberd lie
Without the sworde: Unhappy man thy loue hath made thee die:
Thy loue (she said) hath made thee slea thy selfe. This hand of
mine
Is strong enough to doe the like. My loue no lesse than thine
Shall give me force to work my wound. I will pursue the dead.

* * * * * *

This said she tooke the sword yet warme with slaughter of hir
loue
And setting it beneath hir brest, did to her heart it shoue."

(7) SCENE II.—*Hold, or cut bow-strings.*] Capell's explication of this disputed saying is no doubt the true one. "When a party was made at butts, assurance of meeting was given in the words of that phrase: the sense of the person using them being, that he would '*hold*,' or keep promise, or they might '*cut* his *bowstrings*,' demolish him for an archer." There is another proverbial expression of the same character, which none of the commentators, that I am aware of, has mentioned:—"Hold, or cut cod-piece point."

ACT II.

(1) SCENE I.—
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite,
Called Robin Goodfellow.]

The frolics Shakespeare attributes to Puck, or, as he was usually called, Robin Goodfellow, correspond in every particular with the popular characteristics of this "shrewd and meddling elf." According to the rare tract entitled "The Mad Pranks and Merry Jests of Robin Goodfellow," reprinted by Mr. Collier from the original in Lord Francis Egerton's library, Robin Goodfellow was the son of Oberon, or Obreon, his mother being "a proper young wench" whom the fayry king was in the habit of visiting. Robin's knavish propensities as he grew up became so troublesome, that to avoid the punishment they entailed, he ran away from his mother and was engaged to a tailor. After a short time he leaves his master, and the tract relates—

"WHAT HAPNED TO ROBIN GOODFELLOW AFTER HE WENT FROM THE TAYLOR.

After Robin had travailed a good dayes journy from his masters house hee sate downe, and beeing weary hee fell a sleepe. No sooner had slumber tooken full possession of him, and closed his long opened eye-lids, but hee thought he saw many goodly proper personages in anticke measures tripping about him, and withall hee heard such musicke, as he thought that Orpheus, that famous Greeke fidler (had hee beene alive), compared to one of these had beene as infamous as a Welch-harper that playes for cheese and onions. As delights commonly last not long, so did those end sooner than hee would willingly they should have done; and for very griefe he awaked, and found by him lying a scroule, wherein was written these lines following in golden letters.

Robin, my only sonne and heire,
How to live take thou no care:
By nature thou hast cunning shifts,
Which Ile increase with other gifts.
Wish what thou wilt, thou shalt it have;
And for to vex both foole and knave,
Thou hast the power to change thy shape,
To horse, to hog, to dog, to ape.
Transformed thus, by any meanes
See none thou harm'st but knaves and queanes;
But love thou those that honest be,
And help them in necessity.
Do thus, and all the world shall know
The prankes of Robin Good-fellow;
For by that name thou cald shall be
To ages last posterity.
If thou observe my just command,
One day thou shalt see Fayry Land.
This more I give: who tels thy prankes
From those that heare them shall have thankes.

Robin having read this was very joyfull, yet longed he to know whether he had this power or not, and to try it hee wished for some meate: presently it was before him. Then wished hee for beere and wine: he straightway had it. This liked him well, and because he was weary, he wished himselfe a horse: no sooner was his wish ended, but he was transformed, and seemed a horse of twenty pound price, and leaped and curveted as nimble as if he had beene in stable at racke and manger a full moneth. Then wished he himselfe a dog, and was so: then a tree, and was so: so from one thing to another, till he was certaine and well assured that hee could change himselfe to any thing whatsoever."

Though the edition from which Mr. Collier made his reprint is dated 1628, there is little doubt that the tract, as he remarks, was published at least forty years earlier, and was evidently known to Shakespeare. The following account, "HOW ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW LED A COMPANY OF FELLOWES OUT OF THEIR WAY," is a good illustration of the passage,—

"Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm."

"A company of young men having beene making merry with their sweet hearts, were at their comming home to come over a heath. Robin Good-fellow, knowing of it, met them, and to make some pastime, hee led them up and downe the heath a whole night, so that they could not get out of it: for hee went before them in the shape of a walking fire, which they all saw and followed till the day did appeare: then Robin left them, and at his departure spake these words:—

Get you home, you merry lads:
Tell your mammies and your dads,
And all those that newes desire,
How you saw a walking fire.
Wenches, that doe smile and lispe,
Use to call me Willy Wispe.
If that you but weary be,
It is sport alone for me.
Away: unto your houses goe
And I 'll goe laughing *ho, ho, hoh!*

The fellowes were glad that he was gone, for they were all in a great feare that hee would have done them some mischiefe."

The line which we have italicized will recal the same expression used by Puck in the play:—

"Then will two at once woo one;
That must needs be *sport alone*."—Act III. Sc. 2.

(2) SCENE I.—OBERON. *Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.*] The names of Oberon and Titania were, no doubt, familiar in connexion with the race of *Faëry* before the time of Shakespeare. Oberon, the "dwarfe king of fayryes," is introduced into the popular romance of Huon de Bordeaux, translated by Lord Berners, probably earlier than 1558. The older part of Huon de Bordeaux, Mr. Keightley has shown to have been taken from the story of Otnit in the Heldenbuch, where the dwarf king Elberich performs nearly the same services to Otnit that Oberon does to Huon. The name of Oberon, in fact, according to Grimm, is only Elberich slightly altered. From the usual change of *l* into *u* (as *al, au, col, cou,* &c.), in the French language, Elberich or Albrich (derived from *Alp, Alf*) becomes Auberich; and *ich* not being a French termination, the dominative *on* was substituted, and thus the name became Auberon, or Oberon. The elf queen's name, Titania, was an appellation of Diana. "It was the belief, in those days, that the fairies were the same as the classic nymphs, the attendants of Diana. 'That fourth kind of sprites,' says King James, 'guhilk be the gentiles was called Diana, and her wandering court, and amongst us called the *Phairëe.*' The Fairy-queen was therefore the same as Diana, whom Ovid styles Titania."—KEIGHTLEY.

(3) SCENE I.—

Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering night
From Perigenia, whom he ravished?
And make him with fair Æglé break his faith,
With Ariadne, and Antiopa?]

Shakespeare's authority for all this was his diligently-read Plutarch:—

Perigenia.] "This Sinnis had a goodly faire daughter called Perigouna, which fled away when she saw her father slaine * * * but Theseus finding her, called her, and sware by his faith he would use her gently, and do her no hurt, nor displeasure her at all."

Ariadne. Æglé.] "They report many other things also touching this matter, and specially of Ariadne: but there is no troth nor certaintie in it. For some say that Ariadne hung herselfe for sorow, when she saw that Theseus had cast her off. Other write, that she was transported by mariners into the Ile of Naxos, where she was married unto Œnarus, the priest of Bacchus: and they think that Theseus left her, because he was in love with another, as by these verses should appeare:—

> 'Ægles the nymph was loved of Theseus,
> Who was the daughter of Panopeus.'"

From this passage Shakespeare evidently got his "faire *Eagles*," as the lady's name is spelt in all the old editions.

Antiopa.] "Touching the voyage he made by the sea Maior, Philochurus, and some other hold opinion, that he went thither with Hercules against the Amazons: and that to honour his valiantness, Hercules gave him Antiopa the Amazone. But the more part of the other Historiographers do write that Theseus went thither alone, after Hercules' voyage, and that he tooke this Amazone prisoner, which is likeliest to be true * * * Bion also the Historiographer saith that he brought her away by deceit and stealth * * * and that Theseus enticed her to come into his shippe, who brought him a present; and so soone as she was aboord, he hoysed his saile, and so carried her away."—NORTH'S *Plutarch* (*Life of Theseus*).

(4) SCENE I.—*The nine men's morris is filled up with mud.*] *Nine men's morris,* or *nine men's merrils,* as it was sometimes called, from *merelles,* an old French word for the counters with which it was originally conducted, is a rustic sport, played on a diagram cut out of the turf of which the figure consists of three squares, one within another. Sometimes the largest square is not more than a foot in diameter, at others it is four or five yards. These squares are united by cross lines, which extend from the middle of each line of the innermost square to the middle of the outermost line. The stations or houses for the men (usually represented by stones or pieces of tile) are at the corners of the squares, and at the junctures of the intersecting lines, and number in all twenty-four. The game is played by two persons, each of whom has *nine men,* or counters, which they begin by playing alternately, one at a time, to any of the stations they may select. When the men are all deposited in the places chosen, each party, moving alternately, as in chess or draughts, aims to place three of them *on a line;* and every time he achieves this object he is entitled to remove one of the adversary's men from the field. Of course his opponent, if he foresee the scheme, endeavours to frustrate it by playing a man of his own on to the line. When one player succeeds in removing all his antagonist's men from the board, he wins the game. The original game, called *Jeu de Merelles,* was probably played on a board or table like chess, with men made for the purpose. It is supposed to have come from France, and is undoubtedly very ancient. Douce speaks of a representation of two monkeys engaged at it in a German edition of Petrarch "de remedio utriusque fortunæ," b. 1, ch. 26, the cuts of which were executed in 1520; but in the Bibliothèque of Paris there is a beautiful manuscript on parchment (7391) by Nicholas de St. Nicolai, of the 12th century, containing some hundred of illuminated diagrams of remarkable positions in Chess and *in Merelles.* Whether the game is now obsolete in France, I am unable to say; but it is still practised, though rarely, in this country, both on the turf and on the table, its old title having undergone another mutation, and become "*Mill.*"

In Cotgrave's Dictionary, 1611, under the article Merelles, the following explanation is given: "Le Ieu des merelles. *The boyish game called Merills, or five-pennie Morris; played here most commonly with stones, but in France with pawnes, or men made of purpose, and tearmed Merelles.*"

(5) SCENE I.—*I am invisible.*] Theobald remarks that as Oberon and Puck may be frequently observed to speak, when there is no mention of their entering, they are designed by the poet to be supposed on the stage during the greatest part of the remainder of the play; and so mix, as they please, as spirits, with the other actors, and embroil the plot without being seen or heard but when they choose. Among the stage properties mentioned in Henslowe's Diary is "a robe for to go invisible." It is not improbable that a similar robe was worn by supernatural beings, such as Oberon, Ariel, &c.; who, when so habited, were understood by the audience to be invisible to the other characters.

ACT III.

(1) SCENE II.—*An ass's nowl I fixed on his head.*] Bottom's transformation might have been suggested, as Steevens observes, by a passage in the "History of the Damnable Life and Deserved Death of Dr. John Faustus," chap. xliii. :—"The guests having sat, and well eat and drank, Dr. Faustus made that every one had an ass's head on, with great and long ears, so they fell to dancing, and to drive away the time until it was midnight, and then every one departed home, and as soon as they were out of the house, each one was in his natural shape, and so they ended and went to sleep."

A receipt for this metamorphosis is given in Albertus Magnus de Secretis :—"Si vis quod caput hominis assimiletur *capiti asini*, sume de segimine aselli, et unge hominem in capite, et sic apparebit." And another, in Scott's "Discoverie of Witchcraft," b. 13, chap. xix. :—"Cutt off the head of a horsse or an asse (before they be dead), otherwise the vertue or strength thereof will be lesse effectuall, and make an earthern vessell of fit capacitie to containe the same, and let it be filled with the oile and fat thereof: cover it close, and daube it over with lome: let it boile over a soft fier three daies continuallie, that the flesh boiled may run into oile, so as the bare bones may be seene: beate the haire into powder, and mingle the same with the oile; and annoint the *heads of the standers by*, and they shall seem to have horsses or *asses* heads."

In all likelihood, however, the trick was familiar to playgoers long before Shakespeare's time; and Mr. Halliwell quotes a stage direction in the "Chester Mysteries," as proof of this :—"*Tunc percutiet Balaham asinam suam, et nota quod hic oportet aliquis transformari in speciem asine, et quando Balaham percutiet dicat asina—;*" which we take the liberty of rendering into befitting English :—*Then Balaham shall smyte his asse, and note that here it is fittyng that one shoulde bee dysguysed into the lykenesse of an asse, and when Balaham smyteth the asse shall saye—.* But it is not easy to see in what way this direction illustrates the passage of the text.

(2) SCENE II.—

So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;
But yet a union in partition,
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem:
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.]

An important step towards the comprehension of this difficult passage was made by Martin Folkes, when he pointed out to Theobald that "*life coats*," the reading of the old copies, was a misprint for "*like* coats." After the aid of this emendation, however, the commentators appear to have shown more ingenuity than sagacity in their endeavours to elucidate the sense. The plain heraldical allusion is to the simple impalements of two armorial ensigns, as they are marshalled side by side to represent a marriage; and the expression "Two of the First," is to *that particular form of dividing the shield, being the first in order of the nine ordinary partitions of the Escutcheon.* These principles were familiarly understood in the time of Shakespeare by all the readers of the many very popular heraldical works of the period, and an extract from one of these will probably render the meaning of the passage clear. In "*The Accedence of Armorie*," published by Gerard Leigh, in 1597, he says, "Now will I declare to you of IX sundrie Partitions :—the *First whereof is a partition from the highest part of the Escocheon to the lowest. And though it must be blazed so, yet is it a joining together.* It is also as a mariage, that is to say, *two cotes;* the man's on the right side, and the woman's on the left: as it might be said that Argent had maried with Gules." In different words, this is nothing else than an amplification of Helena's own expression,—

"—— seeming parted;
But yet a union in partition."

The shield bearing the arms of two married persons would of course be surmounted by one crest only, as the text properly remarks, that of the husband. In Shakespeare's day, the only pleas for bearing two crests were ancient usage, or a special grant. The modern practice of introducing a second crest by an heiress has been most improperly adopted from the German heraldical system; for it should be remembered, that as a female cannot wear a helmet, so neither can she bear a crest.

(3) SCENE II.—*Ho, ho, ho!*] There is an ancient Norfolk proverb, "To laugh like Robin Goodfellow," which means, we presume, to laugh in mockery or scorn. This derision was always expressed by the exclamation in the text, which is as old as the Devil of the early mysteries, whose "ho, ho, ho!" was habitual upon the stage long before the introduction of Robin Goodfellow. In "Histriomastix" (quoted by Steevens) a *roaring devil* enters, with the *Vice* on his back, *Iniquity* in one hand, and *Juventus* in the other, crying;—

"Ho, ho, ho! these babes mine are all."

In "Gammer Gurton's Needle," the same form of cachinnation is attributed to the Evil One :—

"But Diccon, Diccon, did not the devil cry, *ho, ho, ho?*"

It seems with our ancestors always to have conveyed the idea of something fiendish or supernatural, and is the established burden to the songs which describe the frolics of Robin Goodfellow. See the curious tract before mentioned, called "The Mad Pranks and Merry Jests of Robin Goodfellow."

ACT IV.

(1) SCENE I.—*I have a reasonable good ear in music; let us have the tongs and the bones.*] If the employment of unusual instruments to produce a barbarous kind of music were ingeniously traced backward to extreme antiquity, the origin of it might perhaps be found when "Pyctagoras passed som tyme by a symythes' hous, and herde a swete sowne, accordynge to the mystynge of foure hamers upon an anvelt;" as Higden relates the story. The practice of performing rustic or burlesque music is, however, really ancient; and Strutt attributes the invention of it to the minstrels and joculators, who appear to have converted every species of amusement into a vehicle for mirth. He has engraved some parts of two illuminations of the fourteenth century, in one of which a youth is playing to a tumbler, by beating on a metal basin held on a staff; and in the other, an individual is depicted "holding a pair of bellows by way of fiddle, and using the tongs as the substitute for the bow." Mr. Halliwell has illustrated the passage which forms the subject of this note, by a reference to two figures in the original sketches of actors in the court masques, executed by Inigo Jones: one of which represents a performer with tongs and key; and the other a player on knackers of bone or wood, clacked together between the fingers. These instruments must be regarded as the immediate precursors of the more musical marrow-bones and cleavers, the introduction of which may, with great probability, be referred to the establishment of Clare Market, in the middle of the seventeenth century; since the butchers of that place were particularly celebrated for their performances. In Addison's description of John Dentry's remarkable "kitchen music" (Spectator, No. 570, 1714), the marrow-bones and cleavers form no part of the Captain's harmonious apparatus, but the tongs and key are represented to have become a little unfashionable some years before. By the year 1749, however, the former had obtained a considerable degree of vulgar popularity, and were introduced in Bonnell Thornton's burlesque "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day, adapted to the Ancient British Musick." Ten years afterwards, this poem was recomposed by Dr. Burney, and performed at Ranelagh, on which occasion cleavers were cast in bell-metal to accompany the verses wherein they are mentioned.

(2) SCENE I.—
My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd, so sanded; and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-knee'd and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian bulls;
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each.]

The hounds of Sparta and Crete are classically celebrated:—"Tenet ora levis clamosa Molossi, *Spartanos*, Cretasque, ligat."—*Lucani Phars*, IV. 440: and the peculiarities of form and colour indicated, are those which were considered to mark the highest quality of the bloodhound breed. The flews are the large hanging chaps, which, with long thin pendant ears, were a peculiar recommendation in these animals. Thus, Golding, 1567:—

"——— with other twaine that had a syre of Crete,
And dam of Sparta: tone of them called Jollyboy a greate,
And *large-flew'd* hound."

And Heywood:—

"——— the fierce Thessalian hounds,
With their flag ears, ready to *sweep the dew*
From their moist breasts."
Brazen Age, 1613.

For "so sanded" some commentator proposed to read, "so sounded;" but Steevens correctly explains *sanded* to mean of *a sandy colour*, "one of the true denotements of a blood-hound."—See *The Gentleman's Recreation*.

ACT V.

(1) SCENE I.—
What masks, what dances shall we have,
To wear away this long age of three hours,
Between our after-supper and bed-time?]

The accepted explanation of an *after-supper* conveys but an imperfect idea of what this refection really was. "*A rere-supper*," Nares says, "seems to have been a late or second supper." Not exactly. The *rere-supper* was to the supper itself what the *rere-banquet* was to the dinner—*a dessert*. On ordinary occasions, the gentlemen of Shakespeare's age appear to have dined about eleven o'clock, and then to have retired either to a garden-house, or other suitable apartment, and enjoyed their *rere-banquet* or dessert. Supper was usually served between five and six; and this, like the dinner, was frequently followed by a collation consisting of fruits and sweetmeats, called, in this country, the *rere-supper*; in Italy, Pocenio, from the Latin *Pocænium*.

(2) SCENE I.—*You shall know all, &c.*] The humour of distorting the meaning of a passage by mispunctuation was a favourite one formerly. There is a good example in Roister Doister's letter to Dame Custance, beginning,—

"Sweete mistresse, where as I love you nothing at all,
Regarding your substance and richesse chiefe of all," &c.
See *Ralph Roister Doister*, Act III. Sc. 4.

I find another specimen in a MS. collection of short poems, epigrams, &c., written evidently in the early part of the seventeenth century, which belonged to Dr. Percy.

JANUS BIFRONS.

"The Feminine kinde is counted ill,
And is I sweare: the Contrary,
No man can find: that hurt they will,
But every where: doe shewe pitty,
To no kinde heart: they will be curst,
To all true Friends: they will beare trust,
In no parte: they will worke the worst,
With tongue and minde: but Honestye,
They do detest: Inconstancye,
They do embrace: honest intent,
They like least: lewd Fantasye
In evry case: are Patient,
At no season: doing amisse,
To it: truly Contrarye,
To all Reason: subject and meeke,
To no Bodye: malitiouse,
To Frende and Foe: of gentle sort
They be never: doing amisse,
In Weale and Woe: of Like report,
They be ever: be sure of this,
The feminine kinde shall have no hart
Nothing at all: false they will be,
In Worde and Minde: to suffer smart,
And ever shall; Believe thou me?"

Read thus, the lines are anything but complimentary: but, by transposing the colons and commas, they become highly eulogistic. Taylor, the water poet, in his 'Address to Nobody,' prefixed to Sir Gregory Nonsense, alludes to the Prologue in the text:—"So ending as the beginning, I say as it is unclawfully written and commended to posterity in the Midsummer Night's Dream. If we offend, it is with our good will, we aime with no intent, but to offend and shew our simple skill."

(3) SCENE I.—

Wherewith wrath Venus, with Venus's wounded Hande.
He [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible].

The classical reader will remember the examples of alliterative trifling in Ennius, and his well-known—

"O Tita, tute, Tati, tibi tanta, tyranne, tulisti,
At Troia terribili mentis [illegible] [illegible]."

Perhaps the most famous of these puerilities, in later times, is the "Parva Porcorum" of Leo Placentius, wherein every word starts with P. There is also the poem written by Hugald, in honour of Charles the Bald, in which the initial of each word is C; and a long poem, written in 1576, called "Christus Crucifixus," every word beginning with C also. Langland, the author of "The Vision of Piers Plowman," and Norton, who wrote "Gorboduc," both "affected the letter;" and Tusser's "Husbandry" contains a poem in which all the words begin with T. In this country, the jingle appears to have reached its culminating point in the reign of Henry VIII., if we may judge from the following exquisite specimen in a production by Wilfride Holme, on "The Fall and evil Success of Rebellion:"—

"Lo, leprous lurdeins, lubricke in loquacitie,
Vah, vaporous villeins, with venim vulnerate,
Proud, prating parenticides, rickrous to pernoctitie,
Fie, hautike adulators, furibund and furiate,
Out, obstinent, obiect, obstacle, and obscate,
Ah aliduct aspes, in acrostic acclamant,
Magnal in mischief, malicious to mugilate,
Depriving your Roy so renowned and radiant."

(4) SCENE I.—*Man i' th' moon doth seem to be.*] "Although the legend of the man in the moon is perhaps one of the most singular and popular superstitions known, yet it is almost impossible to discover early materials for a connected account of its progress; nor have the researches of former writers been extended to this curious subject. It is very probable that the natural appearance of the moon, and those delineations on its disc, which modern philosophers have considered to belong to the geographical divisions of that body, may originally have suggested the similarity vulgarly supposed to exist between those outlines and a man 'pyecbynde stake.' In fact, it is hardly possible to account for the universality of the legend by any other conjecture. * * * *

"A manuscript of about the fourteenth century, preserved in the British Museum (*Harl.* MS. 2253), contains an exceedingly curious early English poem on the Man in the Moon, beginning,—

'Man in the mone stond and strit,
On his bot forke is burthen he bereth
Hit is muche wonder that he na doun slyt,
For doute leste he valle he shoddreth aut shereth.'

"Grimm, Deutsche Mythologie, p. 412, asserts that there are three legends connected with the Man in the Moon. The first, that this personage was Isaac, carrying a bundle of sticks for his own sacrifice; the second, that he was Cain; and the other, which is taken from the history of the Sabbath-breaker, as related in the Book of Numbers. Chaucer, in 'Troilus and Creseide,' I. 147, refers to 'the charle' in the moon; and in the poem entitled the 'Testament of Creseide,' printed in Chaucer's works, there is an allusion to the same legend:—

'Next after him came lady Cynthia,
The laste of al, and swiftest in her sphere,
Of colour blake buskid with hornis twa
And in the night she listith best t'appere,
Hawe as the leed, of colour nothing clere,
For al the light she borowed at her brother
Titan, for of herselfe she hath non other.
Her gite was gray and ful of spottis blake,
And on her orest a charle painted ful even,
Bering a bush of thornis on his bake,
Whiche for his theft might clime no ner the heven.'

"From Manningham's diary (*Harl.* MS. 5353) we learn that, among the devises at Whitehall, in 1601, was 'the man in the moone with thornes on his backe looking towneward.' Ben Jonson, in one of his Masques, fol. ed., p. 41, expressly alludes to the man in the moon having been introduced upon the English stage:—'*Fac.* Where? which is he? I must see his dog at his girdle, and the bushe of thornes at his backe, ere I beleeve it. 1 *Her.* Doe not trouble your faith then, for if that bush of thornes should prove a goodly grove of okes, in what case were you and your expectation? 2 *Her.* Those are stale ensignes o' the stages, man i' th moone, delivered douse to you by musty antiquitie, and are of as doubtfull credit as the makers.'"—HALLIWELL.

(5) SCENE I.—*This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look sad.*] Mr. Collier's annotator reads, "This passion *on* the death of a dear friend," &c.:—one proof among many of his inability to appreciate anything like subtle humour. Had he never heard the old proverbial saying, "He that loseth his wife and sixpence, *hath lost a tester!*"

(6) SCENE II.—

To the best bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall blessed be.]

The ceremony of blessing the bridal-bed was observed, Douce says, at all marriages; and we are indebted to him for the formula, copied from the "Manual," of the use of Salisbury:—"Nocte vero sequente cum sponsus et sponsa *ad lectum pervenerint*, accedat sacerdos et benedicat thalamum, dicens: Benedic, Domine, thalamum istum et omnes habitantes in eo; ut in tua pace consistant, et in tua voluntate permaneant: et in amore tuo vivant et senescant et multiplicentur in longitudine dierum. Per Dominum.—Item *benedictio super lectum.* Benedic, Domine, hoc *cubiculum*, respice, qui non dormis neque dormitas. Qui custodis Israel, custodi famulos tuos in hoc lecto quiescentes *ab omnibus fantasmaticis demonum illusionibus:* custodi eos vigilantes ut in preceptis tuis meditentur dormientes, et te per soporem sentiant: ut hic et ubique defensionis tuæ muniantur auxilio. Per Dominum.—Deinde fiat benedictio *super eos in lecto* tantum cum Oremus. Benedicat Deus corpora vestra et animas vestras; et det super vos benedictionem sicut benedixit Abraham, Isaac et Jacob, Amen.—His peractis *aspergat aqua eos benedicta*, et sic discedat et dimittat eos in pace."

CRITICAL OPINIONS

ON

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

"In 'The Midsummer Night's Dream,' there flows a luxuriant vein of the boldest and most fantastical invention; the most extraordinary combination of the most dissimilar ingredients seems to have been brought about without effort, by some ingenious and lucky accident, and the colours are of such clear transparency, that we think the whole of the variegated fabric may be blown away with a breath. The fairy world here described, resembles those elegant pieces of arabesque, where little genii with butterfly wings rise, half-embodied, above the flower-cups. Twilight, moonshine, dew, and spring perfumes, are the elements of these tender spirits; they assist Nature in embroidering her carpet with green leaves, many-coloured flowers, and glittering insects; in the human world they do but make sport childishly and waywardly with their beneficent or noxious influences. Their most violent rage dissolves in good-natured raillery; their passions, stripped of all earthly matter, are merely an ideal dream. To correspond with this, the loves of mortals are painted as a poetical enchantment, which, by a contrary enchantment, may be immediately suspended, and then renewed again. The different parts of the plot; the wedding of Theseus and Hippolyta, Oberon and Titania's quarrel, the flight of the two pair of lovers, and the theatrical manœuvres of the mechanics, are so lightly and happily interwoven, that they seem necessary to each other for the formation of a whole. Oberon is desirous of relieving the lovers from their perplexities, but greatly adds to them through the mistakes of his minister, till he at last comes really to the aid of their fruitless amorous pain, their inconstancy and jealousy, and restores fidelity to its old rights. The extremes of fanciful and vulgar are united, when the enchanted Titania awakes and falls in love with a coarse mechanic with an ass's head, who represents, or rather disfigures, the part of a tragical lover. The droll wonder of Bottom's transformation is merely the translation of a metaphor in its literal sense; but in his behaviour during the tender homage of the Fairy Queen, we have an amusing proof how much the consciousness of such a head-dress heightens the effect of his usual folly. Theseus and Hippolyta are, as it were, a splendid frame for the picture; they take no part in the action, but surround it with a stately pomp. The discourse of the hero and his Amazon, as they course through the forest with their noisy hunting-train, works upon the imagination like the fresh breath of morning, before which the shades of night disappear. Pyramus and Thisbe is not unmeaningly chosen as the grotesque play within the play: it is exactly like the pathetic part of the piece, a secret meeting of two lovers in the forest, and their separation by an unfortunate accident, and closes the whole with the most amusing parody."—SCHLEGEL.

"The 'Midsummer Night's Dream' is the first play which exhibits the imagination of Shakspeare in all its fervid and creative power; for though, as mentioned in Meres's Catalogue, as having numerous scenes of continued rhyme, as being barren in fable, and defective in strength of character—it may be pronounced the offspring of youth and inexperience—it will ever, in point of fancy, be considered as equal to any subsequent drama of the poet.

"In a piece where the imagery of the most wild and fantastic dream is actually embodied before our eyes—where the principal agency is carried on by beings lighter than the gossamer, and smaller than the cowslip's bell, whose elements are the moonbeams and the odoriferous atmosphere of flowers, and whose sport it is

'To dance in ringlets to the whistling winds,'

it was necessary, in order to give a filmy and assistant legerity to every part of the play, that the human agents should partake of the same evanescent and visionary character; accordingly both the

higher and lower personages of this drama are the subjects of illusion and enchantment, and love and amusement their sole occupation; the transient perplexities of thwarted passion, and the grotesque adventures of humorous folly, touched as they are with the tenderest or most frolic pencil, blending admirably with the wild, sportive, and romantic tone of the scene, where

'Trip the light fairies and the dapper elves,'

and forming together a whole so variously yet so happily interwoven, so racy and effervescent in its composition, of such exquisite levity and transparency, and glowing with such luxurious and phosphorescent splendour, as to be perfectly without a rival in dramatic literature."—DRAKE.

"'A Midsummer Night's Dream!' At the sight of such a title we naturally ask—Who is the dreamer? The poet, any of the characters of the drama, or the spectators? The answer seems to be that there is much in this beautiful sport of imagination which was fit only to be regarded as a dream by the persons whom the fairies illuded: and that, as a whole, it comes before the spectators under the notion of a dream.

"'If we shadows have offended,
Think but this, (and all is mended,)
That you have but slumber'd here,
While these visions did appear.
And'this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend.'—

"Shakespeare was then but a young poet, rising into notice,—and it was a bold and hazardous undertaking to bring together classical story and the fairy mythology, made still more hazardous by the introduction of the rude attempts in the dramatic art of the hard-handed men of Athens. By calling it a dream he obviated the objection to its incongruities, since it is of the nature of a dream that things heterogeneous are brought together in fantastical confusion. Yet, to a person who by repeated perusals has become familiar with this play, it will not appear so incongruous a composition that it requires such an apology as we find in the Epilogue and title. It cannot, however, have been popular, any more than *Comus* is popular when brought upon the stage. Its great and surpassing beauties would be in themselves a hindrance to its obtaining a vulgar popularity.

"There is no apparent reason why it should be called a dream of Midsummer Night in particular. Midsummer night was of old in England a time of bonfires and rejoicings, and, in London, of processions and pageantries. But there is no allusion to anything of this kind in the play. Midsummer night cannot be the time of the action, which is very distinctly fixed to May morning and a few days before. May morning, even more than Midsummer night, was a time of delight in those times which, when looked back upon from these days of incessant toil, seem to have been gay, innocent, and paradisaical. See in what sweet language and in what a religious spirit the old topographer of London, Stowe, speaks of the universal custom of the people of the city on May-day morning, 'to walk into the sweet meadows and green woods, there to rejoice their spirits with the beauty and savour of sweet flowers, and with the harmony of birds praising God in their kinds.' We have abundant materials for a distinct and complete account of the May-day sports in the happy times of old England; but they would be misplaced in illustration of this play: for, though Shakespeare has made the time of his story the time when people went forth—

'To do observance to the morn of May,'

and has laid the scene of the principal event in one of those half-sylvan, half-pastoral spots which we may conceive to have been the most favourite haunts of the Mayers, he does not introduce any of the May-day sports, or show us anything of the May-day customs of the time. Yet he might have done so. His subject seemed even to invite him to it, since a party of Mayers with their garlands of sweet flowers would have harmonized well with the lovers and the fairies, and might have made sport for Robin Goodfellow. Shakespeare loved to think of flowers and to write of them, and it may seem that it was a part of his original conception to have made more use than he has done of May-day and Flora's followers."—HUNTER.

Act IV. Sc. 1.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Of this popular drama two editions were published prior to its appearance in the 1623 folio. One, entitled, "The most excellent Historie of the Merchant of Venice. With the extreame crueltie of Shylocke the Iewe towards the sayd Merchant, in cutting a iust pound of his flesh: and the obtayning of Portia by the choyce of three chests. As it hath beene diuers times acted by the Lord Chamberlaine his Seruants. Written by William Shakespeare. At London, Printed by I. R., for Thomas Heyes, and are to be sold in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Greene Dragon. 1600," 4to. The other, "The excellent History of the Merchant of Venice. With the extreme cruelty of Shylocke the Iew towards the saide Merchant, in cutting a iust pound of his flesh. And the obtaining of Portia, by the choyse of three caskets. Written by W. Shakespeare. Printed by J. Roberts. 1600," 4to.

"The Merchant of Venice" is the last play of Shakespeare's mentioned in the list of Francis Meres, 1598; and we find, in the same year, it was entered on the register of the Stationers' Company:—"22. July, 1598, James Robertes] A booke of the Marchaunt of Venyce, or otherwise called the Jewe of Venyse," &c. &c. But that it was written and acted some years before there appears to be now very little doubt. Henslowe's "Diary" contains an entry, 25th of August, 1594, recording the performance of "The Venesyon Commodey." This Malone conjectured to refer to "The Merchant of Venice," which is the more probable as it has since been found that, in 1594, the fellowship of players to which Shakespeare belonged was performing at the theatre in Newington Butts, conjointly, it is believed, with the company managed by Henslowe.

The plot is composed of two distinct stories;—the incidents connected with the bond, and those of the caskets, which are interwoven with wonderful felicity. Both these fables are found separately related in the Latin "*Gesta Romanorum.*" The bond, in Chap. XLVIII. *of MS. Harl.* 2270; and the caskets, in Chap. XCIX. of the same collection. Some of the circumstances, however, connected with the bond in "The Merchant of Venice," resemble more closely the tale of the fourth day in the "*Pecorone*" of Ser Giovanni Fiorentino, in which it is noticeable too, that the scene of a portion of the hero's adventures is laid at *Belmont.* The "*Pecorone,*" though first printed in 1550, was written nearly two hundred years before. A translation of it in English was extant in our author's time, of which an abridgment will be found in the "Illustrative Comments" at the end of the play. Upon this translation the old ballad of "Gernutus," which is found in Percy's "Reliques," entitled,—"A New Song, Shewing the crueltie of Gernutus, a Jew, who lending to a Merchant a hundred Crownes, would have a pound of his fleshe, because he could not pay him at the day apointed.—To the Tune of *Black and Yellow,*" —was most likely founded. Whether the fusion of the two legends was the work of Shakespeare or of an earlier writer, we have not sufficient evidence to determine. Tyrwhitt was of opinion that he followed some hitherto unknown novelist, who had saved him the trouble of combining the two stories, and Steevens cites a passage from Gosson's "School of Abuse," 1579, which certainly tends to prove that a play comprising the double plot of "The Merchant of Venice" had been exhibited before Shakespeare began to write for the stage. The passage is as follows—Gosson is excepting some particular players and plays from the sweeping condemnation of his "pleasaunt inuective against Poets, Pipers, Plaiers, Iesters, and such like Caterpillers of a Commonwelth:"—"And as some of the players are farre from abuse, so some of their playes are without rebuke, which are easily remembered, as quickly rekoned. The two prose bookes played at the Belsavage, where you shall finde never a worde withoute witte, never a line without pith, never a letter placed in vaine. *The Jew*, and Ptolome, showne at the Bull; *the one representing the greedinesse of worldly chusers, and bloody mindes of usurers;*" &c.

The expression *worldly chusers* is so appropriate to the choosers of the caskets, and the *bloody mindes of usurers*, so applicable to the vindictive cruelty of Shylock, that it is very probable Shakespeare in this play, as in other plays, worked upon some rough model already prepared for him. The question is not of great importance. Be the merit of the fable whose it may, the characters, the language, the poetry, and the sentiment, are his and his alone. To no other writer of the period could we be indebted for the charming combination of womanly grace, and

dignity, and playfulness, which is found in Portia; for the exquisite picture of friendship between Bassanio and Antonio; for the profusion of poetic beauties scattered over the play; and for the masterly delineation of that perfect type of Judaism in olden times, the character of Shylock himself.

In his treatment of the Jew, without doing such violence to the antipathies of his age as would have been fatal to the popularity of the play, Shakespeare has generously vindicated the claims of this despised race to the rights and privileges of the community in which they lived. If, in obedience to the story he followed, and to hereditary prejudice too deep-rooted and long cherished for his control, he has portrayed the Jew father as malignant and revengeful, he has represented the daughter as affectionate and loveable; and if the former is rendered an object of odium and contumely, the latter becomes the wife of a Venetian gentleman, and the companion of the nobles and merchant princes of the land. This was much. At the time when "The Merchant of Venice" was produced, as for ages before, the Jews were an abomination to the people. With the exception of such truly great men as Pope Gregory, Saint Bernard, Charlemagne, and a few others, no one had hardihood enough to venture a word in their defence. They were accounted Pariahs, born only to be reviled, and persecuted, and plundered. As a proof of the abhorrence with which they were regarded in Shakespeare's day, we need but refer to Marlowe's "Rich Jew of Malta." "Shylock," says Charles Lamb, "in the midst of his savage purpose, is a man. His motives, feelings, resentments, have something human in them. 'If you wrong us, shall we not revenge?' *Barabas* is a mere monster brought in with a large painted nose to please the rabble. He kills in sport—poisons whole nunneries—invents infernal machines. He is just such an exhibition as a century or two earlier might have been played before the Londoners, *by the Royal Command*, when a general pillage and massacre of the Hebrews had been previously resolved on in the cabinet."

Few plays have been more successful on the stage than "The Merchant of Venice," few are better adapted for popular reading. Dramas of a loftier kind, moving deeper feeling and dealing with nobler passions, have proceeded from the same exhaustless source; but we question if any one more diversified and picturesque than this exists. It is full of incident, character, poetry, and humour. The friendship of Antonio and Bassanio, "strong even unto death"—the love episode of Lorenzo and the fair Jewess—the quaint drolleries of Launcelot—the buoyant spirits and *brusque* wit of Gratiano—the beauty of the Casket scenes—the grandeur of the trial—and the tragic interest attached to the circumstances of the contract between the Merchant and his unrelenting creditor—combine to form a whole unapproached and unapproachable by any other dramatist.

Persons Represented.

DUKE OF VENICE.
PRINCE OF ARRAGON, } *suitors to* PORTIA.
PRINCE OF MOROCCO, }
ANTONIO, *the Merchant of* Venice.
BASSANIO, *friend to* ANTONIO.
SOLANIO, }
SALARINO, } *friends to* ANTONIO *and* BASSANIO.
GRATIANO, }
LORENZO, *in love with* JESSICA.
SHYLOCK, *a Jew.*
TUBAL, *a Jew, friend to* SHYLOCK.
LAUNCELOT GOBBO, *a Clown, servant to* SHYLOCK.

Old GOBBO, *father to* LAUNCELOT.
LEONARDO, *servant to* BASSANIO.
BALTHAZAR, } *servants to* PORTIA.
STEPHANO, }

PORTIA, *a rich heiress.*
NERISSA, *waiting-maid to* PORTIA.
JESSICA, *daughter to* SHYLOCK.

Magnificoes of Venice, *Officers of the Court of Justice, Gaoler, Servants, and other Attendants.*

SCENE,—*Partly at* VENICE; *and partly at* BELMONT, *the Seat of* PORTIA, *on the Continent.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Venice. *A Street.*

Enter ANTONIO, SALARINO, *and* SOLANIO.[a]

ANT. In sooth, I know not why I am so sad;
It wearies me; you say it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn;
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,

[a] SALARINO *and* SOLANIO.] The uncertain orthography of these names in the first folio, where we have at one time *Salarino*, at another *Slarino*, *Solania*, *Salanio*, *Salino*, and *Salerio*, has led to such perplexity in their abbreviations prefixed to the speeches, that we are glad to avoid confusion by adopting the distinction proposed by Capell, of *Salar.* and *Solan.* as prefixes.

That I have much ado to know myself.
SALAR. Your mind is tossing on the ocean;
There where your argosies,[a] with portly sail,—
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,—
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
That curt'sy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.
SOLAN. Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grass,[b] to know where sits the wind;
Peering in maps, for ports, and piers, and roads:
And every object that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me sad.
SALAR. My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows and of flats;
And see my wealthy Andrew[c] dock'd* in sand,
Vailing her high-top lower than her ribs,
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church,
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks,
Which, touching but my gentle vessel's side,
Would scatter all her spices on the stream,
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks,
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought
To think on this; and shall I lack the thought
That such a thing, bechanc'd, would make me sad?
But tell not me; I know, Antonio
Is sad to think upon his merchandise.
ANT. Believe me, no; I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year:
Therefore my merchandise makes me not sad.
SALAR. Why, then you are in love.
ANT. Fie, fie!
SALAR. Not in love neither? Then let us say, you are sad
Because you are not merry: and 'twere as easy
For you to laugh, and leap, and say you are merry,
Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus,
Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh, like parrots, at a bagpiper;
And other of such vinegar aspect,
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.
SOLAN. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kinsman,
Gratiano, and Lorenzo: Fare you well;
We leave you now with better company.
SALAR. I would have stay'd till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.
ANT. Your worth is very dear in my regard.
I take it, your own business calls on you,
And you embrace the occasion to depart.

Enter BASSANIO, LORENZO, *and* GRATIANO.

SALAR. Good morrow, my good lords.
BASS. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh? say, when?
You grow exceeding strange: must it be so?
SALAR. We'll make our leisures to attend on yours. [*Exeunt* SALARINO *and* SOLANIO.
LOR. My lord Bassanio, since you have found Antonio,
We two will leave you; but at dinner-time,
I pray you have in mind where we must meet.
BASS. I will not fail you.
GRA. You look not well, signior Antonio;
You have too much respect upon the world:
They lose it that do buy it with much care;
Believe me, you are marvellously chang'd.
ANT. I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A stage, where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.
GRA. Let me play the Fool:
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man whose blood is warm within
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes? and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio,—
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks;—
There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond;
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;

(*) Old text, *docks*.

[a] *There where your* argosies,—] Argosies were ships of huge bulk and burden, adapted either for commerce or war, and supposed to have been named from the classic ship *Argo*.

[b] Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind;] A blade of grass held up to indicate, by the way it bends, the direction of the wind, is a very primitive kind of weather vane. Sailors, with whom grass is usually harder to come by than even to Venetians, adopt one equally simple and always at hand: they moisten a finger in the mouth, and holding it up, judge by a sensible coldness on one side the digit, whence the wind blows.

[c] *My wealthy* Andrew—] This name for a ship, it is not unlikely, was derived from the famous naval hero, Andrew Doria.

As who should say, *I am sir Oracle,**
And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!
O, my Antonio, I do know of these,
That therefore only are reputed wise,
For saying nothing; who,† I am very sure,
If they should speak, would almost damn those ears
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers, fools.[a]
I'll tell thee more of this another time:
But fish not with this melancholy bait,
For this fool-gudgeon, this opinion.
Come, good Lorenzo:—Fare ye well, a while;
I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

LOR. Well, we will leave you then till dinner-time:
I must be one of these same dumb wise men,
For Gratiano never lets me speak.

GRA. Well, keep me company but two years more,
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

ANT. Farewell:‡ I'll grow a talker for this gear.

GRA. Thanks, i' faith; for silence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible.
[*Exeunt* GRATIANO *and* LORENZO.

ANT. Is§ that anything now?

BASS. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice: his reasons are as‖ two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; you shall seek all day ere you find them; and when you have them they are not worth the search.

ANT. Well; tell me now, what lady is the same
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promis'd to tell me of?

BASS. 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By something showing a more swelling port[b]
Than my faint means would grant continuance:
Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd
From such a noble rate; but my chief care
Is to come fairly off from the great debts
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
Hath left me gag'd. To you, Antonio,
I owe the most in money and in love;
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburthen all my plots and purposes,
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

ANT. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it;
And, if it stand, as you yourself still[c] do,
Within the eye of honour, be assur'd,
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

BASS. In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
The self-same way, with more advised watch,
To find the other forth;[d] and by adventuring both
I oft found both:(1) I urge this childhood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much; and, like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is lost: but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

ANT. You know me well, and herein spend but time,
To wind about my love with circumstance;[e]
And, out of doubt, you do me now* more wrong
In making question of my uttermost,
Than if you had made waste of all I have.
Then do but say to me what I should do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest[f] unto it: therefore speak.

(*) First folio, *sir, an oracle.* (†) Old copies, *when.*
(‡) First folio, *far you well.* (§) Old copies, *it is.*
(‖) First folio omits, *as.*

[a] If they should speak, would almost damn those ears
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers, fools.]
The meaning seems to be: There are people whose reputation for wisdom depends upon their purposed silence, who, if they could be brought to speak, would so expose their emptiness, that the hearers could hardly escape the penalty denounced on those who call their brethren fools; but the idea is not clearly expressed.

[b] A more swelling port—] A more ostentatious state. See note (b), p. 235.

[c] *As you yourself* still *do,*—] That is, *always, ever* do. This signification of the word is frequent in Shakespeare, although no commentator that I remember has noticed it.

[d] —— with more advised watch,
To find the other forth;]

"*To find forth,*" says an accomplished critic on the language of Shakespeare, "may, I apprehend, be safely pronounced to be neither English nor sense." It may not be English of the present day, but it was thought good sense and good English in the time of our author. *Forth* here means *out,*—"To find the other *out,*" and with this import the word is used in the following, and in a hundred other, instances.

"Who, falling there *to find his fellow forth.*"
Comedy of Errors, Act I. Sc. 2.

(*) First folio omits, *me now.*

Where we have again the identical expression, "*find forth.*"
"Go on before; *I shall inquire you forth.*"
Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act II. Sc. 4.
"——for at this time the jealous rascally knave, her husband, *will be forth.*"—*Merry Wives of Windsor,* Act II. Sc. 2.
And already in this very play,—
"Believe me, sir, had I such venture *forth.*"

[e] *To wind about my love with* circumstance;] *Circumstance,* for *circumlocution,* or "*going about the bush,*" as the old lexicographers define it, though in common use formerly, has now become quite obsolete:—

"Therefore it must, with *circumstance,* be spoken—"
Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act III. Sc. 2.

"And not without some scandal to yourself,
With *circumstance* and oaths, so to deny
This chain."—*The Comedy of Errors,* Act V. Sc. 1.

"And so, without more *circumstance* at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part."
Hamlet, Act I. Sc. 5.

[f] *And I am* prest *unto it:*] *Prest,* signifying *ready,* is, as Steevens remarks, of common occurrence in the old writers; but it may be doubted whether in this instance the word is not used in the current sense of *bound* or *urged.*

BASS. In Belmont is a lady richly left,
And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,
Of wondrous virtues. Sometimes[a] from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages:
Her name is Portia; nothing undervalued
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia.
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth;
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors: and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;
Which makes her seat of Belmont, Colchos' strand,
And many Jasons come in quest of her.
O, my Antonio! had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift,
That I should questionless be fortunate.

ANT. Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at sea;
Neither have I money, nor commodity
To raise a present sum: therefore go forth,
Try what my credit can in Venice do;
That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go, presently inquire, and so will I,
Where money is; and I no question make,
To have it of my trust, or for my sake. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Belmont. *A Room in* Portia's *House.*

Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA.

POR. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is a-weary of this great world.

NER. You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are; and yet, for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing. It is no mean* happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean; superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

POR. Good sentences, and well pronounced.

NER. They would be better, if well followed.

POR. If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood; but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree: such a hare is madness the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel the cripple. But this reasoning* is not in the† fashion to choose me a husband:—O me, the word choose! I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father:—Is it‡ not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none?

NER. Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men at their death have good inspirations; therefore, the lottery that he hath devised in these three chests, of gold, silver, and lead, (whereof who chooses his meaning chooses you,) will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly, but one who you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

POR. I pray thee, overname them; and as thou namest them I will describe them; and according to my description level at my affection.

NER. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

POR. Ay, that's a colt, indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts that he can shoe him himself: I am much afraid my lady his mother played false with a smith.

NER. Then, is there the county Palatine.(2)

POR. He doth nothing but frown; as who should say, *An you will not have me, choose;* he hears merry tales, and smiles not: I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be§ married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of these. God defend me from these two!

NER. How say you by the French lord, monsieur le Bon?

POR. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker; but he! why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's; a better bad habit of frowning than the count Palatine: he is every man in no man: if a throstle‖ sing he falls straight a capering; he will fence with his own shadow: if I should marry him I should marry twenty husbands: if he would despise me I would forgive him; for if he love me to madness I shall¶ never requite him.

NER. What say you then to Fauconbridge, the young baron of England?

POR. You know I say nothing to him; for he understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian;[b] and you will come into the court, and swear that I have a poor

(*) First folio, *small.*

[a] Sometimes.] *Sometimes* here means, *formerly*, in *other times.*

[b] He hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian;] This satirical allusion to our ignorance in "the tongues" has not yet lost all its point.

(*) First folio, *reason.*
(†) First folio omits, *the*
(‡) First folio, *it is.*
(§) First folio, *to be.*
(‖) Old copies, *trassell.*
(¶) First folio, *should.*

pennyworth in the English. He is a proper man's picture;[a] but, alas! who can converse with a dumb show? How oddly he is suited! I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour everywhere.

NER. What think you of the Scottish lord,[b] his neighbour?

POR. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him; for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again when he was able: I think the Frenchman became his surety, and sealed under for another.

NER. How like you the young German, the duke of Saxony's nephew?

POR. Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober; and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is best, he is a little worse than a man; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast: an the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

NER. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

POR. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket; for, if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do anything, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a sponge.

NER. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords: they have acquainted me with their determinations: which is, indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit; unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets.

POR. If I live to be as old as Sibylla I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will. I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I pray God grant[c] them a fair departure.

NER. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar and a soldier, that came hither in company of the marquis of Montferrat?

POR. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio; as I think, so was he called.

NER. True, madam; he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

POR. I remember him well; and I remember him worthy of thy praise.

Enter a Servant.

How now! what news?*

SERV. The four strangers seek for† you, madam, to take their leave: and there is a forerunner come from a fifth, the prince of Morocco; who brings word, the prince, his master, will be here to-night.

POR. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition[d] of a saint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me.
Come, Nerissa. Sirrah, go before;
Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Venice. *A Public Place.*

Enter BASSANIO *and* SHYLOCK.(3)

SHY. *Three thousand ducats,*—well.

BASS. Ay, sir, for three months.

SHY. *For three months,*—well.

BASS. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

SHY. *Antonio shall become bound,*—well.

BASS. May you stead me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer?

SHY. *Three thousand ducats, for three months, and Antonio bound.*

BASS. Your answer to that.

SHY. Antonio is a good man.[e]

BASS. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

SHY. Ho! no, no, no, no;—my meaning in saying he is a good man, is, to have you understand me that he is sufficient: yet his means are in supposition: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand moreover upon the Rialto, he hath a third at

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[a] A proper *man's picture;*] *Proper* meant *handsome, comely.* The word with this import is so common, that it is needless to give examples; they may be found in every play of the time.

[b] *The* Scottish *lord,*—] So the quartos, which were printed before the accession of James I. The folio, 1623, reads, "the *other* lord," to avoid giving offence to the king and his countrymen.

[c] I pray God grant them—] The first folio, in obedience to the Act passed in the reign of James I. prohibiting the profane use of holy names, has, "*I wish* them a fair departure."

[d] *The* condition of *a saint,*—] *Condition* for, *nature, disposition,* as in "Richard III." Act IV. Sc. 4:—

"Madam, I have a touch of your *condition,*
That cannot brook the accent of reproof."

And in "Othello," Act II. Sc. 1:—

"——— she is full of most bless'd *condition.*"

[e] *Antonio is* a good man.] That is, a man of substance and responsibility:—

———"*A good man,*
I have enquired him, eighteen hundred a year."
The Devil is An Ass, Act III. Sc. 1.

(*) First folio omits, *How now!* &c.
(†) First folio omits, *for.*

Mexico, a fourth for England; and other ventures he hath, squander'd[a] abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats and water-rats, land-thieves and water-thieves;[b] I mean, pirates; and then, there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks. The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient;—three thousand ducats;—I think I may take his bond.

BASS. Be assured you may.

SHY. I will be assured I may; and that I may be assured, I will bethink me. May I speak with Antonio?

BASS. If it please you to dine with us.

SHY. Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into! I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you.—What news on the Rialto?—Who is he comes here?

Enter ANTONIO.

BASS. This is signior Antonio.

SHY. [*Aside.*] How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him for he is a Christian:
But more, for that, in low simplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,(4)
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation; and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won * thrift,
Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe
If I forgive him!

BASS. Shylock, do you hear?

SHY. I am debating of my present store:
And, by the near guess of my memory,
I cannot instantly raise up the gross
Of full three thousand ducats. What of that?
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furnish me. But soft: how many months
Do you desire?—Rest you fair, good signior:
[*To* ANTONIO.
Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

ANT. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow,
By taking, nor by giving of excess,
Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
I'll break a custom:—Is he yet possess'd,[c]
How much you * would? [*To* BASSANIO.

SHY. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

ANT. And for three months.

SHY. I had forgot;—three months, you told me so.
Well then, your bond; and, let me see. But hear you:
Methought you said, you neither lend nor borrow,
Upon advantage.

ANT. I do never use it.

SHY. When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's sheep,
This Jacob from our holy Abraham was
(As his wise mother wrought in his behalf)
The third possessor; ay, he was the third.

ANT. And what of him? did he take interest?

SHY. No, not take interest; not, as you would say,
Directly interest: mark what Jacob did.
When Laban and himself were compromis'd,
That all the eanlings which were streak'd and pied
Should fall, as Jacob's hire; the ewes, being rank,
In end of autumn turned to the rams:
And when the work of generation was,
Between these woolly breeders, in the act,
The skilful shepherd pill'd me certain wands,
And, in the doing of the deed of kind,
He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes;
Who, then conceiving, did in eaning-time
Fall party-colour'd lambs, and those were Jacob's.
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest;
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

ANT. This was a venture, sir, that Jacob serv'd for;
A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of Heaven.
Was this inserted to make interest good?
Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams?

SHY. I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast:
But note me, signior.

ANT. Mark you this, Bassanio,
The devil can cite scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart;
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!

SHY. Three thousand ducats,—'t is a good round sum.
Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate.

ANT. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholden to you?

(*) First folio, *well-worn.*

[a] Squander'd *abroad.*] *Squandered*, of old, meant only *dispersed* or *scattered*, not as now, *wasted*, *dissipated.*

[b] Land-thieves and water-thieves;] The ancient copies read "water-thieves and land-thieves," which, there can be little doubt, was a printer's or transcriber's error.

(*) First folio, *he.*

[c] *Is he yet* possess'd,—] Is he yet *informed.* Thus in Act IV. Sc. I:—

"I have *possess'd* your grace of what I purpose."

SHY. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft,[a]
In the Rialto(5) you have rated me
About my monies, and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe:
You call me,—misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spet upon my Jewish gaberdine,(6)
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears you need my help:
Go to then: you come to me, and you say,
Shylock, we would have monies; You say so;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold; monies is your suit.
What should I say to you? Should I not say,
Hath a dog money? is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats?* or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With 'bated breath, and whispering humbleness,
Say this,—
Fair sir, you spet on me on Wednesday last;
You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You call'd me—dog; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much monies?

ANT. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spet on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends; (for when did friendship take
A breed for† barren metal of his friend?)[b]
But lend it rather to thine enemy;
Who, if he break, thou mayst with better face
Exact the penalty.‡

SHY. Why, look you, how you storm!
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,
Supply your present wants, and take no doit
Of usance for my monies, and you'll not hear me:
This is kind I offer.

ANT. This were kindness.

SHY. This kindness will I show:
Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,[c]
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum, or sums, as are
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth* me.

ANT. Content, in faith; I'll seal to such a bond,
And say there is much kindness in the Jew.

BASS. You shall not seal to such a bond for me
I'll rather dwell[d] in my necessity.

ANT. Why, fear not, man, I will not forfeit it;
Within these two months,—that's a month before
This bond expires,—I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

SHY. O father Abraham, what these Christians are,
Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others! Pray you, tell me this;
If he should break his day,(7) what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,
To buy his favour, I extend this friendship;
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;
And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not.

ANT. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

SHY. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's;
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purse the ducats straight;
See to my house, left in the fearful[e] guard
Of an unthrifty knave; and presently
I will be with you. [*Exit.*

ANT. Hie thee, gentle Jew.
This Hebrew will turn Christian; he grows kind.

BASS. I like not fair terms and a villain's mind.

ANT. Come on; in this there can be no dismay,
My ships come home a month before the day.
[*Exeunt.*

(*) First folio, *should.* (†) First folio, *of.*
(‡) First folio, *penalties.*

[a] *Many a time and oft,—*] This old saying, equivalent to our "Many and many a time," occurs again in "Julius Cæsar," Act I. Sc. 1:—

"——— *Many a time and oft*
Have you climbed up to walls and battlements."

[b] A breed for barren metal of his friend?] By *breed* is apparently meant *fruit* or *interest.* Meres says, "Usurie and encrease by gold and silver is unlawful, because against nature; nature hath made them *sterile* and *barren*, usurie makes them procreative."

[c] ——— seal me there
Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not, &c.]

So in the old ballad of "Gernutus."

"But we will have *a merry jeast*
For to be talked long;
You shall make me *a bond*, quoth he,
That shall be large and strong."

[d] *I'll rather* dwell, &c.] That is, *abide, continue, &c.*

[e] *Left in the* fearful *guard—*] This may denote either in the guard of one who makes you fearful to trust him; or a timorous, *faint-hearted guard:* the former is the usual interpretation.

(*) First folio, *it pleaseth.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Belmont. *A Room in* Portia's *House.*

Flourish of Cornets. Enter the PRINCE OF MOROCCO, *and his Train;* PORTIA, NERISSA, *and other of her* Attendants.[a]

MOR. Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadowed livery of the burnish'd sun,
To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,
And let us make incision for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest,[b] his, or mine.
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant; by my love, I swear,
The best-regarded virgins of our clime
Have lov'd it too: I would not change this hue,
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

POR. In terms of choice I am not solely led
By nice[c] direction of a maiden's eyes:
Besides, the lottery of my destiny
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing:
But, if my father had not scanted me,
And hedg'd me by his wit,[d] to yield myself
His wife, who wins me by that means I told you,
Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as fair
As any comer I have look'd on yet,
For my affection.

MOR. Even for that I thank you;
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets,(1)
To try my fortune. By this scimitar,—
That slew the Sophy, and a Persian prince,

---

[a] *Enter, &c.*] The old stage direction is, "*Enter Morochus a tawnie Moore all in white, and three or foure followers accordingly, with Portia, Nerrissa, and their traine;*" which, as Mr. Collier remarks, is curious, as showing the manner in which Moors were usually dressed on the stage in Shakespeare's time.

[b] *To prove whose* blood is reddest,—] "It must be remembered," Johnson says, "that *red* blood is a traditionary sign of courage. Thus Macbeth calls one of his frighted soldiers, a *lily-liver'd boy;* again, in this play, cowards are said to *have livers as white as milk;* and an effeminate and timorous man is termed a *milksop.*" Among the Saxons it was the custom to cover their distinguished dead with a *red* pall instead of a black one, "In remembrance," according to Glanville, "of theyr *hardynes* and *boldnes*, whyle they were in theyr blonde."

[c] *By* nice *direction of a maiden's eyes:*] *Nice*, from the Anglo-Saxon *nesc*, or *knesc*, tender, gentle, here means *dainty, squeamish*, as in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," Act III. Sc. I, and in other places:—

"————but she is *nice* and coy,
And naught esteems my aged eloquence."

[d] *And hedg'd me by his* wit,—] *Wit* in this case is used with its old signification, of *knowledge, foresight, wisdom.*

That won three fields of sultan Solyman,—
I would o'erstare the sternest eyes that look,
Outbrave the heart most daring on the earth,
Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-bear,
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady. But, alas the while![a]
If Hercules and Lichas play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is Alcides beaten by his page; *
And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.

PORT. You must take your chance;
And either not attempt to choose at all,
Or swear, before you choose,—if you choose wrong,
Never to speak to lady afterward
In way of marriage; therefore be advis'd.

MOR. Nor will not; come, bring me unto my chance.

PORT. First, forward to the temple; after dinner
Your hazard shall be made. [*Cornets.*

MOR. Good fortune, then!
To make me bless'd, or cursed'st among men.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Venice. *A Street.*

Enter LAUNCELOT GOBBO.[b]

LAUN. Certainly, my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew, my master. The fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me; saying to me,—*Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot*, or *good Gobbo*, or *good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away.*—My conscience says,—*no; take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo;* or (as aforesaid) *honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not run: scorn running with thy heels:*[c] well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack; *Via!* says the fiend; *away!* says the fiend, *for the heavens*[d] *rouse up a brave mind*, says the fiend, *and run.* Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me,—*my honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son:* or rather an honest woman's son;—for, indeed, my father did something smack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste;—well, my conscience says, *Launcelot, budge not: budge*, says the fiend; *budge not*, says my conscience: Conscience, say I, you counsel well; fiend, say I, you counsel well: to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who (God bless the mark!) is a kind of devil; and to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself. Certainly, the Jew is the very devil incarnation: and, in my conscience, my conscience is but* a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew: the fiend gives the more friendly counsel: I will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment, I will run.

Enter Old GOBBO,[e] *with a basket.*

GOB. Master, young man, you; I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

LAUN. [*Aside.*] O heavens, this is my true-begotten father! who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel blind, knows me not: I will try confusions[f] with him.

GOB. Master, young gentleman, I pray you which is the way to master Jew's?

LAUN. Turn upon your right hand at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

GOB. By God's sonties,[g] 'twill be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him, or no?

LAUN. Talk you of young master Launcelot?—

(*) Old text, *rage.*

[a] *But*, alas the while!] The vernacular phrase, *alas*, or *woe the while*, appears to have been a parenthetical ejaculation of sorrow, with no more determinate meaning than Pistol's "lament therefore," or our "it's sad to think." It occurs again in "Henry V." Act IV. Sc. 7:—

"For many of our princes (*woe the while!*)
Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood."

And in "Julius Cæsar," Act I. Sc. 3:—

"——— for Romans now
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors,
But, *woe the while!* our fathers' minds are dead."

[b] *Enter* LAUNCELOT GOBBO.] In the old copies, *Enter the* Clowne *alone;* throughout the play, too, this character is generally designated as "Clowne" on his *entrance and exit.*

[c] Scorn running with thy heels:] This figurative manner of expressing a scornful rejection of anything, is not so uncommon that it need have puzzled the critics as it has done. It occurs in "Much Ado about Nothing," Act III. Sc. 4:—"O illegitimate construction! *I scorn that with my heels.*" So also in Rowland's Collection of Epigrams and Satires, called "The Letting of Humours Blood in the Head Vaine," 1611.—

"Bidde me goe sleepe? *I scorne it with my heeles.*"

And again, in "A Crew of Kind Gossips," 1609:—

"And *with my heeles, I scorne it*, by the Lord."

(*) First folio omits, *but.*

[d] For the heavens—] Gifford, by a note on "Every Man Out of His Humour," Act II. Sc. 1, has saved this "pretty oath" from the prohibition with which it was threatened by the Shakespeare commentators. The meaning, as he has shown by a string of instances, is simply, *by heaven!*

[e] GOBBO.—] Steevens surmised that, as *Gobbo* is Italian for *crook-back*, Shakespeare designed the old man to be represented with that deformity.

[f] Confusions—] So the quarto by Heyes, and the folio; Roberts quarto has, *conclusions.*

[g] *By God's* sonties,—] *Sonties* is a corruption of *sanctities.*

Mark me now—[*aside*]—now will I raise the waters.—Talk you of young master Launcelot?

GOB. No *master*, sir, but a poor man's son: his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

LAUN. Well, let his father be what a will, we talk of young master Launcelot.

GOB. Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, sir.*

LAUN. But I pray you *ergo*, old man, *ergo*, I beseech you, talk you of young master Launcelot.

GOB. Of Launcelot, an't please your mastership.

LAUN. *Ergo*, master Launcelot;[a] talk not of master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman (according to fates and destinies, and such odd sayings, the sisters three, and such branches of learning) is, indeed, deceased; or, as you would say in plain terms, gone to heaven.

GOB. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

LAUN. Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel-post, a staff, or a prop? [*aside*]—Do you know me, father?

GOB. Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman: but, I pray you tell me, is my boy (God rest his soul!) alive or dead?

LAUN. Do you not know me, father?

GOB. Alack, sir, I am sand-blind, I know you not.

LAUN. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son: give me your blessing: truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long; a man's son may; but, in the end, truth will out. [*Kneels.*

GOB. Pray you, sir, stand up; I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

LAUN. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing; I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

GOB. I cannot think you are my son.

LAUN. I know not what I shall think of that: but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man; and I am sure Margery, your wife, is my mother.

GOB. Her name is Margery, indeed: I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord worshipped might he be! what a beard hast thou got! thou hast got more hair on thy chin than Dobbin my phill-horse has on his tail.[b]

(*) First folio omits, *sir*.

[a] *Ergo*, master Launcelot;] The humour here, which consists in Launcelot's determination to be dignified by the title of *master*, and the old man's unwillingness so to honour him, is less apparent in writing than in acting, where the *master* Launcelot can be rendered sufficiently emphatic.

[b] Than Dobbin my phill-horse has on his tail.] Stage tradition, not improbably from the time of Shakespeare himself, makes Launcelot, at this point, kneel with his back to the sand-blind old father, who, of course, mistakes his long back hair for a beard, of which his face is perfectly innocent.

LAUN. It should seem then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward; I am sure he had more hair of his tail, than I have of my face, when I last saw him.

GOB. Lord, how art thou changed! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present. How 'gree you now?

LAUN. Well, well; but for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground. My master's a very Jew. Give him a present! give him a halter: I am famished in his service; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come: give me[a] your present to one master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries; if I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground.—O rare fortune! here comes the man;—to him, father; for I am a Jew if I serve the Jew any longer.

Enter BASSANIO, *with* LEONARDO, *and other* Followers.

BASS. You may do so:—but let it be so hasted, that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock. See these letters delivered; put the liveries to making; and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging. [*Exit a* Servant.

LAUN. To him, father.

GOB. God bless your worship!

BASS. Gramercy! Wouldst thou aught with me?

GOB. Here's my son, sir, a poor boy,—

LAUN. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man; that would, sir, as my father shall specify,—

GOB. He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve,—

LAUN. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and have a desire, as my father shall specify,—

GOB. His master and he (saving your worship's reverence) are scarce cater-cousins:—

LAUN. To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my father, being I hope an old man, shall frutify unto you,—

GOB. I have here a dish of doves, that I would bestow upon your worship; and my suit is,—

LAUN. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet, poor man, my father.

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[a] *Give* me *your present to one master Bassanio,*—] "The *me*, in such a phrase as the present," Mr. Craik remarks, on a passage of the same construction, in "Julius Cæsar," "may be considered as being in the same predicament with the *my* in *my lord*, or the *mon* in the French *monsieur*. The best commentary on the use of the pronoun that we have here is in the dialogue between Petrucio and his servant Grumio in 'Taming of the Shrew,' Act I. Sc. 2:—'PET. Villain, I say, knock *me* here soundly,' &c."

BASS. One speak for both:—what would you?
LAUN. Serve you, sir.
GOB. That is the very defect of the matter, sir.
BASS. I know thee well, thou hast obtain'd thy suit:
Shylock, thy master, spoke with me this day,
And hath preferr'd thee, if it be preferment,
To leave a rich Jew's service, to become
The follower of so poor a gentleman.
LAUN. The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir; you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.[a]
BASS. Thou speak'st it well. Go, father, with thy son:—
Take leave of thy old master, and inquire
My lodging out:—give him a livery
[*To his* Followers.
More guarded[b] than his fellows: see it done.
LAUN. Father, in:—I cannot get a service, no! —I have ne'er a tongue in my head!—Well [*looking on his palm*]; if any man in Italy have a fairer table,[c] which doth offer to swear upon a book, I shall have good fortune! Go to, here's a simple line of life! (2) here's a small trifle of wives: alas, fifteen wives is nothing; aleven[d] widows and nine maids, is a simple coming in for one man: and then, to 'scape drowning thrice; and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather bed; here are simple 'scapes! Well, if fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gear.—Father, come. I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye.*
[*Exeunt* LAUNCELOT *and Old* GOBBO.
BASS. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this;
These things being bought, and orderly bestow'd,
Return in haste, for I do feast to-night
My best esteem'd acquaintance: hie thee, go.
LEON. My best endeavours shall be done herein.

Enter GRATIANO.

GRA. Where's your master?
LEON. Yonder, sir, he walks.
[*Exit* LEON.
GRA. Signior Bassanio,—
BASS. Gratiano!
GRA. I have a suit to you.
BASS. You have obtain'd it.
GRA. You must not deny me: I must go with you to Belmont.
BASS. Why, then you must.—But hear thee, Gratiano;
Thou art too wild, too rude and bold of voice;
Parts, that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults; [show
But where thou art* not known, why, there they
Something too liberal:[e]—pray thee, take pain
To allay with some cold drops of modesty, [viour,
Thy skipping spirit; lest, through thy wild beha-
I be misconster'd in the place I go to,
And lose my hopes.
GRA. Signior Bassanio, hear me:
If I do not put on a sober habit,
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely;
Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say *Amen*; (3)
Use all the observance of civility,
Like one well studied in a sad ostent[f]
To please his grandam,—never trust me more.
BASS. Well, we shall see your bearing.
GRA. Nay, but I bar to-night; you shall not gage me
By what we do to-night.
BASS. No, that were pity;
I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpose merriment. But fare you well,
I have some business.
GRA. And I must to Lorenzo and the rest;
But we will visit you at supper-time. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Venice. *A Room in* Shylock's *House.*

Enter JESSICA *and* LAUNCELOT.

JES. I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so;
Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,

(*) First folio omits, *of an eye.*

[a] You have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.] The proverb referred to is, "The grace of God is better than riches;" or, in the Scots' form of it, "God's-grace is gear enough."

[b] *More* guarded—] That is, more *ornamented.* A *guard* was, properly, the welt or border of a garment; and so called, from its guarding the stuff from being torn.

[c] *A fairer* table,—] *Table,* in palmistry, is the palm of the hand.—"*Beau.* Faires. one, I have skill in palmistry. *Wife.* Good my Lord, what do you find there? *Beau.* In good earnest, I do find written here all my good fortune lies in your hand. *Wife.* You'll keep a very bad house then; you may see by the smallness of the *table.*"—MIDDLETON'S *Any Thing for a Quiet Life,* Act II. Sc. 1.

[d] Aleven.] So the old text, and rightly; *aleven* being a common vulgarism, which was, probably, pronounced "a'leven."

[e] *Something too* liberal:—] *Liberal* is used here in its ancient sense of *licentious;* as in "Much Ado about Nothing," Act. IV. Sc. 1:—

"Who hath, indeed, most like a *liberal* villain," &c.

And in "Hamlet," Act IV. Sc. 7:—

"——— and long purples,
That *liberal* shepherds give a grosser name."

[f] *Sad* ostent—] *Ostent* is meant perhaps for more than mere *appearance,* and implies *parade* or *display.* The word occurs again in the eighth scene of this act, with the same purport:—

"Be merry and employ your chiefest thoughts,
To courtships and such fair *ostents* of love."

And in "Henry V." (Chorus) Act V.:—

"Giving full trophy, signal, and *ostent*
Quite from himself, to God."

(*) First folio, *they are.*

Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness:
But fare thee well: there is a ducat for thee.
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest:
Give him this letter; do it secretly,
And so farewell; I would not have my father
See me in * talk with thee.

LAUN. Adieu!—tears exhibit my tongue. Most beautiful pagan,—most sweet Jew! If a Christian did[a] not play the knave and get thee, I am much deceived. But, adieu! these foolish drops do something † drown my manly spirit: adieu! [*Exit.*

JES. Farewell, good Launcelot.
Alack, what heinous sin is it in me,
To be asham'd to be my father's child!
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners: O Lorenzo!
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife;
Become a Christian, and thy loving wife. [*Exit.*

(*) First folio omits, *in*. (†) First folio, *somewhat*.

[a] If *a Christian* did *not play the knave*—] This, the true reading, is first found in the folio, 1632. All the earlier editions have, "*doe* not get thee," &c.

SCENE IV.—Venice. *A Street.*

Enter GRATIANO, LORENZO, SALARINO, *and* SOLANIO.

LOR. Nay, we will slink away in supper-time,
Disguise us at my lodging, and return
All in an hour.

GRA. We have not made good preparation.

SALAR. We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers.[b]

[b] Torchbearers.] See Note (10), p. 215.

SOLAN. 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly ordered,
And better, in my mind, not undertook. [hours,
LOR. 'Tis now but four o'clock; we have two
To furnish us.—

Enter LAUNCELOT *with a letter.*

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?
LAUN. An it shall please you to break up this,[a] it shall * seem to signify. [hand;
LOR. I know the hand: in faith, 'tis a fair
And whiter than the paper it writ on,
Is † the fair hand that writ.
GRA. Love-news, in faith.
LAUN. By your leave, sir.
LOR. Whither goest thou?
LAUN. Marry, sir, to bid my old master the Jew to sup to-night with my new master the Christian.
LOR. Hold here, take this:—tell gentle Jessica,
I will not fail her;—speak it privately:
Go. Gentlemen, will you prepare you for this masque to-night?
[*Exit* LAUNCELOT.
I am provided of a torchbearer. [straight.
SALAR. Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it
SOLAN. And so will I.
LOR. Meet me and Gratiano,
At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.
SALAR. 'Tis good we do so.
[*Exeunt* SALAR. *and* SOLAN.
GRA. Was not that letter from fair Jessica?
LOR. I must needs tell thee all. She hath directed
How I shall take her from her father's house;
What gold and jewels she is furnish'd with;
What page's suit she hath in readiness.
If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,
It will be for his gentle daughter's sake:
And never dare misfortune cross her foot,
Unless she do it under this excuse,—
That she is issue to a faithless Jew.
Come, go with me; peruse this as thou goest:
Fair Jessica shall be my torchbearer. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Venice. *Before* Shylock's *House.*

Enter SHYLOCK *and* LAUNCELOT.[b]

SHY. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,

(*) First folio, *shall it.* (†) First folio, *I.*

[a] To break up this,—] See Note (d), p. 69.
[b] *Enter* SHYLOCK and LAUNCELOT.] The original stage direction in Heyes' quarto and the folio is too curious to be omitted, "*Enter Jew, and his man that was the Clowne.*"

The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio:—
What, Jessica!—thou shalt not gormandise,
As thou hast done with me;—What, Jessica!—
And sleep, and snore, and rend apparel out;—
Why, Jessica, I say!
LAUN. Why, Jessica! [call.
SHY. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee
LAUN. Your worship was wont to tell me, I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter JESSICA.

JES. Call you? What is your will?
SHY. I am bid forth[c] to supper, Jessica;
There are my keys.—But wherefore should I go?
I am not bid for love; they flatter me:
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Christian.—Jessica, my girl,
Look to my house.—I am right loth to go;
There is some ill a-brewing towards my rest,
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.
LAUN. I beseech you, sir, go; my young master doth expect your reproach.
SHY. So do I, his.
LAUN. And they have conspired together,—I will not say, you shall see a masque; but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a-bleeding on Black-Monday last, at six o'clock i' the morning, falling out that year on Ash-Wednesday was four year in the afternoon.
SHY. What! are there masques? Hear you me, Jessica:
Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,
And the vile squealing of the wry-neck'd fife,[d]
Clamber not you * up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the public street,
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces:
But stop my house's ears, I mean my casements;
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house.—By Jacob's staff I swear,
I have no mind of feasting forth to-night:
But I will go.—Go you before me, sirrah;
Say, I will come.
LAUN. I will go before, sir.—
Mistress, look out at window for all this;
There will come a Christian by,
Will be worth a Jewess' eye. [*Exit* LAUN.
SHY. What says that fool of Hagar's offspring; ha?
JES. His words were, *Farewell, mistress;* nothing else.

(*) First folio, *you not.*

[c] *I am* bid forth—] I am *invited out. Bid* in old language was frequently used for *invitation.*
[d] *The* wry-neck'd fife,—] The performer, not the instrument, is meant. "A *fife* is a *wry-neckt musician*, for he always looks away from his instrument."—BARNABY RICHE'S *Aphorismes*, 1618.

SHY. The patch[a] is kind enough; but a huge feeder,
Snail-slow in profit, and * he sleeps by day
More than the wild cat: drones hive not with me,
Therefore I part with him; and part with him
To one, that I would have him help to waste
His borrow'd purse.—Well, Jessica, go in;
Perhaps, I will return immediately;
Do as I bid you, shut doors after you:
Fast bind, fast find;
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. [*Exit.*

JES. Farewell; and if my fortune be not cross'd,
I have a father, you a daughter, lost. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.—*The same.*

Enter GRATIANO *and* SALARINO, *masqued.*

GRA. This is the pent-house, under which Lorenzo
Desir'd us to make stand.*

SALAR. His hour is almost past.

GRA. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.

SALAR. O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly
To seal † love's bonds new made, than they are wont
To keep obliged faith unforfeited!

GRA. That ever holds: who riseth from a feast
With that keen appetite that he sits down?
Where is the horse that doth untread again,
His tedious measures with the unbated fire,
That he did pace them first? All things that are,
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.
How like a younker,[b] or a prodigal,
The scarfed bark[c] puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!
How like a prodigal doth she return;
With over-weather'd ‡ ribs, and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!

(*) First folio, *but.*

[a] *The* patch—] See note ([d]), p. 372.

[b] *How like* a younker, *or a prodigal,*—] The old copies read, *a younger;* the emendation, which was made by Rowe, is fully justified by the following passage in "Henry VI." Part III. Act II. Sc. 1:—

"See how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun!
How well resembles it the prime of youth,
Trimm'd like *a younker* prancing to his love!"

A younker meant a young gallant, from *Juncker* or *Jung Herr,* as Minshew defines him, "*Nobilis vel equestris ordinis vir.*"

[c] *The* scarfed *bark*—] The vessel decorated with flags and streamers.

(*) First folio, *a stand.* † First folio, *steale.*
(‡) First folio, *wither'd.*

SALAR. Here comes Lorenzo;—more of this hereafter.

Enter LORENZO.

LOR. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode:
Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait:
When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,
I'll watch as long for you then.—Approach;
Here dwells my father Jew—Ho! who's within?

Enter JESSICA, *above, in boy's clothes.*

JES. Who are you? Tell me, for more certainty,
Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.

LOR. Lorenzo, and thy love.

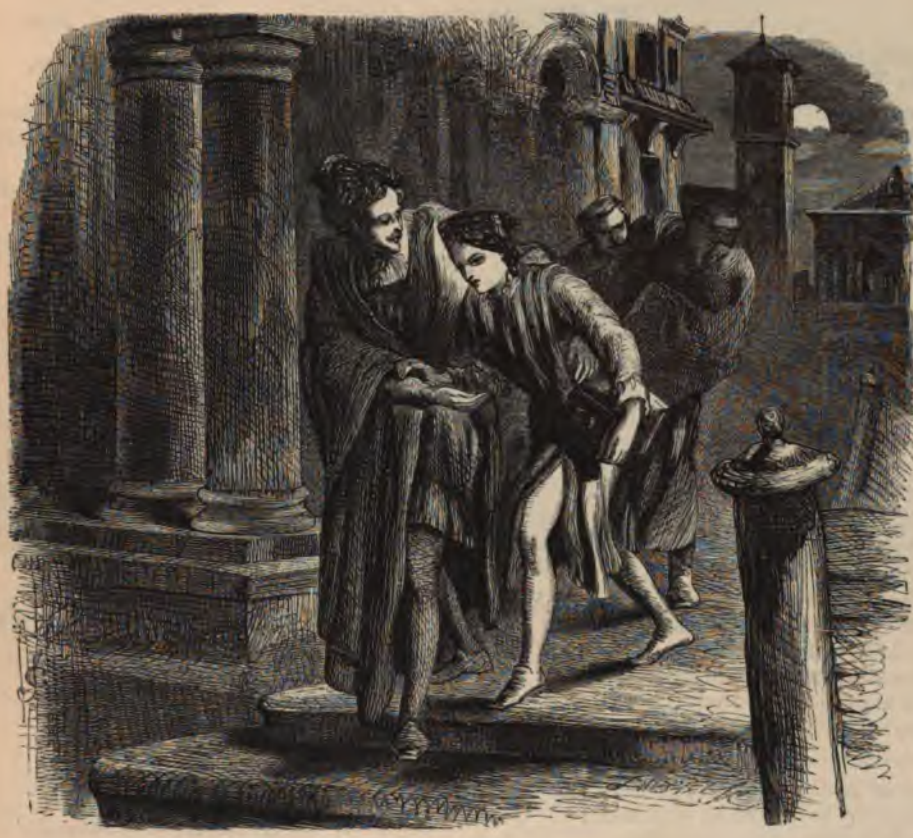
JES. Lorenzo, certain; and my love, indeed;
For who love I so much? and now, who knows
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

LOR. Heaven, and thy thoughts, are witness that thou art.

JES. Here, catch this casket; it is worth the pains.
I am glad 't is night, you do not look on me,
For I am much asham'd of my exchange:
But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit;
For if they could, Cupid himself would blush,
To see me thus transformed to a boy.

LOR. Descend, for you must be my torchbearer.

JES. What, must I hold a candle to my shames?
They in themselves, good sooth, are too-too light.
Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love;
And I should be obscur'd.



LOR. So are you,* sweet,
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.
But come at once;
For the close night doth play the run-away,
And we are stay'd for at Bassanio's feast.

JES. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself
With some more ducats, and be with you straight.
[*Exit, from above.*

GRA. Now, by my hood, a Gentile† and no Jew.

LOR. Beshrew [a] me, but I love her heartily:
For she is wise, if I can judge of her;
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true;
And true she is, as she hath prov'd herself;
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

Enter JESSICA, *below.*

What, art thou come?—On, gentlemen, away;
Our masking mates by this time for us stay.
[*Exit, with* JESSICA *and* SALARINO.

(*) First folio, *you are.* (†) First folio, *gentle.*

[a] Beshrew me,—] See note (4), p. 35; to which may be added the following explanation by Florio: "*Museragno*, a kinde of mouse called a *shrew*, deadlie to other beasts if he bite them, and laming any bodie if he but touch them, *of which that curse came, I beshrew you.*"—*A Worlde of Wordes*, 1598.

Enter ANTONIO.

ANT. Who's there?

GRA. Signior Antonio?

ANT. Fie, fie, Gratiano! where are all the rest?
'Tis nine o'clock, our friends all stay for you:
No masque to-night; the wind is come about;
Bassanio presently will go aboard:
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

GRA. I am glad on't; I desire no more delight,
Than to be under sail and gone to-night.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—Belmont. *A Room in* Portia's *House.*

Flourish of Cornets. Enter PORTIA, *with the* PRINCE OF MOROCCO, *and both their Trains.*

POR. Go, draw aside the curtains, and discover
The several caskets to this noble prince:—

Now make your choice.

MOR. The first, of gold, who this inscription bears:

Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire.*

The second, silver, which this promise carries:

Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.

This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt:

Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.

How shall I know if I do choose the right?

POR. The one of them contains my picture, prince;

If you choose that, then I am yours withal.

MOR. Some god direct my judgment! Let me see.

I will survey the inscriptions back again:
What says this leaden casket:

Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.

Must give—For what? for lead? hazard for lead?
This casket threatens: men that hazard all
Do it in hope of fair advantages:
A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross;
I'll then nor give, nor hazard, aught for lead.
What says the silver, with her virgin hue?

Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.

As much as he deserves?—Pause there, Morocco,
And weigh thy value with an even hand:
If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,
Thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough
May not extend so far as to the lady:
And yet to be afeard of my deserving,
Were but a weak disabling of myself.
As much as I deserve!—Why, that 's the lady:
I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,
In graces, and in qualities of breeding;
But more than these, in love I do deserve.
What if I strayed no farther, but chose here?—
Let 's see once more this saying grav'd in gold:

Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire.

Why, that 's the lady: all the world desires her:
From the four corners of the earth they come,
To kiss this shrine, this mortal, breathing, saint.
The Hyrcanian deserts, and the vasty wilds
Of wide Arabia, are as through-fares now,
For princes to come view fair Portia:
The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head
Spets in the face of heaven, is no bar
To stop the foreign spirits; but they come,
As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.
One of these three contains her heavenly picture.
Is 't like that lead contains her? 'T were damnation
To think so base a thought: it were too gross
To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave.
Or shall I think in silver she 's immur'd,
Being ten times undervalued to tried gold?
O sinful thought! Never so rich a gem
Was set in worse than gold. They have in England,
A coin that bears the figure of an angel,
Stamped in gold; but that 's insculp'd upon;
But here an angel in a golden bed
Lies all within.—Deliver me the key;
Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may!

POR. There, take it, prince, and if my form lie there,
Then I am yours. [*He unlocks the golden casket.*

MOR. O hell! what have we here?
A carrion death, within whose empty eye
There is a written scroll? I'll read the writing.

All that glisters is not gold,
Often have you heard that told:
Many a man his life hath sold,
But my outside to behold:
Gilded tombs[a] do worms infold.
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your answer had not been inscroll'd:
Fare you well; your suit is cold.

Cold, indeed; and labour lost:
Then, farewell heat; and welcome frost.—
Portia, adieu! I have too griev'd a heart
To take a tedious leave: thus losers part. [*Exit.*

POR. A gentle riddance:—Draw the curtains, go;—
Let all of his complexion choose me so. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—Venice. *A Street.*

Enter SALARINO *and* SOLANIO.

SALAR. Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail;
With him is Gratiano gone along;
And in their ship, I am sure, Lorenzo is not.

SOLAN. The villain Jew with outeries rais'd the duke;
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.

SALAR. He came* too late, the ship was under sail:

(*) First folio omits, *many*.

[a] *Gilded* tombs *do worms infold.*] The old copies have,—

"Gilded *timber* do worms infold."

Johnson proposed the reading, *tombs*, which is now universally accepted. If "timber" is right, then the redundant *do* is an interloper, and we should read,—

"Gilded timber worms infold."

(*) First folio, *comes*.

But there the duke was given to understand,
That in a gondola(4) were seen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica;
Besides, Antonio certified the duke,
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

SOLAN. I never heard a passion so confus'd,
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets:
My daughter!—O my ducats!—O my daughter!
Fled with a Christian?—O my Christian ducats!—
Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!
A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, stol'n from me by my daughter!
And jewels; two stones, two rich and precious stones,
Stol'n by my daughter!—Justice! find the girl!
She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats!

SALAR. Why, all the boys in Venice follow him
Crying,—*his stones, his daughter*, and *his ducats.*

SOLAN. Let good Antonio look he keep his day,
Or he shall pay for this.

SALAR. Marry, well remember'd:
I reason'd[a] with a Frenchman yesterday,
Who told me,—in the narrow seas that part
The French and English, there miscarried
A vessel of our country, richly fraught:
I thought upon Antonio when he told me,
And wish'd in silence that it were not his.

SOLAN. You were best to tell Antonio what you hear;
Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.

SALAR. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.
I saw Bassanio and Antonio part:
Bassanio told him, he would make some speed
Of his return; he answer'd—*Do not so,*
Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,
But stay the very riping of the time;
And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of[b] *love:*
Be merry; and employ your chiefest thoughts
To courtship, and such fair ostents of love,
As shall conveniently become you there:
And even there, his eye being big with tears,

---

[a] I reason'd *with a Frenchman yesterday,*—] That is, I *discoursed.* This sense of *reason*, though unusual, is not singular; thus in Chapman's Translation of the "Odyssey," Book IV.:—

"The morning shall yield time to you and me,
To do what fits, and *reason* mutually."

[b] *And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,*
Let it not enter in your mind of love:]
Mind of love may be correct, but *bond of love* would be more in Shakespeare's manner, and is countenanced by a passage in "Twelfth Night," Act V. Sc. 1:—

"A contract of eternal *bond of love.*"

And by another in "The Winter's Tale," Act IV. Sc. 3:—

"—— besides you know
Prosperity 's the very *bond of love.*"

Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And, with affection wondrous sensible,
He wrung Bassanio's hand, and so they parted.

SOLAN. I think he only loves the world for him.
I pray thee, let us go and find him out,
And quicken his embraced heaviness,
With some delight or other.

SALAR. Do we so. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.—Belmont. *A Room in* Portia's *House.*

Enter NERISSA, *with a* Servant.

NER. Quick, quick, I pray thee, draw the curtain straight;
The prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

Flourish of Cornets. Enter the PRINCE OF ARRAGON, PORTIA, *and their Trains.*

POR. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince;
If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemnis'd;
But if you* fail, without more speech, my lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.

ARR. I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things:
First, never to unfold to any one,
Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage;
Lastly, if I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you, and be gone.

POR. To these injunctions every one doth swear,
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

ARR. And so have I address'd me:[a] Fortune now
To my heart's hope!—Gold, silver, and base lead.

Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.

You shall look fairer, ere I give, or hazard.
What says the golden chest? ha! let me see:

Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire.

What many men desire.—That *many* may be meant

(*) First folio, *thou.*

[a] *And so have* I address'd *me:*] *Prepared* me, *directed* me. Thus, in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Act V. Sc. 1:—

"——— the prologue is *address'd.*"

And in "Macbeth," Act II. Sc. 2:—

"———But they did say their prayers,
And *address'd them* again to sleep."

To *dress*, is derived immediately from the French word *dresser*, and remotely from the Latin *rectus, directus;* and implies, to *direct, instruct, prepare.*

By the fool multitude, that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;
Which pries not to th' interior, but, like the martlet,
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force and road of casualty.
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump[b] with common spirits,
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house;
Tell me once more what title thou dost bear:

Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.

And well said too. For who shall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honourable
Without the stamp of merit! Let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity:
O, that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly! and that clear honour
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover that stand bare!
How many be commanded that command!
How much low peasantry* would then be glean'd
From the true seed of honour! and how much honour
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin[c] of the times,
To be new varnish'd! Well, but to my choice:

Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.

I will assume desert:—give me a key for this,
And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

POR. Too long a pause for that which you find there.

ARR. What 's here? the portrait of a blinking idiot,
Presenting me a schedule! I will read it.
How much unlike art thou to Portia!
How much unlike my hopes and my deservings!

Who chooseth me, shall have as much as he deserves.

Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?
Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?

POR. To offend, and judge, are distinct offices,
And of opposed natures.

ARR. What is here?

The fire seven times tried this;
Seven times tried that judgment is,

(*) First folio, *pleasantry.*

[b] *I will not* jump *with common spirits,*—] That is, *agree.* So, in "Twelfth Night," Act V. Sc. 1:—

"——— till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and *jump.*"

Again, in "Henry IV." Part I. Act I. Sc. 2:—

"——— and in some sort it *jumps* with my humour."

[c] *Pick'd from the chaff and* ruin *of the times,*—] *Ruin* meant *refuse, rubbish. Chaff and ruin* is the same as *chaff and bran.*

That did never choose amiss :
Some there be that shadows kiss,
Such have but a shadow's bliss :
There be fools alive, I wis,[a]
Silver'd o'er ; and so was this.
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head :
So begone : you are sped.

Still more fool I shall appear,
By the time I linger here :
With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.
Sweet, adieu ! I'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wroth.[b]

[*Exeunt* ARRAGON *and Train.*

POR. Thus hath the candle sing'd the moth.
O these deliberate fools ! when they do choose,
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

NER. The ancient saying is no heresy ;—
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

POR. Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

Enter a Messenger.

MESS. Where is my lady ?

POR. Here ; what would my lord ?[c]

MESS. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To signify the approaching of his lord ;
From whom he bringeth sensible regreets ;
To wit, besides commends and courteous breath,
Gifts of rich value ; yet I have not seen
So likely an ambassador of love :
A day in April never came so sweet,
To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

POR. No more, I pray thee ; I am half afeard,
Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee,
Thou spend'st such high-day[d] wit in praising him.
Come, come, Nerissa ; for I long to see
Quick Cupid's post that comes so mannerly.

NER. Bassanio, lord Love, if thy will it be !

[*Exeunt.*

---

[a] I wis,—] See Note (2), p. 275.

[b] *Patiently to bear my* wroth.] The old editions have *wroath. Wroth* or *wroath*, in the sense of *calamity* or *misfortune*, is not unfrequent in early English books.

[c] MESS. *Where is* my lady?
POR. *Here; what would* my lord?]
Portia's playful rejoinder to the sudden inquiry of the attendant, which Mr. Collier seriously considers a proof that he was no mere servant, but "a person of rank," and which Tyrwhitt thinks "more proper in the mouth of Nerissa," was not thought unbecoming a lady in our author's time, whatever it might be deemed now. A dozen instances may be cited from kindred works, where a similar expression is used by an individual of station to one of very inferior rank. In "Richard II." Act V. Sc. 5, a groom enters the presence of the king, and exclaims,—

"Hail! *royal prince!*"

to which Richard replies,—

"—— Thanks, *noble peer.*"

Again, in "Henry IV." Part I. Act II. Sc. 4 :—

"*Enter* Hostess.
HOST. *My lord the prince.*
PRINCE HEN. How now, *my lady the hostess?*"

[d] *Thou spend'st such* high-day *wit*—] The expression recals Hotspur's—

"—— many *holiday* and lady terms."

Shylock and Tubal.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Venice. *A Street.*

Enter SOLANIO *and* SALARINO.

SOLAN. Now, what news on the Rialto?

SALAR. Why, yet it lives there unchecked, that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wrack'd on the narrow seas,—the Goodwins, I think they call the place; a very dangerous flat, and fatal, where the carcases of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip* report, be an honest woman of her word.

SOLAN. I would she were as lying a gossip in that, as ever knapped ginger,[a] or made her neigh-

(*) First folio, *gossips.*

[a] *As ever* knapped *ginger,*—] To *knap,* is the same as to *snap,* *i.e.* to *break,* or *crack.*

bours believe she wept for the death of a third husband. But it is true,—without any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plain highway of talk,—that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio,—O that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!—

SALAR. Come, the full stop.

SOLAN. Ha,—what sayest thou?—Why the end is, he hath lost a ship.

SALAR. I would it might prove the end of his losses!

SOLAN. Let me say, *Amen*, betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer: for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.—

Enter SHYLOCK.

How now, Shylock? what news among the merchants?

SHY. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

SALAR. That's certain. I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

SOLAN. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledged; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

SHY. She is damn'd for it.

SALAR. That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

SHY. My own flesh and blood to rebel!

SOLAN. Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at these years?

SHY. I say, my daughter is my flesh and blood.

SALAR. There is more difference between thy flesh and hers, than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods, than there is between red wine and rhenish:—but tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

SHY. There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto; a beggar, that was used to come so smug upon the mart. Let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer;—let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy;—let him look to his bond.

SALAR. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh? What 's that good for?

SHY. To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his* reason? I am a Jew: hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? why, revenge. The villainy you teach me I will execute; and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

Enter a Servant.

SERV. Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house, and desires to speak with you both.

SALAR. We have been up and down to seek him.

SOLAN. Here comes another of the tribe; a third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew.

[*Exeunt* SOLANIO, SALARINO, *and* Servant.

Enter TUBAL.

SHY. How now, Tubal, what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?

TUB. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

SHY. Why, there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now:—two thousand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels.—I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! 'would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them?—Why, so:—and I know not what's* spent in the search. Why, thou loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge: nor no ill luck stirring but what lights o' my shoulders; no sighs but o' my breathing: no tears but o' my shedding.

TUB. Yes, other men have ill luck too. Antonio, as I heard in Genoa,—

SHY. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

TUB. —hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

SHY. I thank God, I thank God:—Is it true? is it true?

TUB. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wrack.

SHY. I thank thee, good Tubal;—Good news, good news: ha! ha!—Where?† in Genoa?

(*) First folio, *the.*

(*) First folio, *how much is.* (†) Old copies, *Here.*

Shylock, Salarino, and Solanio.

TUB. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourscore ducats!

SHY. Thou stick'st a dagger in me:—I shall never see my gold again. Fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

TUB. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

SHY. I am very glad of it: I'll plague him; I'll torture him; I am glad of it.

TUB. One of them showed me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

SHY. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my turquoise:(1) I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

TUB. But Antonio is certainly undone.

SHY. Nay, that's true, that's very true. Go, Tubal, fee me an officer, bespeak him a fortnight before: I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will. Go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Belmont. *A Room in* Portia's *House.*

Enter BASSANIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, NERISSA, *and* Attendants. *The caskets are set out.*

POR. I pray you, tarry; pause a day or two,
Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong,
I lose your company; therefore, forbear a while:
There's something tells me, (but it is not love,)
I would not lose you; and you know yourself,
Hate counsels not in such a quality:
But lest you should not understand me well,
(And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,)
I would detain you here some month or two,
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to choose right, but then I am forsworn;
So will I never be: so may you miss me;
But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin,
That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes,
They have o'erlook'd[a] me, and divided me;
One half of me is yours, the other half yours,—
Mine own, I would say; but if* mine, then yours,
And so, all yours: O! these naughty times
Put bars between the owners and their rights;

[a] *They have* o'erlook'd *me,*—] An allusion to witchery. To *o'erlook*, or *forelook*, or *eye-bite*, was to *bewitch with the eyes*. In this sense, o'erlooked is used by Glanvil. *Sadducismus Triumphatus*, p. 95: and in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," Act V. Sc. 5:—

"Vile worm, thou wast *o'erlook'd* even in thy birth."

(*) First folio, *of*.

And so, though yours, not yours.—Prove it so,
Let fortune go to hell for it,—not I.
I speak too long; but 't is to peize[a] the time;
To eke* it, and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

BASS. Let me choose;
For, as I am, I live upon the rack.

POR. Upon the rack, Bassanio? then confess
What treason there is mingled with your love.

BASS. None, but that ugly treason of mistrust,
Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love:
There may as well be amity and life
'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

POR. Ay, but I fear you speak upon the rack,
Where men enforced do speak anything.

BASS. Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth.

POR. Well, then, confess, and live.

BASS. Confess, and love,
Had been the very sum of my confession:
O happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me answers for deliverance!
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

POR. Away then: I am lock'd in one of them;
If you do love me, you will find me out.
Nerissa, and the rest, stand all aloof.
Let music sound, while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music: that the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream,
And watery death-bed for him. He may win;
And what is music then? then music is
Even as the flourish, when true subjects bow
To a new-crowned monarch: such it is,
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day,
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,
With no less presence,[b] but with much more love,
Than young Alcides, when he did redeem
The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy
To the sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice,
The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,
With bleared visages, come forth to view
The issue of the exploit. Go, Hercules!
Live thou, I live:—With much-much† more dismay
I view the fight, than thou that mak'st the fray.

[*Here Music.*

(*) First folio, *ich.* (†) First folio omits the second *much.*

a *To* peize *the time;*] To *peize* the time, means to put a clog or weight on the time that it may not run so fast.

b With no less presence,—] "With the same dignity of mien." —JOHNSON.

c *With a* gracious *voice,*—] A *pleasing, winning, plausible* voice.

d *And* approve *it*—] That is, *justify* it. Thus, in "King Lear," Act II. Sc. 2:—

"Good king, that must *approve* the common saw."

e *Valour's* excrement,—] A brave man's beard. The meaning is,—cowards, who, inwardly, are false and craven, by the assumption of what is merely the excrescence of true valour, think to be considered indomitable.

A song, whilst BASSANIO *comments on the caskets to himself.*

1. *Tell me where is fancy bred,*
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply.

2. *It is engender'd in the eyes,*
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies;
Let us all ring fancy's knell;
I 'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.

ALL. *Ding, dong, bell.*

BASS. So may the outward shows be least themselves;
The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being season'd with a gracious[c] voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve[d] it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice* so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk;
And these assume but valour's excrement,[e]
To render them redoubted! Look on beauty,
And you shall see 'tis purchas'd by the weight;
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it:
So are those crisped snaky golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The scull, that bred them, in the sepulchre.(2)
Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty;[f] in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou† gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee:
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge

(*) Old copies, *voice.* (†) First folio, *then thou.*

——— the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
The seeming truth, &c.]

I have always suspected an error of the press in this passage. The printer appears to have caught the word *beauty*, of all others most inappropriate here, from the *beauteous* of the preceding line, and permitted it to usurp the place of the original expression; but what that was must be left to the reader's sagacity to determine. Mr. Collier's MS. corrector reads,—

"——— the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian; beauty in a word," &c.

'Tween man and man. But thou, thou meagre lead,
Which rather threat'nest than dost promise aught,
Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence,[a]
And here choose I. Joy be the consequence!

POR. How all the other passions fleet to air,
As, doubtful thoughts, and rash-embrac'd despair,
And shudd'ring fear, and green-eyed jealousy.
O Love, be moderate, allay thy ecstasy,
In measure rain thy joy, scant this excess;
I feel too much thy blessing, make it less,
For fear I surfeit!

BASS. What find I here? [*Opening the leaden casket.*
Fair Portia's counterfeit?[b] What demi-god
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips,
Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a bar
Should sunder such sweet friends. Here in her hairs,
The painter plays the spider; and hath woven
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men,
Faster than gnats in cobwebs: but her eyes,—
How could he see to do them? having made one,
Methinks it should have power to steal both his,
And leave itself unfurnish'd. Yet look, how far,
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
In underprizing it, so far this shadow
Doth limp behind the substance.—Here's the scroll,
The continent and summary of my fortune.

You that choose not by the view,
Chance as fair, and choose as true!
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and seek no new.
If you be well pleas'd with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiss.

A gentle scroll.—Fair lady, by your leave: [*Kissing her.*
I come by note, to give and to receive.
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applause and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt
Whether those peals of praise be his or no;
So, thrice fair lady, stand I, even so;
As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

POR. You see me,* lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am: though, for myself alone,
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet, for you,
I would be trebled twenty times myself:
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times more rich;
That only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full sum of me
Is sum of nothing;† which, to term in gross,
Is, an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd:
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all, is, that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself, and what is mine, to you and yours
Is now converted: but now, I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself,
Are yours, my lord,—I give them with this ring;
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

BASS. Madam, you have bereft me of all words;
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins,
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As, after some oration fairly spoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleased multitude;
Where every something, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
Express'd, and not express'd. But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence;
O, then be bold to say, Bassanio's dead.

NER. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have stood by, and seen our wishes prosper,
To cry, good joy; Good joy, my lord and lady!

GRA. My lord Bassanio, and my gentle lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish;
For I am sure you can wish none from me:[c]
And, when your honours mean to solemnise
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
Even at that time I may be married too.

BASS. With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

GRA. I thank your lordship; you have got me one.

---

[a] *Thy* plainness *moves me more than eloquence,*—] The old copies read, *paleness*, for which Warburton substituted the word in the text. We admit his emendation, but demur to the reasoning by which he sought to establish it. The *plainness* which moves Bassanio *more than eloquence* is clearly not alone the unpretending appearance of the leaden coffer, as Warburton seems to have thought, but the plain speaking of the inscription on it,—

"Which rather threat'nest than dost promise aught,"—

contrasted with the tempting labels of its neighbours.

(*) First folio, *my*. (†) Quartos, *something*.

[b] *Fair Portia's* counterfeit?] *Counterfeit* formerly signified *a portrait, a picture*, or *an image*. Thus, in "The Wit of a Woman," 1604:—"I will see if I can agree with this stranger, for the drawing of my daughter's *counterfeit*."

[c] For I am sure you can wish none from me:] "That is, none *away from me;* none that I shall lose, if you gain it."—JOHNSON. Rather, none *beyond what I wish you*.

My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours:
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;
You lov'd, I lov'd for intermission;[a]
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.[b]
Your fortune stood upon the caskets there,
And so did mine too, as the matter falls:
For wooing here, until I sweat again,
And swearing, till my very roof* was dry
With oaths of love, at last,—if promise last,—
I got a promise of this fair one here,
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Achiev'd her mistress.

POR. Is this true, Nerissa?

NER. Madam, it is,† so you stand pleas'd withal.

BASS. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?

GRA. Yes faith, my lord.

BASS. Our feast shall be much honour'd in your marriage.

GRA. We'll play with them, the first boy, for a thousand ducats.

NER. What, and stake down?

GRA. No; we shall ne'er win at that sport, and stake down.

But who comes here? Lorenzo, and his infidel?
What, and my old Venetian friend, Solanio?

Enter LORENZO, JESSICA, *and* SOLANIO.

BASS. Lorenzo, and Solanio, welcome hither;
If that the youth of my new interest here
Have power to bid you welcome:—By your leave,
I bid my very friends and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.

POR. So do I, my lord;
They are entirely welcome.

LOR. I thank your honour.—For my part, my lord,
My purpose was not to have seen you here;
But meeting with Solanio by the way,
He did entreat me, past all saying nay,
To come with him along.

SOLAN. I did, my lord,
And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio
Commends him to you. [*Gives* BASSANIO *a letter.*

BASS. Ere I ope his letter,
I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.

SOLAN. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind;
Nor well, unless in mind: his letter there
Will show you his estate.

GRA. Nerissa, cheer yon stranger; bid her welcome.
Your hand, Solanio. What's the news from Venice?
How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio?
I know he will be glad of our success;
We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.

SOLAN. I would you had won the fleece that he hath lost!

POR. There are some shrewd contents in yon same paper,
That steals the colour from Bassanio's cheek;
Some dear friend dead; else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse?—
With leave, Bassanio; I am half yourself,
And I must freely have the half of anything
That this same paper brings you.

BASS. O sweet Portia,
Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins,—I was a gentleman;
And then I told you true: and yet, dear lady,
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see,
How much I was a braggart. When I told you
My state was nothing, I should then have told you,
That I was worse than nothing; for, indeed,
I have engag'd myself to a dear friend,
Engag'd my friend to his mere enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;
The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life-blood. But is it true, Solanio?
Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?
From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India?
And not one vessel 'scape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?

SOLAN. Not one, my lord.
Besides, it should appear, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it. Never did I know
A creature that did bear the shape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man:
He plies the duke at morning, and at night,
And doth impeach the freedom of the state
If they deny him justice: twenty merchants,
The duke himself, and the magnificoes
Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him;
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

JES. When I was with him, I have heard him swear
To Tubal, and to Chus, his countrymen,
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh,

(*) First folio, *rough*. (†) First folio, *it is so, so* &c.

[a] *You lov'd*, I lov'd for intermission:] So all the old copies. Modern editors read,

"You lov'd, I lov'd; for intermission
No more pertains," &c.

If *intermission* is not used, as I think it probably is, for *passtime*, Gratiano may mean "for *fear of* intermission," *i.e.* to avoid delay or loss of time.

[b] No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.] I owe my wife as much to you, as to my own efforts.

Than twenty times the value of the sum
That he did owe him ; and I know, my lord,
If law, authority, and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor Antonio.

Por. Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble?

Bass. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best condition'd and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies ; and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears,
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

Por. What sum owes he the Jew?

Bass. For me, three thousand ducats.(3)

Por. What, no more?
Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond ;
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair thorough Bassanio's fault.
First, go with me to church, and call me wife,
And then away to Venice to your friend ;
For never shall you lie by Portia's side
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over ;
When it is paid, bring your true friend along :
My maid Nerissa, and myself, meantime,
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away,
For you shall hence upon your wedding-day :
Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer :[a]
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Bass. [*Reads.*]

Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit ; and since, in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and I, if I might but see you at my death ; notwithstanding, use your pleasure : if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.*

Por. O love, despatch all business, and be gone.

Bass. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haste : but, till I come again,
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,
Nor rest be interposer 'twixt us twain.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Venice. *A Street.*

Enter Shylock, Salarino, Antonio, *and* Gaoler.

Shy. Gaoler, look to him. Tell not me of mercy ;—
This is the fool that lent† out money gratis ;—

[a] Cheer :] *Aspect, countenance.* See Note (c), p. 363. To the example there given of this use of the word, the following, from Puttenham's "Arte of English Poesy," may be added :—
"——— as ourselves wrote, in a *Parthenia de* praising her Majesties countenance thus,—
'A *cheare* where love and Majestie do raigne.'"
Edition 1591.

(*) First folio omits, *but.* (†) First folio, *lends.*

Gaoler, look to him.

ANT. Hear me yet, good Shylock.

SHY. I'll have my bond; speak not against my bond;
I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond;
Thou call'dst me dog, before thou hadst a cause;
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs:
The duke shall grant me justice.—I do wonder,
Thou naughty gaoler,[a] that thou art so fond[b]
To come abroad with him at his request.

ANT. I pray thee, hear me speak.

SHY. I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak;
I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more.
I'll not be made a soft and dull-ey'd fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors. Follow not;
I'll have no speaking; I will have my bond.

[*Exit* SHYLOCK.

SALAR. It is the most impenetrable cur
That ever kept[c] with men.

ANT. Let him alone;
I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.
He seeks my life; his reason well I know:
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures,
Many that have at times made moan to me;
Therefore he hates me.

SALAR. I am sure, the duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

ANT. The duke cannot deny the course of law,
For the commodity that strangers have
With us in Venice; if it be denied,
'Twill much impeach the justice of the state;[d]
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go:
These griefs and losses have so 'bated me,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To-morrow, to my bloody creditor.
Well, gaoler, on:—Pray God, Bassanio come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not!

[*Exeunt.*

---

a *Thou* naughty *gaoler,*—] *Naughty,* in the present day, is commonly employed to express some venial or childish trespass. In old language it bore a stronger meaning, and was used indifferently with *wicked, bad, base,* &c. Thus, Leonato says of the villain Borachio,—

"—— this *naughty* man
Shall face to face be brought to Margaret."
Much Ado about Nothing, Act V. Sc. 2.

And Gloster, in "King Lear," addresses the savage and relentless Regan, when she plucks his beard, as,—

"—— *Naughty* lady."

b *Thou art so* fond—] That is, *foolish.*

c *That ever* kept *with men.*] To *keep,* in the sense of *to live* or *dwell,* is still preserved at the University; "Where do you *keep?*" being frequently heard with the meaning of "Where do you *reside?*"

d 'T will *much impeach the justice of the state;*] The old copies read, "*Will* much," &c. We adopt the slight alteration proposed by Capell; for the construction of the original is so perplexed that it seems impossible to extract from that any clear sense. Possibly,—

"For the commodity that strangers have"—

is in the same predicament with other lines in these plays; and being intended by the author to be cancelled, was carelessly inserted by the old printers, together with the better expression of the same idea which follows it:—

"Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consisteth of all nations."

Without this unaccommodating line, the passage is perfectly logical and easy:—

"The duke cannot deny the course of law
With us in Venice; if it be denied,
'T will much impeach the justice of the state;
Since," &c.

SCENE IV.—Belmont. *A Room in* Portia's *House.*

Enter PORTIA, NERISSA, LORENZO, JESSICA, *and* BALTHAZAR.

LOR. Madam, although I speak it in your presence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity; which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But, if you knew to whom you show this honour,
How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of my lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the work,
Than customary bounty can enforce you.

POR. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now; for in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit;
Which makes me think, that this Antonio,
Being the bosom lover of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord. If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestow'd,
In purchasing the semblance of my soul
From out the state of hellish cruelty!
This comes too near the praising of myself,
Therefore, no more of it: hear other things.
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry and manage of my house,
Until my lord's return; for mine own part,
I have toward heaven breath'd a secret vow,
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Nerissa here,
Until her husband and my lord's return:
There is a monastery two miles off,
And there we will abide. I do desire you
Not to deny this imposition,
The which my love, and some necessity,
Now lays upon you.

LOR. Madam, with all my heart,
I shall obey you in all fair commands.

POR. My people do already know my mind,

And will acknowledge you and Jessica,
In place of lord Bassanio and myself.
So fare you well, till we shall meet again.

LOR. Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on you!

JES. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

POR. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleas'd
To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica.
[*Exeunt* JESSICA *and* LORENZO.
Now, Balthazar,
As I have ever found thee honest, true,
So let me find thee still: take this same letter,
And use thou all the endeavour of a man
In speed to Padua;* see thou render this
Into my cousin's hand, doctor Bellario;
And, look, what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed
Unto the tranect,[a] to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice:—waste no time in words,
But get thee gone; I shall be there before thee.

BALTH. Madam, I go with all convenient speed. [*Exit.*

POR. Come on, Nerissa; I have work in hand,
That you yet know not of; we'll see our husbands
Before they think of us.

NER. Shall they see us?

POR. They shall, Nerissa; but in such a habit,
That they shall think we are accomplished
With that we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accoutred like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace;
And speak, between the change of man and boy,
With a reed voice; and turn two mincing steps
Into a manly stride; and speak of frays,
Like a fine bragging youth: and tell quaint lies,
How honourable ladies sought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sick and died;
I could not do withal;[b] then I'll repent,
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them:
And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,
That men shall swear I have discontinued school
Above a twelvemonth:—I have within my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,
Which I will practise.

NER. Why, shall we turn to men?

POR. Fie! what a question's that,
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter!
But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which stays for us
At the park gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to-day.
[*Exeunt.*

(*) Old copies, *Mantua.*

[a] *Unto the* tranect,—] *Tranect* is probably a misprint for *traject*, from the Italian *traghetto*, a ferry, or ford, from shore to shore.

[b] I could not do withal;] That is, *I could not help it.* See Gifford's edition of "Ben Jonson," vol. III. p. 470, where the meaning of the phrase is fully illustrated.

[c] *Therefore, I promise you* I fear you.] That is, "I fear *for* you." So in "Richard III." Act I. Sc. 1.:—

"The king is sickly, weak, and melancholy,
And his physicians *fear him* mightily."

[d] So, *the sins of my mother*—] *So* means, *in that case.* This passage may help to countenance my opinion that the line in "King John," Act I. Sc. 1,—

"Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge,"—

should read,—

"Heaven lay not my transgression to *thy* charge."

SCENE V.—*The same. A Garden.*

Enter LAUNCELOT *and* JESSICA.

LAUN. Yes, truly;—for, look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children; therefore, I promise you I fear you.[c] I was always plain with you, and so now I speak my agitation of the matter: therefore, be of good cheer; for, truly, I think you are damned. There is but one hope in it that can do you any good; and that is but a kind of bastard hope neither.

JES. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

LAUN. Marry, you may partly hope that your father got you not, that you are not the Jew's daughter.

JES. That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed; so,[d] the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

LAUN. Truly then I fear you are damned both by father and mother: thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis,(4) your mother: well, you are gone both ways.

JES. I shall be saved by my husband; he hath made me a Christian.

LAUN. Truly, the more to blame he: we were Christians enow before; e'en as many as could well live, one by another: this making of Christians will raise the price of hogs; if we grow all to be pork-eaters we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.

JES. I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say; here he comes.

Enter LORENZO.

LOR. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

JES. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo. Launcelot and I are out: he tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter: and he says, you are no good member of the commonwealth; for, in converting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork.

LOR. I shall answer that better to the commonwealth, than you can the getting up of the negro's belly; the Moor is with child by you, Launcelot.

LAUN. It is much, that the Moor should be more than reason: but if she be less than an honest woman, she is, indeed, more than I took her for.[a]

LOR. How every fool can play upon the word! I think, the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence; and discourse grow commendable in none only but parrots.—Go in, sirrah; bid them prepare for dinner.

LAUN. That is done, sir; they have all stomachs.

LOR. Goodly lord, what a wit-snapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

LAUN. That is done too, sir: only, cover is the word.

LOR. Will you cover, then, sir?

LAUN. Not so, sir, neither; I know my duty.

LOR. Yet more quarrelling with occasion! Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning; go to thy fellows; bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

LAUN. For the table, sir, it shall be served in; for the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for your coming into dinner, sir, why let it be as humours and conceits shall govern. [*Exit* LAUNCELOT.

LOR. O dear discretion, how his words are suited!
The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words; and I do know
A many fools, that stand in better place,
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricksy word
Defy the matter. How cheer'st thou, Jessica?
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion;—
How dost thou like the lord Bassanio's wife?

JES. Past all expressing. It is very meet,
The lord Bassanio live an upright life;
For, having such a blessing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth;
And, if on earth he do not mean it, then
In reason he should never come to heaven.[b]
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one, there must be something else
Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.

LOR. Even such a husband
Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife.

JES. Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.

LOR. I will anon; first, let us go to dinner.

JES. Nay, let me praise you, while I have a stomach.

LOR. No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk;
Then, howsoe'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things
I shall digest it.

JES. Well, I'll set you forth. [*Exeunt.*

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[a] LAUN. It is much, that the Moor should be more than reason: but if she be less, &c.] The commentators have illustrated Launcelot's gingle on *Moor* and *more*, but have overlooked the quibble here on *More* and *less*, which, petty as it is, has been repeated in "Titus Andronicus:"—

"NURSE. O, tell me, did you see Aaron the Moor?
AARON. Well, *more* or *less*, or ne'er a whit at all,
Here Aaron is," &c.

[b] And, if on earth he do not mean it, then
In reason he should never come to heaven.]

So the quarto by Roberts; the folio reads,—

"——— he do not mean it, *it*
Is reason he should never come to heaven."

Both are equally unintelligible. What can be made of,—

"——— he do not mean it, it
Is reason he should never come to heaven?"

Mean what? The commentators afford us no assistance here, although the sense is more ambiguous than in many passages on which they have expended whole pages of comment. The allusion applies to the belief that suffering in this life is a necessary preparation for happiness hereafter. Haply we should read:—

"And if on earth, he do not *moan*, it *is*
In reason he should never come to heaven."

The meaning of Jessica appears to be this:—It is meet Bassanio live virtuously; for, possessing, with such a wife, the joys of paradise, he could not plead suffering here as an atonement for his errors, and, in reason, therefore, would be excluded from heaven.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Venice. *A Court of Justice.*

Enter the Duke, *the* Magnificoes, Antonio, Bassanio, Gratiano, Salarino, Solanio, *and others.*

Duke. What, is Antonio here?
Ant. Ready, so please your grace.
Duke. I am sorry for thee; thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.
Ant. I have heard,
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's[a] reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury; and am arm'd
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.
Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.
Solan. He's ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

[a] *Out of his* envy's *reach,*—] *Envy* is so commonly found in old writers in the sense of *hatred* or *malice,* that it would be supererogation to adduce examples.

Enter Shylock.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our face.
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act; and then, 't is thought
Thou 'lt show thy mercy and remorse, more strange
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty:
And where[b] thou now exact'st the penalty,
(Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,)
Thou wilt not only lose the forfeiture,
But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back,
Enough to press a royal merchant(1) down,
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint,*
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd
To offices of tender courtesy.
We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

(*) First folio, *flints.*

[b] *And* where—] *Where* for *whereas.*

SHY. I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose;
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn,
To have the due and forfeit of my bond:
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.
You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer that:
But, say, it is my humour. Is it answer'd?
What, if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats
To have it ban'd? What, are you answer'd yet?
Some men there are love not a gaping pig; (2)
Some, that are mad if they behold a cat;
And others, when the bagpipe sings i' the nose,
Cannot contain their urine: for affection,
Master of passion, sways it* to the mood
Of what it likes, or loathes.[a] Now, for your answer.
As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
Why he, cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmless necessary cat;
Why he, a woollen bagpipe,—but of force
Must yield to such inevitable shame,
As to offend himself,[b] being offended;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodg'd hate, and a certain loathing,
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?
BASS. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.
SHY. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.
BASS. Do all men kill the things they do not love?
SHY. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?
BASS. Every offence is not a hate at first.
SHY. What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?
ANT. I pray you, think you question with the Jew,
You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
You may* as well use question with the wolf,
Why he hath made† the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do anything most hard,
As seek to soften that (than which what's‡ harder?)
His Jewish heart.—Therefore, I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no farther means,
But, with all brief and plain conveniency,
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.
BASS. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.
SHY. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them,—I would have my bond.
DUKE. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none?
SHY. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchas'd slave,
Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them.—Shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why sweat they under burthens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands? You will answer,
The slaves are ours:—so do I answer you.
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought; 'tis mine, and I will have it:
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice:
I stand for judgment: answer, shall I have it?
DUKE. Upon my power, I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.
SOLAN. My lord, here stays without,
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.
DUKE. Bring us the letters. Call the messenger.§

(*) First folio omits, *it*.

[a] ——— for affection,
Master of passion, sways it to the mood
Of what it likes, or loathes.]

In the old copies this troublesome passage is exhibited thus:—

"And others, when the bag-pipe sings i' the nose,
Cannot contain their urine for affection.
Masters of passion swayes it to the moode
Of what it likes or loathes."

The reading we select, which affords a good meaning with less violence to the original text than any other proposed, was first suggested by Dr. Thirlby, and has been adopted by Mr. Singer and Mr. Knight. Rowe and Pope read,—

"*Masterless passion* sways it to the mood," &c.

Hawkens,—

"——— for *affections*,
Masters of passion sway it," &c

(*) First folio, *or even*. (†) First folio omits, *Why he hath made*.
(‡) First folio, *what*. (§) First folio, *messengers*.

Warburton, Malone, Ritson, and Heath, abide by the ancient text, and Steevens advocates an amendment of Waldron's,—

"——— for affection,
Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood," &c.

The true source of the difficulty, however, may lie neither in *masters* nor *affection*, but in the comparatively insignificant preposition, *of*. If *of* is a misprint for *our*, the passage would run,—

"——— for affection
Masters *our* passion. sways it to the mood
Of what it likes or loathes."

[b] As to offend himself, being offended;] Modern editors point this line,—

"As to offend, himself being offended,"—

which renders it near akin to nonsense.

BASS. Good cheer, Antonio! What, man! courage yet!
The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.
ANT. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death; the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me:
You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

Enter NERISSA, *habited like a Clerk.*

DUKE. Came you, from Padua, from Bellario?
NER. From both, my lord: Bellario greets your grace. [*Presents a letter.*
BASS. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?
SHY. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.
GRA. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
Thou mak'st thy knife keen; but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?
SHY. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.
GRA. O, be thou damn'd, inexorable* dog!
And for thy life let justice be accus'd.
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men: thy currish spirit
Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infus'd itself in thee; for thy desires
Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous.
SHY. Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud:
Repair thy wit, good youth; or it will fall
To cureless† ruin.—I stand here for law.
DUKE. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to‡ our court:—
Where is he?
NER. He attendeth here hard by,
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.
DUKE. With all my heart:—some three or four of you
Go give him courteous conduct to this place.—
Meantime, the court shall hear Bellario's letter.
[*Clerk reads.*

Your grace shall understand, that at the receipt of your letter, I am very sick: but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome; his name is Balthazar: I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant: we turned o'er many books together: he is furnished with my opinion; which, bettered with his own learning (the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend), comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation; for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.

DUKE. You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes:
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.—

Enter PORTIA, *for* BALTHAZAR.

Give me your hand. Came you from old Bellario?
POR. I did, my lord.
DUKE. You are welcome: take your place.[a]
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court?
POR. I am informed throughly of the cause.
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?
DUKE. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.
POR. Is your name Shylock?
SHY. Shylock is my name.
POR. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed.—
You stand within his danger,[b] do you not?
[*To* ANTONIO.
ANT. Ay, so he says.
POR. Do you confess the bond?
ANT. I do.
POR. Then must the Jew be merciful.
SHY. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.
POR. The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,

(*) Old copies, *inexecrable.* (†) First folio, *endless.* (‡) First folio, *in.*

a *Take your place.*] In the representation of this scene, pictorially, or on the stage, it seems never to be remembered that Portia throughout the trial appears as a judge, not an advocate, and that her proper place, therefore, is on the judgment-seat, below the Duke's throne, rather than on the supposed floor of the court in front of the stage.

b *You stand* within his danger,—] That is, within his power. To be in *debt* was of old synonymous with being in *danger*. Ducange explains the term as follows: "*Danger*, quidquid juri stricto, atque adeo confiscationi obnoxium est."

The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this—
That in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer, doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much,
To mitigate the justice of thy plea,
Which if thou follow, this strict court* of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

SHY. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

POR. Is he not able to discharge the money?

BASS. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
Yea, twice the sum: if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority:
To do a great right do a little wrong;
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

POR. It must not be; there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established:
'T will be recorded for a precedent;
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state: it cannot be.

SHY. A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!
O wise young judge, how do I honour thee!

POR. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

SHY. Here 't is, most reverend doctor, here it is.

POR. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

SHY. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice.

(*) First folio, *curæ*.

POR. Why, this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart.—Be merciful;
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.
SHY. When it is paid according to the tenor.
It doth appear you are a worthy judge;
You know the law, your exposition
Hath been most sound; I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment: by my soul I swear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me: I stay here on my bond.
ANT. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.
POR. Why then, thus it is:
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.
SHY. O noble judge! O excellent young man!
POR. For the intent and purpose of the law,
Hath full relation to the penalty
Which here appeareth due upon the bond;—
SHY. 'Tis very true: O wise and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!
POR. Therefore, lay bare your bosom.
SHY. Ay, his breast:
So says the bond;—doth it not, noble judge?—
Nearest his heart, those are the very words.
POR. It is so. Are there balance here to weigh the flesh?
SHY. I have them ready.
POR. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he do* bleed to death.
SHY. Is it so† nominated in the bond?
POR. It is not so express'd, but what of that?
'Twere good you do so much for charity.
SHY. I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.
POR. Come,‡ merchant, have you anything to say?
ANT. But little; I am arm'd, and well prepar'd.—
Give me your hand, Bassanio: fare you well!
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;
For herein fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom: it is still her use,
To let the wretched man out-live his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty; from which lingering penance
Of such misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife:
Tell her the process of Antonio's end,
Say, how I lov'd you, speak me fair in death;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt;

(*) First folio, *should.* (†) First folio, *It is not.* (‡) Quartos, *You.*

For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.
BASS. Antonio, I am married to a wife,
Which is as dear to me as life itself;
But life itself, my wife, and all the world
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life;
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.
POR. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If she were by, to hear you make the offer.
GRA. I have a wife, whom I protest I love;
I would she were in heaven, so she could
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.
NER. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back;
The wish would make else an unquiet house.
SHY. These be the Christian husbands: I have a daughter;
Would any of the stock of Barrabas
Had been her husband, rather than a Christian!
[*Aside.*
We trifle time; I pray thee pursue sentence.
POR. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine;
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.
SHY. Most rightful judge!
POR. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast;
The law allows it, and the court awards it.
SHY. Most learned judge!—A sentence! come, prepare.
POR. Tarry a little;—there is something else.—
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are, *a pound of flesh:*
Take then* thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.
GRA. O upright judge!—Mark, Jew;—O learned judge!
SHY. Is that the law?
POR. Thyself shall see the act:
For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.
GRA. O learned judge!—Mark, Jew;—a learned judge!
SHY. I take this offer then,—pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.
BASS. Here is the money.
POR. Soft;—
The Jew shall have all justice;—soft;—no haste;—
He shall have nothing but the penalty.
GRA. O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!
POR. Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less, nor more,

(*) First folio, *Then take.*

But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more,
Or less, than a just pound,—be it but* so much
As makes it light, or heavy, in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple,—nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,—
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.(3)

GRA. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

POR. Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.

SHY. Give me my principal, and let me go.

BASS. I have it ready for thee; here it is.

POR. He hath refus'd it in the open court;
He shall have merely justice, and his bond.

GRA. A Daniel, still say I; a second Daniel!—
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

SHY. Shall I not have barely my principal?

POR. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken† at thy peril, Jew.

SHY. Why, then the devil give him good of it!
I'll stay no longer question.

POR. Tarry, Jew;
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,—
If it be proved against an alien,
That by direct or indirect attempts
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive,[a]
Shall seize one half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the state;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st:
For it appears by manifest proceeding,
That, indirectly, and directly too,
Thou hast contriv'd against the very life
Of the defendant; and thou hast incurr'd
The danger formerly by me rehears'd.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.

GRA. Beg that thou mayst have leave to hang thyself:
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord;
Therefore, thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.

DUKE. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it:

(*) First folio omits, *but*. (†) First folio, *taken so*.

[a] Contrive,—] In "The Taming of the Shrew," Act I. Sc. 2, Shakespeare for once uses *contrive* in its scholastic sense, to *consume*, *spend*, and the like, from the Latin *contero*, *contrivi*. Here and elsewhere it means to *scheme*, to *devise*, to *plot*, and comes from the old French compound, *controuver*. As an example, take the passage, in "Julius Cæsar," Act II. Sc. 3:—

"If not, the fates with traitors do *contrive*."

And that in "Hamlet," Act I. Sc. 5:—

"Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul *contrive*
Against thy mother aught"

For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;
The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.
POR. Ay, for the state;[a] not for Antonio.
SHY. Nay, take my life and all; pardon not that:
You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.
POR. What mercy can you render him, Antonio?
GRA. A halter gratis; nothing else, for God's sake!
ANT. So please my lord the duke, and all the court,
To quit the fine for one half of his goods;
I am content, so he will let me have
The other half in use,(4) to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter;
Two things provided more,—that for this favour,
He presently become a Christian;
The other, that he do record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,
Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter.
DUKE. He shall do this; or else I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here.
POR. Art thou contented, Jew? what dost thou say?
SHY. I am content.
POR. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.
SHY. I pray you give me leave to go from hence:
I am not well; send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.
DUKE. Get thee gone, but do it.
GRA. In christening, shalt thou* have two godfathers;
Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,[b]
To bring thee to the gallows, not the† font.
[*Exit* SHYLOCK.
DUKE. Sir, I entreat you home with me‡ to dinner.
POR. I humbly do desire your grace of pardon.[c]
I must away this night toward Padua,
And it is meet I presently set forth.
DUKE. I am sorry that your leisure serves you not.
Antonio, gratify this gentleman,
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.
[*Exeunt* DUKE, Magnificoes, *and Train.*

BASS. Most worthy gentleman, I, and my friend,
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope[d] your courteous pains withal.
ANT. And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.
POR. He is well paid that is well satisfied:
And I, delivering you, am satisfied,
And therein do account myself well paid;
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you, know me, when we meet again;
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.
BASS. Dear sir, of force I must attempt you further;
Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute,
Not as fee: grant me two things, I pray you,
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.
POR. You press me far, and therefore I will yield.
Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your sake;
And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you:—
Do not draw back your hand; I'll take no more;
And you in love shall not deny me this.
BASS. This ring, good sir?—alas it is a trifle;
I will not shame myself to give you this.
POR. I will have nothing else but only this;
And now, methinks, I have a mind to it.
BASS. There's more depends on this than on the value.
The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation;
Only for this I pray you pardon me.
POR. I see, sir, you are liberal in offers:
You taught me first to beg; and now, methinks,
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.
BASS. Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife;
And, when she put it on, she made me vow
That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.
POR. That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts.
An if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I have deserv'd this ring,
She would not hold out enemy for ever,
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!
[*Exeunt* PORTIA *and* NERISSA.
ANT. My lord Bassanio, let him have the ring.
Let his deservings, and my love withal,

(*) First folio, *thou shalt.* (†) First folio, *not to the.*
(‡) First folio, *with me home.*

[a] Ay, for the state;] "That is, the state's moiety may be commuted for a fine, but not Antonio's."—MALONE.

[b] *Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had* ten more,—] Meaning a jury of *twelve* men, to condemn him. This, as Malone remarks, was an old joke. In "A Dialogue both pleasant and pietifull," &c., by Dr. William Bulleyne, 1564, one of the speakers says:—"I did see him aske blessinge to XII. godfathers at ones."

[c] *Your grace* of pardon.] See note (a), p. 361.

[d] *We freely* cope *your courteous pains withal.*] *To cope* seems to be used here in the sense of *encounter* or *meet*, and not in that of *exchange*.

Be valued 'gainst your wife's commandment.
BASS. Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him;
Give him the ring; and bring him, if thou can'st,
Unto Antonio's house:—away! make haste.
[*Exit* GRATIANO.
Come, you and I will thither presently;
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward Belmont. Come, Antonio. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Venice. *A Street.*

Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA.

POR. Inquire the Jew's house out, give him this deed,
And let him sign it; we'll away to-night.
And be a day before our husbands home.
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter GRATIANO.

GRA. Fair sir, you are well o'erta'en:
My lord Bassanio, upon more advice,[a]
Hath sent you here this ring; and doth entreat
Your company at dinner.
POR. That cannot be:
His ring I do accept most thankfully,
And so, I pray you, tell him: furthermore,
I pray you, show my youth old Shylock's house.
GRA. That will I do.
NER. Sir, I would speak with you:—
I'll see if I can get my husband's ring,
[*Aside to* PORTIA.
Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.
POR. Thou may'st, I warrant. We shall have old[b] swearing,
That they did give the rings away to men;
But we'll outface them, and outswear them too.
Away! make haste; thou know'st where I will tarry.
NER. Come, good sir, will you show me to this house? [*Exeunt.*

[a] Upon more advice,—] After more *consideration.*
[b] *We shall have* old *swearing.*—] "Of this common augmentative in colloquial language there are various instances in our author. Thus, in 'The Merry Wives of Windsor:'—'Here will be an *old* abusing of God's patience and the King's English.' Again, in 'King Henry IV.' (Part II. Act II. Sc. 4): '——here will be *old* utis.' The same phrase also occurs in 'Macbeth.'"—STEEVENS.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Belmont. *A Grove before* Portia's *House.*(1)

Enter Lorenzo *and* Jessica.

Lor. The moon shines bright :—in such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise,—in such a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.
Jes. In such a night,
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew,
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismay'd away.
Lor. In such a night,
Stood Dido, with a willow in her hand,
Upon the wild sea-banks, and waft her love
To come again to Carthage.
Jes. In such a night,
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.
Lor. In such a night,
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice,
As far as Belmont.
Jes. In such a night,
Did young Lorenzo swear he lov'd her well;
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.
Lor. In such a night,
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.
Jes. I would out-night you, did no body come;
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter Stephano.

Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?
Steph. A friend.
Lor. A friend? what friend? your name, I pray you, friend?
Steph. Stephano is my name; and I bring word,
My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont; she doth stray about
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.
Lor. Who comes with her?
Steph. None, but a holy hermit, and her maid.
I pray you, is my master yet return'd?

LOR. He is not, nor we have not heard from him.—
But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter LAUNCELOT.

LAUN. Sola, sola! wo ha, ho! sola, sola![a]
LOR. Who calls?
LAUN. Sola! Did you see master Lorenzo, and mistress Lorenzo? sola, sola!
LOR. Leave hollaing, man; here.
LAUN. Sola! Where? where?
LOR. Here.
LAUN. Tell him there's a post come from my master, with his horn full of good news; my master will be here ere morning. [*Exit.*
LOR. Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect their coming;
And yet no matter:—Why should we go in?
My friend Stephano, signify, I* pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand:
And bring your music forth into the air.
[*Exit* STEPHANO.
How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines† of bright gold.
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins:[b]
Such harmony is in immortal souls;(2)
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in,‡ we cannot hear it.—

Enter Musicians.

Come, ho! and wake Diana with a hymn;
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music. [*Music.*
JES. I am never merry when I hear sweet music.
LOR. The reason is, your spirits are attentive:
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts, [loud,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing
Which is the hot condition of their blood,
If they but hear, perchance, a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
By the sweet power of music. Therefore, the poet [floods;
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and
Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the* time doth change his nature.
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted.—Mark the music.

Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA *at a distance.*

POR. That light we see is burning in my hall:
How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.
NER. When the moon shone, we did not see the candle.
POR. So doth the greater glory dim the less:
A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by; and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Music! hark!
NER. It is your music, madam, of the house.
POR. Nothing is good, I see, without respect;[c]
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.
NER. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.
POR. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended; and, I think,
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise, and true perfection!—
Peace, ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion,[d]
And would not be awak'd! [*Music ceases.*

(*) First folio omits, *I*, and for *Stephano*, reads, *Stephen*.
(†) First folio, *pattens*. (‡) First folio, *in it*.

a Sola, sola! wo ha, ho! sola, sola!] Launcelot is imitating the horn of the courier, or "post," as he was called, who always wore that appendage suspended from his neck. Thus, in "The Untrussing of The Humourous Poet:"—

"The King will *hang a horn about thy neck*,
And make a *Post* of thee."

So, also, in Ben Jonson's "Silent Woman," Act II. Sc. 2:—

"*Enter* Truewit *with his horn*.

I had no other way to get in but by feigning to be a *post*."

b Cherubins:] This, and not *cherubims*, (or, properly, *cherubim*,) was the frequent orthography in Shakespeare's time.

(*) First folio omits, *the*.

c *Nothing is good, I see, without* respect;] By *respect*, in this place, is meant, *regard, attention, consideration*. When the mind is pre-engaged, it is influenced but little by the beautiful in nature or in art:—

"The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended."

d Peace, ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion,—] All the old copies read,—

"Peace! *how* the moon sleeps," &c.

The emendation is Malone's; and, after the examples of this exclamation which he has cited from other plays, can hardly be disputed.

LOR. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia.
POR. He knows me, as the blind man knows the cuckoo,
By the bad voice.
LOR. Dear lady, welcome home.
POR. We have been praying for our husbands' welfare,
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they return'd?
LOR. Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.
POR. Go in, Nerissa;
Give order to my servants, that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence;
Nor you, Lorenzo:—Jessica, nor you.
[*A tucket*[a] *sounds.*
LOR. Your husband is at hand; I hear his trumpet:[b]
We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not.
POR. This night, methinks, is but the daylight sick.
It looks a little paler; 't is a day,
Such as the day is, when the sun is hid.

Enter BASSANIO, ANTONIO, GRATIANO, *and their Followers.*

BASS. We should hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walk in absence of the sun.
POR. Let me give light, but let me not be light;
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,
And never be Bassanio so for me:
But God sort all!—You are welcome home, my lord.
BASS. I thank you, madam: give welcome to my friend.—
This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.
POR. You should in all sense be much bound to him,
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.
ANT. No more than I am well acquitted of.
POR. Sir, you are very welcome to our house:
It must appear in other ways than words,
Therefore, I scant this breathing courtesy.
GRA. [*To* NERISSA.] By yonder moon, I swear you do me wrong;
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk:
Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.
POR. A quarrel, ho, already! what 's the matter?
GRA. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That she did give me; whose poesy was
For all the world, like cutlers' poetry
Upon a knife, *Love me, and leave me not!*[c]
NER. What talk you of the poesy, or the value?
You swore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till your* hour of death;
And that it should lie with you in your grave:
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have been respective, and have kept it.
Gave it a judge's clerk!—no, God's my judge![d]
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on's face that had it.
GRA. He will, an if he live to be a man.
NER. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.
GRA. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,—
A kind of boy; a little scrubbed[e] boy,
No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk;
A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee;
I could not for my heart deny it him.
POR. You were to blame, I must be plain with you,
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift;
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And riveted so† with faith unto your flesh.
I gave my love a ring, and made him swear
Never to part with it; and here he stands,—
I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it,
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief;
An 't were to me, I should be mad at it.
BASS. Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,
And swear, I lost the ring defending it. [*Aside.*
GRA. My lord Bassanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begg'd it, and, indeed,
Deserv'd it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine:
And neither man, nor master, would take aught
But the two rings.
POR. What ring gave you, my lord?
Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.
BASS. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it; but you see, my finger
Hath not the ring upon it, it is gone.
POR. Even so void is your false heart of truth.

---

[a] *A tucket*—] *A tucket* meant a flourish on a trumpet, perhaps from the Italian *toccata*, or the Spanish *tocár; tocár trompeta*, to sound a trumpet.

[b] I hear his trumpet:] In the time of Shakespeare it was customary for persons of distinction, when visiting, to be accompanied by a trumpeter, who announced their approach by a flourish on his instrument. To this practice we often find allusions in contemporary writers.

(*) First folio, *the.* (†) Old text, *so rireted.*

[c] *And* leave *me not!*] And *give* me not. So in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," Act IV. Sc. 4:—
"It seems you lov'd not her, to *leave* her token."

[d] No, God's my judge!] The folio, in compliance with Act. 3 *Jac.* 1, reads, *but well I know.*

[e] *A little* scrubbed *boy,*—] That is, *a stunted* or *shrubbed* boy.

By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed
Until I see the ring.
NER. Nor I in yours,
Till I again see mine.
BASS. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When nought would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.
POR. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to contain[a] the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?
Nerissa teaches me what to believe;
I'll die for 't, but some woman had the ring.
BASS. No, by mine honour, madam, by my soul,
No woman had it, but a civil doctor,(3)
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him,
And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away;
Even he that had held up the very life
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady?
I was enforc'd to send it after him;
I was beset with shame and courtesy;
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much besmear it. Pardon me, good lady;
For,* by these blessed candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think, you would have begg'd
The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.
POR. Let not that doctor e'er come near my house:
Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,
And that which you did swear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you;
I'll not deny him anything I have,
No, not my body, nor my husband's bed:
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it:
Lie not a night from home; watch me, like Argus;
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now, by mine honour, which is yet mine own,
I'll have that† doctor for my bedfellow.
NER. And I his clerk; therefore be well advis'd,
How you do leave me to mine own protection.
GRA. Well, do you so: let not me take him then,
For, if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.
ANT. I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.
POR. Sir, grieve not you; you are welcome notwithstanding.
BASS. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong;
And, in the hearing of these many friends,
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I see myself,—
POR. Mark you but that!
In both my eyes he doubly sees himself:
In each eye, one:—swear by your double self,
And there's an oath of credit.
BASS. Nay, but hear me:
Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear,
I never more will break an oath with thee.
ANT. I once did lend my body for his* wealth;[b]
Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,
Had quite miscarried: I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.
POR. Then you shall be his surety. Give him this;
And bid him keep it better than the other.
ANT. Here, lord Bassanio; swear to keep this ring.
BASS. By heaven, it is the same I gave the doctor!
POR. I had it of him: pardon me,† Bassanio;
For by this ring the doctor lay with me.
NER. And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano;
For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this, last night did lie with me.
GRA. Why, this is like the mending of highways
In summer, where the ways are fair enough:
What! are we cuckolds, ere we have deserv'd it?
POR. Speak not so grossly.—You are all amaz'd:
Here is a letter, read it at your leisure;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario:
There you shall find, that Portia was the doctor;
Nerissa there, her clerk: Lorenzo here
Shall witness, I set forth as soon as you,
And but e'en now return'd; I have not yet
Enter'd my house.—Antonio, you are welcome;
And I have better news in store for you,
Than you expect: unseal this letter soon;
There you shall find, three of your argosies
Are richly come to harbour suddenly:
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chanced on this letter.
ANT. I am dumb.

(*) First folio, *And*. (†) First folio, *the*.

(*) First folio, *thy*. (†) First folio omits, *me*.

[a] Contain *the ring*,—] *Hold* or *retain* the ring.
[b] *For his* wealth;] That is, for his *weal, advantage, prosperity*. "*Wealth*," Johnson says, "was, at that time, the term opposite to *adversity*, or *calamity*." Thus, in the "Litany:"—
"In all time of our tribulation; in all time of our *wealth*."

BASS. Were you the doctor, and I knew you not?
GRA. Were you the clerk, that is to make me cuckold?
NER. Ay, but the clerk that never means to do it,
Unless he live until he be a man.
BASS. Sweet doctor, you shall be my bedfellow;
When I am absent, then lie with my wife.
ANT. Sweet lady, you have given me life, and living;[a]
For here I read for certain, that my ships
Are safely come to road.
POR. How now, Lorenzo?
My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.
NER. Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.—
There do I give to you and Jessica,
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.
LOR. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starved people.
POR. It is almost morning,
And yet, I am sure, you are not satisfied
Of these events at full. Let us go in;
And charge us there upon inter'gatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.
GRA. Let it be so. The first inter'gatory,
That my Nerissa shall be sworn on, is,
Whether till the next night she had rather stay,
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day:
But were the day come, I should wish it dark,
That* I were couching with the doctor's clerk.
Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing
So sore, as keeping safe Nerissa's ring. [*Exeunt.*

[a] *Life, and* living;] *Living* signified *riches, resources*, &c. See Note ([d]), p. 203.

(*) First folio, *Till.*

ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

ACT I.

(1) SCENE I.—

In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
The self-same way, with more advised watch,
To find the other forth; and by adventuring both
I oft found both.]

This expedient for discovering a stray shaft is probably as old as archery. It was prescribed by P. Crescentius in his "Treatise de Agricultura," lib. x. cap. xxviii., and is mentioned frequently by the writers of our author's age. Thus in Decker's "Villanies discovered by Lanthorne and Candlelight:"—"And yet I have seene a Creditor in Prison weepe when he beheld the Debtor, and to lay out money of his owne purse to free him: *he shot a second arrow to find the first,*" 4to. 1616. Again, in Howel's Letters ("Epistolæ Ho-Elianæ"):—"I sent you one of the 3d current, but it was not answered: I sent another of the 13th, *like a second arrow to find out the first,* but I know not what's become of either: I send this to find out the other two; and if this fail, there shall go no more out of my Quiver." *Letter XV.*, 19 *July*, 1626. And in Taylor the Water Poet's "Kicksey Winsey, or, a Lerry Come Twang," folio 1630, p. 41:—

"I, like a boy that shooting with a bow
Hath lost his shaft where weedes and bushes growe:
Who having search'd, and rak'd, and scrap'd, and tost,
To find his arrow that he late hath lost;
At last a crotchet comes into his braine,
To stand at his first shooting place againe:
Then shoots and lets another arrow flye,
Neere as he thinkes his other shaft may lye:
Thus ventring, he perhaps findes both or one,
The worst is, if he lose both, he findes none."

(2) SCENE II.—*The county Palatine.*] It is possible that Shakespeare, with his fondness of allusion to contemporaneous events and characters, referred here to an individual whose career would be familiar enough to the public of that period—the Polish Palatine of Siradz, Albert Laski, a nobleman of immense possessions, who visited England in 1583, and was received by Queen Elizabeth with unusual distinction. The prodigality of this Polonian is said to have been so extraordinary, that in a few years he dissipated the greater part of his enormous fortune, and was fain to become the disciple of the notorious alchymists, Dee and Kelly, in the hope of discovering the philosopher's stone. In company with these men and their families, he returned to his palace near Cracow, and there began operations for transmuting iron into gold. In these processes, the already deeply mortgaged estates of the infatuated Count were in a short time swallowed up; and it was not until ruin stared him in the face, that the credulous dupe awoke from his delusions, and dismissed the charlatans in time to save himself from utter beggary.

(3) SCENE III.—*Shylock.*] This name, it has been thought, was derived from the Jewish appellation *Scialac*, borne in the poet's day by a Maronite of Mount Libanus. It may, however, have been an Italian name, *Scialocca*, the change of which into Shylock was natural. At all events, it was a name current among the Jews, for, at the end of an extremely rare tract, called "A Jewes Prophesy, or Newes from Rome of two mightie Armies as well footemen as horsmen," 1607, is a piece entitled, "Caleb Shilock his prophesie for the yeere 1607," which begins as follows:—"Be it knowne unto all men, that in the yeare 1607, when as the moone is in the watrye signe, the world is like to bee in great danger; for a learned Jew named Caleb Shilock doth write that, in the foresaid yeere, the sun shall be covered with the dragon in the morning, from five of the clocke untill nine, and will appeare like fire: therefore it is not good that any man do behold the same, for by beholding thereof, hee may lose his sight." Although pretending to be a prophecy for the year 1607, this edition was a reprint of a much older copy, the date of the predicted event being altered, to give interest to the publication.

(4) SCENE III.—*If I can catch him once upon the hip.*] That is, *at advantage.* The phrase is taken from wrestling, and in its metaphorical sense is frequently found in the old authors. Thus Sir John Harington, in his Translation of Orlando Furioso, Booke XLVI., Stanza 117:—

"Full oft the valiant knight his hold doth shift,
And with much prettee sleight the same doth slippe;
In fine he doth applie one special drift,
Which was to *get the Pagan on the hippe;*
And having caught him right, he doth him lift,
By nimble sleight, and in such wise doth trippe;
That downe he threw him, and his fall was such,
His head-piece was the first that ground did tuch."

And in Bishop Andrewes' "Sermon preached before the King's Majesty at Whitehall, 1617:"—"If he have us *at the advantage, on the hip* as we say, it is no great matter then to get service at our hands." For additional examples of the use of this phrase, see "Notes and Queries," Vol. VII., p. 375, and Mr. Dyce's "Remarks on Knight's and Collier's Shakespeare."

(5) SCENE III.—*In the Rialto.*] There were in ancient Venice three distinct places properly called *Rialto;* namely, the island on the farther side of the Grand Canal; the Exchange erected on that island; and the Ponte di Rialto, which connected the island with St. Mark's Quarter. The first of these places, according to Daru, received the name of *Rialto*, on account of its convenience to fishermen, its height, its contiguity to the sea, and its situation in the centre of a basin. If this conjecture be accurate, the original name was perhaps *Riva Alta*, a high bank-shore, or *Rilevato*, an elevated margin; since the island was the highest, and probably the oldest, of those in the lagune to which the Veneti fled. Early in the fifth century the church of San Jacopo was erected on this spot, near the fish-market; and adjoining to it were built the *Fabbriccke*, a series of edifices connected by arcades, employed as warehouses and custom-houses; in the open space opposite to which was held the Exchange. Sabellicus, who wrote on Venetian history in the seventeenth century, states that this "most noble piazza" was crowded from morning to night. The part where the merchants transacted the most weighty and important affairs was near the double portico at the end of the piazza, opposite San Jacopo's church, where the *Banco Giro* was established.

The following is Coryat's description of the Rialto, or

Exchange, as it appeared when he visited Venice:—"The Rialto which is at the farthest side of the bridge as you come from St. Mark's, is a most stately building, being the Exchange of Venice, where the Venetian gentlemen and the merchants doe meete twice a day, betwixt eleven and twelve of the clocke in the morning, and betwixt five and sixe of the clocke in the afternoone. This Rialto is of a goodly height, built all with bricke as the palaces are, adorned with many faire walkes or open galleries that I have before mentioned, and hath a pretty quadrangular court adjoining to it. But it is inferior to our Exchange in London, though indeede there is a farre greater quantity of building in this than in ours."—*Coryat's Crudities* (1611), p. 169.

(6) *My Jewish gaberdine.*] A gaberdine was a large loose cloak, and it does not appear that this habiliment, as worn by the Jews, was in any respect different from that in ordinary use, though Mr. Halliwell observes, "According to a memorandum, the source of which is unknown to me, Shylock 'should assuredly wear a large red cross, embroidered upon his shoulder, the senate of Venice having passed an edict to mortify the Jews—many of whom quitted their territory to avoid its infliction—that no Israelite should appear upon the Rialto without the emblem or badge above specified.'" The distinguishing peculiarity in the costume of the Jews, as we learn from Coryat, was the colour of their head gear; those born in the western part of the world being compelled to wear red hats, and those in the east yellow turbans, or bonnets:—"I was at the place where the whole fraternity of the Jews dwelleth together, which is called the Ghetto, being an iland: for it is inclosed round about with water. It is thought there are of them in all five and sixe thousand. They are distinguished and discerned from the Christians by their habites on their heads: for some of them doe weare hats and those redde, only those Jewes that are borne in the Westerne parts of the world, as in Italy, &c., but the easterne Jewes, being otherwise called the Levantine Jewes which are borne in Hierusalem, Alexandria, Constantinople, &c., weare turbents upon their heads, as the Turkes do: but the difference is this; the Turkes weare white, the Jewes yellow. By that word turbent I understand a rowle of fine linnen wrapped together upon their heads, which serveth them instead of hats, whereof many have bin often worne by the Turkes in London."—CORYAT'S *Crudities* (ed. 1611, p. 130). As Shylock was a Levantine Jew, he should be represented with a yellow turban or bonnet.

(7) SCENE III.—*If he should break his day.*] To *break his day* was the current expression formerly to imply a breach of contract. "Every day he surveighs his grounds and the buttals therof, lest there be any incroaching or any thing remov'd. If any debtor *misse his day* but a minute, hee is sure to pay soundly for forbearance: besides usurie upon usury, if he continue it."—*Characters of Theophrastus*, translated by HEALEY. So, also, in "The Fayre Mayde of the Exchange," 1607, Act II. Sc. 2:—

> "If you do *break your day*, assure yourself,
> That I will take the forfeit of your bond."

ACT II.

(1) SCENE I.—*Lead me to the caskets.*]—The incident of the caskets is generally believed to have been derived, directly or remotely, from a story in the Latin "Gesta Romanorum," which relates that a certain king of Apulia sent his daughter to be married to the only son of Anselmo the emperor, and that the ship in which she sailed was wrecked, and all on board lost except the princess. After undergoing some incredible adventures, the lady reaches the court of the emperor, her destined father-in-law:—

"Then was the emperour right glad of her safety and comming, and had great compassion on her, saying: Ah faire lady, for the love of my sonne thou hast suffered much woe, nevertheless if thou be worthie to be his wife, soone shall I prove.

"And when he had thus said, he commanded to bring forth three vessels, the first was made of pure gold, beset with precious stones without, and within full of dead mens bones, and thereupon was ingraven this posey: Who so chooseth me shall finde that he deserveth.

"The second vessel was made of fine silver, filled with earth and wormes, and the superscription was thus: Who so chooseth me shall find that his nature desireth.

"The third vessel was made of lead, full within of precious stones, and the superscription, Who so chooseth me shall finde that God hath disposed to him.

"These three vessels the emperour shewed to the maiden and said, Lo, here daughter, these be faire vessels, if thou choose one of these, wherein is profit to thee and to other, then shalt thou have my sonne: but if thou choose that wherein is no profit to thee nor to none other, soothly thou shalt not marrie him.

"When the mayden saw this, she lift up her hands to God and said: Thou Lord that knowest all things, grant me grace this houre so to choose, that I may receive the emperours sonne. And with that shee beheld the first vessell of gold, which was engraven, and read the superscription, Who so chooseth me, &c. saying thus: Though this vessel be full precious and made of pure gold, nevertheless I know not what is within, and therefore my deare lord, this vessel will I not choose.

"And then shee beheld the second vessel that was of pure silver, and read the superscription, Who so chooseth mee shall finde that his nature desireth. Thinking thus within her selfe, If I choose this vessel, what is within it I know not, but well I wot there shall I finde that nature desireth, and my nature desireth the lust of the flesh, therefore this vessel will I not choose. When she had seene these two vessels, and given an answere as touching them, shee beheld the third vessell of lead, and read the superscription, Who so chooseth mee, shall finde that God hath disposed. Thincking within her selfe this vessel is not passing rich, nor throughly precious: nevertheless, the superscription saith: Who so chooseth mee, shall finde that God hath disposed: and without doubt God never disposeth any harme, therefore now I will choose this vessell, by the leave of God.

"When the emperour saw this, hee said, O faire mayden open thy vessell, and see if thou hast well chosen or no. And when this yong lady had opened it, she found it full of fine gold and precious stones, like as the emperour had told her before.

"And then said the emperour, O my deere daughter, because thou hast wisely chosen, therefore shalt thou marry my sonne. And when he had so said, he ordained a marriage, and married them together with great solempnitie and much honour, and they lived peaceably a long time together."—*Abridged from a translation by* ROBERT ROBINSON, *in Mr.* COLLIER'S *Shakespeare's Library*, vol. II. p. 102.

(2) SCENE II.—*Here's a simple line of life.*] Chiromantically, the *linea vitæ*, or *line of life*, is the indentation which runs round the root of the thumb, dividing it from the palm of the hand. In an ancient MS. possessed by

Mr. Halliwell, we are told, "Hit ys to know yf the lyne of the lyf streche to the wryst, and that it be of good coloure sufficiently, it is a signe of long lyf. Yf it be short, it ys a signe of short lyf." If this authority be correct, we were not strictly so in stating that *the table* signified *the palm of the hand.* (See Note (c), p. 404.) "The lyne that begyniyth under the litille fynger and streccheth toward the rote of the fynger next the thombe, ys cleped *mensalis* that is, *the table.*" But another writer on palmistry says, "The space between the natural line and the line of fortune is called *mensa*, the table."—SAMSON'S *Polygraphice*, 1675.

The *table line*, or *line of fortune*, then, is the line running from the fore-finger below the other three fingers to the side of the hand. *The natural line* is the line which curves in a different direction, through the middle of the palm; and the *line of life*, as before mentioned, is the circular line surrounding the ball of the thumb. The space between the two former lines being technically known as *the table.*

(3) SCENE II.—

Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say Amen.]

The practice of wearing the hat at meals, and especially at ceremonial feasts, was probably derived from the age of chivalry. In the present day, at the installation banquet of the Knights of the Garter, all the Knights Companions wear their hats and plumes. It appears to have been usual formerly for all persons above the rank of attendants to keep on their hats at the dinner-table. Lilly, in his Autobiography, gives an edifying account of his wooing his widowed mistress, who finally signified her acceptance of his suit by making him sit down with her to dinner with his hat on. And the custom may be inferred from the following:—"Roger the Canterburian, that cannot Say Grace for his meat with a low-crowned hat before his face: or the character of a prelatical man affecting great heighths. Newly written by G. T. Lond. sm. 4to." As also, from the Recipe for Dressing a Knuckle of Veal, sent by Dr. Delany to Swift:—

"Then skimming the fat off,
Say Grace with your hat off."

(4) SCENE VIII.—*That in a gondola.*] A good account of the gondola, as it was in Shakespeare's time, is found in Coryat's "Crudities," ed. 1611, pp. 170, 171. "The channels which are called in Latin *euripi*, or *æstuaria*, that is, pretty little armes of the sea, because they ebbe and flow every sixe houres, are very singular ornaments to the citie, through the which they runne even as the veynes doe through the body of a man, and doe disgorge into the *Canal il grande*, which is the common receptacle of them all. They impart two principall commodities to the citie, the one that it carryeth away all the garbage and filthinesse that falleth into them from the citie, which by meanes of the ebbing and flowing of the water, is the sooner conveighed out of the channels, though indeede not altogether so well, but that the people doe eftsoones adde their own industry to clense and purge them: the other that they serve the Venetians in stead of streetes to passe with farre more expedition on the same, then they can do on their land streetes, and that by certaine little boates, which they call gondolas, the fayrest that ever I saw in any place. For none of them are open above, but fairely covered, first with some fifteene or sixteene little round pieces of timber that reach from one end to the other, and make a pretty kinde of arch or vault in the gondola; then with faire black cloth which is turned up at both ends of the boate, to the end that if the passenger meaneth to be private, he may draw downe the same, and after row so secretly that no man can see him: in the inside the benches are finely covered with blacke leather, and the bottomes of many of them, together with the sides under the benches, are very neatly garnished with fine linnen cloth, the edge whereof is laced with bonelace: the ends are beautified with two pretty and ingenuous devices. For each end hath a crooked thing made in the forme of a dolphin's tayle, with the fins very artificially represented, and it seemeth to be tinned over. The watermen that row these never sit as ours doe in London, but alwaies stand, and that at the farther end of the gondola, sometimes one, but most commonly two; and in my opinion they are altogether as swift as our rowers about London. Of these gondolaes they say there are ten thousand about the citie, whereof sixe thousand are private, serving for the gentlemen and others; and foure thousand for mercenary men, which get their living by the trade of rowing."

ACT III.

(1) SCENE I.—*It was my turquoise.*] The *turquoise* was esteemed precious of old, not alone from its rarity and beauty, but on account of the imaginary properties attributed to it. Among other virtues, it was supposed to have the power to quell enmity, and reconcile man and wife; and to possess the inestimable quality of forewarning its wearer, if any evil approached him:—"The turkesse doth move when there is any peril prepared to him that weareth it." FENTON'S *Certain Secrete Wonders of Nature*, 1569. "Turcois," says Swan, 1635, "is a compassionate stone: if the wearer of it be not well, it changeth colour, and looketh pale and dim; but increaseth to his perfectnesse, as the wearer recovereth to his health."

(2) SCENE II.—*The scull, that bred them, in the sepulchre.*] The fashion of wearing false hair seems to have been epidemical among the ladies of the *beau-monde* in the sixteenth century, and to have exposed them to unceasing raillery and sarcasm from contemporary pens. The crabbed Stubbes avers that it was the practice to decoy children who had beautiful hair to some secluded spot and there despoil them of their envied locks. Even the dead, as Shakespeare tells us here and elsewhere, were pillaged, to satisfy the demand occasioned by this morbid vanity:—

"—— The golden tresses of the dead,
The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,
To live a second life on second head!"
Sonnet 68.

"The hair thus obtained," says Drake, "was often dyed of a sandy colour, in complement to the Queen, whose locks were of that tint; and these false ornaments, or 'thatches,' as Timon terms them, were called 'periwigs.'" (See note (3), p. 44.)

(3) SCENE II.—*For me, three thousand ducats.*] In Venice there were two sorts of ducats: one, the *ducat de Banco*, worth 4*s.* 4*d.*; the other, of St. Mark, valued at about 2*s.* 10*d.* The ducat took its name, according to some, from the legend on it:—

"Sit tibi, Christi, datus, quem tu regis, iste Ducatus."

(4) SCENE V.—*Thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother.*] The famous old proverbial line,

"Incidis in Scyllam, cupiens vitare Charybdim,"

is said to have originally appeared in the Latin poem, "Alexandreis sive Gesta Alexandri Magni," by Philip Gualtier; there applied to Darius, who, escaping from Alexander, fell into the hands of Bessus. The proverb itself, however, has been pointed out in a much older writer, St. Augustine, in Joan. Evang., Tract. xxxvi. § 9: "Ne iterum quasi fugiens Charybdim, in Scyllam incurras." Again:—"A Charybdi quidem evasisti, sed in Scyllæis scopulis naufragasti. In medio naviga, utrumque periculosum latus evita." It was common in English books of the sixteenth and seventeenth century; and Mr. Halliwell quotes an old Somersetshire saying to a similar effect,—"He got out of the muxy and fell into the pucksy."

ACT IV.

(1) SCENE I.—*A royal merchant.*] This epithet is strictly appropriate, a *royal* merchant being one who transacted the commercial business of a sovereign. Thus King John calls Brand de Doway, "homo noster et dominicus mercator noster;" and on the same account, the famous Gresham was ordinarily dignified with the title of the *royal merchant.* About the period when Shakespeare wrote this play, there was at Palermo a celebrated merchant called Antonio, of whom it was said that he had at one time two kingdoms mortgaged to him by the King of Spain. (See Hunter's "New Illustrations of Shakespeare.")

(2) SCENE I.—*Some men there are love not a gaping pig.*] By a *gaping* pig Shakespeare may have meant a pig roasted for the table. Thus, in Nash's "Pierce Pennylesse his Supplication to the Devil:"—"The causes conducting unto wrath are as diverse as the actions of a man's life. Some will take on like a madman, if they see a *pig come to the table.*" So, in Fletcher's play of "The Elder Brother," Act II. Sc. 2:—"And they stand *gaping* like a *roasted pig.*" Again, in Webster's "Dutchess of Malfi," Act III. Sc. 2, 1623:—"He could not abide to see *a pig's head gaping;* I thought your grace would find him a Jew." In the "Newe Metamorphosis," a poem quoted by Mr. Halliwell, and written in the seventeenth century, there are some singular instances of antipathy:—

"I knewe the like by one that nould endure
To see a goose come to the table sure;
Some cannot brooke to se a custarde there,
Some of a cheese doe ever stand in feare;
And I knowe one, if she tobacco see,
Or smels the same, she swoones imediately:
The like of roses I have heard some tell,
Touch but the skyn and presently 'twill swell,
And growe to blisters: the reason it is this,
'Twixt them and these there's such antithisis."

(3) SCENE I.—*Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.*] In the conduct of this part of Antonio's trial, we have a curious picture of Italian manners in the sixteenth century; one which shows that the most esteemed forensic talent of the period, consisted less in sound legal knowledge, than in the subtle acumen which could discover a flaw in an indictment, or detect an unsuspected omission in a bond. Portia here brings forth at last the most fatal charge against Shylock, that namely by which he had already forfeited both property and life, after the validity of the deed had been overthrown and the cause actually gained, by insisting on the fulfilment of overlooked impossibilities. Firstly, she urges,

"This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood."

And then,

"——In the cutting of it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are by the laws of Venice confiscate."

Finally, she requires the plaintiff to cut off at once the precise weight, not the twentieth part of a scruple more or less than an exact pound. After all these objections had been urged and admitted, she adduces the Venetian law which made the whole transaction a criminal offence involving the penalty of forfeiture and death. In these two distinct parts of the pleading, we may fancy we can perceive the operations of two different minds; Doctor Bellario, of Padua, and Portia, of Belmont. To the former may be attributed the sound and irresistible legal attack upon the sanguinary bond; as appears to be expressed in his letter to the courts,—"We turned o'er many books together: he is furnish'd with *my opinion.*" But it seems also as if the female wit of Portia may be traced in the ingenious perception of the less criminal objections which first gained the cause; and that the old advocate covertly alludes to it in the words, "better'd with his own learning (the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend)."

There is, in Mr. Rogers' volume of Italy, a charming old Italian story, entitled "The Bag of Gold," which had been related to the author by a retired cardinal, and which, as he says, bears some resemblance to the tale of "The Merchant of Venice." It is altogether too long to be extracted entire, and the reader will probably thank us for sending him to the book; but as it especially illustrates the ancient Italian practice of gaining a cause by ingenious sophistry, we shall abstract the narrative and give the conclusion.

Three of the half-robber soldiers of the sixteenth or seventeenth century, desired to leave a stolen bag of gold with the hostess of a small inn called the White Cross, on the road to Bologna. They drew up an acknowledgment for it, which she signed, undertaking to deliver it when applied for; "but to be delivered, these were the words, not to one, nor to two, but to the three; words wisely introduced by those to whom it belonged, knowing what they knew of each other." After they had gone, one of them, who seemed to be a Venetian, returned, and requested to be allowed to set his seal on the bag as the others had done. She placed it before him for the purpose, but being at the same moment called away to receive a guest, when she came back the soldier and the money were gone. The other two robbers soon after claimed the gold; and as it was not forthcoming, they commenced a process against the hostess on her written acknowledgment. In great distress, she sent her daughter to several advocates to defend her; but some of them demanded too large a fee, others were already retained against her: all considered the case to be hopeless, and the trial was to come on the next day.

It happened that the hostess' daughter had a lover, Lorenzo Martelli, who was a law-student of great promise and already at the bar, though he had never spoken: and he volunteered his hearty support. The trial came on, the claim was proved,—there was no defence made by the defendant, and the judges were about to give sentence, when Lorenzo rose and addressed the court. "Much has been said," he pleaded, "on the sacred nature of the obligation, and we acknowledge it in its full force. Let it be fulfilled, and to the last letter. It is what we solicit, what we require. But to whom is the bag of gold to be delivered?

What says the bond? Not *to one*, not *to two*, but *to the three*. Let the three stand forth and claim it." From that day,—for who can doubt the issue?—none were sought, none employed, but the *subtle*, the eloquent Lorenzo.

(4) SCENE I.—

——— *So he will let me have*
The other half in use.]

"That is, in trust for Shylock during his life, for the purpose of securing it at his death to Lorenzo. Some critics explain *in use*, upon interest—a sense which the phrase certainly sometimes bore; but that interpretation is altogether inconsistent, in the present passage, with the generosity of Antonio's character. In conveyances of land, where it is intended to give the estate to any person after the death of another, it is necessary that a third person should be possessed of the estate, and the *use* be declared to the one after the death of the other, or the estate to the future possessor would be rendered insecure. This is called a conveyance to *uses*, and the party is said to be possessed, or rather *seised* to the *use* of such an one, or to the use that he render or convey the land to such an one, which is expressed in law French by the terms *seisie al use*, and in Latin, *seisitus in usum alicujus*, viz., A B, or C D. This latter phrase Shakespeare has rendered with all the strictness of a technical conveyancer, and has made Antonio desire to have one-half of Shylock's goods in *use*,—to render it upon his, Shylock's, death to Lorenzo."—ANON.

ACT V.

(1) SCENE I.—*A Grove before* Portia's *house.*] "The 'poet's pen' has nowhere given more striking proof of its power than in the scene of the garden of Belmont. We find ourselves transported into the grounds of an Italian palazzo of the very first class, and we soon perceive them to be of surpassing beauty and almost boundless extent. It is not a garden of parterres and flowers, but more like Milton's 'Paradise,' full of tall shrubs and lofty trees—the tulip-tree, the poplar, and the cedar. But it is not, like Milton's, a garden in which the hand of Nature is alone visible. There are terraces and flights of steps, cascades and fountains, broad walks, avenues and risings, with alcoves and banquetting-houses in the rich architecture of Venice. It is evening: a fine evening of summer, which tempts the masters of the scene to walk abroad and enjoy the breezes which ruffle the gentle foliage. The moon is in the heavens, full orbed and shining with a steady lustre; no light clouds disturbing the deep serene. On the green sward fall the ever-changing shadows of the lofty trees, which may be mistaken for fairies sporting by the moonlight; where trees are not the moonbeams sleep upon the bank. The distant horn is heard; and even sweeter music floats upon the breeze."—HUNTER'S *New Illustrations, &c.*

(2) SCENE I.—*Such harmony is in immortal souls.*] "Touching musical harmony," observed Hooker, "whether by instrument or by voice, it being but of high or low sounds in a due proportionable disposition, such, notwithstanding, is the force thereof, and so pleasing effects it hath in every part of man which is most divine, that some have been thereby induced to think that the soul itself by nature is, or hath in it, harmony."

Ecclesiastical Polity, Book 5.

(3) SCENE I.—*No woman had it, but a civil doctor.*] In the Pecorone of Ser Giovanni, with which there can be little reason to doubt Shakespeare was in some way acquainted, this pleasant little incident about the ring forms a part of the story. The tale is much too long to be given in full, but the following analysis of it, extracted from Dunlop's "History of Fiction," preserves enough of the original to show that it was closely connected with the *bond* fable in "The Merchant of Venice." A young man, named Giannetto, is adopted by Ansaldo, a rich Venetian merchant. He obtains permission to go to Alexandria, and sets sail in a ship richly laden. On his voyage he enters the port of Belmont, where a lady of great wealth resided, and who announced herself as the prize of any person who could enjoy her. Giannetto is entertained in her palace, and having partaken of wine purposely mixed with soporific ingredients, he falls asleep on going to bed, and his vessel is confiscated next morning, according to the stipulated conditions. He returns to Venice, fits out a vessel richly loaded, for Belmont, and acts in a similar manner. The third time, Ansaldo is forced to borrow ten thousand ducats from a Jew, on condition of his creditor being allowed to take a pound of flesh from his body if he did not pay by a certain time. Giannetto's expedition is now more fortunate. He obtains the lady in marriage, by refraining from the wine, according to a hint he received from a waiting maid. Occupied with his bride, he forgets the bond or Ansaldo till the day it is due: he then hastens to Venice, but as the time had elapsed the Jew refuses to accept ten times the money. At this crisis the new-married lady arrives disguised as a lawyer, and announces, as was the custom in Italy, that she had come to decide difficult cases: for in that age, delicate points were not determined by the ordinary judges of the provinces, but by doctors of law who were called from Bologna, and other places at a distance. The pretended lawyer being consulted on the claim of the Jew, decides that he is entitled to insist on the pound of flesh, but that he should be beheaded if he draw one drop of blood from his debtor. The judge then takes from Giannetto his marriage-ring as a fee, and afterwards banters him in her own character for having parted with it.

CRITICAL OPINIONS ON THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

"THE 'Merchant of Venice' is one of Shakspeare's most perfect works: popular to an extraordinary degree, and calculated to produce the most powerful effect on the stage, and, at the same time, a wonder of ingenuity and art for the reflecting critic. Shylock, the Jew, is one of the inimitable master-pieces of characterization which are to be found only in Shakspeare. It is easy for both poet and player to exhibit a caricature of national sentiments, modes of speaking, and gestures. Shylock, however, is everything but a common Jew: he possesses a strongly-marked and original individuality, and yet we perceive a light touch of Judaism in everything he says or does. We almost fancy we can hear a light whisper of the Jewish accent even in the written words, such as we sometimes still find in the higher classes, notwithstanding their social refinement. In tranquil moments, all that is foreign to the European blood and Christian sentiments is less perceptible; but in passion the national stamp comes out more strongly marked. All these inimitable niceties the finished art of a great actor can alone properly express. Shylock is a man of information, in his own way, even a thinker, only he has not discovered the region where human feelings dwell; his morality is founded on the disbelief in goodness and magnanimity. The desire to avenge the wrongs and indignities heaped upon his nation is, after avarice, his strongest spring of action. His hate is naturally directed chiefly against those Christians who are actuated by truly Christian sentiments: a disinterested love of our neighbour seems to him the most unrelenting persecution of the Jews. The letter of the law is his idol; he refuses to lend an ear to the voice of mercy, which, from the mouth of Portia, speaks to him with heavenly eloquence: he insists on rigid and inflexible justice, and at last it recoils on his own head. Thus he becomes a symbol of the general history of his unfortunate nation. The melancholy and self-sacrificing magnanimity of Antonio is affectingly sublime. Like a princely merchant, he is surrounded with a whole train of noble friends. The contrast which this forms to the selfish cruelty of the usurer Shylock was necessary to redeem the honour of human nature. The danger which almost to the close of the fourth act hangs over Antonio, and which the imagination is almost afraid to approach, would fill the mind with too painful anxiety, if the poet did not also provide for its recreation and diversion. This is effected in an especial manner by the scenes at Portia's country-seat, which transport the spectator into quite another world. And yet they are closely connected with the main business by the chain of cause and effect: Bassanio's preparations for his courtship are the cause of Antonio's subscribing the dangerous bond; and Portia again, by the counsel and advice of her uncle, a famous lawyer, effects the safety of her lover's friend. But the relations of the dramatic composition are the while admirably observed in yet another respect. The trial between Shylock and Antonio is indeed recorded as being a real event; still, for all that, it must ever remain an unheard-of and singular case. Shakspeare has therefore associated it with a love intrigue not less extraordinary: the one consequently is rendered natural and probable by means of the other. A rich, beautiful, and clever heiress, who can only be won by the solving the riddle—the locked caskets—the foreign princes, who come to try the venture—all this powerfully excites the imagination with the splendour of an olden tale of marvels. The two scenes in which, first the Prince of Morocco, in the language of Eastern hyperbole, and then the self-conceited Prince of Arragon, make their choice among the caskets, serve merely to raise our curiosity, and give employment to our wits; but on the third, where the two lovers stand trembling before the inevitable choice, which in one moment must unite or separate them for ever, Shakspeare has lavished all the charms of feeling—all the magic of poesy. We share in the rapture of Portia and Bassanio at the fortunate choice: we easily conceive why they are so fond of each other, for they are both most deserving of love. The judgment scene, with which the fourth act is occupied, is in itself a perfect drama, concentrating in itself the interest of the whole. The knot is now untied, and, according to the common ideas of theatrical satisfaction, the curtain ought to drop. But the poet was unwilling to dismiss his audience with the gloomy impressions which Antonio's acquittal, effected with so much difficulty, and contrary to all expectation, and the condemnation of Shylock, were calculated to leave behind them; he has therefore added the fifth act by way of a musical afterlude in the piece itself. The episode of Jessica, the fugitive daughter of the Jew, in whom Shakspeare has contrived to throw a veil of sweetness over the national features, and the artifice by which Portia and her companion are enabled to rally their newly-married husbands, supply him with the necessary materials. The scene opens with the playful prattling of two lovers in a summer evening; it is followed by soft music, and a rapturous eulogy on this powerful disposer of the human mind and the world; the principal characters then make their appearance, and, after a simulated quarrel, which is gracefully maintained, the whole ends with the most exhilarating mirth."—SCHLEGEL.

Act II. Sc. I.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF

KING RICHARD THE SECOND.

SHAKESPEARE'S "King Richard II." was entered at Stationers' Hall, August 29, 1597, by Andrew Wise, who published the first edition that year under the title of "The tragedie of King Richard the Second. As it hath beene publikely acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Servants, London, *Printed by Valentine Simmes, for Androw Wise*, and are to be sold at his shop in Paules church yard at the signe of the Angel. 1597." 4to. This is much the most accurate copy of the play extant. Three other quarto editions were published before the first folio, one in 1598, another in 1608, "with new additions of the Parliament sceane, and the Deposing of King Richard," and the last in 1615; each of which bears the author's name, "William Shake-speare," on the title-page; that of 1615 being apparently the copy followed in the folio, 1623. There can now be scarcely a doubt that there was an older Richard II. than Shakespeare's, and one that kept its place as an acting drama, even at the Globe theatre, long after his had been played and printed. In a passage of Camden's Annals, it is related that Sir Gillie Merrick, who was concerned in the desperate insurrection of the Earl of Essex, was accused, among other charges, of having caused to be acted, by money in a public theatre, the obsolete tragedy (*exoletum tragediam*) of the abdication of Richard the Second. This transaction is related more circumstantially in the official declarations, where it is stated that, "The Afternoon before the Rebellion, Merrick with a great company of others, who were all afterwards in the action, had procured to be play'd before them the Play of deposing King Richard the Second; neither was it casual, but a play bespoke by Merrick; and when it was told him by one of the Players, that the Play was old, and they should have Loss in playing it, because few would come to it, there were forty Shillings extraordinary given for it, and so it was play'd." The deposition of Richard II. appears to have been a subject upon which Elizabeth was peculiarly sensitive. It was probably on this account, that the Parliament scene in Shakespeare's play, containing the actual deposition of the King, was not inserted in the quartos until after her death. In 1599, Sir John Haywarde was severely censured in the Star Chamber, and committed to prison, for his History of the First Part of the Life and Reign of King Henry IV., which contained the deposition of Richard II.

The revival of an old play on this prohibited topic must therefore have been highly offensive to the Queen: it certainly made a deep impression upon her; for, in a conversation with the accomplished William Lambarde, twelve months afterwards, on the occasion of his presenting her with his pandect of her Rolls in the Tower, when, looking through the records, she came to the reign of Richard II., she remarked:—"I am Richard II., know ye not that?" Lambarde replied, in allusion to the Essex attempt, "Such a wicked imagination was determined and attempted by a most unkind gent, the most adorned creature that ever your Majesty made:" to this her Majesty rejoined: "He that will forget God, will also forget his benefactors: this tragedy was played 40^{tie} times in open streets and houses."

That the drama in question was not Shakespeare's Richard II., is tolerably evident, from its being described as an obsolete play; but a discovery made by Mr. Collier places this fact beyond controversy. In a MS. diary kept by the notorious Dr. Simon Forman, and preserved in the Bodleian Library, Mr. Collier has found an entry under the date, Thursday, April 30, 1611, wherein Forman records his having been present at the Globe theatre, and witnessed the play of Richard II., some incidents in which he notes for his future guidance:—"Remember therein how Jack Straw, by his overmuch boldness, not being politic nor suspecting anything, was suddenly, at Smithfield Bars, stabbed by Walworth, the Mayor of London, and so he and his whole army was overthrown. Therefore, in such case, of the like, never admit any party without a bar between, for a man cannot be too wise, nor keep himself too safe. Also remember how the Duke of

Glocester, the Earl of Arundel, Oxford, and others, crossing the king in his humour about the Duke of Erland and Bushy, were glad to fly and raise a host of men; and being in his castle, how the Duke of Erland came by night to betray him, with three hundred men; but, having privy warning thereof, kept his gates fast, and would not suffer the enemy to enter, which went back again with a fly in his ear, and after, was slain by the Earl of Arundel in the battle. Remember also, when the Duke (*i. e.* of Gloucester,) and Arundel, came to London with their army, King Richard came forth to them and met them, and gave them fair words, and promised them pardon, and that all should be well if they would discharge their army, upon whose promises and fair speeches, they did it; and after, the king bid them all to a banquet, and so betrayed them, and cut off their heads, &c., because they had not his pardon under his hand and seal before, but his word.

"Remember therein, also, how the Duke of Lancaster privily contrived all villainy to set them all together by the ears, and to make the nobility to envy the King, and mislike him and his government: by which means he made his own son king, which was Henry Bolingbroke. Remember, also, how the Duke of Lancaster asked a wise man whether himself should ever be a king, and he told him No, but his son should be a king; and when he had told him, he hanged him up for his labour, because he should not bruit abroad, or speak thereof to others. This was a policy in the commonwealth's opinion, but I say it was a villain's part, and a Judas's kiss to hang the man for telling him the truth. Beware by this example of noblemen and their fair words, and say little to them, lest they do the like to thee for thy goodwill."

This play, then, it is clear, embraced the earlier portion of Richard's reign, and may have contained its close, and have been the one which the partizans of Essex contrived to get acted. Shakespeare's tragedy, on the contrary, comprises little more than the last two years of the reign of Richard II., and the facts appear to have been dramatized exclusively from Holinshed, some of the speeches being copied with scarcely any alteration from that old chronicler. Of the date of its composition we have no reliable evidence; Malone fixes it in 1593, Chalmers and Drake in 1596.

Persons Represented.

KING RICHARD THE SECOND.
EDMUND OF LANGLEY, *Duke of* YORK. } *Uncles to*
JOHN OF GAUNT, *Duke of* LANCASTER. } *the* KING.
HENRY, *surnamed* BOLINGBROKE, *Duke of* HEREFORD, *son to* JOHN OF GAUNT; *afterwards* KING HENRY THE FOURTH.
DUKE OF AUMERLE,* *son to the Duke of* YORK.
MOWBRAY, *Duke of* NORFOLK.
DUKE OF SURREY.
EARL OF SALISBURY.
EARL OF BERKLEY.
EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.
HENRY PERCY, *his Son.*
LORD ROSS.†
LORD WILLOUGHBY.
LORD FITZWATER.
LORD MARSHAL; *and other Lords.*
BISHOP OF CARLISLE.
ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER.
SIR PIERCE OF EXTON.
SIR STEPHEN SCROOP.
BUSHY, } *creatures to* KING RICHARD.
BAGOT, }
GREEN, }
Captain of a band of Welshmen.

QUEEN TO KING RICHARD.
DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER.
DUCHESS OF YORK.
Lady attending on the QUEEN.

Lords, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Gardeners, Keeper, Messengers, Groom, and other attendants.

SCENE,—*Dispersedly in* ENGLAND *and* WALES.

* *Aumerle*, or *Aumale*, is the French for what we term *Albemarle*, a town in Normandy.
† Now spelt *Roos*.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King Richard, *attended;* John of Gaunt, *and other* Nobles, *with him.*

K. Rich. Old John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaster,(1)
Hast thou, according to thy oath and band,
Brought hither Henry Hereford,[a] thy bold son;
Here to make good the boisterous late appeal,
Which then our leisure would not let us hear,

[a] Hereford,—] This name is usually spelt *Herford* in the old copies, and must be pronounced as a dissyllable.

Against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray? (2)
GAUNT. I have, my liege.
K. RICH. Tell me, moreover, hast thou sounded him,
If he appeal the duke on ancient malice;
Or worthily, as a good subject should,
On some known ground of treachery in him?
GAUNT. As near as I could sift him on that argument,
On some apparent danger seen in him,
Aim'd at your highness,—no inveterate malice.
K. RICH. Then call them to our presence; face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear
The accuser, and the accused, freely speak:—
[*Exeunt some* Attendants.
High-stomach'd are they both, and full of ire,
In rage, deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

Re-enter Attendants, *with* BOLINGBROKE [a] *and* NORFOLK.

BOLING. Many years of happy days befal
My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege!
NOR. Each day still better other's happiness;
Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your crown!
K. RICH. We thank you both: yet one but flatters us,
As well appeareth by the cause you come;[b]
Namely, to appeal each other of high treason.—
Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object
Against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?
BOLING. First, (heaven be the record to my speech!)
In the devotion of a subject's love,
Tendering the precious safety of my prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appellant to this princely presence.
Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,
And mark my greeting well; for what I speak
My body shall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.
Thou art a traitor, and a miscreant;
Too good to be so, and too bad to live;
Since the more fair and crystal is the sky,
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,
With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat;
And wish (so please my sovereign), ere I move,
What my tongue speaks, my right-drawn sword may prove.
NOR. Let not my cold words here accuse my zeal:
'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain:
The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this.
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,
As to be hush'd, and nought at all to say:
First, the fair reverence of your highness curbs me
From giving reins and spurs to my free speech;
Which else would post, until it had return'd
These terms of treason doubled* down his throat.
Setting aside his high blood's royalty,
And let him be no kinsman to my liege,
I do defy him, and I spit at him,
Call him a slanderous coward, and a villain:
Which to maintain, I would allow him odds,
And meet him, were I tied to run a-foot
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
Or any other ground inhabitable[c]
Wherever Englishman durst set his foot.
Meantime, let this defend my loyalty,—
By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.
BOLING. Pale trembling coward, there I throw my gage,
Disclaiming here the kindred of the† king;
And lay aside my high blood's royalty,
Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except:[d]
If guilty dread hath left thee so much strength,
As to take up mine honour's pawn, then stoop;
By that, and all the rites of knighthood else,
Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,
What I have spoke,‡ or thou canst worse§ devise.
NOR. I take it up; and, by that sword I swear,
Which gently laid my knighthood on my shoulder,
I'll answer thee in any fair degree,
Or chivalrous design of knightly trial:
And, when I mount, alive may I not light,
If I be traitor, or unjustly fight!
K. RICH. What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray's charge?
It must be great, that can inherit[e] us
So much as of a thought of ill in him.
BOLING. Look, what I speak‖ my life shall prove it true;—
That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thousand nobles,
In name of lendings, for your highness' soldiers;

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[a] BOLINGBROKE—] Henry Plantagenet, Earl of Hereford, eldest son of John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster, was surnamed Bolingbroke from the castle of that name in Lincolnshire, where he was born. According to Drayton, however, he was not distinguished by this name until after he assumed the crown

[b] By the cause you come;] Meaning, by the cause *for which* you come.

[c] Inhabitable—] That is, *unhabitable, not habitable;* a primitive use of the word, common in old books. "Where all the country was scorched by the heat of the sun, and the place almost *inhabitable* for the multitude of serpents."—T. HEYWOOD's *General History of Women*, 1624.

[d] *Makes thee to* except:] *Except* is here employed in the old sense, to *put a bar to*, or *stay*, action.

[e] *That can* inherit *us*—] *Inherit* here means *possess;* but this use of the word is quite exceptional.

(*) First folio, *doubly*.
(†) First folio, *a*.
(‡) First folio, *spoken*.
(§) First folio omits, *worse*.
(‖) First folio, *said*.

The which he hath detain'd for lewd[a] employments,
Like a false traitor and injurious villain.
Besides I say, and will in battle prove,—
Or here, or elsewhere, to the furthest verge
That ever was survey'd by English eye,—
That all the treasons, for these eighteen years
Complotted and contrived in this land, [spring.
Fetch* from false Mowbray their first head and
Further I say,—and further will maintain
Upon his bad life, to make all this good,—
That he did plot the duke of Gloster's death;[b]
Suggest[c] his soon-believing adversaries;
And, consequently, like a traitor coward,
Sluic'd out his innocent soul through streams of blood:
Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,
To me for justice and rough chastisement;
And, by the glorious worth of my descent,
This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

K. RICH. How high a pitch his resolution soars!—
Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this?

NOR. O, let my sovereign turn away his face,
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
Till I have told this slander of his blood,
How God, and good men, hate so foul a liar.

K. RICH. Mowbray, impartial are our eyes and ears:
Were he my brother, nay, my† kingdom's heir,
(As he is but my father's brother's son,)
Now by my‡ sceptre's awe I make a vow,
Such neighbour nearness to our sacred blood
Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize
The unstooping firmness of my upright soul:
He is our subject, Mowbray, so art thou;
Free speech, and fearless, I to thee allow.

NOR. Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest!
Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais
Disburs'd I duly§ to his highness' soldiers:
The other part reserv'd I by consent;
For that my sovereign liege was in my debt,
Upon remainder of a dear[d] account,
Since last I went to France to fetch his queen:(3)
Now swallow down that lie.—For Gloster's death,—
I slew him not; but, to mine own disgrace,
Neglected my sworn duty in that case.
For you, my noble lord of Lancaster,
The honourable father to my foe,
Once did I* lay an ambush for your life,
A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul:
But, ere I last receiv'd the sacrament,
I did confess it; and exactly[e] begg'd
Your grace's pardon, and, I hope, I had it.
This is my fault: as for the rest appeal'd,
It issues from the rancour of a villain,
A recreant and most degenerate traitor:
Which in myself I boldly will defend;
And interchangeably hurl down my gage
Upon this overweening traitor's foot,
To prove myself a loyal gentleman,
Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosom:
In haste whereof, most heartily I pray
Your highness to assign our trial day.

K. RICH. Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be rul'd by me;
Let 's purge this choler without letting blood:
This we prescribe, though no physician;
Deep malice makes too deep incision:
Forget, forgive; conclude, and be agreed;
Our doctors say, this is no month† to bleed.
Good uncle, let this end where it begun;
We'll calm the duke of Norfolk, you, your son.

GAUNT. To be a make-peace shall become my age:—
Throw down, my son, the duke of Norfolk's gage.

K. RICH. And, Norfolk, throw down his.

GAUNT. When, Harry? when?
Obedience bids, I should not bid agen.[f]

K. RICH. Norfolk, throw down, we bid; there is no boot.[g]

NOR. Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy foot:
My life thou shalt command, but not my shame:
The one my duty owes; but my fair name,

(*) First folio, *fetch'd.* (†) First folio, *our.*
(‡) Quartos omit, *my.* (§) First folio omits, *duly.*

[a] *For* lewd *employments,*—] *Lewd* here signifies *wicked, base, malicious.*

[b] The duke of Gloster's death;] Thomas of Woodstock, the youngest son of Edward III., who was murdered at Calais in 1397.

[c] Suggest—] *Incite, prompt.* See Note ([a]), p. 17.

[d] *Upon remainder of a* dear *account,*—] Mr. Collier's annotator has thrown suspicion on the word *dear* in the present passage, by proposing to read, "*clear* account;"—a poor and needless innovation. *Dear,* in this place, means, *precious, momentous, pressing, all-important:* and it assumes the same sense frequently in Shakespeare. Thus, in "King Lear," Act IV. Sc. 3:—

"——— Some *dear* cause,
Will in concealment wrap me up awhile."

Again, in "Romeo and Juliet," Act I. Sc. 5.:—

"O *dear* account! my life is my foe's debt."

(*) First folio, *I did.* (†) First folio, *time.*

In the same play, Act V. Sc. 2:—

"The letter was not nice, but full of charge
Of *dear* import."

And *ibid.*, Act V. Sc. 3:—

"A precious ring; a ring that I must use
In *dear* employment."

[e] *And* exactly *begg'd*—] That is, *duly* begged.

[f] When, Harry? when? &c.] In the old copies this speech is given thus:—

"When Harrie when? Obedience bids,
Obedience bids I should not bid agen."

When? was an exclamation of impatience, not unfrequent with the old writers. Shakespeare has it again in the "Taming of the Shrew," Act IV. Sc. 1:—

"Why, *when,* I say?—nay, good sweet Kate, be merry."

[g] *There is no* boot.] There is no *help, it is vain to resist.*

(Despite of death,) that lives upon my grave,
To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have.
I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled[a] here;
Pierc'd to the soul with slander's venom'd spear;
The which no balm can cure, but his heart-blood
Which breath'd this poison.

K. RICH. Rage must be withstood:
Give me his gage:—lions make leopards tame.[b]

NOR. Yea, but not change his spots: take but my shame,
And I resign my gage. My dear-dear lord,
The purest treasure mortal times afford
Is—spotless reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up chest,
Is—a bold spirit in a loyal breast.
Mine honour is my life; both grow in one;
Take honour from me, and my life is done:
Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try;
In that I live, and for that will I die.

K. RICH. Cousin, throw up* your gage; do you begin.

BOLING. O God[c] defend my soul from such deep† sin!
Shall I seem crest-fallen in my father's sight?
Or with pale beggar-fear impeach my height
Before this outdared dastard? Ere my tongue
Shall wound mine honour with such feeble wrong,
Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear
The slavish motive of recanting fear,
And spit it bleeding, in his high disgrace,
Where shame doth harbour, even in Mowbray's face. [*Exit* GAUNT.

K. RICH. We were not born to sue, but to command:
Which since we cannot do to make you friends,
Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,
At Coventry, upon Saint Lambert's day;
There shall your swords and lances arbitrate
The swelling difference of your settled hate;
Since we cannot atone[d] you, we‡ shall see
Justice design the victor's chivalry.
Lord marshal, command our officers at arms
Be ready to direct these home-alarms. [*Exeunt.*

(*) First folio, *down.* (†) First folio, *foul.*
(‡) First folio, *you.*

[a] Baffled—] *Baffled* is here employed in the general sense of being treated with ignominy; but it particularly, and Nares says originally, meant, a degrading punishment inflicted on recreant knights; one part of which consisted in hanging them up by the heels. Thus, Spenser:—

"And after all for greater infamie
He *by the heels him hung upon a tree,*
And *bafful'd* so, that all which passed by
The picture of his punishment might see."
Faërie Queen, B. VI. vii. 27.

To this signification of the word Falstaff seems to allude when he says ("Henry IV." Part I. Act I. Sc. 2),—

"An I do not, call me villain, and *baffle* me."

And afterwards, *ibid.*, Act II. Sc. 4:—

"If thou do it half so gravely, so majestically both in word and matter, *hang me up by the heels* for a rabbit-sucker," &c.

SCENE II.—London. *A Room in the Duke of Lancaster's Palace.*

Enter GAUNT *and* DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER.[e]

GAUNT. Alas! the part I had in Woodstock's* blood
Doth more solicit me than your exclaims,
To stir against the butchers of his life.
But since correction lieth in those hands
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven;
Who, when they see the hours ripe on earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.

DUCH. Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur?
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?
Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,
Were as seven phials of his sacred blood,
Or seven fair branches springing from one root:
Some of those seven are dried by nature's course,
Some of those branches by the destinies cut:
But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloster,—
One phial full of Edward's sacred blood,
One flourishing branch of his most royal root,
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt;
Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all faded,†
By envy's hand, and murder's bloody axe. [womb,
Ah, Gaunt! his blood was thine; that bed, that
That metal, that self-mould, that fashion'd thee,
Made him a man; and though thou liv'st and breath'st,
Yet art thou slain in him: thou dost consent
In some large measure to thy father's death,
In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,
Who was the model of thy father's life.
Call it not patience, Gaunt, it is despair:
In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,
Thou show'st the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee:
That which in mean men we entitle patience,
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.
What shall I say? to safeguard thine own life,
The best way is to 'venge my Gloster's death.

(*) First folio, *Gloster's.* (†) First folio, *vaded.*

[b] Lions make leopards tame.] Malone was the first to discover an allusion, in this passage, to the Norfolk crest, which was a golden *leopard.*

[c] O God defend my soul—] In obedience to the Act, 3 *Jac.* 1, the folio here and elsewhere throughout the play, substitutes *heaven* for God.

[d] Atone *you,*—] *Reconcile* you, make you *at one.* Thus, in "Cymbeline," Act I. Sc. 5:—

"I was glad I did *atone* my country man and you."

And in "Othello," Act IV. Sc. 1:—

"I would do much to *atone* them."

[e] DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER.] This was Eleanor Bohun, widow of Duke Thomas, son of Edward III., whose tomb, richly inlaid with brass, still remains in Westminster Abbey.

GAUNT. God's* is the quarrel; for God's* substitute,
His deputy anointed, in His sight,
Hath caus'd his death: the which, if wrongfully,
Let heaven revenge; for I may never lift
An angry arm against His minister.

DUCH. Where then, alas!† may I complain[a] myself?

GAUNT. To God,‡ the widow's champion and§ defence.

DUCH. Why then, I will. Farewell, old Gaunt.
Thou go'st to Coventry, there to behold
Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight:
O, sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear,
That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast!
Or, if misfortune miss the first career,
Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom,
That they may break his foaming courser's back,
And throw the rider headlong in the lists,
A caitiff recreant to my cousin Hereford!
Farewell, old Gaunt; thy sometimes brother's wife,
With her companion, Grief, must end her life.

GAUNT. Sister, farewell; I must to Coventry:
As much good stay with thee, as go with me!

DUCH. Yet one word more;—Grief boundeth where it falls,
Not with the empty hollowness, but weight:
I take my leave before I have begun,
For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.
Commend me to my brother, Edmund York.
Lo, this is all:—nay, yet depart not so,
Though this be all, do not so quickly go;
I shall remember more. Bid him—O, what?—
With all good speed at Plashy visit me.
Alack, and what shall good old York there see,
But empty lodgings and unfurnish'd walls,(4)
Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones?
And what hear there for welcome but my groans?
Therefore commend me; let him not come there,
To seek out sorrow;—that dwells everywhere:
Desolate, desolate, will I hence, and die:
The last leave of thee, takes my weeping eye.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Coventry. *A Public Place.*

Lists set out, and a Throne. Heralds, *&c. attending.*

Enter the Lord Marshal *and* AUMERLE.

MAR. My lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford arm'd?

(*) First folio, *heavens.*
(‡) First folio, *heaven.*
(†) First quarto omits, *alas!*
(§) First folio, *to.*

[a] Complain *myself?*] *Complain* is here a verb active, as in "The Queenes Majesties Entertainment in Suffolke and Norfolke," by Thomas Churchyard:—"Cupid encountring the Queene, beganne to *complayne* hys state and his mothers," &c.

AUM. Yea, at all points; and longs to enter in.
MAR. The duke of Norfolk, sprightfully and bold,
Stays but the summons of the appellant's trumpet.
AUM. Why, then the champions are prepar'd, and stay
For nothing but his majesty's approach.

Flourish of trumpets. Enter KING RICHARD, *to his throne;* GAUNT, *and several* Noblemen, *who take their places. A trumpet sounded, and answered by another trumpet within. Then enter* NORFOLK *in armour, preceded by a* Herald.

K. RICH. Marshal, demand of yonder champion
The cause of his arrival here in arms:
Ask him his name; and orderly proceed
To swear him in the justice of his cause.
MAR. In God's name and the king's, say who thou art,
And why thou com'st thus knightly clad in arms;
Against what man thou com'st, and what* thy quarrel:
Speak truly, on thy knighthood, and thine oath,
As so defend thee heaven, and thy valour!
NOR. My name is Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk;
Who hither come† engaged by my oath,
(Which God‡ defend a knight should violate!)
Both to defend my loyalty and truth
To God, my king, and his[a] succeeding issue,
Against the duke of Hereford that appeals me;
And, by the grace of God, and this mine arm,
To prove him, in defending of myself,
A traitor to my God, my king, and me:
And, as I truly fight, defend me, heaven!
[*He takes his seat.*

Trumpet sounds. Enter BOLINGBROKE, *in armour, preceded by a* Herald.

K. RICH. Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms,
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither,
Thus plated§ in habiliments of war;
And formally‖ according to our law
Depose him in the justice of his cause.
MAR. What is thy name? and wherefore com'st thou hither,
Before King Richard, in his royal lists?

(*) First folio, *what's.* (†) First folio, *comes.*
(‡) First folio, *heaven.* (§) First folio, *placed.*
(‖) First folio, *formerly.*

[a] *And* his *succeeding issue,*—] So the first folio; all the quartos read, "and *my* succeeding issue."

Against whom comest thou? and what's thy quarrel?
Speak like a true knight, so defend thee heaven!
BOLING. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Am I; who ready here do stand in arms,
To prove, by God's* grace, and my body's valour,
In lists, on Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk,
That he's a traitor, foul and dangerous,
To God of heaven, King Richard, and to me;
And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven!
MAR. On pain of death, no person be so bold,
Or daring-hardy, as to touch the lists,(5)
Except the marshal, and such officers
Appointed to direct these fair designs.
BOLING. Lord marshal, let me kiss my sovereign's hand,
And bow my knee before his majesty:
For Mowbray and myself are like two men
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage;
Then let us take a ceremonious leave,
And loving farewell, of our several friends.
MAR. The appellant in all duty greets your highness,
And craves to kiss your hand, and take his leave.
K. RICH. We will descend, and fold him in our arms.
Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right,†
So be thy fortune in this royal fight!
Farewell, my blood; which if to-day thou shed,
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.
BOLING. O, let no noble eye profane a tear
For me, if I be gor'd with Mowbray's spear;
As confident as is the falcon's flight
Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.—
My loving lord, [*to* Lord Marshal] I take my leave of you;
Of you, my noble cousin, lord Aumerle:—
Not sick, although I have to do with death,
But lusty, young, and cheerly drawing breath.
Lo, as at English feasts, so I regreet
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet:
O thou, the earthly‡ author of my blood,— [*To* GAUNT.
Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,
Doth with a two-fold vigour§ lift me up
To reach at victory above my head,—
Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers,
And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,
That it may enter Mowbray's waxen[b] coat,
And furbish‖ new the name of John of Gaunt,
Even in the lusty 'haviour of his son.

(*) First folio, *heaven's.* (†) First folio, *just.*
(‡) First folio, *earthy.* (§) First folio, *rigor.*
(‖) First folio, *furnish.*

[b] *Mowbray's* waxen *coat,*—] This is supposed to mean, *soft*, or *penetrable* coat; but we may reasonably suspect *waxen* to be a misprint for some more suitable epithet.

GAUNT. God * in thy good cause make thee prosperous!
Be swift like lightning in the execution;
And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing* thunder on the casque
Of thy adverse† pernicious enemy:
Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant and live.

(*) First folio, *heaven*. (†) First folio, *amaz'd*.

* *Fall like* amazing *thunder*—] That is, *confounding, appalling* thunder.

BOLING. Mine innocency,* and Saint George to thrive. [*He takes his seat.*

NOR. [*Rising.*] However God,† or fortune, cast my lot, [throne,
There lives, or dies, true to King ‡ Richard's
A loyal, just, and upright gentleman:
Never did captive with a freer heart,

(*) Old copies, *innocence*. (†) First folio, *heaven*. (‡) First folio, *kings*.

Cast off his chains of bondage, and embrace
His golden uncontroll'd enfranchisement,
More than my dancing soul doth celebrate
This feast of battle with mine adversary.
Most mighty liege, and my companion peers,
Take from my mouth the wish of happy years:
As gentle and as jocund, as to jest,[a]
Go I to fight; truth hath a quiet breast.

K. RICH. Farewell, my lord: securely I espy
Virtue with valour couched in thine eye.
Order the trial, marshal, and begin.

[*The* KING *and* Lords *return to their seats.*

MAR. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Receive thy lance; and God * defend the † right!

BOLING. [*Rising.*] Strong as a tower in hope, I cry—Amen.

MAR. [*To an* Officer.] Go bear this lance to Thomas, duke of Norfolk.

1 HER. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Stands here for God, his sovereign, and himself,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
To prove the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,
A traitor to his God, his king, and him,
And dares him to set forward ‡ to the fight.

2 HER. Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himself, and to approve
Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
To God, his sovereign, and to him, disloyal;
Courageously, and with a free desire,
Attending but the signal to begin.

MAR. Sound, trumpets; and set forward, combatants. [*A charge sounded.*
Stay, the king hath thrown his warder down.(6)

K. RICH. Let them lay by their helmets and their spears,
And both return back to their chairs again.—
Withdraw with us; and let the trumpets sound,
While we return these dukes what we decree.—

[*A long flourish.*

Draw near, [*To the Combatants.*
And list, what with our council we have done.
For that our kingdom's earth should not be soil'd
With that dear blood which it hath fostered;
And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect
Of civil § wounds plough'd up with neighbours' swords;
And for we think[b] the eagle-winged pride
Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,
With rival-hating envy, set on you
To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle
Draws the sweet infant-breath of gentle sleep;
Which so rous'd up with boisterous untun'd drums,
With harsh resounding trumpets' dreadful bray,
And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,
Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace,
And make us wade even in our kindred's blood;
Therefore, we banish you our territories:—
You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of life,*
Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields,
Shall not regreet our fair dominions,
But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

BOLING. Your will be done. This must my comfort be,
That sun, that warms you here, shall shine on me;
And those his golden beams, to you here lent,
Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.

K. RICH. Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,
Which I with some unwillingness pronounce:
The fly-slow hours[c] shall not determinate
The dateless limit of thy dear exile;—
The hopeless word of—Never to return,
Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.

NOR. A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege,
And all unlook'd for from your highness' mouth:
A dearer merit,[d] not so deep a maim
As to be cast forth in the common air,
Have I deserved at your highness' hands.
The language I have learn'd these forty years,
My native English, now I must forego:
And now my tongue's use is to me no more
Than an unstringed viol, or a harp;
Or like a cunning instrument cas'd up,
Or, being open, put into his hands
That knows no touch to tune the harmony.
Within my mouth you have engaol'd my tongue,
Doubly portcullis'd with my teeth and lips;
And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance
Is made my gaoler to attend on me.
I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,
Too far in years to be a pupil now;
What is thy sentence, then, but speechless death,
Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?

(*) First folio, *heaven.* (†) First folio, *thy.*
(‡) First folio, *forwards.* (§) First quarto, *cruel.*

(*) First folio, *death.*

[a] *As to* jest,—] To *jest* sometimes signified to take part in a masque or revel.

[b] And for we think, &c.] This and the four following lines are omitted in the folio.

[c] *The* fly-slow *hours*—] This is the reading of the second folio, and is eminently happy. The older copies have, "*sly slow;*" an epithet which conveys but a feeble meaning, if any.

[d] *A dearer* merit,—] *Merit* is here used for *guerdon, meed, reward;* in which peculiar sense it again occurs in "King John," Act III. Sc. 1:—

"And, by the *merit* of vile gold, dross, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man."

K. RICH. It boots thee not to be compassionate;[a]
After our sentence, plaining comes too late.
NOR. Then thus I turn me from my country's light,
To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.
[*Retiring.*
K. RICH. Return again, and take an oath with thee:
Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands;(7)
Swear by the duty that you owe to God,*
(Our part therein we banish with yourselves,)[b]
To keep the oath that we administer:—
You never shall (so help you truth and God! *)
Embrace each other's love in banishment;
Nor never † look upon each other's face;
Nor never † write, regreet, nor ‡ reconcile
This low'ring tempest of your home-bred hate;
Nor never † by advised purpose meet
To plot, contrive, or complot any ill
'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.
BOLING. I swear.
NOR. And I, to keep all this.
BOLING. Norfolk,—so far as to mine enemy;[c]—
By this time, had the king permitted us,
One of our souls had wandered in the air,
Banish'd this frail sepulchre of our flesh,
As now our flesh is banish'd from this land:
Confess thy treasons ere thou fly the § realm;
Since thou hast far to go, bear not along
The clogging burthen of a guilty soul.
NOR. No, Bolingbroke; if ever I were traitor
My name be blotted from the book of life,
And I from heaven banish'd, as from hence!
But what thou art, God,* thou, and I do know;
And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue.
Farewell, my liege.—Now no way can I stray;
Save back to England, all the world's my way.[d]
[*Exit.*
K. RICH. Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes
I see thy grieved heart; thy sad aspect
Hath from the number of his banish'd years
Pluck'd four away.—[*To* BOLING.] Six frozen winters spent,
Return with welcome home from banishment.

(*) First folio, *heaven.* (†) First folio, *ever.*
(‡) First folio, *or.* (§) First folio, *this.*

[a] Compassionate;] As this is the only instance at present known of *compassionate* being employed to denote *lamenting*, it has been suspected to be a misprint for "*so passionate;*" but I apprehend the error, if there be one, consists in the latter part of *become* having got connexed by a very common typographical mishap, with the next word, and that we ought to read,—

"It boots thee not to *become* passionate."

Passionate is employed by the old writers with considerable freedom. Sometimes it is used to imply an *outward expression of emotion*, what Richard subsequently calls the "external manners of lament;" as in "Titus Andronicus," Act III. Sc. 2:—

"Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
And cannot *passionate* our tenfold grief."

And occasionally it is adopted to signify *a passive endurance of*

BOLING. How long a time lies in one little word!
Four lagging winters, and four wanton springs,
End in a word. Such is the breath of kings.
GAUNT. I thank my liege, that, in regard of me
He shortens four years of my son's exile;
But little vantage shall I reap thereby;
For, ere the six years that he hath to spend
Can change their moons, and bring their times about,
My oil-dried lamp, and time-bewasted light,
Shall be extinct with age and endless night;
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold death not let me see my son.
K. RICH. Why, uncle, thou hast many years to live.
GAUNT. But not a minute, king, that thou canst give:
Shorten my days thou canst with sullen * sorrow,
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow
Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage;
Thy word is current with him for my death,
But, dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.
K. RICH. Thy son is banish'd upon good advice,
Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave;
Why at our justice seem'st thou then to lour?
GAUNT. Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour.
You urg'd me as a judge; but I had rather
You would have bid me argue like a father:
O, had it been a stranger,[e] not my child,
To smooth his fault I should have been more mild:
A partial slander[f] sought I to avoid,
And in the sentence my own life destroy'd.
Alas, I look'd when some of you should say,
I was too strict, to make mine own away;
But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue,
Against my will, to do myself this wrong.
K. RICH. Cousin, farewell:—and, uncle, bid him so;
Six years we banish him, and he shall go.
[*Flourish. Exeunt* K. RICHARD *and Train.*
AUM. Cousin, farewell: what presence must not know,

(*) First folio, *sudden.*

affliction, as in "King John," Act II. Sc. 2:—

"She is sad and *passionate* at your highness' tent."

See Note (e), p. 298.

[b] (Our part therein we banish with yourselves,)—] Writers on the law of nations are divided in opinion whether an exile is still bound by his allegiance to the State that banished him. Shakespeare here is of the side of those who hold the negative.

[c] Norfolk,—so far as to mine enemy;—] This seems to mean, *So far as I am now permitted to address my enemy.* The first folio, reads,—"so *fare*," &c.

[d] All the world's my way.] Upon his banishment, the Duke of Norfolk went to Venice; where, according to Holinshed, "for thought and melancholy he deceased."

[e] O, had it been a stranger, &c.] Four lines, commencing here, are omitted in the folio.

[f] A partial slander—] *The reproach of partiality.*

From where you do remain, let paper show.
MAR. My lord, no leave take I; for I will ride,
As far as land will let me, by your side.
GAUNT. O, to what purpose dost thou hoard thy words,
That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends?
BOLING. I have too few to take my leave of you,
When the tongue's office should be prodigal
To breathe the abundant dolour of the heart.
GAUNT. Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.
BOLING. Joy absent, grief is present for that time.
GAUNT. What is six winters? they are quickly gone.
BOLING. To men in joy; but grief makes one hour ten.
GAUNT. Call it a travel that thou tak'st for pleasure.
BOLING. My heart will sigh when I miscall it so,
Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.
GAUNT. The sullen passage of thy weary steps
Esteem a foil,* wherein thou art to set
The precious jewel of thy home-return.
BOLING. Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make
Will but remember me, what a deal of world
I wander from the jewels that I love.
Must I not serve a long apprenticehood
To foreign passages; and in the end,
Having my freedom, boast of nothing else
But that I was a journeyman to grief?
GAUNT. All places that the eye of heaven visits,
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens:
Teach thy necessity to reason thus;
There is no virtue like necessity.
Think not, the king did banish thee,
But thou the king: woe doth the heavier sit,
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.
Go, say—I sent thee forth to purchase honour,
And not,—the king exil'd thee: or suppose,
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,
And thou art flying to a fresher clime.
Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st.
Suppose the singing birds, musicians;
The grass whereon thou tread'st, the presence strew'd;
The flowers, fair ladies; and thy steps, no more
Than a delightful measure, or a dance:
For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.[a]
BOLING. O, who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December snow,
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?
O, no! the apprehension of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:
Fell sorrow's tooth doth never* rankle more,
Than when it bites but lanceth not the sore.
GAUNT. Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on thy way:
Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay.
BOLING. Then, England's ground, farewell; sweet soil, adieu,
My mother, and my nurse, that† bears me yet!
Where'er I wander, boast of this I can,
Though banish'd, yet a true-born Englishman.
[*Exeunt.*

(*) First folio, *soyle.*

[a] The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.] The whole of this speech and the preceding one are omitted in the folio.

(*) First folio, *ever.*
(†) First folio, *which.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in the* King's *Palace.*

Enter KING RICHARD, BAGOT, *and* GREEN; AUMERLE *meeting them.*

K. RICH. We did observe.—Cousin Aumerle,
How far brought you high Hereford on his way?
AUM. I brought *high Hereford*, if you call him so,
But to the next highway, and there I left him.
K. RICH. And, say, what store of parting tears were shed?
AUM. 'Faith, none for me,[b] except the north-east wind,
Which then blew‡ bitterly against our faces,§
Awak'd the sleeping‖ rheum; and so, by chance,
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.
K. RICH. What said our cousin when you parted with him?
AUM. *Farewell:*
And for my heart disdained that my tongue
Should so profane the word, that, taught me craft
To counterfeit oppression of such grief,
That words¶ seem'd buried in my sorrow's grave.
Marry, would the word *farewell* have lengthen'd hours,
And added years to his short banishment,
He should have had a volume of farewells;
But, since it would not, he had none of me.
K. RICH. He is our cousin, cousin; but 'tis doubt,
When time shall call him home from banishment,
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.
Ourself and Bushy, Bagot here, and Green,[c]
Observ'd his courtship to the common people:—
How he did seem to dive into their hearts,

(‡) First folio, *grew.*
(§) First folio, *face.*
(‖) First folio, *sleepie.*
(¶) First folio, *word.*

[b] 'Faith, none for me,—] *None on my part.*

[c] Bagot here, and Green,—] This half-line is omitted in the quartos. The folio reads, *here Bagot,* &c.

With humble and familiar courtesy;
What* reverence he did throw away on slaves,
Wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles,†
And patient underbearing of his fortune.
As 't were to banish their affects with him,
Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench;
A brace of draymen bid—God speed him well,
And had the tribute of his supple knee, [*friends;*
With—*Thanks, my countrymen, my loving*
As were our England in reversion his,
And he our subjects' next degree in hope.

GREEN. Well, he is gone: and with him go these thoughts.
Now for the rebels, which stand out in Ireland;
Expedient[a] manage must be made, my liege,
Ere further leisure yield them further means,
For their advantage, and your highness' loss.

K. RICH. We will ourself in person to this war.
And for our coffers, with too great a court,
And liberal largess, are grown somewhat light,
We are enforc'd to farm our royal realm;
The revenue whereof shall furnish us

(*) Quarto, *with.* (†) First folio, *soules.*

[a] Expedient—] That is, *expeditious.*

[b] Bushy, what news?] The quartos omit this line, but have a stage direction:—"*Enter Bushie with newes.*"

For our affairs in hand. If that come short,
Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters;(8)
Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,
They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold,
And send them after to supply our wants;
For we will make for Ireland presently.

Enter BUSHY.

Bushy, what news?[b] [my lord;

BUSHY. Old John of Gaunt is grievous* sick,
Suddenly taken; and hath sent post haste,
To entreat your majesty to visit him.

K. RICH. Where lies he?

BUSHY. At Ely-house. [mind,

K. RICH. Now put it, God,† in his physician's
To help him to his grave immediately!
The lining of his coffers shall make coats
To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.
Come, gentlemen, let's all go visit him: [late!
Pray God† we may make haste, and come too

ALL. Amen.[c] [*Exeunt.*

(*) First folio, *very.* (†) First folio, *heaven.*

[c] Amen.] This is omitted in the folio, but appears in all the quarto copies, without, however, any prefix. It was doubtless intended to be uttered by all present.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—London. *A Room in* Ely House.

GAUNT *on a couch; the* DUKE OF YORK(1) *and others, standing by him.*

GAUNT. Will the king come, that I may breathe my last
In wholesome counsel to his unstaid youth?
YORK. Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your breath;
For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.
GAUNT. O, but they say, the tongues of dying men,
Enforce attention, like deep harmony;
Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain,
For they breathe truth, that breathe their words in pain.
He, that no more must say, is listen'd more
Than they whom youth and ease have taught to glose;
More are men's ends mark'd, than their lives before;
The setting sun, and music at* the close,
As the last taste of sweets is sweetest, last
Writ in remembrance, more than things long past;
Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear,
My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.
YORK. No; it is stopp'd with other, flattering, sounds,
As praises of his state: then, there are found[a]
Lascivious metres; to whose venom sound
The open ear of youth doth always listen:
Report of fashions in proud Italy;
Whose manners still, our tardy apish nation
Limps after, in base imitation.
Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,
(So it be new, there's no respect how vile,)
That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears?
Then† all too late comes counsel to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.[b]

[a] As praises of his state: then, there are found—] So the folio. The first quarto reads, "*of whose taste the wise* are found;" in the second edition, 1598, *taste* was altered to *state*, but no further correction of the passage was attempted.

(*) First folio, *is*. (†) First folio, *That*.

[b] Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.] "Where the will rebels against the notices of the understanding."—JOHNSON.

Direct not him, whose way himself will choose,
'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose.

GAUNT. Methinks I am a prophet new inspir'd,
And thus, expiring, do foretell of him:
His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last,
For violent fires soon burn out themselves; [short;
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are
He tires betimes, that spurs too fast betimes;
With eager feeding, food doth choke the feeder:
Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.
This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,
This earth of Majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise;
This fortress, built by nature for herself,
Against infection[a] and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands; [England,
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear'd by their breed, and famous by* their birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
(For Christian service, and true chivalry,)
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's son.
This land of such dear souls, this dear-dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leas'd out, (I die pronouncing it,)
Like to a tenement, or pelting[b] farm:
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds;
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself:
O,† would the scandal vanish with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death!

Enter KING RICHARD *and* QUEEN; AUMERLE, BUSHY, GREEN, BAGOT, ROSS, *and* WILLOUGHBY.

YORK. The king is come: deal mildly with his youth;
For young hot colts, being rag'd,[c] do rage the more.

QUEEN. How fares our noble uncle, Lancaster?

(*) First folio, *for*. (†) First folio, *Ah*.

[a] *Against* infection—] So all the ancient copies; but as this country, up to 1665, had not for centuries been exempt from the ravages of the plague, which, in Shakespeare's time, destroyed hundreds of the inhabitants yearly in London alone, the poet could hardly boast that our insularity secured us from pestilential contagion. Farmer proposed *infestion*, in the sense of *infestation*, and his suggestion has been adopted by Malone and other editors.

[b] Pelting *farm:*] That is, *peddling, paltry* farm. See note (b), p. 351.

K. RICH. What! comfort, man. How is't with aged Gaunt?

GAUNT. O, how that name befits my composition!
Old Gaunt, indeed; and gaunt in being old:
Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast;
And who abstains from meat, that is not gaunt?
For sleeping England long time have I watch'd;
Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt:
The pleasure that some fathers feed upon
Is my strict fast,—I mean my children's looks,
And, therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt;
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones.

K. RICH. Can sick men play so nicely with their names?

GAUNT. No, misery makes sport to mock itself:
Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,
I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee.

K. RICH. Should dying men flatter with* those that live?

GAUNT. No, no; men living flatter those that die.

K. RICH. Thou, now a-dying, say'st thou flatterest me.

GAUNT. Oh! no; thou diest, though I the sicker be.

K. RICH. I am in health, I breathe, and† see thee ill.

GAUNT. Now, He that made me, knows I see thee ill;
Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill.
Thy death-bed is no lesser than thy‡ land
Wherein thou liest in reputation sick:
And thou, too careless patient as thou art,
Committ'st thy anointed body to the cure
Of those physicians that first wounded thee.
A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,
Whose compass is no bigger than thy head;
And yet, incaged§ in so small a verge,
The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.
O, had thy grandsire, with a prophet's eye,
Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,
From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame,
Deposing thee before thou wert possess'd,
Which art possess'd now to depose thyself.
Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,
It were a shame to let this‖ land by lease;
But, for thy world, enjoying but this land,

(*) First folio omits, *with*. (†) First folio, *I*.
(‡) First folio, *the*. (§) Quarto, *inraged*.
(‖) First folio, *his*.

[c] *For young hot colts, being* rag'd, *do* rage *the more.*] Ritson suggested, "being *rein'd*, do rage the more," and Mr. Collier's annotator reads, "being *urg'd;*" an alteration to which the following passage, from G. Withers' "Abuses Stript and Whipt," lends some support:—

"Do not incense my Satyr for thy life:
Hee's patient enough unlesse thou *urge*."

Is it not more than shame to shame it so?
Landlord of England art thou now,* not king:
Thy state of law is bondslave to the law;
And thou—

K. Rich. A lunatic lean-witted fool,*
Presuming on an ague's privilege,
Dar'st with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheek; chasing † the royal blood,
With fury, from his native residence.
Now by my seat's right royal majesty,
Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,
This tongue, that runs so roundly in thy head,
Should run thy head from thy unreverent shoulders.

Gaunt. O, spare me not, my brother ‡ Edward's son,
For that I was his father Edward's son;
That blood already, like the pelican,
Hast thou § tapp'd out, and drunkenly carous'd:
My brother Gloster, plain well-meaning soul,
(Whom fair befal in heaven 'mongst happy souls!)
May be a precedent and witness good,
That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's blood:
Join with the present sickness that I have;
And thy unkindness be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too-long wither'd flower.
Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee,—
These words hereafter thy tormentors be!—
Convey me to my bed, then to my grave;
Love they to live, that love and honour have.

[*Exit, borne out by his* Attendants.

K. Rich. And let them die, that age and sullens have;
For both hast thou, and both become the grave.

York. I do beseech your majesty, impute his words
To wayward sickliness and age in him:
He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear
As Harry duke of Hereford, were he here.

K. Rich. Right, you say true, as Hereford's love, so his;
As theirs, so mine, and all be as it is.

Enter Northumberland.

North. My liege, old Gaunt commends him to your majesty.

K. Rich. What says he?

(*) First folio, *and.*
(‡) First folio, *brothers.*
(†) First folio, *chafing.*
(§) First folio, *Thou hast.*

* A lunatic lean-witted fool,—] The regulation in the folio is somewhat different; there, the lines run thus:—

"Gaunt. *And* ————
K. Rich. *And thou,*" &c.

NORTH. Nay, nothing; all is said:
His tongue is now a stringless instrument;
Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.
YORK. Be York the next that must be bankrupt so!
Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.
K. RICH. The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he;
His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be;
So much for that.—Now for our Irish wars:
We must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns,*
Which live like venom, where no venom else,
But only they, have privilege to live.
And, for these great affairs do ask some charge,
Towards our assistance, we do seize to us
The plate, coin, revenues, and moveables,
Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possess'd.
YORK. How long shall I be patient? Ah,* how long
Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?
Not Gloster's death, nor Hereford's banishment,
Nor Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private wrongs,
Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke
About his marriage,[b] nor my own disgrace,
Have ever made me sour my patient cheek,
Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face.
I am the last of noble Edward's sons,
Of whom thy father, prince of Wales, was first;
In war, was never lion rag'd more fierce,
In peace, was never gentle lamb more mild,
Than was that young and princely gentleman:
His face thou hast, for even so look'd he,
Accomplish'd with the † number of thy hours;
But when he frown'd, it was against the French,
And not against his friends; his noble hand
Did win what he did spend, and spent not that
Which his triumphant father's hand had won:
His hands were guilty of no kindred ‡ blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kin.
O, Richard! York is too far gone with grief,
Or else he never would compare between.
K. RICH. Why, uncle, what's the matter?
YORK. O, my liege,
Pardon me, if you please; if not, I, pleas'd
Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.§
Seek you to seize, and gripe into your hands,
The royalties and rights of banish'd Hereford?
Is not Gaunt dead? and doth not Hereford live?
Was not Gaunt just? and is not Harry true?
Did not the one deserve to have an heir?
Is not his heir a well-deserving son?
Take Hereford's rights away, and take from time
His charters, and his customary rights;
Let not to-morrow then ensue to-day;
Be not thyself; for how art thou a king,
But by fair sequence and succession?
Now, afore God (God forbid, I say true!)
If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's right,
Call in the * letters-patents that he hath
By his attorneys-general to sue
His livery,(2) and deny his offer'd homage,—
You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,
You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts,
And prick my tender patience to those thoughts
Which honour and allegiance cannot think.
K. RICH. Think what you will; we seize into our hands
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.
YORK. I'll not be by the while. My liege, farewell,
What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell;
But by bad courses may be understood,
That their events can never fall out good. [*Exit.*
K. RICH. Go, Bushy, to the earl of Wiltshire straight;
Bid him repair to us to Ely-house,
To see this business. To-morrow next,
We will for Ireland; and 'tis time, I trow;
And we create, in absence of ourself,
Our uncle York, lord governor of England,
For he is just, and always loved us well.
Come on, our queen: to-morrow must we part;
Be merry, for our time of stay is short.
[*Flourish.*
[*Exeunt* KING, QUEEN, BUSHY, AUMERLE, GREEN, *and* BAGOT.
NORTH. Well, lords, the duke of Lancaster is dead.
ROSS. And living too, for now his son is duke.
WILLO. Barely in title, not in revenue.
NORTH. Richly in both, if justice had her right.
ROSS. My heart is great; but it must break with silence,
Ere't be disburthen'd with a liberal tongue.
NORTH. Nay, speak thy mind, and let him ne'er speak more,
That speaks thy words again to do thee harm!
WILLO. Tends that thou'dst speak, to the duke of Hereford?
If it be so, out with it boldly, man;
Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards him.
ROSS. No good at all that I can do for him;
Unless you call it good to pity him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.

(*) First folio, *Oh.*
(‡) First folio, *kindred's.*
(†) Quarto, *a.*
(§) First folio, *with all.*

[a] *Those rough rug-headed* kerns,—] *Kernes* were the rude foot soldiery of Ireland.
[b] About his marriage,—] "When the duke of Hereford, after his banishment, went into France, he was honourably entertained at that court, and would have obtained in marriage the only daughter of the duke of Berry, uncle to the French king, had not Richard prevented the match."—STEEVENS.

(*) First folio, *his.*

NORTH. Now, afore God! * 'tis shame such wrongs are borne,
In him a royal prince, and many more
Of noble blood in this declining land.
The king is not himself, but basely led
By flatterers; and what they will inform,
Merely in hate, 'gainst any of us all,
That will the king severely prosecute
'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.

ROSS. The commons hath he pill'd[a] with grievous taxes,
And quite lost their hearts: the nobles hath he fin'd
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.

WILLO. And daily new exactions are devis'd—
As—blanks, benevolences, and I wot not what;
But what, o' God's name, doth become of this?

NORTH. Wars hath not wasted it, for warr'd he hath not,
But basely yielded upon compromise
That which his noble † ancestors achiev'd with blows:
More hath he spent in peace, than they in wars.

ROSS. The earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in farm.

WILLO. The king's grown bankrupt, like a broken man.

NORTH. Reproach and dissolution hangeth over him.

ROSS. He hath not money for these Irish wars,
(His burthenous taxations notwithstanding,)
But by the robbing of the banish'd duke—

NORTH. His noble kinsman; Most degenerate king!
But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,
Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm;
We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,
And yet we strike not, but securely[b] perish.

ROSS. We see the very wreck that we must suffer;
And unavoided is the danger now,
For suffering so the causes of our wreck.

NORTH. Not so: even through the hollow eyes of death,
I spy life peering; but I dare not say,
How near the tidings of our comfort is.

WILLO. Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours.

(*) First folio, *heaven*. (†) First folio omits, *noble*.

[a] Hath he *pill'd*—] That is, *robbed, pillaged;* from the French, *piller*.

[b] *But* securely *perish.*] *Securely*, in this place, as in other instances, is used in the sense of *carelessly, over-confidently, foolhardily*. Thus, in the "Merry Wives of Windsor," Act II. Sc. 2:—"She dwells so *securely* on the excellency of her honour;" and in the same play, Act II. Sc. 2:—"Page is an ass, a *secure* ass."

ROSS. Be confident to speak, Northumberland:
We three are but thyself, and, speaking so,
Thy words are but as thoughts;[c] therefore, be bold.

NORTH. Then thus:—I have from Port le Blanc,
A bay in Brittany, receiv'd intelligence
That Harry duke of Hereford, Reignold lord Cobham,
That late broke from the duke of Exeter,[d]
His brother, archbishop late of Canterbury,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, sir John Ramston; *
Sir John Norbery, sir Robert Waterton, and Francis Quoint,—
All these, well furnish'd by the duke of Bretagne,
With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And shortly mean to touch our northern shore:(3)
Perhaps, they had ere this, but that they stay
The first departing of the king for Ireland.
If then we shall shake off our slavish yoke,
Imp* out our drooping country's broken wing,
Redeem from broking pawn the blemish'd crown,
Wipe off the dust that hides our sceptre's gilt,
And make high majesty look like itself,—
Away with me in post to Ravenspurg:
But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
Stay and be secret, and myself will go.

ROSS. To horse, to horse! urge doubts to them that fear.

WILLO. Hold out my horse, and I will first be there. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter QUEEN, BUSHY, *and* BAGOT.

BUSHY. Madam, your majesty is too much sad:
You promis'd, when you parted with the king,
To lay aside life-harming † heaviness,
And entertain a cheerful disposition.

QUEEN. To please the king, I did; to please myself,
I cannot do it; yet I know no cause,
Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,
Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest

(*) First folio, *Rainston*. (†) First folio, *self-harming*.

[c] Thy words are but as thoughts;] Mr. Collier's annotator would read "*our* thoughts,"—an unhappy conjecture; for if they knew the intelligence Northumberland possessed, why need he impart it? The meaning is obviously, "We are all leagued together, and whatever you speak will be as safe in our keeping as if you only thought it."

[d] That late broke from the duke of Exeter,—] There is a *lacuna* here. It was Thomas, the earl of Arundel's son, who was in custody of the duke of Exeter. (See Holinshed, under the year 1399.) Malone therefore inserted the following line to perfect the sense:—

["*The son of Richard, earl of Arundel.*"]

* Imp *out our drooping country's broken wing,*—] To *imp* is an expression borrowed from falconry, and means, to supply or repair any wing-feathers of a hawk, which had fallen out or were broken. It is supposed to come from the Saxon *impan*, to *graft* or *inoculate*.

As my sweet Richard. Yet, again, methinks,
Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,
Is coming towards me; and my inward soul
With nothing trembles: at something it grieves,
More than with parting from my lord the king.

BUSHY. Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,
Which shows like grief itself, but is not so:
For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire, to many objects,
Like perspectives,(4) which, rightly gaz'd upon,
Show nothing but confusion,—ey'd awry,
Distinguish form: so your sweet majesty,
Looking awry upon your lord's departure,
Finds* shapes of griefs more than himself to wail;
Which, look'd on as it is, is nought but shadows
Of what it is not. Then, thrice-gracious queen,
More than your lord's departure, weep not; more 's not seen;
Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye,
Which, for things true, weeps* things imaginary.

QUEEN. It may be so; but yet my inward soul
Persuades me it is otherwise: howe'er it be,
I cannot but be sad; so heavy-sad,
As—though, in[a] thinking, on no thought I think—
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.

BUSHY. 'T is nothing but conceit,[b] my gracious lady.

QUEEN. 'T is nothing less: conceit is still deriv'd
From some forefather grief, mine is not so;
For nothing hath begot my something grief,
Or something hath, the nothing that I grieve;
'T is in reversion that I do possess;

(*) Old text, *Find*.

[a] *As—though*, in *thinking*,—] The old copies all read, "*on* thinking."

(*) First folio, *weep*.

[b] *'T is nothing but* conceit,—] *Imagination, fanciful conception*

But what it is, that is not yet known, what,
I cannot name; 't is nameless woe, I wot.

Enter GREEN.

GREEN. God * save your majesty!—and—well met, gentlemen:—
I hope the king is not yet shipp'd for Ireland.
QUEEN. Why hop'st thou so? 't is better hope he is;
For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope;
Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipp'd?
GREEN. That he, our hope, might have retir'd his power,
And driven into despair an enemy's hope,
Who strongly hath set footing in this land:
The banish'd Bolingbroke repeals himself,
And with uplifted arms is safe arriv'd
At Ravenspurg.
QUEEN. Now God in heaven forbid!
GREEN. O, madam, 't is too true; and, that is worse, [Percy,
The lord Northumberland, his son, young † Henry
The lords of Ross, Beaumond, and Willoughby,
With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.
BUSHY. Why have you not proclaim'd Northumberland
And all ‡ the rest of the revolted faction, traitors?
GREEN. We have: whereupon the earl of Worcester.
Hath broke his staff, resign'd his stewardship,
And all the household servants fled with him,
To Bolingbroke. [my woe,
QUEEN. So, Green, thou art the midwife to §
And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir:
Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy;
And I, a gasping new-deliver'd mother,
Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow, join'd.
BUSHY. Despair not, madam.
QUEEN. Who shall hinder me?
I will despair, and be at enmity
With cozening hope; he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper-back of death,
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life
Which false hope lingers ‖ in extremity.

Enter YORK.

GREEN. Here comes the duke of York.
QUEEN. With signs of war about his aged neck;
O, full of careful business are his looks!
Uncle, for God's* sake, speak comfortable words.
YORK. Should I do so, I should belie my thoughts:[a]
Comfort's in heaven; and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives, but crosses, cares, † and grief.
Your husband he is gone to save far off,
Whilst others come to make him lose at home:
Here am I left to underprop his land,
Who, weak with age, cannot support myself:
Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit made,
Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd him.

Enter a Servant.

SERV. My lord, your son was gone before I came.
YORK. He was?—Why, so!—go all which way it will!
The nobles they are fled, the commons they are cold,
And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side.—
Sirrah, get thee to Plashy, to my sister Gloucester;—
Bid her send me presently a thousand pound:
Hold, take my ring.
SERV. My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordship:
To-day, as I came by, I called there;[b]—
But I shall grieve you to report the rest.
YORK. What is it, knave?
SERV. An hour before I came, the duchess died.
YORK. God ‡ for his mercy! what a tide of woes
Comes § rushing on this woeful land at once!
I know not what to do:—I would to God ‡
(So my untruth[c] had not provok'd him to it,)
The king had cut off my head with my brother's.—
What, are there no ‖ posts despatch'd for Ireland?—
How shall we do for money for these wars?—
Come, sister,—cousin, I would say: pray, pardon me.—
Go, fellow, [*to the* Servant] get thee home, provide some carts,
And bring away the armour that is there.—
[*Exit* Servant.
Gentlemen, will you go ¶ muster men?
If I know how, or which way,[d] to order these affairs,
Thus disorderly thrust into my hands,
Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen;—
The one is my sovereign, whom both my oath
And duty bids defend; the other again

(*) First folio, *heaven.* (†) First folio, *young son.*
(‡) First folio omits, *all.* (§) First folio, *of.*
(‖) First folio, *hopes linger.*

[a] Should I do so, I should belie my thoughts:] This line is wanting in th folio.

[b] *To-day*, as *I came by*, I *called there*:—] This is the reading of the first copy, 1597: subsequent editions, including the folio, 1623, read lamely and prosaically:—

"To-day I came by *and* called there;"—

(*) First folio, *heaven's.* (†) First folio, *care.*
(‡) First folio, *Heaven.* (§) First folio, *Come.*
(‖) First folio omits, *no.* (¶) First folio omits, *go.*

[c] *So my* untruth—] That is, *faithlessness, disloyalty.*

[d] *If I know how*, or which way,—] The redundant, *or which way*, I have always suspected to be an interlineation of the poet's, who had not decided whether to read, "*how* to order these affairs," or, "*which way* to order."

Is my kinsman, whom the king hath wrong'd,
Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right.
Well, somewhat we must do.—Come, cousin,
I'll dispose of you:—Gentlemen, go muster up your men,
And meet me presently at Berkley Castle.
I should to Plashy too;—
But time will not permit:—All is uneven,
And everything is left at six and seven.
[*Exeunt* York *and* Queen.

Bushy. The wind sits fair for news to go to Ireland,
But none returns. For us to levy power,
Proportionable to the enemy,
Is all unpossible.*

Green. Besides, our nearness to the king in love,
Is near the hate of those love not the king.

Bagot. And that's the wavering commons; for their love
Lies in their purses, and whoso empties them,
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

Bushy. Wherein the king stands generally condemn'd.

Bagot. If judgment lie in them, then so do we,
Because we ever have been † near the king.

Green. Well, I'll for refuge straight to Bristol castle;
The earl of Wiltshire is already there. [office

Bushy. Thither will I with you: for little
Will the hateful commons perform for us;
Except, like curs, to tear us all to ‡ pieces.—
Will you go along with us?

Bagot. No; I will to Ireland to his majesty.
Farewell: if heart's presages be not vain,
We three here part, that ne'er shall meet again.

Bushy. That's as York thrives to beat back Bolingbroke. [takes,

Green. Alas, poor duke! the task he under-
Is—numbering sands, and drinking oceans dry;
Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly.

Bushy. Farewell at once; for once, for all, and ever.

Green. Well, we may meet again.

Bagot. I fear me, never.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Wilds in* Gloucestershire.

Enter Bolingbroke *and* Northumberland, *with Forces.*

Boling. How far is it, my lord, to Berkley now?

North. Believe me, noble lord,
I am a stranger here in Gloucestershire.
These high wild hills, and rough uneven ways,
Draw* out our miles, and make* them wearisome:
And yet your† fair discourse hath been as sugar,
Making the hard way sweet and délectable.
But, I bethink me, what a weary way
From Ravenspurg to Cotswold, will be found
In Ross, and Willoughby, wanting your company;
Which, I protest, hath very much beguil'd
The tediousness and process of my travel:
But theirs is sweetened with the hope to have
The present benefit which ‡ I possess:
And hope to joy,[a] is little less in joy,
Than hope enjoy'd. By this, the weary lords
Shall make their way seem short, as mine hath done,
By sight of what I have, your noble company.

Boling. Of much less value is my company,
Than your good words. But who comes here?

Enter Harry Percy.

North. It is my son, young Harry Percy,
Sent from my brother Worcester, whencesoever.—
Harry, how fares your uncle?

Percy. I had thought, my lord, to have learn'd his health of you.

North. Why, is he not with the queen?

Percy. No, my good lord; he hath forsook the court,
Broken his staff of office, and dispers'd
The household of the king.

North. What was his reason?
He was not so resolv'd when last we § spake together.

Percy. Because your lordship was proclaimed traitor.
But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurg,
To offer service to the duke of Hereford;
And sent me over by Berkley, to discover
What power the duke of York had levied there;
Then with directions ‖ to repair to Ravenspurg.

North. Have you forgot the duke of Hereford, boy?

Percy. No, my good lord; for that is not forgot
Which ne'er I did remember: to my knowledge,
I never in my life did look on him.

North. Then learn to know him now; this is the duke.

Percy. My gracious lord, I tender you my service,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young;

(*) First folio, *impossible.* (†) First folio, *have been ever.* (‡) First folio, *in.*

[a] *And hope to* joy,—] To *joy* is used here as to *enjoy.*

(*) Old copies, *draws—makes.* (†) First folio, *our.* (‡) First folio, *that.* (§) First folio, *we last.* (‖) First folio, *direction.*

Which elder days shall ripen, and confirm
To more approved service and desert.
BOLING. I thank thee, gentle Percy; and be sure,
I count myself in nothing else so happy,
As in a soul rememb'ring my good friends;
And as my fortune ripens with thy love,
It shall be still thy true love's recompense:
My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seals it.
NORTH. How far is it to Berkley? and what stir,
Keeps good old York there, with his men of war?
PERCY. There stands the castle, by yon tuft of trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard:
And in it are the lords of York, Berkley, and Seymour,
None else of name and noble estimate.

Enter ROSS *and* WILLOUGHBY.

NORTH. Here come the lords of Ross and Willoughby,
Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste.
BOLING. Welcome, my lords: I wot your love pursues
A banish'd traitor; all my treasury
Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enrich'd,
Shall be your love and labour's recompense.
ROSS. Your presence makes us rich, most noble lord.
WILLO. And far surmounts our labour to attain it.
BOLING. Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor;
Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,
Stands for my bounty. But who comes here?

Enter BERKLEY.

NORTH. It is my lord of Berkley, as I guess.
BERK. My lord of Hereford, my message is to you.
BOLING. My lord, my answer is—to Lancaster:[a]
And I am come to seek that name in England:
And I must find that title in your tongue,
Before I make reply to aught you say.
BERK. Mistake me not, my lord, 't is not my meaning
To raze one title of your honour out:—
To you, my lord, I come, (what lord you will,)
From the most gracious regent[b] of this land,
The duke of York; to know what pricks you on
To take advantage of the absent time,
And fright our native peace with self-born arms.

Enter YORK, *attended.*

BOLING. I shall not need transport my words by you;
Here comes his grace in person.—My noble uncle! [*Kneels.*
YORK. Show me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whose duty is deceivable and false.
BOLING. My gracious uncle!
YORK. Tut, tut!
Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle.*
I am no traitor's uncle; and that word, grace,
In an ungracious mouth, is but profane.
Why have these banish'd and forbidden legs
Dar'd once to touch a dust of England's ground?
But then more† why;—why have they dar'd to march
So many miles upon her peaceful bosom,
Frighting her pale-fac'd villages with war,
And ostentation of despised[c] arms?
Com'st thou because the anointed king is hence?
Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,
And in my loyal bosom lies his power.
Were I but now the lord of such hot youth
As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and myself,
Rescued the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,
From forth the ranks of many thousand French,
O, then, how quickly should this arm of mine,
Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee,
And minister correction to thy fault! [fault;
BOLING. My gracious uncle, let me know my
On what condition stands it, and wherein?
YORK. Even in condition of the worst degree,—
In gross rebellion, and detested treason:
Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come,
Before the expiration of thy time,
In braving arms against thy sovereign.
BOLING. As I was banish'd, I was banish'd Hereford:
But as I come, I come for Lancaster.
And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace,
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent[d] eye:
You are my father, for methinks in you

[a] My lord, my answer is—to Lancaster:] My answer will be given only to the title of *Lancaster*.

[b] *From the most* gracious regent *of this land,*—] The folio reads, From the most *glorious* of this land.

[c] *And ostentation of* despised *arms?*] *Despised* is not a satisfactory epithet in this place, but we cannot consent to eject it for the sake of Warburton's "*disposed,*" or Hanmer's "*despightful,*" or even for the old annotator's "*despoiling.*"

(*) First folio omits, *no uncle.* (†) First folio, *more then.*

[d] Indifferent—] That is, *impartial.* Thus, in "Henry VIII." Act II. Sc. 4, Queen Katherine says:—

"I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions: having here
No judge *indifferent.*"

I see old Gaunt alive. O, then, my father,
Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd
A wandering vagabond; my rights and royalties
Pluck'd from my arms perforce, and given away
To upstart unthrifts? Wherefore was I born?
If that my cousin king, be king of England,
It must be granted I am duke of Lancaster.
You have a son, Aumerle, my noble kinsman;
Had you first died, and he been thus trod down,
He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father,
To rouse his wrongs, and chase them to the bay.
I am denied to sue my livery here,
And yet my letters-patents give me leave:
My father's goods are all distrain'd, and sold,
And these, and all, are all amiss employ'd.
What would you have me do? I am a subject,
And I* challenge law: attorneys are denied me;
And therefore personally I lay my claim
To my inheritance of free descent.

NORTH. The noble duke hath been too much abus'd.

ROSS. It stands your grace upon,[a] to do him right.

WILLO. Base men by his endowments are made great.

YORK. My lords of England, let me tell you this,—
I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs,
And labour'd all I could to do him right:
But in this kind to come, in braving arms,
Be his own carver,[b] and cut out his way,
To find out right with wrong,† it may not be;
And you that do abet him in this kind,
Cherish rebellion, and are rebels all.

NORTH. The noble duke hath sworn, his coming is
But for his own: and, for the right of that,
We all have strongly sworn to give him aid;
And let him ne'er see joy that breaks that oath.

YORK. Well, well, I see the issue of these arms;
I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,
Because my power is weak, and all ill left:
But, if I could, by Him that gave me life,
I would attach you all, and make you stoop
Unto the sovereign mercy of the king;
But, since I cannot, be it known to you,
I do remain as neuter. So, fare you well;—
Unless you please to enter in the castle,
And there repose you for this night.

BOLING. An offer, uncle, that we will accept.
But we must win your grace to go with us
To Bristol castle; which, they say, is held
By Bushy, Bagot, and their complices,
The caterpillars of the commonwealth,
Which I have sworn to weed, and pluck away.

YORK. It may be I will go with you:—but yet I'll pause;
For I am loth to break our country's laws.
Nor friends, nor foes, to me welcome you are:
Things past redress are now with me past care.
[*Exeunt.*

(*) First folio omits, *I*. (†) First folio, *wrongs*.

[a] It stands your grace upon,—] The meaning of this now obsolete form of expression is, *it is incumbent upon you, it is of import to you*. See note ([b]), p. 178.

[b] *Be his own* carver, *and* cut out *his way*,—] So in "Othello," Act II. Sc. 3:—

"He that stirs next to *carve forth* his own rage."

SCENE IV.—*A Camp in* Wales.

Enter SALISBURY[c] *and a* Captain.

CAP. My lord of Salisbury, we have stay'd ten days,
And hardly kept our countrymen together,
And yet we hear no tidings from the king;
Therefore we will disperse ourselves: farewell.(5)

SAL. Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welshman;
The king reposeth all his confidence in thee.

CAP. 'T is thought the king is dead; we will not stay.
The bay-trees in our country are all withered,(6)
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven;
The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth,
And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change;
Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap,
The one, in fear to lose what they enjoy,
The other, to enjoy by rage and war:
These signs forerun the death or fall[d] of kings.—
Farewell; our countrymen are gone and fled,
As well assur'd Richard their king is dead. [*Exit.*

SAL. Ah, Richard! with the* eyes of heavy mind,
I see thy glory, like a shooting star,
Fall to the base earth from the firmament.
Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,
Witnessing storms to come, woe, and unrest;
Thy friends are fled, to wait upon thy foes,
And crossly to thy good, all fortune goes. [*Exit.*

(*) First folio omits, *the*.

[c] SALISBURY.] John Montacute, earl of Salisbury.

[d] *The death* or fall *of kings*.—] So the first quarto only: other editions, folio included, omit the words, *or fall*.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Bolingbroke's *Camp at* Bristol.

Enter Bolingbroke, York, Northumberland, Percy, Willoughby, Ross: Officers *behind, with* Bushy *and* Green, *prisoners.*

Boling. Bring forth these men.—
Bushy, and Green, I will not vex your souls
(Since presently your souls must part your bodies,)
With too much urging your pernicious lives,
For 't were no charity: yet, to wash your blood
From off my hands, here, in the view of men,
I will unfold some causes of your deaths.
You have misled a prince, a royal king,
A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,
By you unhappied and disfigur'd clean.[a]
You have, in manner, with your sinful hours,
Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him;
Broke the possession of a royal bed,
And stain'd the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks
With tears drawn from her eyes by* your foul wrongs.
Myself—a prince, by fortune of my birth;
Near to the king in blood, and near in love,
Till you did make him misinterpret me,—
Have stoop'd my neck under your injuries,
And sigh'd my English breath in foreign clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of banishment:
While you have fed upon my seignories,
Dispark'd[b] my parks, and fell'd my forest woods;
From mine own windows torn my household coat,
Raz'd out my impress,[c] leaving me no sign—
Save men's opinions, and my living blood—
To show the world I am a gentleman.
This, and much more, much more than twice all this,
Condemns you to the death.—See them deliver'd over

[a] Clean.] That is, *utterly, completely.*

[b] Dispark'd *my parks,*—] "To *dispark,* is a legal term, and signifies, to divest a park, constituted by royal grant or prescription, of its name and character, by destroying the enclosures of such a park, and also the vert (or whatever bears green leaves, whether wood or underwood), and the beasts of chase therein; and laying it open."—Malone.

[c] *Raz'd out my* impress,—] An *impress* signified a device or motto.

(*) First folio, *with.*

To execution and the hand of death.

BUSHY. More welcome is the stroke of death to me,
Than Bolingbroke to England. Lords, farewell.*

GREEN. My comfort is, that heaven will take our souls,
And plague injustice with the pains of hell.

BOLING. My lord Northumberland, see them despatch'd.

[*Exeunt* NORTHUMBERLAND *and others, with Prisoners.*

Uncle, you say, the queen is at your house;
For God's† sake, fairly let her be entreated:
Tell her, I send to her my kind commends;
Take special care my greetings be deliver'd.

YORK. A gentleman of mine I have dispatch'd
With letters of your love to her at large.

BOLING. Thanks, gentle uncle.—Come, lords, away;
To fight with Glendower and his complices;
Awhile to work, and, after, holiday. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Coast of* Wales. *A Castle in View.*

Flourish: Drums and Trumpets. Enter KING RICHARD, BISHOP OF CARLISLE, AUMERLE, *and* Soldiers.

K. RICH. Barkloughly castle call they‡ this at hand?

AUM. Yea, my lord. How brooks your grace the air,
After your late tossing on the breaking seas?

K. RICH. Needs must I like it well; I weep for joy,
To stand upon my kingdom once again.
Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs:
As a long-parted mother with her child,
Plays fondly with her tears and smiles, in meeting;
So, weeping, smiling,[a] greet I thee, my earth,
And do thee favour with my royal hands.
Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense:
But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,
And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way,
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet,
Which with usurping steps do trample thee.
Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies;
And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,
Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder,
Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch
Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.
Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords;
This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones
Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king
Shall falter under foul rebellion's* arms.

CAR. Fear not, my lord; that Power that made you king,
Hath power to keep you king, in spite of all.[b]
The means that heaven yields† must be embrac'd,
And not neglected; else, if[c] heaven would,
And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse,
The proffer'd means of succour and redress.

AUM. He means, my lord, that we are too remiss;
Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,[d]
Grows strong and great, in substance, and in power.‡

K. RICH. Discomfortable cousin! know'st thou not,
That, when the searching eye of heaven is hid
Behind the globe that lights the lower world,[e]
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,
In murders, and in outrage bloody, here;
But when, from under this terrestrial ball,
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,[f]
And darts his light§ through every guilty hole,
Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves?
So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,—
Who all this while hath revell'd in the night,
Whilst we were wandering with the Antipodes,[g]—
Shall see us rising in our throne, the east,
His treasons will sit blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of day,
But, self-affrighted, tremble at his sin.
Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm from an anointed king:
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The deputy elected by the Lord:
For every man that Bolingbroke hath press'd,
To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,
God‖ for his Richard hath in heavenly pay

(*) First folio omits, *Lords, farewell.* (†) First folio, *Heavens.* (‡) First folio, *you.*

(*) First folio, *rebellious.* (†) Old copies, *heavens yield.* (‡) First folio, *friends.* (§) First folio, *lightning.* (‖) First folio, *Heaven.*

[a] *So*, weeping, smiling,—] These words were probably intended to form a compound, "*weeping-smiling.*"

[b] In spite of all.] The four lines that follow are omitted in the folio.

[c] If *heaven would*,—] Pope inserted *if.*

[d] *Through our* security,—] See note ([b]), p. 462.

[e] *Behind the globe* that *lights the lower world*,—] It is customary to read "*and lights*," but no alteration can reconcile the confused imagery of a passage which Shakespeare, intending to say poetically "after sunset," evidently wrote *currente calamo.*

[f] He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,—] "It is not easy to point out an image more striking and beautiful than this in any poet, whether ancient or modern."—STEEVENS.

[g] Whilst we were wandering with the Antipodes,—] This line is not in the first folio.

A glorious angel: then, if angels fight,
Weak men must fall, for heaven still guards the right.

Enter SALISBURY.

Welcome, my lord. How far off lies your power?
SAL. Nor near, nor farther off, my gracious lord,
Than this weak arm. Discomfort guides my tongue,
And bids me speak of nothing but despair.
One day too late, I fear, my noble lord,
Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth:
O, call back yesterday, bid time return,
And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men!
To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late,
O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy state;
For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispers'd, and fled.
AUM. Comfort, my liege; why looks your grace so pale?
K. RICH. But now, the blood of twenty thousand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled;
And, till so much blood thither come again,
Have I not reason to look pale and dead?
All souls that will be safe fly from my side;
For time hath set a blot upon my pride.
AUM. Comfort, my liege; remember who you are.
K. RICH. I had forgot myself. Am I not king?
Awake thou sluggard* majesty! thou sleepest.
Is not the king's name twenty† thousand names?
Arm, arm, my name! a puny subject strikes
At thy great glory.—Look not to the ground,
Ye favourites of a king. Are we not high?
High be our thoughts: I know, my uncle York
Hath power enough to serve our turn. But who comes here?

Enter SCROOP.

SCROOP. More health and happiness betide my liege,
Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him.
K. RICH. Mine ear is open,(1) and my heart prepar'd;
The worst is worldly loss thou canst unfold.
Say, is my kingdom lost? why, 'twas my care;
And what loss is it to be rid of care?
Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?
Greater he shall not be; if he serve God,
We'll serve him too, and be his fellow so.
Revolt our subjects? that we cannot mend;
They break their faith to God, as well as us:
Cry, woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay;
The worst is—death, and death will have his day.
SCROOP. Glad am I that your highness is so arm'd
To bear the tidings of calamity.
Like an unseasonable stormy day,
Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,
As if the world were all dissolv'd to tears;
So high above his limits swells the rage
Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land
With hard bright steel, and hearts harder than steel.
White-beards* have arm'd their thin and hairless scalps
Against thy majesty; and boys, with women's voices,
Strive to speak big, and clap their female joints
In stiff unwieldy arms; against thy crown
Thy very beadsmen learn to bend their bows
Of double-fatal yew;[a] against thy state,
Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills;
Against thy seat both young and old rebel,[b]
And all goes worse than I have power to tell.
K. RICH. Too well, too well, thou tell'st a tale so ill.
Where is the earl of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?
What is become of Bushy? where is Green?
That they have let the dangerous enemy
Measure our confines with such peaceful steps?
If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it.
I warrant they have made peace with Bolingbroke.
SCROOP. Peace have they made with him, indeed, my lord.
K. RICH. O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption!
Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man!
Snakes, in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my heart!
Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas!
Would they make peace? terrible hell make war
Upon their spotted souls for this offence!†
SCROOP. Sweet love, I see, changing his property,
Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate:
Again uncurse their souls; their peace is made
With heads, and not with hands: those whom you curse,
Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound,‡
And lie full low, grav'd in the hollow ground.
AUM. Is Bushy, Green, and the earl of Wiltshire, dead?

(*) Quartos, *coward*. (†) First folio, *forty*.

(*) First folio, *White beares*. (†) First quarto omits, *offence*. (‡) First folio, *hand*.

[a] *Of* double-fatal *yew*—] Fatal alike from the poisonous nature of the leaves, and from the wood being formed into instruments of death.

[b] Both young and old rebel,—] The punctuation of this passage, beginning "and boys, with women's voices," is that of the folio, 1623, which certainly yields a finer and more impressive sense than the pointing adopted in all modern editions.

SCROOP. Yea, all of them at Bristol lost their heads.
AUM. Where is the duke my father with his power?
K. RICH. No matter where. Of comfort no man speak:
Let 's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
Let 's choose executors, and talk of wills:
And yet not so,—for what can we bequeath,
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives, and all, are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own but death;
And that small model[a] of the barren earth,
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
For God's* sake, let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings:—
How some have been depos'd, some slain in war,
Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd;
Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd;
All murder'd.—For within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps Death his court; and there the antic sits,
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp;(2)
Allowing him a breath, a little scene
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks;
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,—
As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
Were brass impregnable,—and, humour'd thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle wall,† and—farewell king!
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
With solemn reverence; throw away respect,
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,
For you have but mistook me all this while:
I live with bread like you, feel want, taste grief,
Need friends:—subjected thus,
How can you say to me—I am a king?
CAR. My lord, wise men ne'er sit and wail their woes,[b]
But presently prevent the ways to wail.
To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,
Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your foe,
And so your follies fight against yourself.[c]
Fear, and be slain? no worse can come, to fight:
And fight and die, is death destroying death;
Where fearing-dying, pays death servile breath.
AUM. My father hath a power, inquire of him;
And learn to make a body of a limb.

(*) First folio, *Heaven*. (†) First folio, *walls*.

[a] *And that small* model *of the barren earth,*—] Douce and other critics thought *model*, in the present passage, meant no more than a *measure*, *portion*, or *quantity*; but with Shakespeare's intense objectivity, it was more probably intended to signify the hillock of mould which, covering the dead body, assumes its shape.

[b] *Wise men ne'er sit* and *wail their woes,*—] So the quarto copies. The folio reading, usually adopted, is,—

"Wise men *ne'er wail* their *present* woes."

K. RICH. Thou chid'st me well.—Proud Bolingbroke, I come,
To change blows with thee for our day of doom.
This ague-fit of fear is over-blown,
An easy task it is to win our own.——
Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power?
Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour.
SCROOP. Men judge by the complexion of the sky
The state and inclination of the day;
So may you by my dull and heavy eye,
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.
I play the torturer, by small and small,
To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken:—
Your uncle York is join'd with Bolingbroke,
And all your northern castles yielded up,
And all your southern gentlemen in arms,
Upon his party.*
K. RICH. Thou hast said enough.—
Beshrew thee, cousin, which didst lead me forth [*To* AUM.
Of that sweet way I was in, to despair!
What say you now? What comfort have we now?
By heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly,
That bids me be of comfort any more.
Go to Flint castle, there I'll pine away;
A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey.
That power I have, discharge; and let them go
To ear[d] the land that hath some hope to grow,
For I have none. Let no man speak again
To alter this, for counsel is but vain.
AUM. My liege, one word—
K. RICH. He does me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.
Discharge my followers, let them hence away,
From Richard's night to Bolingbroke's fair day.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Wales. *Before* Flint Castle.

Enter, with drum and colours, BOLINGBROKE *and Forces;* YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, *and others.*

BOLING. So that by this intelligence we learn,
The Welshmen are dispers'd; and Salisbury
Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed,
With some few private friends, upon this coast.
NORTH. The news is very fair and good, my lord;

(*) First folio, *faction*.

[c] And so your follies, &c.] This line is not found in the first folio.

[d] *To* ear *the land*—] That is, to *plough*, to *till* it. So, in "All's Well that Ends Well," Act I. Sc. 3:—

"He that *ears* my land, spares my team."

And also in Shakespeare's Dedication of "Venus and Adonis" to Lord Southampton: "And never after *ear* so barren a land, for fear it yield me still so bad a harvest."

Richard, not far from hence, hath hid his head.
YORK. It would beseem the lord Northumberland
To say, King Richard. Alack the heavy day,
When such a sacred king should hide his head!
NORTH. Your grace mistakes; only to be brief,
Left I his title out.
YORK. The time hath been,
Would you have been so brief with him, he would
Have been so brief with you,* to shorten you,
For taking so the head, your whole head's length.
BOLING. Mistake not, uncle, further than you should.
YORK. Take not, good cousin, further than you should,
Lest you mis-take. The heavens are o'er our heads.†
BOLING. I know it, uncle; and oppose not myself
Against their will.—But who comes here?

Enter PERCY.

Welcome, Harry: what, will not this castle yield?
PERCY. The castle royally is mann'd, my lord,
Against thy entrance.
BOLING. Royally?
Why, it contains no king?
PERCY. Yes, my good lord,
It doth contain a king; King Richard lies
Within the limits of yon lime and stone:
And with him are‡ the lord Aumerle, lord Salisbury,
Sir Stephen Scroop; besides a clergyman
Of holy reverence, who, I cannot learn.
NORTH. Oh! belike it is the bishop of Carlisle.
BOLING. Noble lord,[a] [*To* NORTH.
Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle:
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parle
Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver.
Henry Bolingbroke
On both[b] his knees doth kiss King Richard's hand;
And sends allegiance, and true faith of heart,
To his most§ royal person: hither come
Even at his feet to lay my arms and power;
Provided that, my banishment repeal'd,
And lands restor'd again, be freely granted:
If not, I'll use the advantage of my power,
And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood,
Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen:
The which, how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke
It is such crimson tempest should bedrench
The fresh green lap of fair King Richard's land,
My stooping duty tenderly shall show.
Go, signify as much; while here we march
Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.
[NORTH. *advances to the castle with a trumpet.*
Let's march without the noise of threat'ning drum,
That from the* castle's totter'd[c] battlements
Our fair appointments may be well perus'd.
Methinks, King Richard and myself should meet
With no less terror than the elements
Of fire and water, when their thund'ring shock[d]
At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.
Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water:
The rage be his, while on the earth I rain
My waters; on the earth, and not on him.
March on, and mark King Richard how he looks.

A parle sounded; answered by another trumpet within. Flourish. Enter on the walls, KING RICHARD, *the* BISHOP OF CARLISLE, AUMERLE, SCROOP, *and* SALISBURY.

BOLING. See, see, King Richard doth himself appear,
As doth the blushing discontented sun,
From out the fiery portal of the east,
When he perceives the envious clouds are bent
To dim his glory, and to stain the track†
Of his bright passage to the occident.
YORK. Yet looks he like a king; behold, his eye,
As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling majesty; alack, alack, for woe,
That any harm should stain so fair a show!
K. RICH. We are amaz'd; and thus long have we stood
To watch the fearful bending of thy knee,
[*To* NORTH.
Because we thought ourself thy lawful king:
And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
To pay their awful duty to our presence?
If we be not, show us the hand of God
That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship;
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
Can gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre,
Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp.
And though you think that all, as you have done,
Have torn their souls, by turning them from us,
And we are barren, and bereft of friends;
Yet know,—my master, God omnipotent,
Is mustering in his clouds, on our behalf,
Armies of pestilence; and they shall strike

(*) The quarto omits, *with you.* (†) First folio, *your head.*
(‡) First folio omits, *are.* (§) First folio omits, *most.*

[a] Noble lord,—] Malone has remarked, with judgment, that Shakespeare frequently in his addresses to persons, begins with an hemistich, and, in many instances, blends short prosaic sentences with his metrical dialogues.
[b] On both *his knees*—] So the quarto. The folio reads, *Upon* his knees.

(*) First folio, *this.* (†) First folio, *tract.*

[c] Totter'd *battlements*—] *Totter'd* is the reading of the two earliest quartos, and may be used for *tottering*, the passive for the active participle. The other ancient copies have *tattered* and *tatter'd.*
[d] *Their thund'ring* shock—] So the first quarto, 1597. The folio, and the other quarto copies, read, *smoake.*

Your children yet unborn, and unbegot,
That lift your vassal hands against my head,
And threat the glory of my precious crown.
Tell Bolingbroke, (for yond', methinks, he stands,*)
That every stride he makes upon my land
Is dangerous treason. He is come to ope
The purple testament[a] of bleeding war;
But ere the crown he looks for, live in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons
Shall ill become the flower of England's face,
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
To scarlet indignation, and bedew
Her pastures' grass with faithful English blood.

NORTH. The king of heaven forbid, our lord the king
Should so with civil and uncivil arms
Be rush'd upon! Thy thrice-noble cousin,
Harry Bolingbroke, doth humbly kiss thy hand;
And by the honourable tomb he swears,
That stands upon your royal grandsire's bones;
And by the royalties of both your bloods,
Currents that spring from one most gracious head;
And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt,
And by the worth and honour of himself,
Comprising all that may be sworn or said,—
His coming hither hath no further scope,
Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg
Enfranchisement immediate on his knees;
Which on thy royal party granted once,
His glittering arms he will commend to rust,
His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart,
To faithful service of your majesty.
This swears he, as he is a prince, is just;
And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him.

K. RICH. Northumberland, say thus,—the king returns,—
His noble cousin is right welcome hither;
And all the number of his fair demands
Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction:
With all the gracious utterance thou hast,
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.—
We do debase ourself, cousin, do we not,
[*To* AUMERLE.
To look so poorly, and to speak so fair?
Shall we call back Northumberland, and send
Defiance to the traitor, and so die?

AUM. No, good my lord; let's fight with gentle words,
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful swords.

K. RICH. O God! O God! that e'er this tongue of mine,
That laid the sentence of dread banishment
On yon proud man, should take it off again
With words of sooth![b] O, that I were as great
As is my grief, or lesser than my name!
Or that I could forget what I have been!
Or not remember what I must be now!
Swell'st thou, proud heart? I'll give thee scope to beat,
Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.

AUM. Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.

K. RICH. What must the king do now? Must he submit?
The king shall do it. Must he be depos'd?
The king shall be contented. Must he lose
The name of king? o' God's name, let it go:
I'll give my jewels for a set of beads,
My gorgeous palace, for a hermitage,
My gay apparel, for an alms-man's gown,
My figur'd goblets, for a dish of wood,
My sceptre, for a palmer's walking-staff,
My subjects, for a pair of carved saints,
And my large kingdom, for a little grave,
A little, little, grave, an obscure grave:—
Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,
Some way of common trade,[c] where subjects' feet
May hourly trample on their sovereign's head:
For on my heart they tread, now whilst I live;
And, buried once, why not upon my head?
Aumerle, thou weep'st; my tender-hearted cousin!
We'll make foul weather with despised tears;
Our sighs, and they, shall lodge[d] the summer corn,
And make a dearth in this revolting land.
Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,
And make some pretty match with shedding tears?
As thus;—To drop them still upon one place,
Till they have fretted us a pair of graves
Within the earth; and, therein laid,—*There lies*
Two kinsmen, digg'd their graves with weeping eyes?

(*) First folio, *is*.

[a] The purple testament of bleeding war;] Steevens believed that *testament* is here used in its legal sense, but Mr. Whiter, in his ingenious "Specimen of a Commentary on Shakspeare," quotes a parallel passage from the first part of the old play "Jeronimo,"—

"Then I *unclasp* the *purple leaves of war*;"

and remarks, "Whatever be the *direct* meaning of the words in question, I am persuaded that the idea of a *book* with a *purple* covering suggested this combination to the mind of our poet."

[b] *With words of* sooth!] *Sooth*, from the Anglo Saxon *sóth*, primarily meant *truth*, as in *soothsayer*=truth-teller; in this place it signifies *sweetness*, or *softness*, as in the verb to *soothe*.

[c] *Some way of common* trade,—] That is, a place of *common resort*, as we now talk of,

"A road of frequent traffic."

Thus in Lord Surrey's Translation of the Second Book of the Æneid:—

"A postern with a blind wicket there was,
A *common trade*, to pass through Priam's house."

[d] *Shall* lodge *the summer corn*,—] Corn beaten down by rain or wind in modern language is said to be *lay'd*. Formerly *lodg'd* had the same import. So, in "Macbeth," Act IV. Sc. 1:—

"Though bladed corn be *lodg'd*."

And again, in "Henry VI." Part II. Act III. Sc. 2:—

"Like to the summer corn by tempest *lodg'd*."

Would not this ill, do well?—Well, well, I see
I talk but idly, and you mock at me.—
Most mighty prince, my lord Northumberland,
What says king Bolingbroke? will his majesty
Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?
You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says—*ay*.

NORTH. My lord, in the base[a] court he doth attend
To speak with you; may it please you to come down?

K. RICH. *Down?* down, I come; like glistering Phaeton,
Wanting the manage[b] of unruly jades.
[NORTH. *retires to* BOLING.
In the base court? Base court, where kings grow base,
To come at traitors' calls, and do them grace.
In the base court? Come down? Down court! down king!
For night-owls shriek, where mounting larks should sing. [*Exeunt from above.*

BOLING. What says his majesty?

NORTH. Sorrow, and grief of heart,
Makes him speak fondly, like a frantic man:
Yet he is come.

Enter KING RICHARD, *and his* Attendants, *below.*

BOLING. Stand all apart,
And show fair duty to his majesty.——
My gracious lord,— [*Kneeling.*

K. RICH. Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee,
To make the base earth proud with kissing it:
Me rather had my heart might feel your love,
Than my unpleas'd eye see your courtesy.
Up, cousin, up; your heart is up, I know,
Thus high at least, [*touching his own head*] although your knee be low.

[a] *In the* base *court*—] *Base* court is simply *lower* court, from the French, *basse cour*.

[b] Wanting the manage—] *i. e.* Not possessing the control.

BOLING. My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.
K. RICH. Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all. [lord,
BOLING. So far be mine, my most redoubted
As my true service shall deserve your love.
K. RICH. Well you deserve:*—They well deserve to have,
That know the strong'st and surest way to get.
Uncle, give me your hand: nay, dry your eyes;
Tears show their love, but want their remedies.—
Cousin, I am too young to be your father,
Though you are old enough to be my heir.
What you will have, I'll give, and willing too;
For do we must, what force will have us do.—
Set on towards London:—Cousin, is it so?
BOLING. Yea, my good lord.
K. RICH. Then I must not say, no.(3)
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Langley. *The Duke of* York's *Garden.*

Enter the QUEEN *and two* Ladies.

QUEEN. What sport shall we devise here in this garden,
To drive away the heavy thought of care?
1 LADY. Madam, we'll play at bowls. [of rubs,
QUEEN. 'Twill make me think the world is full
And that my fortune runs against the bias.
1 LADY. Madam, we'll dance.
QUEEN. My legs can keep no measure in delight,
When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief:
Therefore, no dancing, girl; some other sport.
1 LADY. Madam, we'll tell tales.
QUEEN. Of joy or grief?[a]
1 LADY. Of either, madam.
QUEEN. Of neither, girl:
For if of joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of sorrow;
Or if of grief, being altogether had,
It adds more sorrow to my want of joy:
For what I have, I need not to repeat;
And what I want, it boots not to complain.
1 LADY. Madam, I'll sing.
QUEEN. 'Tis well that thou hast cause;
But thou shouldst please me better wouldst thou weep. [good.
1 LADY. I could weep, madam, would it do you
QUEEN. And I could sing, would weeping do me good,[b]
And never borrow any tear of thee.
But stay, here come the gardeners:
Let's step into the shadow of these trees.—

Enter a Gardener *and two* Servants.

My wretchedness unto a row of pins,
They'll talk of state: for every one doth so
Against a change: woe is forerun with woe.
[QUEEN *and* Ladies *retire.*
GARD. Go, bind thou up yon' dangling apricocks,
Which, like unruly children, make their sire
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight:
Give some supportance to the bending twigs.
Go thou, and, like an executioner,
Cut off the heads of too-fast-growing sprays,
That look too lofty in our commonwealth:
All must be even in our government.
You thus employ'd, I will go root away
The noisome weeds, that without profit suck
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.
1 SERV. Why should we, in the compass of a pale,
Keep law, and form, and due proportion,
Showing, as in a model, our firm estate?
When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,
Is full of weeds; her fairest flowers chok'd up,
Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,
Her knots[c] disorder'd, and her wholesome herbs
Swarming with caterpillars?
GARD. Hold thy peace:—
He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf:
The weeds, that his broad-spreading leaves did shelter,
That seem'd, in eating him, to hold him up,
Are pluck'd* up, root and all, by Bolingbroke;
I mean the earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.
1 SERV. What, are they dead?
GARD. They are; and Bolingbroke
Hath† seiz'd the wasteful king.—Oh! what pity is it,
That he had not so trimm'd and dress'd his land,
As we this garden! We[d] at time of year
Do‡ wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees;
Lest, being over-proud in§ sap and blood,
With too much riches it confound itself:
Had he done so to great and growing men,

(*) First folio, *deserv'd.*

[a] Of joy or grief?] All the old copies read, "Of *sorrow or of* grief." The text adopted here is the amendment of Capell.

[b] *And I could* sing, *would weeping do me good,*—] The reading of all the old copies; but which Pope, perhaps without necessity, altered to "I could *weep,*" &c. The meaning appears to be this:—Were my griefs of so light a nature that weeping would remedy them, I could sing for joy, and would never ask any one to shed a tear for me. It may be worth considering, however, whether the poet did not write,—

(*) First folio, *pull'd.*
(†) First folio, *Hast.*
(‡) First folio, *And.*
(§) First folio, *with.*

"And I could sing, would *singing* do me good."

[c] *Her* knots *disorder'd,*—] Knots, as we have before explained (see note (a) p. 55), were the intricate figures into which the beds of a garden were formed in old fashioned horticulture.

[d] We *at time of year*—] *We,* wanting in the old copies, was supplied by Capell.

They might have liv'd to bear, and he to taste,
The fruits of duty. Superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live:
Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,
Which waste of* idle hours hath quite thrown down. [be depos'd?

1 Serv. What, think you then,† the king shall

Gard. Depress'd he is already; and depos'd,
'Tis doubt‡ he will be. Letters came last night
To a dear friend of the good§ duke of York's,
That tell black tidings.

Queen. O, I am press'd to death through want of speaking!—
Thou, old Adam's likeness, [*Coming forward*] set to dress this garden,
How dares thy harsh rude tongue sound this unpleasing news?
What Eve, what serpent hath suggested thee
To make a second fall of cursed man?
Why dost thou say, King Richard is depos'd?
Dar'st thou, thou little better thing than earth,
Divine his downfall? Say where, when, and how
Cam'st thou by these‖ ill-tidings? speak, thou wretch.

Gard. Pardon me, madam: little joy have I
To breathe this¶ news: yet what I say is true.
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold
Of Bolingbroke; their fortunes both are weigh'd:
In your lord's scale, is nothing but himself,
And some few vanities that make him light;
But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,
Besides himself, are all the English peers,
And with that odds he weighs King Richard down.
Post you to London, and you'll find it so:
I speak no more than every one doth know. [foot,

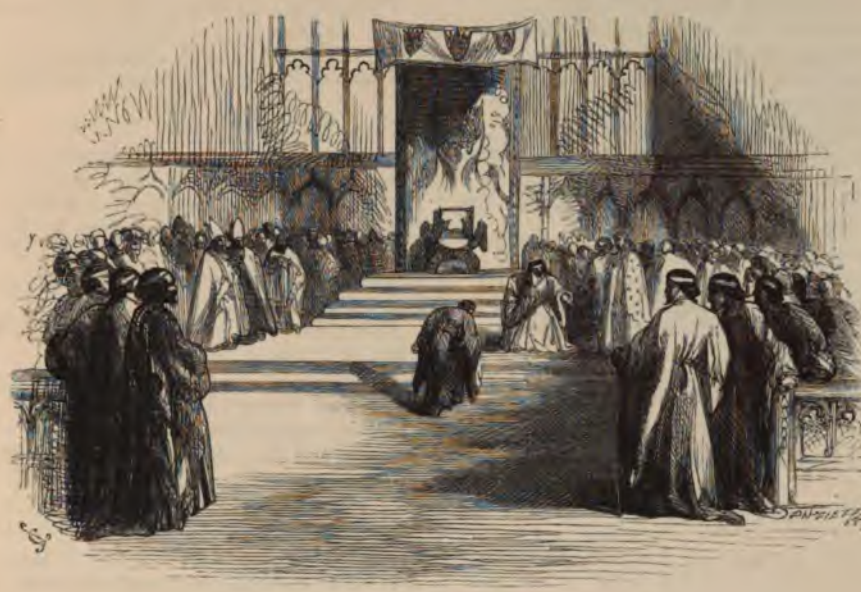
Queen. Nimble mischance, that art so light of
Doth not thy embassage belong to me,
And am I last that knows it? O, thou think'st
To serve me last, that I may longest keep
Thy sorrow in my breast. Come, ladies, go,
To meet, at London, London's king in woe.
What! was I born to this! that my sad look
Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke?
Gardener, for telling me this news[a] of woe,
Pray God* the plants thou graft'st, may never grow.
[*Exeunt* Queen *and* Ladies.

Gard. Poor queen! so that thy state might be no worse,
I would my skill were subject to thy curse.—
Here did she fall† a tear; here, in this place,
I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace:
Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,
In the remembrance of a weeping queen.
[*Exeunt.*

(*) First folio, *and.*
(†) First folio omits, *then.*
(‡) First folio, *doubted.*
(§) First folio omits, *good.*
(‖) First folio, *this.*
(¶) First folio, *these.*

(*) First folio, *I would.*
(†) First folio, *drop.*

[a] This *news*—] Here, as in the instance above, the folio has "*these* news." News appears to have been used by our ancestors either as singular or plural, indifferently.



ACT IV.

SCENE I.—London. Westminster Hall.[a] *The Lords spiritual on the right side of the throne; the Lords temporal on the left; the Commons below.*

Enter BOLINGBROKE, AUMERLE, SURREY, NORTHUMBERLAND, PERCY, FITZWATER, *another* Lord, BISHOP OF CARLISLE, *the* ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER, *and* Attendants. Officers *behind, with* BAGOT.

BOLING. Call forth Bagot.——
Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind;
What thou dost know of noble Gloster's death;
Who wrought it with the king, and who perform'd
The bloody office of his timeless end.

BAGOT. Then set before my face the lord Aumerle.

BOLING. Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that man.

BAGOT. My lord Aumerle, I know your daring tongue
Scorns to unsay what once it hath* deliver'd.
In that dead time when Gloster's death was plotted,
I heard you say,—*Is not my arm of length,*
That reacheth from the restful English court
As far as Calais, to mine uncle's head?*—
Amongst much other talk, that very time,
I heard you say, that you had rather refuse
The offer of an hundred thousand crowns,
Than Bolingbroke's return to England; adding withal,
How bless'd this land would be in this your cousin's death.

AUM. Princes, and noble lords,
What answer shall I make to this base man?
Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars,[b]
On equal terms to give him chastisement?
Either I must, or have mine honour soil'd

(*) First folio, *it hath once.*

(*) First folio, *my.*

[a] Westminster Hall.] The rebuilding of this magnificent Hall was begun by Richard II. in 1397; it was finished in 1399, and the first assemblage of Parliament in the new edifice was for the purpose of deposing him.

[b] *My fair* stars,—] As the birth of an individual was supposed to be influenced by the *stars*, the latter, not unnaturally, was a term sometimes used to express the former. Thus, in "Richard III." Sc. 7, Gloster, speaking of his nephew, the heir to the crown, says:—

"On him I lay what you would lay on me,
The right and fortune of his happy stars."

With the attainder of his slanderous lips.
There is my gage, the manual seal of death,
That marks thee out for hell: I say,[a] thou liest,
And will maintain what thou hast said, is false,
In thy heart-blood, though being all too base
To stain the temper of my knightly sword.

BOLING. Bagot, forbear, thou shalt not take it up.

AUM. Excepting one, I would he were the best
In all this presence, that hath mov'd me so.

FITZ. If that thy valour stand on sympathy,[b]
There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine:
By that fair sun which* shows me where thou stand'st,
I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spak'st it,
That thou wert cause of noble Gloster's death.
If thou deny'st it, twenty times thou liest;
And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.

AUM. Thou dar'st not, coward, live to see the day.

FITZ. Now, by my soul, I would it were this hour.

AUM. Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for this.

PERCY. Aumerle, thou liest; his honour is as true,
In this appeal, as thou art all unjust:
And, that thou art so, there I throw my gage,
To prove it on thee to the extremest point
Of mortal breathing; seize it, if thou dar'st.

AUM. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And never brandish more revengeful steel
Over the glittering helmet of my foe!

LORD. I task the earth to the like, forsworn Aumerle;[c]
And spur thee on with full as many lies
As † may be holla'd in thy treacherous ear
From sun to sun: ‡ there is my honour's pawn;
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

AUM. Who sets me else? by heaven, I'll throw at all:
I have a thousand spirits in one breast,
To answer twenty thousand such as you.

SURREY. My lord Fitzwater, I do remember well
The very time Aumerle and you did talk.

(*) First folio, *that*. (†) Old copies, *As it may*.
(‡) Old copies, *sinne to sinne*.

[a] I say, *thou liest*,—] The folio, and other early editions, except the first quarto, omit the words, *I say*.

[b] If that thy valour stand on sympathy,—] The use of *sympathy*, in the sense of equality, is peculiar. Aumerle affects to think it a derogation from his high birth to accept the defiance of Bagot; whereupon Fitzwater, whose pretensions to blood equal Aumerle's, flings down his gauntlet, with the taunt,—

"If that thy valour stand on *sympathy*,
There is my gage."

The folio 1623 reads, *sympathize*.

FITZ. 'Tis very true:[d] you were in presence then;
And you can witness with me, this is true.

SURREY. As false, by heaven, as heaven itself is true.

FITZ. Surrey, thou liest.

SURREY. Dishonourable boy!
That lie shall lie so heavy on my sword,
That it shall render vengeance and revenge,
Till thou the lie-giver, and that lie, do lie
In earth, as quiet as thy father's skull.
In proof whereof, there is mine honour's pawn;
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

FITZ. How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse!
If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,—
I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness,[e]
And spit upon him, whilst I say, he lies,
And lies, and lies: there is my bond of faith,
To tie thee to my strong correction.
As I intend to thrive in this new world,
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal:
Besides, I heard the banish'd Norfolk say
That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men
To execute the noble duke at Calais.

AUM. Some honest Christian trust me with a gage,
That Norfolk lies: here do I throw down this,
If he may be repeal'd to try his honour.

BOLING. These differences shall all rest under gage,
Till Norfolk be repeal'd: repeal'd he shall be,
And, though mine enemy, restor'd again
To all his land and seignories; when he's return'd,
Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial.

CAR. That honourable day shall ne'er be seen.
Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought
For Jesu Christ, in glorious Christian field,
Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross,
Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens:
And, toil'd with works of war, retired himself
To Italy; and there, at Venice, gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,
Under whose colours he had fought so long.

BOLING. Why, Bishop, is Norfolk dead?

CAR. As surely* as I live, my lord.

BOLING. Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to the bosom

(*) First folio, *sure*.

[c] LORD. I task the earth, &c.] This speech, and Aumerle's answer, are omitted in the folio. And all the quartos, except the first, read, "I *take* the earth."—By "*task* the earth," we are apparently to understand, "challenge the whole world."

[d] 'Tis very true:] So the quarto. The folio reads, *My lord*, 'tis very true.

[e] *I dare meet Surrey in a* wilderness,—] So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's play of "The Lovers' Progress," Act V. Sc. 2:—

"Maintain thy treason with thy sword? With what
Contempt I hear it! in a *wilderness*
I durst encounter it."

Of good old Abraham!—Lords appellants,
Your differences shall all rest under gage,
Till we assign you to your days of trial.

Enter YORK, *attended.*

YORK. Great duke of Lancaster, I come to thee
From plume-pluck'd Richard; who with willing soul
Adopts thee heir, and his high sceptre yields
To the possession of thy royal hand:
Ascend his throne, descending now from him,—
And long live Henry, of that name the fourth!

BOLING. In God's name, I'll ascend the regal throne.

CAR. Marry, God * forbid!—
Worst in this royal presence may I speak,
Yet best, beseeming me to speak the truth.
Would God, that any in this noble presence
Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble Richard; then true noblesse † would
Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.
What subject can give sentence on his king?
And who sits here that is not Richard's subject?
Thieves are not judg'd but they are by to hear,
Although apparent guilt be seen in them:
And shall the figure of God's majesty,
His captain, steward, deputy elect,
Anointed, crowned, planted many years,
Be judg'd by subject and inferior breath,
And he himself not present? O, forfend ‡ it, God,
That, in a Christian climate, souls refin'd
Should show so heinous, black, obscene a deed!
I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,
Stirr'd up by God * thus boldly for his king.
My lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,
Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king:
And if you crown him, let me prophesy,—
The blood of English shall manure the ground,
And future ages groan for this § foul act;
Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,
And, in this seat of peace, tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind confound;
Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny,
Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
The field of Golgotha, and dead men's sculls.
O, if you raise ‖ this house against this house,
It will the woefullest division prove
That ever fell upon this cursed earth:
Prevent it, resist it, let ¶ it not be so, [woe! (1)
Lest child, child's children, cry against you—

(*) First folio, *Heaven.*
(†) First folio, *noblenesse.*
(‡) First folio, *forbid.*
(§) First folio, *his.*
(‖) First folio, *rear.*
(¶) First folio, *and let.*

a May't please you, lords, &c.] The remainder of this Act, with the exception of a few lines at the end (see p. 482), forms the "new additions of the parliament scene and the deposing of King Richard," first published in the quarto of 1608.

NORTH. Well have you argued, sir; and, for your pains,
Of capital treason we arrest you here:
My lord of Westminster, be it your charge
To keep him safely till his day of trial.
May 't please you, lords, to grant the commons' suit? [a]

BOLING. Fetch hither Richard, that in common view
He may surrender; so we shall proceed
Without suspicion.

YORK. I will be his conduct. [*Exit.*

BOLING. Lords, you that here are under our arrest,
Procure your sureties for your days of answer:
Little are we beholden to your love,
[*To* CARLISLE.
And little look'd for at your helping hands.

Re-enter YORK, *with* KING RICHARD, *and* Officers *bearing the crown, &c.*

K. RICH. Alack, why am I sent for to a king,
Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my limbs: *
Give sorrow leave awhile to tutor me
To this submission. Yet I well remember
The favours [b] of these men: were they not mine?
Did they not sometime cry, *all hail!* to me?
So Judas did to Christ: but he, in twelve,
Found truth in all but one; I, in twelve thousand, none.
God save the king!—Will no man say, *Amen?*
Am I both priest and clerk? well then, *Amen.*
God save the king! although I be not he;
And yet, *Amen*, if heaven do think him me.—
To do what service am I sent for hither?

YORK. To do that office, of thine own good will,
Which tired majesty did make thee offer,—
The resignation of thy state and crown
To Henry Bolingbroke.

K. RICH. Give me the crown.—Here, cousin, seize the crown; [c]
On this side my hand, and on that side yours.
Now is this golden crown like a deep well,
That owes [d] two buckets, filling one another;
The emptier ever dancing in the air,
The other down, unseen, and full of water:
That bucket down, and full of tears, am I,

(*) First folio, *knee.*

b *The* favours—] That is, the *countenances*, the *features.*

c Give me the crown.—Here, cousin, seize the crown;] This is the reading of the folio. The quarto has only, *Seize the crown.*

d *That* owes—] That *owns*, or *possesses.* See note (4), p. 330.

Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.
BOLING. I thought you had been willing to resign.
K. RICH. My crown I am, but still my griefs are mine:
You may my glories and my state depose,
But not my griefs; still am I king of those.
BOLING. Part of your cares you give me with your crown.
K. RICH. Your cares set up, do not pluck my cares down.
My care is—loss of care, by old care done;
Your care is—gain of care, by new care won:
The cares I give, I have, though given away;
They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.
BOLING. Are you contented to resign the crown?
K. RICH. Ay, no;—no, ay; for I must nothing be;
Therefore no, no, for I resign to thee.
Now mark me how I will undo myself:—
I give this heavy weight from off my head,
And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart.
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,
With mine own hands I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
With mine own breath release all duties, rites: *
All pomp and majesty I do forswear,
My manors, rents, revenues, I forego,
My acts, decrees, and statutes, I deny:
God pardon all oaths that are broke to me!
God keep all vows unbroke that swear † to thee!
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd;
And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all achiev'd!
Long may'st thou live in Richard's seat to sit,
And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit!
God save King Henry, unking'd Richard says,
And send him many years of sunshine days!
What more remains?
NORTH. No more, but that you read [*Offering a paper.*
These accusations, and these grievous crimes,
Committed by your person, and your followers,
Against the state and profit of this land;
That, by confessing them, the souls of men
May deem that you are worthily depos'd.
K. RICH. Must I do so? and must I ravel out
My weav'd-up follies! Gentle Northumberland,
If thy offences were upon record,
Would it not shame thee, in so fair a troop,
To read a lecture of them? If thou wouldst,
There shouldst thou find one heinous article,—
Containing the deposing of a king,
And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,—
Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heaven:—
Nay, all of you, that stand and look upon me,
Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself,
Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands,
Showing an outward pity; yet you Pilates
Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross,
And water cannot wash away your sin.
NORTH. My lord, despatch; read o'er these articles.
K. RICH. Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see:
And yet salt water blinds them not so much,
But they can see a sort[a] of traitors here.
Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,
I find myself a traitor with the rest:
For I have given here my soul's consent
To undeck the pompous body of a king;
Made glory base, and * sovereignty a slave;
Proud majesty, a subject; state, a peasant.
NORTH. My lord,——
K. RICH. No lord of thine, thou haught, insulting man,
Nor † no man's lord; I have no name, no title,—
No, not that name was given me at the font,—
But 'tis usurp'd.—Alack the heavy day,[b]
That I have worn so many winters out,
And know not now what name to call myself!
O, that I were a mockery king of snow,
Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,
To melt myself away in water-drops!—
Good king,—great king,—and yet not greatly good,
An if my name ‡ be sterling yet in England,
Let it command a mirror hither straight,
That it may show me what a face I have,
Since it is bankrupt of his[c] majesty.
BOLING. Go, some of you, and fetch a looking-glass. [*Exit an* Attendant.
NORTH. Read o'er this paper, while the glass doth come.
K. RICH. Fiend! thou torment'st me ere I come to hell.
BOLING. Urge it no more, my lord Northumberland.
NORTH. The commons will not then be satisfied.
K. RICH. They shall be satisfied: I'll read enough,
When I do see the very book indeed
Where all my sins are writ, and that's myself.

(*) First folio, *duteous oaths.* (†) First folio, *are made.*

[a] *A* sort *of traitors*—] That is, *a gang, a knot, a crew.* Thus, in "Richard III." Act V. Sc. 3:—

"A *sort* of vagabonds, rascals, and runaways."

[b] Alack the heavy day,—] This is equivalent with, and serves to interpret, the old phrase "*Woe the while.*"

[c] *Of* his *majesty.*] With the old writers, *his* was neuter as well as personal; the genitive of *his* and *it* also. *Its* is found but

(*) First folio, *a.* (†) First folio, *No, nor.* (‡) First folio, *word.*

rarely in Shakespeare, though in many more instances than Mr. Trench or Mr. Singer appear to suppose. In the authorized translation of the Bible the word is said never to occur, its place being always supplied by *his* or *thereof*:—"But if the salt have lost *his* savour" (Matt. chap. v. ver. 13). "But if the salt have lost *his* saltness" (Mark, chap. ix. ver. 50).

Re-enter Attendant, *with a glass.*

Give me that glass, and therein will I read.[a]
No deeper wrinkles yet? Hath sorrow struck
So many blows upon this face of mine,
And made no deeper wounds?—O, flattering glass,
Like to my followers in prosperity,
Thou dost beguile me! Was this face the face
That every day under his household roof
Did keep ten thousand men? Was this the face
That, like the sun, did make beholders wink?
Was * this the face that faced so many follies,
And † was at last outfaced by Bolingbroke?
A brittle glory shineth in this face,
As brittle as the glory, is the face;
[*Dashes the glass to the ground.*
For there it is, crack'd in an hundred shivers.
Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport,—
How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.

BOLING. The shadow of your sorrow hath destroy'd
The shadow of your face.

K. RICH. Say that again.
The shadow of my sorrow? Ha! let's see:—
'Tis very true, my grief lies all within,
And these external manners * of laments
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief,
That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul;
There lies the substance: and I thank thee, king,
For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st
Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way
How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,

(*) First folio, *Is.* (†) First folio, *That.*

(*) First folio, *manner.*

[a] And therein will I read.] These words, and two or three other lines of this speech, are omitted in the quartos.

And then be gone, and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it?
BOLING. Name it, fair cousin.
K. RICH. *Fair cousin!* I am greater than a king:
For when I was a king, my flatterers
Were then but subjects; being now a subject,
I have a king here to my flatterer.
Being so great, I have no need to beg.
BOLING. Yet ask.
K. RICH. And shall I have?
BOLING. You shall.
K. RICH. Then give me leave to go.
BOLING. Whither? [your sights.
K. RICH. Whither you will, so I were from
BOLING. Go, some of you, convey him to the Tower. [you all,
K. RICH. O, good! *Convey!*[a]—Conveyers are
That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall.
[*Exeunt* K. RICHARD, *some* Lords, *and a* Guard.

[a] Convey!—Conveyers *are you all,*—] *Convey*, in Shakespeare's time, was frequently used in a bad sense, implying *fraud*, and *trickery*. Thus Pistol ("Merry Wives of Windsor," Act I. Sc. 3) adopts it as a genteel synonym for filching,—

"*Convey*, the wise it call;"

and Gloster, in "Henry VI." Part I. Act I. Sc. 3, suspecting collusion, remarks,—

"Since Henry's death, I fear there is *conveyance*."

BOLING. On Wednesday next,[b] we solemnly set down
Our coronation: lords, prepare yourselves.(2)
[*Exeunt all but the* Abbot, BISHOP OF CARL. *and* AUM.
ABBOT. A woeful pageant have we here beheld.
CAR. The woe's to come; the children yet unborn
Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.
AUM. You holy clergymen, is there no plot
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?
ABBOT. My lord,* before I freely speak my mind herein,
You shall not only take the sacrament
To bury mine intents, but also to effect
Whatever I shall happen to devise.
I see your brows are full of discontent,
Your hearts † of sorrow, and your eyes of tears;
Come home with me to supper; I will lay
A plot shall show us all a merry day. [*Exeunt.*

(*) First folio omits, *My lord.* (†) First folio, *heart.*

[b] On Wednesday next,—] So the enlarged quarto, 1608. In the first edition, 1597, this speech, which there follows that of Northumberland when he arrests the Bishop of Carlisle (see p. 479), is rendered thus:—

"Let it be so, and lo! on Wednesday next,
We solemnly proclaim our coronation:
Lords, be ready, all."

ACT V.

SCENE I.—London. *A Street leading to the* Tower.

Enter QUEEN *and* Ladies.

QUEEN. This way the king will come; this is the way
To Julius Cæsar's ill-erected[a] tower,
To whose flint bosom, my condemned lord
Is doom'd a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke:
Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth
Have any resting for her true king's queen.

Enter KING RICHARD *and* Guards.

But soft, but see, or rather do not see,
My fair rose wither: yet look up; behold,
That you in pity may dissolve to dew,
And wash him fresh again with true-love tears.
Ah, thou, the model where old Troy did stand;
Thou map of honour; thou King Richard's tomb,
And not King Richard; thou most beauteous inn,[b]

[a] Ill-erected *tower*,—] Steevens' conjecture, that by *ill-erected* was meant *erected for bad purposes*, is extremely plausible.

[b] *Thou most beauteous* inn,—] Steevens surmised that *inn* does not here signify a house of public entertainment, but a dignified mansion. We believe the term was applied without distinction to any building, whether public or private, which was appropriated to human habitation, and that the expression, *beauteous inn*, meant no more than *beauteous abode*. We meet with it in precisely the same sense in "The Lovers' Progress" of Beaumont and Fletcher, Act V. Sc. 3:—

"She's a book
To be with care perused; and 't is my wonder,
If such misshapen guests as Lust and Murder,
At any price should ever find a lodging
In such a *beauteous inn!*"

Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee,
When triumph is become an alehouse guest?

K. RICH. Join not with grief, fair woman, do not so,
To make my end too sudden: learn, good soul,
To think our former state a happy dream;
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are
Shows us but this: I am sworn brother,[a] sweet,
To grim necessity; and he and I
Will keep a league till death. Hie thee to France,
And cloister thee in some religious house:
Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,
Which our profane hours here have stricken down.

QUEEN. What! is my Richard both in shape and mind
Transform'd and weakened? Hath Bolingbroke
Depos'd thine intellect? Hath he been in thy heart?
The lion, dying, thrusteth forth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage
To be o'erpower'd; and wilt thou, pupil-like,
Take thy correction mildly? kiss the rod;
And fawn on rage with base humility,
Which art a lion, and a king of beasts?

K. RICH. A king of beasts, indeed; if aught but beasts,
I had been still a happy king of men.
Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence for France:
Think I am dead; and that even here thou tak'st,
As from my death-bed, my last living leave.
In winter's tedious nights sit by the fire
With good old folks; and let them tell thee tales
Of woeful ages, long ago betid:
And, ere thou bid good night, to quit their grief,
Tell thou the lamentable tale* of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their beds.
For why, the senseless brands will sympathise
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,
And, in compassion, weep the fire out:
And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,
For the deposing of a rightful king.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, *attended.*

NORTH. My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is chang'd;
You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.(1)
And, madam, there is order ta'en for you;
With all swift speed you must away to France.(2)

(*) First folio, *fall.*

Sworn brother,—] *Sworn brother* came originally from the *fratres jurati*, military adventurers who bound themselves by mutual obligation to share each others' fortunes. When William the Conqueror invaded England, Robert de Oily and Roger de Ivery were *fratres jurati*, and the former gave one of the honours he received to his sworn brother, Roger.

K. RICH. Northumberland, thou ladder, wherewithal
The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,
The time shall not be many hours of age
More than it is, ere foul sin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption. Thou shalt think,
Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,
It is too little, helping him to all:
He shall think, that thou, which knowest the way
To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,
Being ne'er so little urg'd, another way
To pluck him headlong from the usurped throne.
The love of wicked friends converts to fear;
That fear to hate; and hate turns one, or both,
To worthy danger, and deserved death.

NORTH. My guilt be on my head, and there an end.
Take leave, and part; for you must part forthwith.

K. RICH. Doubly divorc'd?—Bad men, ye violate
A twofold marriage; 'twixt my crown and me;
And then betwixt me and my married wife.
Let me unkiss the oath 'twixt thee and me;
And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made.
Part us, Northumberland; I, towards the north,
Where shivering cold and sickness pines the clime;
My wife* to France; from whence, set forth in pomp,
She came adorned hither like sweet May,
Sent back like Hallowmas, or short'st of day.

QUEEN. And must we be divided? must we part?

K. RICH. Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart from heart.

QUEEN. Banish us both, and send the king with me.

NORTH. That were some love, but little policy.

QUEEN. Then whither he goes, thither let me go.

K. RICH. So two, together weeping, make one woe.
Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here;
Better far off, than—near be, ne'er the near.[b]
Go, count thy way with sighs; I mine with groans.

QUEEN. So longest way shall have the longest moans.

K. RICH. Twice for one step I'll groan, the way being short,
And piece the way out with a heavy heart.
Come, come, in wooing sorrow let's be brief,
Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief.
One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part;

(*) First folio, *queen.*

[b] Near be, ne'er the near.] That is, *be near, but never the nigher.* A proverbial saying implying, to come near the object, yet never achieve it. Thus, in Ben Jonson's Epilogue to "The Tale of a Tub:"—

"Wherein the poet's fortune is, I fear,
Still to be early up but ne'er the near."

Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart.
[*They kiss.*
QUEEN. Give me mine own again; 't were no good part,
To take on me to keep, and kill thy heart.
[*Kiss again.*
So, now I have mine own again, begone,
That I may strive to kill it with a groan.
K. RICH. We make woe wanton with this fond delay;
Once more, adieu; the rest, let sorrow say.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room in the Duke of* York's *Palace.*

Enter YORK *and his* DUCHESS.

DUCH. My lord, you told me you would tell the rest,
When weeping made you break the story off,
Of our two cousins coming into London.
YORK. Where did I leave?
DUCH. At that sad stop, my lord,
Where rude misgovern'd hands, from windows' tops,
Threw dust and rubbish on King Richard's head.
YORK. Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke,
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,
With slow but stately pace, kept on his course,
While all tongues cried—*God save thee, Bolingbroke!*
You would have thought the very windows spake,
So many greedy looks of young and old,
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage; and that all the walls,
With painted imagery had said at once,—
Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!
Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck,
Bespake them thus,—*I thank you, countrymen:*
And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.
DUCH. Alack,* poor Richard! where rode† he the whilst?
YORK. As in a theatre,[a] the eyes of men,
After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:—
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did scowl on Richard; no man cried, God save him;
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home,
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head;
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,
His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience,
That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
And barbarism itself have pitied him.
But heaven hath a hand in these events;
To whose high will we bound our calm contents.(3)
To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,
Whose state and honour I for aye allow.
DUCH. Here comes my son Aumerle.
YORK. Aumerle that was;[b]
But that is lost, for being Richard's friend,
And, madam, you must call him Rutland now:
I am in parliament pledge for his truth,
And lasting fealty to the new-made king.

Enter AUMERLE.

DUCH. Welcome, my son. Who are the violets now,
That strew the green lap of the new-come spring?
AUM. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not;
God knows, I had as lief be none, as one.
YORK. Well, bear you well in this new spring of time,
Lest you be cropt before you come to prime.
What news from Oxford? hold those justs and triumphs?
AUM. For aught I know, my lord, they do.
YORK. You will be there, I know.
AUM. If God prevent it not; I purpose so.
YORK. What seal is that, that hangs without thy bosom?[c]
Yea, look'st thou pale? let me see the writing.
AUM. My lord, 't is nothing.
YORK. No matter then who sees it:
I will be satisfied,—let me see the writing.
AUM. I do beseech your grace to pardon me;
It is a matter of small consequence,
Which for some reasons I would not have seen.
YORK. Which for some reasons, sir, I mean to see.
I fear, I fear,—
DUCH. What should you fear?
'T is nothing but some bond, that he is enter'd into

(*) First folio, *Alas.* (†) First folio, *rides.*

[a] As in a theatre,—] "The painting of this description is so lively, and the words so moving, that I have scarce read anything comparable to it in any other language."—DRYDEN.

[b] Aumerle that was;] We learn from Holinshed that the dukes of Aumerle, Surrey, and Exeter, were deprived of their dukedoms by an act of Henry's first parliament, but were allowed to retain the earldoms of *Rutland*, Kent, and Huntingdon.

[c] *What seal is that, that* hangs without thy bosom?] The seals on deeds were in old time not impressed on the documents themselves, but appended to them by labels or slips of parchment. See note (c), p. 200.

For gay apparel, 'gainst the triumph day.*
YORK. Bound to himself? what doth he with a bond
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool.—
Boy, let me see the writing.
AUM. I do beseech you, pardon me; I may not show it.
YORK. I will be satisfied; let me see it, I say. [*Snatches it, and reads.*
Treason! foul treason!—villain! traitor! slave!
DUCH. What is the matter, my lord?
YORK. Ho! who's within there?

Enter a Servant.

Saddle my horse.
God† for his mercy! what treachery is here!
DUCH. Why, what is't, my lord?
YORK. Give me my boots, I say; saddle my horse:—
Now by mine honour, by‡ my life, my troth,
I will appeach the villain. [*Exit* Servant.
DUCH. What's the matter?
YORK. Peace, foolish woman.
DUCH. I will not peace:—What is the matter, son?
AUM. Good mother, be content: it is no more
Than my poor life must answer.
DUCH. Thy life answer!

Re-enter Servant, *with boots.*

YORK. Bring me my boots, I will unto the king.
DUCH. Strike him, Aumerle.—Poor boy, thou art amaz'd:
Hence, villain! never more come in my sight.— [*To the* Servant.
YORK. Give me my boots, I say.
DUCH. Why, York, what wilt thou do?
Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own?
Have we more sons? or are we like to have?
Is not my teeming date drunk up with time?
And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age,
And rob me of a happy mother's name?
Is he not like thee? is he not thine own?
YORK. Thou fond mad woman,
Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy?
A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament,
And interchangeably set down their hands,
To kill the king at Oxford.
DUCH. He shall be none;
We'll keep him here: then what is that to him?

(*) First folio omits, *day*. (†) First folio, *Heaven*. (‡) First folio omits, *by*.

[a] Fond *woman!*] *Fond* is here used for *foolish*,—perhaps its original meaning. Chaucer has *fonne* for fool, and Skelton, both *fonne*, *fon*, and *fonde*, in the same sense.

[b] So dissolute a crew.] This seems to have been part of a line which was intended to be cancelled, or to supply the place of:

YORK. Away, fond[a] woman! were he twenty times my son,
I would appeach him.
DUCH. Hadst thou groan'd for him,
As I have done, thou'dst be more pitiful.
But now I know thy mind; thou dost suspect
That I have been disloyal to thy bed,
And that he is a bastard, not thy son.
Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind:
He is as like thee as a man may be,
Not like to me, nor any of my kin,
And yet I love him.
YORK. Make way, unruly woman! [*Exit.*
DUCH. After, Aumerle! mount thee upon his horse;
Spur, post, and get before him to the king,
And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee.
I'll not be long behind; though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as fast as York:
And never will I rise up from the ground,
Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee: Away!
Begone. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Windsor. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter BOLINGBROKE, *as* King; PERCY, *and other* Lords.

BOLING. Can no man tell of my unthrifty son?(4)
'T is full three months since I did see him last:
If any plague hang over us, 'tis he.
I would to God,* my lords, he might be found:
Inquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there,
For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,
With unrestrained loose companions—
Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,
And beat† our watch, and rob‡ our passengers;
Which he, young, wanton, and effeminate boy,
Takes on the point of honour, to support
So dissolute a crew.[b]
PERCY. My lord, some two days since I saw the prince,
And told him of these triumphs held at Oxford.
BOLING. And what said the gallant?
PERCY. His answer was,—he would unto the stews,
And from the commonest creature pluck a glove,
And wear it as a favour; and with that
He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.
BOLING. As dissolute as desperate: yet through both,
I see some sparkles of a better hope,[c]

(*) First folio, *Heaven*. (†) First folio, *rob*. (‡) First folio, *beat*.

"*Even such they say.*"
The passage should obviously terminate at *support*.

[c] *I see some* sparkles *of* a *better hope*,—] *Sparkles* is found in three of the quartos, but the first quarto and folio read, *sparkes*; and all the old copies omit the article.

Which elder days may happily bring forth.
But who comes here?

Enter AUMERLE, *hastily.*[a]

AUM. Where is the king?
BOLING. What means
Our cousin, that he stares and looks so wildly?
AUM. God save your grace. I do beseech your majesty,
To have some conference with your grace alone.
BOLING. Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here alone. [*Exeunt* PERCY *and* Lords.
What is the matter with our cousin now?
AUM. For ever may my knees grow to the earth, [*Kneels.*
My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,
Unless a pardon, ere I rise, or speak.

BOLING. Intended, or committed, was this fault?
If on the first, how heinous ere it be,
To win thy after-love, I pardon thee. [key,
AUM. Then give me leave that I may turn the
That no man enter till my tale be done.
BOLING. Have thy desire.
[AUMERLE *locks the door.*
YORK. [*Without.*][b] My liege, beware; look to thyself;
Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.
BOLING. Villain, I'll make thee safe. [*Drawing.*
AUM. Stay thy revengeful hand;
Thou hast no cause to fear.
YORK. [*Without.*] Open the door, secure, foolhardy king;
Shall I, for love, speak treason to thy face?
Open the door, or I will break it open.
[BOLINGBROKE *opens the door.*

[a] *Hastily.*] The stage direction in some of the old editions is, *Enter* Aumerle *amazed.*

[b] YORK. [*Without.*] The old stage prescript is: "The Duke of York knocks at the door and crieth."

Enter YORK.

BOLING. What is the matter, uncle? speak;
Recover breath; tell us how near is danger,
That we may arm us to encounter it.
YORK. Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know
The treason that my haste forbids me show.
AUM. Remember, as thou read'st, thy promise past:
I do repent me; read not my name there,
My heart is not confederate with my hand.
YORK. It was, villain, ere thy hand did set it down.—
I tore it from the traitor's bosom, king;
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence:
Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove
A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.
BOLING. O heinous, strong, and bold conspiracy!
O loyal father of a treacherous son!
Thou sheer,[a] immaculate, and silver fountain,
From whence this stream through muddy passages
Hath held* his current, and defil'd himself!
Thy overflow of good converts to bad;
And thy abundant goodness shall excuse
This deadly blot in thy digressing son.
YORK. So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd;
And he shall spend mine honour with his shame,
As thriftless sons their scraping father's gold.
Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies,
Or my sham'd life in his dishonour lies;
Thou kill'st me in his life, giving him breath,
The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.
DUCH. [*Without.*] What ho, my liege! for God's† sake let me in.
BOLING. What shrill-voic'd suppliant makes this eager cry? ['tis I.
DUCH. A woman, and thine aunt, great king;
Speak with me, pity me, open the door;
A beggar begs that never begg'd before.
BOLING. Our scene is alter'd, from a serious thing,
And now chang'd to *The Beggar and the King.*[b]
My dangerous cousin, let your mother in;
I know she's come to pray for your foul sin.
YORK. If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,
More sins, for this forgiveness, prosper may.
This fester'd joint cut off, the rest rests sound;
This, let alone, will all the rest confound.

(*) First folio, *had.* (†) First folio, *Heaven's.*

[a] *Thou* sheer, *immaculate,*—] *Sheer* meant *pure, unmixed.* Thus in Spenser's "Faërie Queene," B. III. C. 2:—

"Who having viewed in a fountain *shere*
Her face," &c.

[b] The Beggar and the King.] An evident allusion to the ancient ballad called "A Song of a Beggar and a King." See note (5), p. 101.

[c] Ill mayst thou thrive, &c.] This line is not in the folio.

Enter DUCHESS.

DUCH. O king, believe not this hard-hearted man;
Love, loving not itself, none other can.
YORK. Thou frantic woman, what dost thou make here?
Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear?
DUCH. Sweet York, be patient. Hear me, gentle liege. [*Kneels.*
BOLING. Rise up, good aunt.
DUCH. Not yet, I thee beseech:
For ever will I kneel* upon my knees,
And never see day that the happy sees,
Till thou give joy; until thou bid me joy,
By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.
AUM. Unto my mother's prayers I bend my knee. [*Kneels.*
YORK. Against them both my true joints bended be. [*Kneels.*
Ill mayst thou thrive, if thou grant any grace![c]
DUCH. Pleads he in earnest? look upon his face;
His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jest;
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast:
He prays but faintly, and would be denied;
We pray with heart, and soul, and all beside:
His weary joints would gladly rise, I know;
Our knees shall kneel till to the ground they grow:
His prayers are full of false hypocrisy;
Ours of true zeal and deep integrity.
Our prayers do out-pray his; then let them have
That mercy which true prayers ought to have.
BOLING. Good aunt, stand up.
DUCH. Nay, do not say—*stand up;*
Say,† pardon, first; and afterwards, *stand up.*
An if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,
Pardon—should be the first word of thy speech.
I never long'd to hear a word till now;
Say—pardon, king; let pity teach thee how:
The word is short, but not so short as sweet;
No word like pardon, for kings' mouths so meet.
YORK. Speak it in French, king: say, *pardonnez moy.*[d] [destroy?
DUCH. Dost thou teach pardon pardon to
Ah, my sour husband, my hard-hearted lord,
That sett'st the word itself against the word!
Speak, pardon, as 'tis current in our land,

(*) Quarto, *walk.* (†) First folio, *But.*

[d] *Pardonnez* moy.] Moy rhymes here with *destroy*, and this was probably the usual pronunciation of the word formerly. Thus, in Skelton's "Elynour Rummyng," vol. I. p. 113, Dyce's Ed.:—

"She made it as koy
As a lege de *moy.*"

And again, in his "Colyn Cloute," vol. I. p. 348, *ibid.*:—

"And howe Parys of Troy
Daunced a lege de *moy.*"

The chopping [a] French we do not understand.
Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue there,
Or, in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear,
That, hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce,
Pity may move thee pardon to rehearse.

BOLING. Good aunt, stand up.

DUCH. I do not sue to stand,
Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.

BOLING. I pardon him, as God* shall pardon me.

DUCH. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee!
Yet am I sick for fear: speak it again;
Twice saying pardon doth not pardon twain,
But makes one pardon strong.

BOLING. With all my heart,
I pardon him.[b]

DUCH. A god on earth thou art.

BOLING. But for our trusty brother-in-law, and† the abbot,
With all the rest of that consorted crew,
Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels.

(*) First folio, *Heaven*. (†) First folio omits, *and*.

[a] The chopping French we do not understand.] This passage has occasioned discussion; *chopping* being supposed a contemptuous epithet applied to the French language. We apprehend the duchess means no more than "we are ignorant how to *chop* or *exchange* French." To *chop* logic, in the sense of interchanging logic, is an old Academic phrase.

Good uncle, help to order several powers
To Oxford, or where'er these traitors are:
They shall not live within this world, I swear,
But I will have them, if I once know where.
Uncle, farewell,—and cousin mine,[c] adieu:
Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.

DUCH. Come, my old son;—I pray God* make thee new. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The same.*

Enter EXTON *and a* Servant.

EXTON. Didst thou not mark the king, what words he spake?
Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?
Was it not so?

SERV. These† were his very words.

EXTON. *Have I no friend?* quoth he: he spake it twice.

(*) First folio, *Heaven*. (†) First folio, *Those*.

[b] With all my heart,
I pardon him.]
The old copies, regardless of the rhyming couplet, read, *I pardon him with all my heart.*

[c] *And cousin* mine, *adieu:*] The word *mine*, prosodially necessary, is the addition of Mr. Collier's MS. Annotator.

And urg'd it twice together; did he not?
SERV. He did.
EXTON. And, speaking it, he wistly look'd on me;
As who should say,[a]—I would thou wert the man
That would divorce this terror from my heart;
Meaning the king at Pomfret. Come, let's go,
I am the king's friend, and will rid[b] his foe.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Pomfret. *The Dungeon of the Castle.*

Enter KING RICHARD.

K. RICH. I have been studying how I may[c] compare
This prison, where I live, unto the world:
And, for because[d] the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but myself,
I cannot do it;—yet I'll hammer it out.
My brain I'll prove the female to my soul;
My soul, the father; and these two beget
A generation of still-breeding thoughts,
And these same thoughts people this little world,
In humours like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented. The better sort,—
As thoughts of things divine,—are intermix'd
With scruples, and do set the word* itself
Against the word.*
As thus,—*Come, little ones;* and then again,—
It is as hard to come, as for a camel
To thread the postern of a needle's eye.
Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
Unlikely wonders; how these vain weak nails
May tear a passage through the flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls;
And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.
Thoughts tending to content, flatter themselves
That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,
Nor shall not be the last; like silly beggars,
Who, sitting in the stocks, refuge their shame,—
That many have, and others must sit there:
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
Bearing their own misfortunes† on the back
Of such as have before endur'd the like.
Thus play I, in one person,* many people,
And none contented. Sometimes am I king;
Then treasons make† me wish myself a beggar,
And so I am. Then, crushing penury
Persuades me I was better when a king;
Then, am I king'd again: and by-and-by,
Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,
And straight am nothing. But, whate'er I be‡
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is, [*Music.*
With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd
With being nothing. Music do I hear?
Ha, ha! keep time:—how sour sweet music is,
When time is broke, and no proportion kept!
So is it in the music of men's lives.
And here have I the daintiness of ear,
To check§ time, broke in a disordered string;
But, for the concord of my state and time,
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
I wasted time, and now doth time waste me;
For now hath Time made me his numbering clock:
My thoughts are minutes, and, with sighs they jar
Their watches on unto mine eyes, the outward watch,[e]
Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.
Now, sir, the sound that tells what hour it is
Are clamorous groans, which‖ strike upon my heart,
Which is the bell: so sighs, and tears, and groans,
Show minutes, times, and hours:¶—but my time
Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,
While I stand fooling here, his jack o' the clock.
This music mads me, let it sound no more;
For, though it have holp madmen to their wits,
In me it seems it will make wise men mad.
Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me!
For 't is a sign of love; and love to Richard
Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world.

Enter Groom.

GROOM. Hail, royal prince!
K. RICH. Thanks, noble peer![f]
The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.

(*) First folio, *Faith.* (†) First folio, *misfortune.*

[a] As who should say,—] Meaning, "As *one* who should say." This elliptical phrase, so frequent with the old writers, has gone quite out of use.

[b] *And will* rid *his foe.*] That is, *destroy*, or *get rid of.* In this sense we have the word in "Henry VI." Part II. Act V. Sc. 5:—

"As deathsmen you have *rid* this sweet young prince."

And again, in "The Tempest," Act I. Sc. 2.

"——the red plague *rid* you."

[c] *How* I may *compare*—] So the first quarto, 1597. The subsequent quartos and the folio, 1623, read, how *to* compare.

[d] And, for because—] A tautological form of expression no longer current, though very common when Shakespeare wrote.

[e] The outward watch,—] This passage is obscure, and no explication we have seen, nor any we are prepared to suggest, renders it as perspicuous as could be wished. The best is that by Henley:—"There are three ways in which a clock notices the progress of

(*) First folio, *prison.* (†) First folio, *treason makes.*
(‡) First folio, *am.* (§) First folio, *hear.*
(‖) First folio, *that.* (¶) First folio, *hours and times.*

time; viz. by the vibration of the pendulum, the index on the dial, and the striking of the hour. To these, the king, in his comparison, severally alludes; his sighs corresponding to the *jarring* of the pendulum, which at the same time that it *watches*, or numbers, the seconds, marks also their progress in minutes on the dial or outward watch, to which the king compares his eyes; and their want of figures is supplied by a succession of tears, or (to use an expression of Milton) *minute drops:* his finger, by as regularly wiping these away, performs the office of the dial's point:—his clamorous groans are the sounds that tell the hour." In "Henry IV." Part II. *tears* are used in a similar manner:—

"But Harry lives, that shall convert those *tears*,
By number, into *hours* of happiness."

[f] Thanks, noble peer!] See note (e), p. 413.

What art thou? and how comest thou hither,
Where no man never* comes, but that sad dog
That brings me food, to make misfortune live?

GROOM. I was a poor groom of thy stable, king,
When thou wert king; who, travelling towards York,
With much ado, at length have gotten leave
To look upon my sometimes[a] royal master's face.
O, how it yearn'd my heart, when I beheld,
In London streets, that coronation day,
When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary!
That horse that thou so often hast bestrid;
That horse that I so carefully have dress'd.

K. RICH. Rode he on Barbary? Tell me, gentle friend,
How went he under him? [ground.[b]

GROOM. So proudly as if he disdain'd† the

(*) First folio, *ever*. (†) First folio, *had disdained*.

[a] Sometimes—] See note ([a]), p. 396.
[b] So proudly as if he disdain'd the ground.] In the folio, 1623, —"As if he had disdain'd the ground." We should perhaps read,—
"*So proud, as if he had disdain'd the ground.*"

K. RICH. So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back!
That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand;
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not stumble? Would he not fall down,
(Since pride must have a fall,) and break the neck
Of that proud man that did usurp his back?
Forgiveness, horse! why do I rail on thee,
Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,
Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse,
And yet I bear a burthen like an ass,
Spur-gall'd,* and tir'd, by jauncing[c] Bolingbroke.

Enter Keeper, *with a dish of meat.*

KEEP. Fellow, give place; here is no longer stay. [*To the* Groom.

(*) First quarto, *spurn'd, gall'd*.

[c] Jauncing *Bolingbroke*.] Jauncing may mean *hard riding*, as Cotgrave explains *jancer*, "To stir a horse in the stable 'till he sweat withal;" or as our to *jaunt*.

K. Rich. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.

Groom. What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say. [*Exit.*

Keep. My lord, will 't please you to fall to?

K. Rich. Taste of it first, as thou art* wont to do. [who

Keep. My lord, I dare not; Sir Pierce of Exton, Lately came from the king, commands the contrary.

K. Rich. The devil take Henry of Lancaster, and thee! [*Strikes the* Keeper.
Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.

Keep. Help, help, help!

Enter Exton, *and* Servants, *armed.*

K. Rich. How now? What means death in this rude assault?[a]

Villain, thine own hand yields thy death's instrument.
[*Snatching a weapon, and killing one of the* Servants.
Go thou, and fill another room in hell.
[*He kills another, then* Exton *strikes him down.*
That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire,
That staggers thus my person.—Exton, thy fierce hand
Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's own land.
Mount, mount, my soul; thy seat is up on high;
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die.(5) [*Dies.*

Exton. As full of valour as of royal blood:
Both have I spill'd; O, would the deed were good!
For now the devil, that told me I did well,
Says that this deed is chronicled in hell.
This dead king to the living king I'll bear;—
Take hence the rest, and give them burial here.
[*Exeunt.*

(*) First folio, *wert.*

[a] How now? &c.] There is some obscurity here. Perhaps we should read, How now? What? mean'st death in this rude assault?

SCENE VI.—Windsor. *A Room in the Castle.*

Flourish. Enter BOLINGBROKE *and* YORK, *with* Lords *and* Attendants.

BOLING. Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear
Is, that the rebels have consum'd with fire
Our town of Cicester[a] in Glostershire;
But whether they be ta'en, or slain, we hear not.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

Welcome, my lord: what is the news?
NORTH. First, to thy sacred state wish I all happiness.
The next news is,—I have to London sent
The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent:
The manner of their taking may appear
At large discoursed in this paper here.
[*Presenting a paper.*
BOLING. We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains;
And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

Enter FITZWATER.

FITZ. My lord, I have from Oxford sent to London
The heads of Brocas, and Sir Bennet Seely;
Two of the dangerous consorted traitors
That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.
BOLING. Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forgot;
Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter PERCY, *with the* BISHOP OF CARLISLE.

PERCY. The grand conspirator, abbot of Westminster,
With clog of conscience and sour melancholy,
Hath yielded up his body to the grave;
But here is Carlisle living, to abide
Thy kingly doom, and sentence of his pride.
BOLING. Carlisle, this is your doom:—
Choose out some secret place, some reverend room
More than thou hast, and with it joy thy life;
So, as thou liv'st in peace, die free from strife:
For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,
High sparks of honour in thee have I seen.

Enter EXTON, *with* Attendants *bearing a coffin.*

EXTON. Great king, within this coffin I present
Thy buried fear; herein all breathless lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,
Richard of Bordeaux, by me hither brought.
BOLING. Exton, I thank thee not; for thou hast wrought
A deed of slander,* with thy fatal hand,
Upon my head, and all this famous land.
EXTON. From your own mouth, my lord, did I this deed. [need,
BOLING. They love not poison that do poison
Nor do I thee; though I did wish him dead,
I hate the murderer, love him murdered.
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word, nor princely favour:
With Cain go wander through the shades† of night,
And never show thy head by day nor light.
Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe
That blood should sprinkle me to make me grow:
Come, mourn with me for that I do lament,
And put on sullen black, incontinent;
I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land,
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand:—
March sadly after; grace my mournings here,
In weeping after this untimely bier. [*Exeunt*

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[a] Cicester—] Cirencester is still pronounced according to the spelling in the text. Two tracts published during the civil wars of the seventeenth century also exhibit the same colloquial title:—"A Relation of the Taking of the Town of Cicester, in the County of Gloucester, on Thursday, Feb. 2d, 1642 (1643)"—and "An exact Relation of the Proceedings of the Cavaleers at Cicester, Feb. 14th, 1643."

(*) First folio, *slaughter.* (†) First folio, *shade.*

ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

ACT I.

(1) SCENE I.—*Old John of Gaunt.*] "Our ancestors, in their estimate of old age, appear to have reckoned somewhat differently from us, and to have considered men as old, whom we should now esteem middle aged. With them, every man that had passed fifty seems to have been accounted an old man. John of Gaunt, who is here introduced in that character with the additional of '*time-honour'd* Lancaster,' was at this time only fifty-eight years old. He was born at Ghent in 1340, and our present play commences in 1398; he died in 1399, aged fifty-nine.

"King Henry is represented by Daniel, in his poem of Rosamond, as extremely old when he had a child by that lady. Henry was born at Mentz in 1133, and died on the 7th of July, 1189, at the age of fifty-six. Robert, Earl of Leicester, is called an old man by Spencer in a letter to Gabriel Harvey in 1582; and the French Admiral Coligny is represented by his biographer, Lord Huntington, as a very old man, though at the time of his death he was but fifty-three.

"These various instances fully ascertain what has been stated, and account for the appellation here given to John of Gaunt. I believe this is made in some measure to arise from its being customary to enter into life, in former times, at an earlier period than we do now. Those who were married at fifteen, had at fifty been masters of a house and family for thirty-five years."—MALONE.

(2.) SCENE I.—

Hast thou, according to thy oath and band,
Brought hither Henry Hereford, thy bold son;
Here to make good the boisterous late appeal,
Which then our leisure would not let us hear,
Against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?]

In a subsequent part of this note, is given Holinshed's account of the circumstances of the particular Appeal of Treason referred to in the preceding passage. But before proceeding to that narrative, it may be desirable to state some of the ancient ceremonies attending such an Appeal when it was made for a Trial by Battle, as it was in the present instance.

An Appeal of Battle, according to the French practice, was an accusation wherein, says Favine, "it is the purpose of one party to call another by the name of a villain before the bench of justice." The appealer, or appellant, thus derived his designation from being the *caller* of another person, whom he affirmed to be guilty of a certain crime; which the accused was then bound either immediately to disprove, or to deny, and to declare his readiness to answer body against body, without resorting to any other remedy; —or else to be regarded as guilty. This process of appeal could be brought for certain crimes only, the chief being treason and murder, and for acts of the commission of which full proof could not be made. If the accuser appealed without any witness to the charge which he brought forward, he was obliged to combat in his own person; but otherwise he might answer by deputy, on adducing one of the many excuses which were allowed to be valid. When the appeal was made, both parties appeared before the judge who heard it, and the accused person was not permitted to leave his presence until he had either satisfied the law that he ought not to have been so appealed, or had engaged to defend his denial by himself or by a substitute. In the fourteenth century, when the French ceremonial of appeals and trial by battle was in its greatest perfection, the Gage or glove was thrown down and taken up at this part of the process, and the accusation and denial pronounced according to established forms, which may be seen in Andrew Favine's "Theatre of Honour and Knighthood." In England these declarations were also reduced to written copies called "bills," which were again produced and sworn to shortly before the combat. The judge was then to receive the gages of the parties, and especially to take good security of the appellant for the pursuit of the appeal; after which the proceedings were laid before the King and Parliament, to order the combat if it were considered to be lawful.

It will be observed in the ensuing extract from Holinshed that pledges were delivered for the Duke of Hereford, the appellant, but that the Duke of Norfolk was not suffered to put in pledges; he being sent to Windsor Castle under arrest. The old French law of Appeals also was, that "he that *followeth the judgment needeth not to give any surety*, in regard that he is the man who, if he bring not the judgment to good effect, he shall lose the judgment, and pay threescore pounds to his lord. But for him that appealed," continues Messire Philip De Beaumanoir, "if the judgment fall foul on his side, he is to pay threescore pounds fine; and to him against whom he made the appeal, threescore pounds more; and if he appeal many men, he must make amends to every man by himself, and the amends to each man is threescore pounds: in which respect it is very requisite that he deliver good security for pursuing his appeal." Such were the general features of this species of process, and the circumstances of the appeal, referred to in this play, are thus related by Holinshed:—

"In the parliament holden at Shrewsburie, Henry duke of Hereford, accused Thomas Mowbraie duke of Norfolke, of certin words which he should utter in talke had betwixt them, as they rode togither latelie before betwixt London and Brainford, sounding highlie to the King's dishonor. And for further proofe thereof, he presented a supplication to the King, *wherein he appealed the duke of Norfolke in field of batell, for a traitor, false and disloiall to the King, and enimie unto the realme.* This supplication was red before both the dukes in presence of the King: which doone, the duke of Norfolke toke upon him to answer it, declaring that whatsoever the duke of Hereford had said against him other than well, he lied falselie like an untrue knight as he was. And when the King asked of the duke of Hereford what he said to it, he taking his hood off his head, said; My sovereigne lord, even as the supplication which I tooke you importeth, right so I saie for truth, that Thomas Mowbraie duke of Norfolke is a traitour, false and disloiall to your roiall maiestie, your crowne and to all the states of your realme.

"Then the duke of Norfolke being asked what he said to this, he answered: 'Right deere lord, with your fauour that I make answer unto your cousine here, I saie (your reverence saved) that Henrie of Lancaster duke of

Hereford, like a false and disloiall traitor as he is, dooth lie, in that he hath or shall say of me otherwise than well.' No more, said the King, we have heard enough; and herewith commanded the duke of Surrie for that turne Marshall of England, to arrest in his name the two dukes: the duke of Lancaster, father to the duke of Hereford, the duke of Yorke, the duke of Aumerle constable of England: and the duke of Surrie, Marshall of the realme, *undertooke as pledges bodie for bodie for the duke of Hereford;* but the duke of Northfolke was not suffered to put in pledges, and so under arrest was led into Windsor castell; and there garded with keepers that were appointed to see him safelie kept."—HOLINSHED, under the year 1398.

(3) SCENE I.—*Since last I went to France to fetch his queen.*] "The Duke of Norfolk was joined in commission with Edward, Earl of Rutland, (the Aumerle of this play,) to go to France in the year 1395, in the King's name, to demand in marriage (Isabel, the queen of our present drama) the eldest daughter of Charles the Sixth, then between seven and eight years of age. The contract of marriage was confirmed by the French King in March, 1396; and in November, 1396, Richard was married to his young consort in the chapel of St. Nicholas, in Calais, by Arundel, Archbishop of Canterbury. His first wife, Anne, daughter to the Emperor of Germany, Charles the Fourth, whom he had married in 1382, died at Shene, on Whitsunday, 1394. His marriage with Isabella, as is manifest from her age, was merely political; and, accordingly it was accompanied with an agreement for a truce between France and England, for thirty years."—MALONE.

(4) SCENE II.—*But empty lodgings and unfurnish'd walls.*] In old castles, the walls of the chambers were covered during the residence of the family with tapestry or arras hung upon tenter hooks, but these hangings were taken down at every removal, and the walls then left quite bare. One department of the king's wardrobe, indeed, was called the "Removing Wardrobe," which consisted principally of the arras that was to be hung up against the naked walls of the king's bedchamber, &c. See Dr. Percy's preface to the Household Book of the fifth Earl of Northumberland.

(5) SCENE III.—

On pain of death, no person be so bold,
Or daring-hardy, as to touch the lists.]

In the Chorus before the commencement of King Henry V., Shakespeare eloquently expresses the impossibility of representing the great events of the play within the narrow limits of his theatre:—

"————Can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram
Within this wooden O, the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt?"

The poet, however, did not regard himself as being in any such difficulty, when he directed the present scene to consist of "Lists set out, and a throne," for the Trial by Battle between the Dukes of Norfolk and Hereford, on a charge of treason against the former. "The place where the lists were appointed," says Sir William Segar, "was ever upon plaine and drie ground, without ridges, hilles, or other impediments;" and in the present instance they were made on Gosford-green, near Coventry. Such enclosures appear to have received their name originally from the list, or border of cloth covering the rails that staked out the ground. Their established dimensions were sixty paces in length by forty in breadth; and, as those proportions would very far exceed the extent of any stage in Shakespeare's time, we may conceive that whenever this play was performed, the lists, the king's throne, and the champions, very much resembled those in an illumination of the time of Richard II. engraved in Strutt's *Regal and Ecclesiastical Antiquities*, Plate lviii. It represents two figures in complete armour fighting, within a very small octagonal enclosure formed of high posts and rails, on one side of which the king sits on an elevated throne, in his robes, and with his crown and sceptre. Below the king, and close to the lists, are the constable and marshal leaning on the rails and watching the combat.

Shakespeare has twice introduced the ceremonies of the Trial by Battle in his dramas: in the present instance, as taking place between two noblemen of the highest rank, and in the Second Part of Henry VI. between two persons of the lowest degree. In both cases, however, the parties were equals to each other, and both the accusations were for treason, which was always one of the great causes for which combats might be allowed. As each of these trials had ceremonies proper to itself, those relating to the present play only will be considered in this place; and as the text exactly follows "the order of combats for life in England, as they are anciently recorded in the Office of Arms," the reader may probably be interested and amused by a short heraldical commentary on the opening of this scene.

The action commences with Thomas Holland, Duke of Surrey, who officiated on the occasion as Earl Marshal, and Edward Plantagenet, second Duke of Aumerle,—who performed the office of High Constable,—waiting for the arrival of the king. Richard then enters and takes his seat on the throne, for, "on the day of battell," says Segar, "the king used to sit on a high seat or scaffold purposely made, at the foote whereof was another seat for the Constable and Marshall." Richard then orders the Earl Marshal to make the usual enquiries of the Duke of Norfolk, who enters in armour, and some of these speeches are so exceedingly close to the words of the record in the College of Arms, as to make it quite possible that Shakespeare had seen a copy of it. "The challenger did commonly come to the east gate of the lists," continues this ancient document, "and brought with him such armours as were appointed by the Court, and wherewith he was determined to fight. Being at the gate, there he stayed until such time as the Constable and Marshall arose from their seate and went thither. They being come to the said gate of the lists, and beholding the Challenger there, the Constable said, "For what cause art thou come hither thus armed, and what is thy name?" Unto whom the Challenger answered thus: "My name is A. B., and I am hither come armed and mounted to perform my challenge against C. D. and acquit my pledges." It is to be remarked, however, that Shakespeare has departed equally from history and the established practice of combats, in bringing in the Duke of Norfolk, who was the defendant, before the Duke of Hereford, the appellant. "The appellant," says Favine, "ought to present himself first in the field, and before mid-day." Mowbray then "takes his seat," which, as the respondent's, was placed on the king's left hand; and Holinshed says that it was of crimson velvet, curtained about with white and red damask, the livery-colours of his family. Bolingbroke enters next, and the same ceremony is repeated of enquiring his name, and the cause of his coming thither in arms. After his reply, the Marshal makes proclamation that none shall touch the lists: but Holinshed states that this was done by a king of arms, and Segar says that the herald pronounced the order by command of the Constable and Marshal at the four corners of the lists.

The next ceremony represented in the play and mentioned by Holinshed, is the delivery of their spears to the combatants, and the sounding of the charge for commencing the battle. But in the official order of such a proceeding, the contending parties had previously to take three oaths before the Constable and Marshal, the king or judge of the fight, and a priest who attended in the middle of the lists with an altar, having on it a crucifix and a copy of the Gospels. The first oath maintained the truth of the contents of the bills given in by the two parties, affirming and denying the charge in question. The second oath was that they had not brought into the lists any other armour or weapons than such as were allowed; nor any unlawful instrument, or charm, or enchantment, for their defence. The third oath was rather a promise in reply to a solemn admonition of the Marshal, that each of the combatants should exert his utmost endeavours to prove by strength

and valour the truth of his own cause. Both in France and England about the year 1306 these oaths were appointed to be taken with many imposing ceremonies; after which the lists were cleared by the proclamation of the herald, who also cried out three several times, "Gentlemen, do your devoire." At this signal the combatants mounted, and the Marshal having viewed their spears, to see that they were of equal length, delivered one lance himself to the duke of Hereford, as in the play, and sent the other to the duke of Norfolk by a knight. The last proclamations given in the text, are those of two heralds describing the respective champions; which ended, the Marshal and Constable were to withdraw to their places by the throne, and the former cried out with a loud voice, "Let them go! let them go! let them go! and do their best."

"The duke of Hereford," says Holinshed, "was quicklie horsed and closed his beaver, and cast his speare into the rest; and when the trumpet sounded set forward courageouslie towards his enemie six or seven paces. The duke of Norfolke was not so fullie set forward, when the king cast downe his warder, and the heralds cried 'Ho! Ho!'" This peculiar manner of exercising the sovereign privilege of arresting a Trial by Battle, is illustrated in the ensuing note. The king had the power of taking the quarrel into his own hands, even after the combat had begun, and of making peace between the parties without longer fight. "Then," continues the old ceremonial, "did the Constable lead the one, and the Marshall the other out of the listes at severall gates, armed and mounted as they were, having speciall regard that neither of them should goe the one before the other. For the quarrell resting in the king's hands, might not be renued, nor any violence offered, without prejudice to the king's honour." If the sovereign commanded that the combatants should be parted immediately after he had cast down his warder, two knights and four esquires who were in the lists, in attendance on the Marshall and Constable, were to cross the headless lances which they carried between the contending parties. The cry of the heralds, "Ho! Ho!" for stopping the combat seems to have been very familiar in the time of Elizabeth, for in Robert Laneham's Letter describing the Queen's entertainment at Kenilworth in 1575, the expression is introduced in a manner that is scarcely intelligible.—"Here was no 'Ho,' Master Marten, in devout drinking alway, that brought a lack unlooked for."

The only other ceremony mentioned in this part of the drama requiring illustration, is the command of Richard—

> "Let them lay by their helmets and their spears,
> And both return back to their chairs again,—
> Withdraw with us; and let the trumpets sound,
> While we return these dukes what we decree."

The stage-direction is "a long flourish," by which Shakespeare ingeniously disposed of the two long hours noticed by Holinshed, that passed whilst the combatants remained in their chairs, and "the king and his council deliberately consulted what order was best to be had in so weighty a cause."

(6) SCENE III.—*Stay, the king hath thrown his warder down.*] The ceremony referred to in this passage, is noticed by Favine, in 1620, as being one of those "held and observed in these fields of battaile—forgotten or let sleepe in silence, but to be the better knowne in these times because then they were in full execution." He then proceeds to instance the giving to the King by "the constable or marshall that carrieth command in the field of battaile, a rod, or wand, or warder, *guilded:* which, like to the caduceus of Mercury, being cast in the midst betweene the combattants causeth them to sunder each from other."

In his description of the proceedings connected with the appointed combat between the dukes of Hereford and Mowbray, the poet has closely followed the chronicler.

"The duke of Aumerle, that daie being high constable of England, and the Duke of Surrie, marshall, placed themselves betwixt them, well armed and appointed; and when they saw their time, they first entered into the listes with a great companie of men apparelled in silke sendall, imbrodered with silver, both richlie and curiouslie, everie man having a tipped staffe to keepe the field in order. About the houre of prime came to the barriers of the listes the duke of Herford, mounted on a white courser, barded with greene and blue velvet, imbrodered sumptuouslie with swans and antelops of goldsmiths woorke armed at all points. The constable and marshall came to the barriers, demanding of him what he was,—he answered; I am Henrie of Lancaster duke of Hereford, which am come hither to do mine indevour against Thomas Mowbraie duke of Norfolke, as a traitor untrue to God, the king, his realme, and me. Then, incontinentlie, he sware upon the holie evangelists that his quarrell was true and iust, and upon that point he required to enter the lists. Then he put up his sword, which before he held naked in his hand, and putting downe his visor, made a crosse on his horsse, and with speare in hand, entered into the lists, and descended from his horsse, and set him downe in a chaire of greene velvet, at the one end of the lists, and there reposed himselfe, abiding the comming of his adversarie.

"Soone after him, entered into the field with great triumph king Richard accompanied with all the peeres of the realme, and in his companie was the earle of saint Paule, which was come out of France in post to see this challenge performed. The king had there above ten thousand men in armour, least some fraie or tumult might rise amongst his nobles by quarrelling or partaking. When the king was set in his seat, which was richlie hanged and adorned, a king at arms made open proclamation, prohibiting all men in the name of the king, and of the high constable and marshall, to enterprise or attempt to approch or touch any part of the lists upon paine of death, except such as were appointed to order or marshall the field. The proclamation ended, an other herald cried; Behold here Henrie of Lancaster duke of Hereford appellant, which is entred into the lists roiall to do his devoir against Thomas Mowbraie duke of Norfolke defendant, upon paine to be found false and recreant.

"The duke of Norfolke hovered on horssebacke at the entrie of the lists, his horsse being barded with crimosen velvet, imbrodered richlie with lions of silver and mulberie trees; and when he had made his oth before the constable and marshall that his quarrell was iust and true, he entred the field manfullie saieng alowd; God aid him that hath the right, and then he departed from his horsse, and sate him downe in his chaire, which was of crimosen velvet, courtined about with white and red damaske. The lord marshall viewed their speares to see that they were of equal length, and delivered the one speare himselfe to the duke of Hereford, and sent the other unto the duke of Norfolke by a knight. Then the herald proclamed that the traverses and chaires of the champions should be remooved, commanding them on the kings behalfe to mount on horssebacke, and addresse themselves to the battell and combat.

"The duke of Hereford was quicklie horssed, and closed his bavier, and cast his speare into the rest, and when the trumpet sounded set forward couragiouslie towards his enimie six or seven pases. The duke of Norfolke was not fullie set forward, when the king cast downe his warder, and the heralds cried, Ho, ho. Then the king caused their speares to be taken from them, and commanded them to repaire againe to their chaires, where they remained two long houres, while the king and his councell deliberatlie consulted what order was best to be had in so weightie a cause.

"Finallie, after they had devised, and fullie determined what should be done therein, the heralds cried silence; and sir John Bushie the kings secretarie read the sentence and determination of the king and his councell, in a long roll, the effect wherof was, that Henry duke of Hereford should within fifteene daies depart out of the realme, and not to returne before the terme of ten yeares were expired, except by the king he should be repealed againe, and this upon paine of death; and that Thomas Mowbraie duke of Norfolke, bicause he had sowen sedition in the relme by his words, should likewise avoid the realme, and never to return againe into England, nor approch the borders or confines thereof upon paine of death."—HOLINSHED, 1398.

(7) SCENE III.—*Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands.*] That is, Place your hands on the cross-hilt of this sword, and swear by all your hopes in that sign of common salvation

"To keep the oath that we administer."

There are two instances in Shakespeare's plays of the very ancient ceremony of Swearing by or on the Sword: the present, which shows the Christian practice, and that in the first act of "Hamlet," which may be properly regarded as belonging to the old customs of Denmark and the northern nations, in their pagan state. The last example will be most appropriately considered in its own place; and therefore the following remarks refer solely to the passage cited above.

The rudiments, as it were, of the modern cross-guard to a sword-handle, were very commonly to be found both in the *Xiphos* of the Greeks, and the *Gladius* of the Romans; and it is probable that this improvement of the weapon was first introduced into Britain by the latter nation; for in the most ancient swords of the British and Irish, where they have been found with the remains of handles and scabbards, there was not space enough for any cross-guard. As this Christian characteristic, however, existed on the Anglo-Saxon weapons before the mission of Augustine, it is possible that he preserved this relique of paganism and converted it into a Christian symbol, in conformity with the prudent counsel of Gregory the Great. He would eagerly adopt the cruciform figure of the weapon, as being especially fitted to make a deep and constant impression on a soldier; and even the pagan practice of swearing "by the edge of a sword," he purified into a solemn oath, to be taken on the cross of the handle; which would thus become a military substitute for the same sign on the cover of a copy of the Gospels If these conjectures be true, a careful distinction should be made by the actors of "Hamlet" and "Richard II." in the manner in which they present the swords to the parties who are to swear; to mark the difference between the pagan and the Christian ceremonies. In "Hamlet," the oath is by the "edge" of the weapon, according to the old northern form: and the Prince should therefore hold the sword, and Horatio and Marcellus should place their hands on the blade. Retzsch, in his outline of this scene, has represented the characters in these positions; though he has also compromised the act by making the soldiers who are swearing, touch a cross engraved on the blade of the sword close to the handle. In the present play, Richard should hold the sword itself sheathed, and the two dukes should lay their hands on the cross-handle.

In the swords of the Norman period, and the later middle age, the transverse-guard was gradually increased in size, and the centre cross made more important and ornamental; and the badge of the Order of St. James, instituted in A.D. 1158, exhibits a very remarkable example of the close identity between a cross and a sword. The emblem seems to have been universally adopted throughout civilized Europe; and to have been regarded as sacred, down, perhaps, to the commencement of the 17th century. In a note furnished by Steevens, in illustration of the passage in 'Hamlet,' there is a copy of 'the oath taken by a Master of Defence when his degree was conferred on him,' derived from a manuscript in the Sloanian collection, which gives the following old form of a protestation on the sword, but as it had been retained down to the year 1583: 'First you shall sweare—so help you God and Halidome, and by all the christendome which God gave you at the fount-stone, and *by the crosse of this sword, which doth represent unto you the Crosse which our Saviour suffered his most paynefull deathe upon,*—that you shall upholde, maynteyne, and kepe, to your power, all soch articles as shall be heare declared unto you, and receve in the presence of me, your maister, and these the rest of the maisters my brethren, heare with me at this tyme.'"

(8.) SCENE IV.—

——— *If that come short,*
Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters.]

Of the numerous schemes devised by Richard to replenish his exchequer and to oppress obnoxious subjects, none, except the abominable poll-tax, excited such general indignation as the compelling all classes to sign or seal *blank* bonds which the king's officers filled up according to his exigencies or pleasure. Stow records that some of the Commons were mulcted to the extent of a thousand marks, and some were even made to pay as much as a thousand pounds by these intolerable means. But a day of retribution came, and when Bolingbroke, surrounded by the magnates of the church, the greater part of the nobility, and multitudes of the people, appeared at Westminster a claimant for the throne, the "blank charters" were not forgotten:—

"An hundreth thousande cryed all at ones,
At Westmynster to croune hym for kyng,
So hated they king Richard for the nones,
For his mysrule and wrong gouernyng,
For taxes and for *blank charters* sealyng,
For murder of duke Thomas of Woodstoke,
That loved was well more than all the floke."—
HARDYNG'S *Chronicle, chap.* 197.

ACT II.

(1) SCENE I.—*The Duke of York.*] Edmund Duke of York, was the fifth of the seven sons of Edward the Third. He was born in 1441, at Langley, near St. Alban's, in Hertfordshire, and thence derived his surname. From the graphic description given of him by Hardyng the Chronicler, who was a contemporary, he appears to have been of an easy, amiable disposition, and too much devoted to sports and pleasure, to take a willing part in the turbulent transactions of the period in which he lived:—

"Whān all lordes went to counsels and parlement,
He wolde to huntes and also to haukynge,
All gentilnes disporte that myrth appent
He used aie and to the poore supportynge
Wher euer he wase in any place bidynge
Without supprise or any extorcioñ
Of the poraile or any oppressioñ.
* * * * * *
The Kynge thān made the Duke of York be name,
Maister of the Mewehouse and of haukes feire
Of his venerie and maister of his game,
In whatt cuntraie that he dide repeire
Whiche wase to hym withoute any dispeire
Well more comforte and a gretter gladenes
Thān beeñ a lorde of worldely grete riches."—
HARL. MS. 661.

(2.) SCENE I.—

If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's right,
Call in the letters-patents that he hath
By his attorneys-general to sue
His livery.]

"The duke of Lancaster departed out of this life at the bishop of Elies place in Holborne, and lieth buryed in the cathedral churche of saint Paule in London, on the north-

side of the high altar, by the die Blanch his first wife. The death of this duke gave occasion of encreasing more hatred in the people of this realme toward the king, for he seased into his handes all the goods that belonged to hym, and also receyved all the rents and revenues of his landes which ought to have descended unto the duke of Hereforde by lawfull inheritaunce, in revoking his letters patents, which he had graunted to him before, by vertue wherof, he might make his attorneis general to *sue livery for hym*, of any maner of inheritaunces or possessions that myghte from thenceforthe fall unto hym, and that hys homage myghte bee respited, wyth making reasonable fine: whereby it was evident, that the king ment his utter undooing.

"Thys harde dealing was much mysliked of all the nobilitie, and cried out against, of the meaner sorte: But namely the Duke of Yorke was therewyth sore amoved, who before this time, had borne things with so pacient a minde as he could, though the same touched him very near, as the death of his brother the duke of Gloucester, the banishment of hys nephewe the said duke of Hereford, and other mo iniuries in greate number, which for the slipperie youth of the king, he passed over for the time, and did forget as well as he might."—HOLINSHED, 1399.

(3) SCENE I.—

With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And shortly mean to touch our northern shore.]

"There were certeine ships rigged, and made readie for him [the duke of Lancaster] at a place in base Britaine, called Le portblanc, as we find in the chronicles of Britaine: and when all his provision was made readie, he took the sea, togither with the said archbishop of Canturburie and his nephue Thomas Arundell, sonne and heire to the late earle of Arundell, beheaded at the Tower-hill, as you have heard. There were also with him, Reginald, lord Cobham, sir Thomas Erpingham, and sir Thomas Ramston, knights, John Norburie, Robert Waterton, and Francis Coint, esquires; few else were there, for (as some write) he had not past fifteene lances, as they tearmed them in those dales, that is to saie, men of armes, furnished and appointed as the vse then was. Yet other write that the duke of Britaine delivered unto him three thousand men of warre, to attend him, and that he had eight ships well furnished for the warre where Froissard yet speaketh but of three. * * * The duke of Lancaster, after that he had coasted along the shore a certeine time, and had got some intelligence how the people's minds were affected towards him, landed about the beginning of Julie in Yorkshire, at a place sometime called Ravenspur, betwixt Hull and Bridlington, and with him not past threescore persons, as some write: but he was so ioifullie received of the lords, knights, and gentlemen of those parts, that he found means (by their helpe) forthwith to assemble a great number of people, that were willing to take his part. The first that came to him, were the lords of Lincolneshire, and other countries adioining, as the lords Willoughbie, Ros, Darcie, and Beaumont."—HOLINSHED, 1399.

(4) SCENE II.—

Like perspectives, which, rightly gaz'd upon,
Show nothing but confusion,—ey'd awry,
Distinguish form.]

Authorities are at variance as to what these "perspectives" were. Warburton describes them as an optical delusion, consisting of a figure drawn with all the rules of *perspective inverted*: so that, when held in the same position with those pictures which are drawn in accordance with the principles of perspective, it can present nothing but confusion: while to be seen in form, it must be looked upon from a contrary station; or, as Shakespeare says, *ey'd awry*.

Dr. Plot, on the other hand, in his "Natural History of Staffordshire," fol. Oxford, 1686, p. 391, gives the following account of some perspectives he had seen at Lord Gerard's house:—

"At the right Honorable the Lord *Gerards* at *Gerards Bromley*, there are the pictures of *Henry* the great of *France* and his *Queen*, both upon the same *indented board*, which if beheld *directly*, you only perceive a confused piece of work; but if *obliquely*, of one side you see the king's and on the other the queen's picture, which I am told (and not unlikely), were made thus. The *board* being *indented* according to the magnitude of the *Pictures*, the *prints* or *paintings* were cut into *parallel pieces*, equal to the depth and number of the indentures on the board; which being nicely done, the *parallel pieces* of the *king's* picture, were pasted on the *flatts* that strike the eye beholding it *obliquely*, on one side of the *board*; and those of the *queens* on the other; so that the edges of the *parallel pieces* of the prints or paintings exactly joyning on the edges of the *indentures*, the *work* was done."

(5) SCENE IV.—

——— We have stay'd ten days,
And hardly kept our countrymen together,
And yet we hear no tidings from the king;
Therefore we will disperse ourselves: farewell.]

"It fortuned at the same time, in which the Duke of Hereford or Lancaster, whether ye list to call him, arrived thus in England, the seas were so troubled by tempests, and the winds blew so contrarie for anie passage, to come over forth of England to the king, remaining still in Ireland, that for the space of six weeks, he received no advertisements from thence: yet at length, when the seas became calme, and the wind once turned aniething favourable, there came over a ship, whereby the king understood the manner of the duke's arrivall, and all his proceedings till that daie, in which the ship departed from the coast of England, whereupon he meant forthwith to have returned over into England, to make resistance against the duke; but through persuasion of the duke of Aumarle (as was thought) he staied till he might have all his ships and other provision, fullie readie for his passage.

"In the meane time he sent the earle of Salisburie over into England, to gather a power togither, by helpe of the king's freends in Wales and Cheshire, with all speed possible, that they might be readie to assist him against the duke upon his arrivall, for he meant himself to follow the earle, within six daies after. The earl passing over into Wales, landed at Conwaie, and sent foorth letters to the kings freends, both in Wales and Cheshire, to leauie their people, and to come with all speed to assist the king, whose request, with great desire, and very willing minds they fulfilled, hoping to have found the king himselfe at Conwaie, insomuch that within four daies space there were to the number of fortie thousand men assembled, readie to march with the king against his enimies, if he had beene there himselfe in person.

"But when they missed the king, there was a brute spred amongst them, that the king was suerlie dead, which wrought such an impression, and evill disposition in the minds of the Welshmen and others, that for anie persuasion which the earle of Salisburie might vse, they would not go foorth with him, till they saw the king; onelie they were contented to staie foureteene daies to see if he should come or not; but when he came not within that tearme, they would no longer abide, but scaled and departed awaie; wheras, if the king had come before their breaking up, no doubt but they would have put the duke of Hereford in adventure of a field: so that the king's lingering of time before his comming over, gave opportunitie to the duke to bring things to passe as he could haue wished, and tooke from the king all occasion to recover afterwards anie forces sufficient to resist him."

Holinshed, from whom the foregoing extract is taken, agrees here in the main with the other historians; but the most entertaining and circumstantial narrative of all the events connected with Richard's sojourn in Ireland, his skirmishes with the Irish chieftain, Macmore, his

reception of the terrible news of Bolingbroke's landing, of the people's insurrection, of his tardy return to England, down to his deposition and death, is contained in a manuscript entitled "Histoire du Roy d'Angleterre Richard, Traictant particulierement la Rebellion de ses subiectz et prinse de sa personne. Composee par un gentlehom'e Francois de Marque, qui fut a la suite du dict Roy, avecq permission du Roy de France, 1399." This metrical history, of which a beautifully illuminated copy is preserved in the library of the British Museum, has been ably translated by the Rev. John Webb, and published in vol. xx. of the "Archæologia." From this invaluable contribution to English history, we are tempted to extract the author's account, as witnessed by himself, of the dispersion of the Welsh army:—

"He [the king] sent for the earl of Salisbury, saying, 'Cousin, you must go to England and resist this mad enterprise of the duke, and let his people be put to death, or taken prisoners; and learn too, how and by what means he hath thus troubled my land, and set it against me.' The earl said, 'Sir, upon mine honour I will perform it in such manner, that in a short time you shall hear of this disturbance, or I will suffer the penalty of death.' 'Fair cousin, I know it well,' said the king, 'and will myself set forward to pass over as speedily as I may, for never shall I have comfort or repose so long as the false traitor, who hath now played me such a trick, shall be alive. If I can but get him in my power, I will cause him to be put to death in such a manner that it shall be spoken of long enough, even in Turkey.' The earl caused his people and vessels to be made ready for immediate departure, gravely took leave of the king, and entreated him to proceed with all possible haste. The king, upon his advice, promised him, happen what might, that he would put to sea within six days. At that time the earl, who had great desire to set out in defence of the right of king Richard, had earnestly prayed me to go over with him, for the sake of merriment and song, and thereto I heartily agreed. My companion and myself went over the sea with him. Now it came to pass that the earl landed at Conway. I assure you, it was the strongest and fairest town in Wales.

"There we were told of the enterprise of the duke; a more cruel one shall, I think, never be spoken of in any land. For they told us, that he had already conquered the greater part of England, and taken towns and castles; that he had displaced officers, and everywhere set up a different establishment in his own name; that he had put to death, without mercy, as a sovereign lord, all those whom he held in displeasure.

"When the earl heard these doleful tidings, it was no wonder that he was alarmed, for the duke had gained over the greater part of the nobles of England, and we were assured that there were full sixty thousand men ready for war. The earl then quickly sent his summons, throughout Wales and Chester, that all gentlemen, archers, and other persons, should come to him without delay, upon pain of death, to take part with King Richard who loved them. This they were very desirous to do, thinking of a truth that the king had arrived at Conway: I am certain that forty thousand were trained and mustered in the field within four days, every one eager to fight with all who wished ill to the ever preux and valiant King Richard. Then the earl, who endured great pain and trouble, went to them all, and declared to them with a solemn oath, that before three days were ended, he would so straiten the duke and his people, that for this time they should advance no farther to waste the land. Soon after, he found the whole of his friends assembled together in the field; he spake to them well-advisedly, 'My good gentlemen, let us all make haste to avenge King Richard in his absence, that he may be satisfied with us for the time to come: for mine own part I purpose neither to stop nor to take rest, till such time as I shall have made my attempt upon those who are so traitorous and cruel towards him. Let us go hence, and march directly towards them. God will help us, if we are diligent in assaulting them; for, according to our law, it is the duty of every one in many cases to support the right until death.'

"When the Welshmen understood that the king was not there, they were all sorrowful, murmuring to one another in great companies, full of alarm, thinking that the king was dead of grief, and dreading the horrible and great severity of the Duke of Lancaster and his people. They were not well satisfied with the earl, saying, 'Sir, be assured that for the present we will advance no farther, since the king is not here; and do you know wherefore? Behold the duke is subduing everything to himself, which is a great terror and trouble to us; for indeed we think that the king is dead, since he is not arrived with you at the port; were he here, right or wrong, each of us would be eager to assail his enemies. But now we will not go with you.' The earl at this was so wroth at heart, that he had almost gone out of his senses with vexation; he shed tears. It was a great pity to see how he was treated. 'Alas!' said he, 'what shame befalleth me this day! O death, come unto me without delay; put an end to me; I loath my destiny. Alas! now will the king suppose that I have devised treason.'

"While thus he mourned, he said, 'My comrades, as you hope for mercy, come with me, I beseech you; so shall we be champions for King Richard, who within four days and a half will be here; for he told me when I quitted Ireland, that he would upon his life embark before the week was ended. Sirs, I pray you let us hasten to depart.' It availed nothing; they stood all mournfully, like men afraid; a great part of them were disposed to betake themselves to the duke, for fear of death. But the earl kept them in the field fourteen days, expecting the coming of King Richard. Many a time said the good earl apart, 'Small portion will you have of England, in my opinion, my rightful lord, since you delay so long. What can this mean? certes, I believe you are betrayed, since I hear no true tidings of you in word or deed. Alas! I see these people are troubled with fear, lest the duke should hem them in. They are but common ignorant people. They will desert me.' So said the good earl to himself in the field; while he was serving with those who in a little time all abandoned him; some went their way straight to the duke, and the rest returned into Wales; so they left the earl encamped with none but his own men, who did not, I think, amount to a hundred. He lamented it greatly, saying, in a sorrowful manner, 'Let us make our retreat, for our enterprise goeth on very badly.'"

(6) Scene IV.—

The bay-trees in our country are all withered.]

"In this year in a manner throughout all the realme of England, old baie trees withered, and afterwards, contrarie to all men's thinking, grew greene againe, a strange sight, and supposed to import some unknown event.—Holinshed, 1399.

This was usually held to be an evil prognostic, for the bay-tree, from very early ages, was believed to exercise a powerfully beneficial influence upon the place where it flourished:—"Neyther falling sycknes, neyther devyll, wyl infest or hurt one in that place whereas a *Bay-tree* is. The Romaynes calles it the plant of the good angell," &c. —Lupton's *Syxt Booke of Notable Thinges.*

ACT III.

(1) SCENE II.—*Mine ear is open, &c.*] "It seems to be the design of the poet to raise Richard to esteem in his fall, and consequently to interest the reader in his favour. He gives him only passive fortitude,—the virtue of a confessor, rather than of a king. In his prosperity we saw him imperious and oppressive; but in his distress he is wise, patient, and pious."—JOHNSON.

(2) SCENE II.—

> ——— *For within the hollow crown*
> *That rounds the mortal temples of a king,*
> *Keeps Death his court; and there the antic sits,*
> *Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp.*]

"Some part of this fine description might have been suggested from the seventh print in the *Imagines Mortis*, a celebrated series of wooden cuts which have been improperly attributed to Holbein. It is probable that Shakespeare might have seen some spurious edition of this work; for the great scarcity of the original in this country in former times is apparent, when Hollar could not procure the use of it for his *copy* of the Dance of Death."—DOUCE. An admirable modern illustration of this noble passage, may be seen in J. H. Mortimer's etching of Richard II. in a series of twelve characteristic heads from Shakespeare.

(3) SCENE III.—*Then I must not say, no.*] The interview between King Richard and Bolingbroke, at Flint, is thus narrated by the author of the French Metrical History, who was an eye witness of all that passed.

"The Duke entered the castle armed at all points, except his basinet. Then they made the king, who had dined in the donjon, come down to meet Duke Henry, who, as soon as he perceived him at a distance, bowed very low to the ground; and as they approached each other, he bowed a second time, with his cap in his hand; and then the king took off his bonnet, and spake first in this manner: 'Fair cousin of Lancaster, you be right welcome.' Then Duke Henry replied, bowing very low to the ground, 'My Lord, I am come sooner than you sent for me: the reason wherefore I will tell you. The common report of your people is such, that you have, for the space of twenty or two and twenty years, governed them very badly and very rigorously, and in so much that they are not well contented therewith. But if it please our Lord, I will help you to govern them better than they have been governed in time past.' King Richard then answered him, 'Fair cousin, since it pleaseth you, it pleaseth us well.' And be assured that these are the very words that they two spake together, without taking away or adding anything: for I heard and understood them very well. And the earl of Salisbury also rehearsed them to me in French, and another aged knight who was one of the council of Duke Henry. He told me as we rode to Chester, that Merlin and Bede had, from the time in which they lived, prophesied of the taking and ruin of the king, and that if I were in his castle he would show it me in form and manner as I had seen it come to pass. * * * * * Thus, as you have heard, came Duke Henry to the castle and spake unto the king, to the Bishop of Carlisle, and the two knights, Sir Stephen Scroope and Ferriby; howbeit unto the earl of Salisbury he spake not at all, but sent word to him by a knight in this manner, 'Earl of Salisbury, be assured that no more than you deigned to speak to my lord the duke of Lancaster, when he and you were in Paris at Christmas last past, will he speak unto you.' Then was the earl much abashed, and had great fear and dread at heart, for he saw plainly that the duke mortally hated him: The said Duke Henry called aloud with a stern and savage voice, 'Bring out the king's horses;' and then they brought him two little horses that were not worth forty franks: the king mounted one, and the earl of Salisbury the other. Everyone got on horseback, and we set out from the said castle of Flint about two hours after mid-day."

ACT IV.

(1) SCENE I.—

> *Lest child, child's children, cry against you—woe!*]

In the Bishop's bold and animated defence of the rights of kings, Shakespeare followed his favourite historical authority, Holinshed:—

"On Wednesdaie following, request was made by the commons, that sith King Richard had resigned, and was lawfullie deposed from his roiall dignitie, he might have judgement decreed against him, so as the realme were not troubled by him, and that the causes of his deposing might be published through the realme for satisfying of the people: which demand was granted. Whereupon the Bishop of Carleill, a man both learned, wise, and stout of stomach, boldlie shewed forth his opinion concerning that demand; affirming that there was none amongst them worthie or meet to give judgement upon so noble a prince as Richard was, whom they had taken for their sovereigne and liege lord, by the space of two and twentie yeares and more; And I assure you (said he) there is not so ranke a traitor, nor so errant a theef, nor yetso cruel a murthere apprehended or deteined in prison for his offense, but he shall be brought before the iustice to heare his iudgement; and will ye proceed to the iudgement of an anointed king, hearing neither his answer nor excuse? I say, that the duke of Lancaster whom ye call king, hath more trespassed to king Richard and his realme, than king Richard hath doone either to him or us: for it is manifest and well knowne, that the duke was banished the realme by king Richard and his councell, and by the iudgement of his own father, for the space of ten yeares, for what cause ye know, and yet without license of king Richard, he is returned againe into the realme, and (that is worse) hath taken upon him the name, title, and preheminence of king. And therfore I say, that you have doone manifest wrong, to proceed in anie thing against King Richard, without calling

him openlie to his answer and defense. As soone as the bishop had ended this tale, he was attached by the Earle-Marshall, and committed to ward in the abbeie of saint Albons."—HOLINSHED, 1399.

(2) SCENE I.—

On Wednesday next, we solemnly set down
Our coronation: lords, prepare yourselves.]

The following is the description of the proceedings at Westminster on the occasion of Richard's deposition; from the "Metrical History:"—

"First sat Duke Henry, and next to him the Duke of York, his fair cousin, whose heart was not right faithful towards his nephew, King Richard. After him, on the same side, sat the Duke of Aumarle, the son of the Duke of York; and then the Duke of Surrey, who was ever loyal and true. After him sat the Duke of Exeter, who had no reason to rejoice, for he saw before him preparation made for the ruin of the king, his brother. Early and late this was the wish of them all. Then came another on that side, who was called the Marquess,* lord of a great country. And next the Earl of Arundel, who is right young and active. The Earl of Norvic† next, was not forgotten in the account, neither he of La Marche.‡ There was one who was Earl of Stamford,§ and never could agree with his lord, King Richard; on this side also sat one whom I heard called Earl of Pembroke,‖ and a baron. And close to him was seated the Earl of Salisbury, who so faithfully loved the king that he was loyal to the last. The Earl of Devonshire was there, as I heard. All other earls and lords, the greatest in the kingdom, were present at this assembly, their desire and intention being to choose another king. There, in fair fashion, stood the Earl of Northumberland and the Earl of Westmoreland, the whole of the day, and for the better discharge of their duty, they kneeled very often: wherefore, or how it was, I cannot tell.

"The archbishop of Canterbury next arose, and preached before all the people in Latin. The whole of his sermon was upon this, 'Habuit Jacob benedictionem a patre suo:'—'How Jacob had gotten the blessing instead of Esau, although he were the eldest son.' This he set forth as true. Alas, what a text for a sermon! He made it to prove, in conclusion, that King Richard ought to have no part in the Crown of England, and that the prince ought to have had the realm and territory. These were very ungrateful people; after they had all held him to be rightful king and lord for two-and-twenty years, by a great error they ruined him with one accord.

"When the archbishop had finished his sermon in the Latin language, a lawyer, who was a most sage doctor, and also a notary, arose and commanded silence. For he began to read aloud an instrument which contained how Richard, some time King of England, had avowed and confessed, of his own will, without compulsion, that he was neither capable nor worthy, wise nor prudent, nor gentle enough to bear the crown; and that it was his wish to resign it into the hand of another worthy man of noble birth and greater wisdom than himself. Thus right or wrong, they by agreement caused King Richard to make a declaration in the Tower of London, in a most wicked manner; and then in this parliament read the instrument before all. Its witnesses were bishops and abbots, who affirmed and testified that the instrument was entirely true. Now consider this testimony: never was such an outrage heard of.

"When the reading of the instrument was ended, all kept silence, and the archbishop then rose and took up anew his discourse, laying his foundation upon the instrument aforesaid, and speaking so loud, that he was plainly heard of the people. 'Forasmuch as it is thus, and that Richard, sometime King of England, hath by his words and of his own goodwill acknowledged and confessed that he is not sufficiently able, worthy, or well skilled to govern the kingdom, it were right good to advise and chuse another king.' Alas! fair sirs, what an evil deed! There were they, judge, and party accusing. It was not a thing justly divided nor of legal right; because there was no man in that place for the old king, save three or four who durst upon no account gainsay them. All that they said or did was the greatest mockery; for, great and small, they all agreed, without any dividing, that they would have a king who better knew how to discharge his duty than Richard had done. And when the archbishop had completely made an end in the English language of declaring his will and his evil intention, and the people had replied according to that which they had heard, he began to interrogate and question each man by himself. 'Will you that the duke of York be your king?' All in good order answered 'No.'—'Will you then have his eldest son, who is duke of Aumarle?' They answered aloud, 'Let no one speak to us of him.' Once more again he asked, 'Will you then have his youngest son?' They said, 'Nay, truly.' He asked them concerning many others, but the people stopped at none of those that he had named. And then the archbishop ceased to say much. He next inquired aloud, 'Will you have the duke of Lancaster?' They all at once replied with so loud a voice, that the account which I heard appears marvellous to me, 'Yea, we will have no other.' Then they praised Jesus Christ."

Immediately the ceremony of the deposition of Richard is concluded and the deprived King has departed, Bolingbroke announces the day of his own coronation, the ensuing Wednesday. The real day, however, was Monday, and is so set down in Holinshed; and it is therefore difficult to understand how Shakespeare was led into the mistake, unless it were derived from the old play on this part of English History which has never yet been found.

The Coronation of Henry IV. took place on the Translation of St. Edward the Confessor, Monday, Oct. 13th, 1399, on which occasion the Court of Claims for services was held with great ceremony. It is remarkable as being the first coronation in which the creation of Knights of the Bath is particularly noticed by historians; though there can be no doubt of the practice having prevailed in much earlier times. Forty-six gentlemen, four of whom were Henry's sons, received the Order at the Tower the day before the festival, and watched there the vigil of the Coronation. In this ceremony the new king's policy appears to have been to make the most imposing display of wealth and magnificence possible, as may be seen in the elaborate account of it given by Froissart. There were six thousand horses employed in the cavalcade which attended Henry to Westminster; and the coronation-feast lasted two days, during which nine conduits of wine were kept flowing in Cheapside.

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* John Beaufort, eldest son of John of Gaunt, by Catherine Swinford, created, 20 Rich. II., Marquess of Dorset and Somerset.

† An error of the transcriber; it should, perhaps, be Warwick. There was no Earl of Norwich till the 2d Charles I.

‡ Edmund Mortimer, son of Roger, Earl of March, could not have been more than seven years of age.

§ Query, *Stafford*.

‖ This must be an error, as the last earl had been killed in a tournament at Windsor some years before.

ACT V.

(1) SCENE I.—*You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.*] This is not historically correct; in the prose MSS. concerning the deposition of Richard the Second, preserved in the national library of Paris, there is an extremely interesting and characteristic narrative of an interview which took place between the king and Henry of Lancaster while the former was confined in the Tower. These MSS. record that, when the Dukes of Lancaster and York went to the Tower to see the king, Lancaster desired the Earl of Arundel to send the king to them. When this message was delivered to Richard, he replied, "Tell Henry of Lancaster from me, that I will do no such thing, and that, if he wishes to speak with me, he must come to me." On entering none shewed any respect to the king, except Lancaster, who took off his hat and saluted him respectfully, and said to him; "Here is our cousin, the Duke of Aumarle, and our uncle, the Duke of York, who wish to speak with you;" to which Richard answered, "Cousin, they are not fit to speak to me." "But have the goodness to hear them," replied Lancaster; upon which Richard uttered an oath, and turning to York, "Thou villain, what wouldst thou say to me? and thou, traitor of Rutland, thou art neither good nor worthy enough to speak to me, nor to bear the name of duke, earl, or knight; thou, and the villain thy father have both of you foully betrayed me; in a cursed hour were ye born: by your false counsel was my uncle of Gloucester put to death." The Earl of Rutland replied to the king that, in what he said he lied; and threw down his bonnet at his feet: on which the king said, "I am king, and thy lord; and will still continue king; and will be a greater lord than I ever was, in spite of all my enemies." Upon this Lancaster imposed silence on Rutland. Richard, turning then with a fierce countenance to Lancaster, asked why he was in confinement, and why under a guard of armed men. "Am I your servant or your king? What mean you to do with me?" Lancaster replied, "You are my king and lord, but the council of the realm have ordered that you should be kept in confinement till full decision (*jugement*) in parliament." The king again swore; and desired he might see his wife. "Excuse me," replied the duke, "it is forbidden by the council." Then the king in great wrath walked about the room; and at length broke out into passionate exclamations, and appeals to heaven; called them "false traitors," and offered to fight any four of them; boasted of his father and grandfather, his reign of twenty-two years; and ended by throwing down his bonnet. Lancaster then fell on his knees, and besought him to be quiet till the meeting of parliament, and then every one would bring forward his reason.—*See Notes by the* Rev. JOHN WEBB, *to his Translation of the French Metrical History, &c.; Archæologia*, vol. xx.

(2) SCENE I.—*With all swift speed you must away to France.*] At this period, Isabel in reality was a mere child. Upon the deposition of Richard, the French made a formal demand for the restitution of the Queen and part of her dowry, which by the contract of marriage was to be returned in the event of her becoming a widow before she had completed her twelfth year. The negotiations were delayed from the end of November, 1399, to May 27th, 1401, when the treaty for her return was signed at Leulinghen. The account of her return to France is thus related in the Metrical History. "On Tuesday the twenty-fifth day of July, about (*the hour of*) prime, the queen of the English passed from Dover to Calais, in the year one thousand four hundred and one. I understand she was most grandly attended, for she had in her company some of the greatest ladies of England. When they had landed, Hugueville, who had come over with her, wrote presently of the matter to the ambassadors at Boulogne, how she had made the passage, and that they all purposed to restore her, as they had given him to understand.

"On the following Sunday, being the last day of July, the queen set out from Calais without farther delay, together with the English, who could find no right reason for detaining her longer, so often were they reminded by the French. But they brought her straight to Lolinghehen, whither those who had heard the news of it went to meet her; these were the upright Count of Saint Pol, as every one calls him, and with him the ambassadors of France, who had used great diligence that they might behold her again.

"The queen, indeed, alighted below Lolinghehen at a tent, that the English had handsomely pitched for her in the valley. She was met by the ladies of France, who most heartily desired to see her. Soon after, they set out, it seems, together, and took the queen to the chapel of Lolinghehen; what it is, every one knows who has seen it. And when she had alighted, they made her enter, attended by few persons, except the ambassadors of France and England, who had taken great pains to do this. When they were assembled in the chapel, a knight, who is highly esteemed of the English, Sir Thomas Percy, took up his discourse, saying thus, 'King Henry, King of England, my sovereign lord on earth, desiring the fulfilment of his promise, hath without reserve and of right pure will, caused us to bring hither my lady, the Queen of England, to render and restore her to her father, loosed, quit, and free of all bonds of marriage, and of every other service, debt, or obligation; and declareth, moreover, that he would most solemnly pledge himself as he took it (or so far as he understood it), that she was as pure and entire as on the day when she was brought in her litter to King Richard. And if there should be any where a king, duke, or earl, christian, or otherwise, great or little, who would deny this, he would, without farther say or any long consultation, find a man of equal rank in England, to maintain this quarrel, and expose his person before any competent judge, in support of all this.' And when he had most sagely declared his pleasure, the Count of St. Pol told him that Jesus Christ should be praised therefore, and that they firmly believed it, without any scruple. Then Sir Thomas Percy, with many tears, took the young queen by the arms, and delivered her with good grace to the messengers there present, and received certain letters of acquittance, which had been promised by the French. And know, that before the two parties separated, they wept most piteously; but when they came to quit the chapel, the queen, whose heart is enlightened by goodness, brought all the English ladies, who made sore lamentations, to the French tents, where they purposed to dine together. So it seems, they did. And after dinner the queen caused a great abundance of very fair jewels to be brought out, and presented them to the great ladies and lords of England, who wept mightily for sorrow; but the queen bade them be of good cheer; and when she was forced to part from them, they renewed their lamentation."

(3) SCENE II.—

But heaven hath a hand in these events;
To whose high will we bound our calm contents.]

On comparing this scene with a parallel passage in Drayton's "Civil Warres," published in 1595, no one can doubt that either Shakespeare had Drayton's version in his mind's eye, or that the latter was indebted to York's magnificent

description of the entry of Richard and Bolingbroke into London. We incline to the opinion of Mr. Knight, that the "Civil Warres" was produced and published before Richard II. was written. In Drayton the incident is told as follows:—

> "He that in glory of his fortune sate,
> Admiring what he thought could never be,
> Did feel his blood within salute his state,
> And lift up his rejoicing soul, to see
> So many hands and hearts congratulate
> Th' advancement of his long-desir'd degree;
> When, prodigal of thanks, in passing by,
> He re-salutes them all with cheerful eye.
>
> Behind him, all aloof, came pensive on
> The unregarded king; that drooping went,
> Alone, and (but for spite) scarce look'd upon:
> Judge, if he did more envy, or lament.
> See what a wondrous work this day is done;
> Which th' image of both fortunes doth present:
> In th' one, to shew the best of glories face;
> In th' other, worse than worst of all disgrace."

(4) SCENE III.—*Can no man tell of my unthrifty son?*] This speech may be regarded as striking the key-note of the three plays which continue the history of England at this period; and is, as Johnson observes, "a very proper introduction to the future character of Henry the Fifth, to his debaucheries in his youth, and his greatness in his manhood." Shakespeare's authority for thus delineating the Prince, was in all probability either the old play of Richard II. or a passage in Holinshed, which may be better adduced as an illustration in another place. Holinshed has founded his statement "on the authority," as Mr. Hunter points out, "of the chroniclers immediately preceding himself, Fabyan, Polydore Vergil, and Caxton, who wrote while the memory of the Prince's extravagance may well be supposed to have been alive, as they were all writers of his own century. But as this testimony," he adds, "may be regarded as coming late, and it may be thought that they are so far removed from the actual time, that they are in some degree at least copyists from each other, and not wholly independent authorities;" he refers to Henry's own contemporaries, Hardyng, Walsingham, Otterburne, the historian who called himself Titus Livius, and Thomas of Elmham: all of whom notice the vicious life of his youth in connexion with the entire change which took place in him on his accession to the throne. How early Henry became thus dissolute, it is not possible even to conjecture, but Malone's note on this passage is quite worthy of attention. "The Prince," he observes, "was at this time but twelve years old; for he was born in 1388, and the conspiracy on which the present scene is formed, was discovered in the beginning of the year 1400. He scarcely frequented taverns or stews at so early an age:" and it may be noticed that his answer declaring his prowess as a tilter, is that of an inexperienced young champion in his full strength.

(5) SCENE V.—*Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die.*] The circumstantial detail of the murder of Richard II., as it is represented in the close of this play, was popularly considered, even long after the time of Shakespeare, to be in reality the true history of his death: and down to the present day, the manner in which he came to his end constitutes one of the most interesting Problems of English history. Holinshed is again the principal authority of the dramatist; and his statements are avowedly founded on the report of Abraham Fleming, who was one of the compilers of the series of chronicles collectively called by the name of Holinshed. Fleming derived his information from the "Short History by Thomas of Walsingham, from Edward I. to Henry V." Walsingham appears to record his narrative for the purpose of disproving "the common fame," that the king's death was to be attributed to *compulsory famine:* and, continues Fleming, "he referreth it altogether to *voluntarie pining of himselfe.* For, when he heard that the complots and attempts of such of his favourers as sought *his restitution, and their own advancement,* were annihilated, and the chiefe agents shamefullie executed; he tooke such a conceit at these misfortunes,—for *so* Thomas Walsingham termeth them—and was so beaten out of heart,—that *wilfullie he starved himselfe, and so died in Pomfret Castle.*" So far as this statement can be received, it is not at all inconsistent with the ordinary account of the murder of Richard, nor with his "desperate manhood," as Holinshed properly calls it, on that occasion; excited as he was by his injuries, and his own fierce self-will and impetuous disposition.

In the termination of the life of the dethroned king, by whatsoever means it was effected,—if the guilty wish for his death, were ever expressed by Bolingbroke as related by Walsingham, and transferred by Fleming into Holinshed; the passage seems not only to have furnished matter for the present play, but also to have suggested almost the very words which Shakespeare has employed in two very noble and well-known parallel passages.

The first of these is in "King John," Act III. Scene 1.

> "Good Hubert, Hubert,—Hubert, throw thine eye
> On yon young boy:—I'll tell thee what, my friend;—
> He is a very serpent in my way;—
> And wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
> *He* lies before me. Dost thou understand me?
> *Thou art his keeper!*"

The other passage is of course the celebrated temptation of Buckingham by the Duke of Gloucester to the murder of Edward V. and his brother, in "The Life and Death of Richard the Third," Act IV. Scene 2.

> "Thus high, by thy advice and thy assistance,
> Is Richard seated.
> But, shall we wear these glories for a day,
> Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?
> * * * * *
> Now, Buckingham, now do I play the touch
> To try if thou be current gold, indeed.———
> Young Edward *lives*——Think *now* what I would speak!"

"One writer," says Holinshed, "which seemeth to have great knowledge of King Richard's doings, saith that King Henrie, sitting on a daie at his table, sore sighing, said, 'Have I *no* faithfull friend which will deliver me of *him,* whose life will be my death, and whose death will be the preservation of my life?' This saying was much noted of them that were present, and especiallie of one called Sir Piers of Exton." It is added that "this knight incontinentlie departed from the court, with eight strong persons in his companie, and came to Pomfret;" where the remaining act of the tragedy was suddenly performed. In the Chronicle of Gervase of Dover, relating to the reign of Henry II., 1171, there is a very remarkable historical parallel to this passage, in the passionate expression of that sovereign in reference to the Archbishop Thomas à Becket. The historian states that the king became so enraged beyond the majestic decency of his condition, that he aloud lamented that of all the numbers, both of nobles and others, whom he had maintained, there was not one of them who would undertake to redress his injuries. These and the like complaints of the king so much irritated four knights, that they bound themselves together by an oath, and withdrew from court to execute their design.

After the death of Richard, Shakespeare sagaciously shows that the first policy of Bolingbroke was to disclaim any participation in it, as he does even to Exton himself: and here again appears a remarkable similarity between this part of the present play and the speech of King John to Hubert after the supposed murder of Arthur, in the fine passage in Act IV. Scene 2, of that play. Bolingbroke's second and more imposing act of policy was to appear publicly to declare that he was altogether innocent of the death of the late king, by honourably exposing and interring a body affirmed to be that of Richard. Holinshed thus sets down the circumstances of this ceremony:—"After he was thus dead, his bodie was embalmed and cered, and covered with lead, all save the face, to the intent that all men might see him, and perceive that he *was* departed from life. For, as the corpse was conveied from Pomfret to London, in all the townes and places where those that had the conveiance of it did staie with it all night,—they caused '*Dirige*' to be sung in the evening, and masse of '*Requiem*' in the morning; and, as well after the one service as the other, his face, dis-covered, was shewed to all that

coveted to behold it. Thus was the corpse first brought to the Tower, and after through the citie to the cathedrall church of saint Paule, bare-faced, where it laie three daies together, that all men might behold it. There was a solemne obsequie done for him, both at Paule's and after at Westminster; at which time both at *Dirige* over night, and in the morning at *Requiem*, the king and the citizens of London were present." Up to this point the remains were treated with great ceremony, but they were next removed to the church of the Friars Predicants at Abbot's Langley in Hertfordshire; where they were obscurely interred by the Bishop of Chester and the Abbots of St. Alban's and Waltham, "none of the nobles," adds Holinshed, "nor anie of the commons—to accompt of—being present; *neither was there anie to bid them to dinner after they had laid him in the ground, and finished the funerall service.*"

Throughout the whole of these proceedings, as well in the first ostentatious display of a corse, affirmed to have been that of the dethroned monarch, as afterwards,—it seems as if the policy of Bolingbroke might everywhere be traced. After having effected his first object, that of showing, in the most public places, the uninjured body of a person, which is declared by Froissart to have been seen by *twenty thousand witnesses;*—and after having performed all the principal rites, the rest of the funeral was passed over in silence. There is also the curious evidence of a contemporaneous poetical historian, relating first the exposure of a body said to have been King Richard's, and afterwards the obscure burial of it. In a manuscript copy of John Hardyng's Chronicle, preserved in the Lansdowne Collection, there are the following notices of this funeral:—

> "Sone after that kyng Richerde so was dede,
> And brought to Paule's with gret solempnite,—
> (Men sayd he was for-hungred)—and lapp'd in lede;
> But that his masse was done, and "*Dirige*,"
> *In Herse Rial his corse lay there, I se:*
> And after Masse to Westmynster was ladde,
> Where '*Placebo*' and '*Dyrygye*' he hadde."

The printed editions of the Chronicle differ entirely in the text of this stanza; but the following verse, and the title of the chapter in which they occur, appear to indicate that the author probably thought it more prudent not to declare his having seen the body. He states, however, that when the funeral ceremonies were performed at St. Paul's:—

> "'The kynge and lordes clothes of golde there offered,
> Some viii, some ix, upon his herse were profferde.
>
> At Westmynster then did they so the same;
> When trustynge he should there have buryed bene,
> In at that Mynster lyke a Prince of name,
> In his owne tombe, together with the quene
> Anne, that afore his fyrst wyfe had bene.
> But then the kyng him fast to Langley sent,
> There in 'the Freers' to be buryed secretement."

Hardyng adds, in the title to this chapter, that the body was removed thither "for men should have no remembraunce of him."

No part of this narrative indicates any doubt that the remains which had been exhibited were really those of Richard; nor is there any notice of the other reports concerning the cause of his death. The author of the Metrical History of the Deposition, on the contrary, seems not only to have very much doubted the identity of the deceased individual, but also to have disbelieved that the dethroned king was really dead. His narrative of these particulars may be thus rendered in the familiar style and measure of the original:—

> "When the King was these tidings shew'd,
> The which were neither fair nor good;
> So sadly on his heart they sank
> That never more he ate or drank;
> But, vanquish'd from that hour, denied
> All food to take, and so he died.
> This some have said and have received,
> But shall not be by me believed;
> For certain others yet do tell
> That he is still alive and well,
> Though shut within their prison-fort;—
> And therefore some do mis-report.
> It matters not that they display'd
> A dead man's corse uncover'd laid,
> Through London with such honours borne
> As should a lifeless king adorn;
> Declaring that it was the corse
> Of Richard lying on that hearse.
> * * * * * *
> But I believe not certainly
> That it the former king *could* be:
> 'Twas but his chaplain, Maudelain,
> Was carried by that solemn train;
> Who in face, size, and height, and limb,
> So closely did resemble him,
> That each one firmly thought he knew
> 'T was good King Richard met his view.
> *If it were he*, both morn and eve
> My hearty prayers to God I give,
> Who merciful and piteous is,
> That he may take his soul to bliss."

The priest Maudelaine, who is mentioned in these verses, had already represented Richard in the conspiracy of the Earls of Rutland and Kent; and he was afterwards taken with many others at Cirencester, and was one of those hanged at London. Hence it was that his body could be so opportunely brought forward as that of the late king; and it is not impossible that Henry might even have indulged in a bitter jest, by so calling the lifeless remains of one who, whilst living, had been really put forward as the royal substitute. Throughout a great part of the reign of Henry IV. the very general belief that Richard was not dead, was a source of the most serious vexation to him; and it is especially remarkable that he should have experienced much of his anxiety from the appearance of other false Richards after Maudelaine, against whom he issued proclamations so late as 1402.

The illustration of the removal of the body obscurely interred at Abbot's Langley, with royal honours to Westminster, rightly belongs to the play of Henry V. to which we refer it. But there is one circumstance, arising out of that translation, which may be properly noticed in this place,—the opportunity which it afforded of examining some skulls in the royal tomb, by Sir Joseph Ayloffe, Edward King, Richard Gough, and others, in the latter part of the last century; when the skull which was believed to be that of the king did not exhibit any marks of violence. Mr. King states that "a small cleft that was visible on one side, appeared, on close inspection, to be merely the opening of a suture from length of time and decay: and it was beside in such a part of the head that it must have been visible when the visage was exposed, had it been the consequence of a wound given by a battle-axe, it being at the top of what the anatomists call the *os temporis*." In answer to these arguments it is to be observed, firstly, that the skulls examined were contained in the sub-basement of the tomb, and not in the monument itself, under the effigies, where the royal bodies might be supposed to be laid. Secondly, that only the lower part of the face was uncovered when the remains were carried through London, and the temporal bones were hidden. The rumour of starvation by his keepers, which Holinshed says was the most commonly believed, might have been the cause of the death of Richard; or he might even, as another account states, have remained by his own will too long without food, and then have been unable to receive it, and so have died. A heavy suspicion of the guilt of destroying him must always, however, rest upon the memory of Henry of Bolingbroke; though at the present time he is commonly believed to have been innocent, and Richard to have expired at Pomfret from purely natural causes.

Act II. Sc. 4.

THE FIRST PART OF

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

"The History of Henrie the Fovrth; With the battell at Shrewsburie, betweene the King and Lord Henry Percy, surnamed Henrie Hotspur of the North. With the humorous conceits of Sir John Falstalffe. At London, Printed by P. S. for Andrew Wise, dwelling in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Angell. 1598." Such is the title of the first and best edition of this famous historic drama. A second edition was issued in 1599, which was followed by a third in 1604, a fourth in 1608, a fifth in 1613, and a sixth in 1622. That six distinct impressions of it should have been published before its incorporation in the folio of 1623, is proof of its enduring popularity.

The First Part of King Henry IV. was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company in 1597, to which year Malone ascribes its production. Chalmers and Drake assign it to 1596, but the evidence for either date is so extremely vague and unsubstantial that no dependance can be placed upon it. All we really know is, that the play was written before 1598, because Meres, in his list published that year, enumerates "Henry the IVth." as one of our poet's works. Shakespeare, it is thought, selected the stirring period of our history comprehended in the reigns of Henry IV. and V. for dramatic illustration, in consequence of the success achieved by an old and worthless piece which had long retained possession of the stage, called "The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth;" though Dr. Johnson conceived that he had planned a regular connexion of these dramatic histories from Richard the Second to Henry the Fifth. From a similarity in some of the incidents and in the names of two or three of the characters, it is quite clear that he was acquainted with "The Famous Victories," and the circumstance of his having chosen the same events for representation, may have occasioned the revival of that old piece by Henslowe's company in 1595, and its re-publication in 1598. As Mr. Collier observes, "It is impossible to institute any parallel between 'The Famous Victories' and Shakespeare's dramas; for, besides that the former has reached us evidently in an imperfect shape, the immeasurable superiority of the latter is such, as to render any attempt to trace resemblance a matter of contrast rather than of comparison."

In the year 1844, a manuscript copy of the play of Henry the Fourth was found among the family papers of Sir Edward Dering, Bart., of Surrenden, Kent. Mr. Halliwell, who edited the MS. for the Shakespeare Society, observes, in his Introduction to the volume, that it "does not contain the whole of Shakespeare's Henry IV., but the two parts condensed into one, and, as we

may presume, for the purpose of representation." And he goes on to say that "the variations are so numerous, that we can hardly believe the MS. was transcribed from any printed edition. At all events, we cannot discover any which contains them. If the adapter was a player, there seems to be no preponderating reason why the MS. should not originally have been the property of one of the metropolitan theatres, and have been prepared for the use of such an establishment."

The discovery of any of Shakespeare's plays in manuscript of a date even approaching his own time, is alone sufficiently interesting in a literary point of view; the editor's suggestion that the Dering MS. may have been derived from some independent source, cannot, however, be maintained. There is abundant internal evidence to show that it was copied, in the first instance, from the quarto edition of 1613; and as the transcript was apparently made during the reign of James I, with a view to private performance, by the friends of Sir Edward Deryng, the first baronet, the language was, as usual, altered to suit the taste of the day; the various readings, therefore, whatever their merit, cannot be accepted as of any authority in elucidating the text.

Persons Represented.

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.
HENRY, *Prince of Wales*, } *Sons to the* King.
PRINCE JOHN *of* Lancaster, }
EARL OF WESTMORELAND.
SIR WALTER BLUNT.
THOMAS PERCY, *Earl of* Worcester.
HENRY PERCY, *Earl of* Northumberland.
HENRY PERCY, *surnamed* HOTSPUR, *his son.*
EDWARD MORTIMER, *Earl of* March.
SCROOP, *Archbishop of* York.
SIR MICHAEL, *a friend of the* Archbishop.
ARCHIBALD, *Earl of* Douglas.
OWEN GLENDOWER.
SIR RICHARD VERNON.
SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.
POINS.
GADSHILL.
PETO.
BARDOLPH.

LADY PERCY, *wife to* HOTSPUR.
LADY MORTIMER, *daughter to* GLENDOWER.
MRS. QUICKLY, *hostess of a tavern in* Eastcheap.

Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, Travellers, Carriers, and Attendants.

SCENE,—ENGLAND.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King Henry, Westmoreland, Sir Walter Blunt, *and others.*

K. Hen. So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frighted peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils
To be commenc'd in strands[a] afar remote.

[a] Strands—] The old text has *stronds*.

No more the thirsty entrance[a] of this soil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood;
No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruise her flowrets with the armed hoofs
Of hostile paces: those opposed eyes,
Which,—like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,——
Did lately meet in the intestine shock
And furious close of civil butchery,
Shall now, in mutual, well-beseeming ranks,
March all one way; and be no more oppos'd
Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies:
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,[b]
(Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross
We are impressed and engaged to fight,)
Forthwith a power of English shall we levy;
Whose arms were moulded in their mothers' womb
To chase these pagans, in those holy fields,
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet,
Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nail'd
For our advantage, on the bitter cross.
But this our purpose now[c] is twelve-months old,
And bootless 'tis to tell you—we will go;
Therefore we meet not now. Then let me hear
Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
What yesternight our council did decree,
In forwarding this dear expedience.

WEST. My liege, this haste was hot in question,
And many limits of the charge set down
But yesternight: when, all athwart, there came
A post from Wales, loaden with heavy news;
Whose worst was, that the noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
Against the irregular and wild Glendower,
Was by the rude hands of that Welchman taken,
And a thousand of his people butchered:
Upon whose dead corps[d] there was such misuse,
Such beastly, shameless transformation,
By those Welchwomen done, as may not be,
Without much shame, retold or spoken of.

K. HEN. It seems then, that the tidings of this broil
Brake off our business for the Holy Land.

WEST. This, match'd with other, did[e], my gracious lord;
For* more uneven and unwelcome news
Came from the north, and thus it did import.†
On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there,
Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald,
That ever-valiant and approved Scot,
At Holmedon met,
Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour;
As by discharge of their artillery,
And shape of likelihood, the news was told;
For he that brought them, in the very heat
And pride of their contention, did take horse,
Uncertain of the issue any way.

K. HEN. Here is a dear and‡ true-industrious friend,
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,
Stain'd§ with the variation of each soil
Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours;
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome‖ news.
The earl of Douglas is discomfited;
Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty knights,
Balk'd[f] in their own blood, did sir Walter see
On Holmedon's plains: of prisoners, Hotspur took
Mordake the¶ earl of Fife, and eldest son
To beaten Douglas;[g] and the earl of Athol,
Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith.
And is not this an honourable spoil?
A gallant prize? ha, cousin, is it not?

WEST. In faith, it is;
A conquest for a prince to boast of.

K. HEN. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st me sin

---

[a] *No more the thirsty* entrance *of this soil*—] Long and fruitless has been the controversy upon the word *entrance*, here. For a time, indeed, the ingenious and classical *Erinnys* of Monck Mason was permitted to supersede it in some editions; and a few critics advocated the substitution of *entrants* recommended by Steevens, or the less elegant *entrails* proposed by Douce; but these readings have had their day, and the general feeling is now in favour of retaining the old expression. *Thirsty entrance* is certainly obscure, but it might be used metaphorically for the parched crevices of the earth after long drought, without any serious impropriety. There is something similar in a passage of the "Troublesome Raigne of King John," with which Shakespeare was perfectly familiar:—

"Is all the *blood* yspilt on either part,
Closing the *cranies* of the *thirstie earth*
Growne to a love-game and a bridall feast?"

[b] As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,
* * * * * *
Forthwith a power of English shall we levy.]

To *levy* a power as far as *to* the sepulchre of Christ, Steevens objected was an expression quite unexampled. Gifford has shown, however, [Ben Jonson, Vol. V. p. 138,] that the construction was not peculiar, by quoting an instance of it from *Gosson's School of Abuse*, 1587, "Scipio, before he *levied* his force *to* the walles of Carthage, gave his soldiers the print of the citie on a cake to be devoured."

(*) First folio, *Far*.
(†) First folio, *report*.
(‡) First quarto, *a*.
(§) First folio, *strain'd*.
(‖) First folio, *welcomes*.
(¶) Old copies omit, *the*.

[c] Now *is twelve* months *old*,—] So the first quarto; the folio reads, is *a* twelve*month* old.

[d] *Upon whose dead* corps—] The folio has *corpes*. We should, perhaps, read *corses*.

[e] *This, match'd with other*, did, *my gracious lord;*] The folio, following the quarto of 1613, from which it appears to have been printed, reads, This match'd with other *like*, &c.

[f] Balk'd *in their own blood*,—] For Balk'd, that is *ridged*, or *heaped* up, there is classic authority: "Ingentes Rutulæ spectabit cædis *Acervos*." Æn. X. 245, and "ingentes Rutulorum linquis *Acervos*:" X. 509; but many will prefer the conjectural reading *bak'd*, of Steevens: which he well supports by the following passages from Heywood's "Iron Age," 1632:—

"——— Troilus lies *embak'd*
In his cold blood"———

And,

"——— *bak'd* in blood and dust."

[g] Mordake the earl of Fife, and eldest son
To beaten Douglas;—]

This is an error into which the poet was led by a mispointed passage in Holinshed. Mordake Earl of Fife was the son of the Duke of Albany, Regent of Scotland

In envy that my lord Northumberland
Should be the father to* so blest a son:
A son, who is the theme of honour's tongue;
Amongst a grove, the very straightest plant;
Who is sweet fortune's minion, and her pride:
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
See riot and dishonour stain the brow
Of my young Harry. O, that it could be prov'd,
That some night-tripping fairy had exchang'd
In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,
And call'd mine, Percy, his, Plantagenet!
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.
But let him from my thoughts. What think you, coz',
Of this young Percy's pride? the prisoners,
Which he in this adventure hath surpris'd,
To his own use he keeps; and sends me word,
I shall have none but Mordake earl of Fife.[a]

WEST. This is his uncle's teaching, this is Worcester,
Malevolent to you in all aspects,
Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up
The crest of youth against your dignity.

K. HEN. But I have sent for him to answer this;
And, for this cause, awhile we must neglect
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.
Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we
Will hold at Windsor,† so inform the lords:
But come yourself with speed to us again;
For more is to be said, and to be done,
Than out of anger can be uttered.

WEST. I will, my liege. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. An apartment in a Tavern.*(1)

Enter HENRY, *Prince of Wales, and* FALSTAFF.

FAL. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

P. HEN. Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches‡ after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou would'st truly know.[b] What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the signs of leaping-houses, and the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-coloured taffata, I see no reason why thou should'st be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

FAL. Indeed, you come near me now, Hal: for we, that take purses, go by the moon and the* seven stars; and not by Phœbus,—he, *that wandering knight so fair.* And, I pr'ythee, sweet wag, when thou art king,—as, God save thy grace, (majesty, I should say; for grace thou wilt have none,)——

P. HEN. What! none?

FAL. No, by my troth;† not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

P. HEN. Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly.

FAL. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us, that are squires of the night's body, be called thieves of the day's beauty;[c] let us be—*Diana's foresters, Gentlemen of the shade, Minions of the moon;* and let men say, we be men of good government; being governed as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we—steal.

P. HEN. Thou say'st well; and it holds well too: for the fortune of us, that are the moon's men, doth ebb and flow like the sea; being governed as the sea is, by the moon. As, for proof, now: a purse of gold most resolutely snatched on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing—*lay by;* and spent with crying—*bring in:*[d] now, in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder; and, by and by, in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

FAL. By the Lord,‡ thou say'st true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?[e]

P. HEN. As the honey of Hybla,[f] my old lad of the castle. And is not a buff jerkin[g] a most sweet robe of durance?

(*) First folio, *of.* (†) First folio inserts, *and.* (‡) First folio inserts, *in the.*

(*) First folio omits, *the.* (†) First folio omits, *by my troth.* (‡) First folio omits, *By the Lord.*

[a] I shall have none but Mordake earl of Fife.] In this refusal Hotspur was justified by the law of arms; every prisoner whose redemption did not exceed ten thousand crowns being at the disposal of his captor, either for ranson or acquittal. Mordake, however, being a prince of the royal blood, could be rightfully claimed by the king.

[b] To demand that truly which thou would'st truly know.] The prince appears to object that Falstaff asks the time of *day*, when all his pursuits have reference to *night.*

[c] *Thieves of the day's* beauty;] For *beauty*, Theobald reads *booty;* but Malone conjectures that a pun was intended on the word *beauty*, which was to be pronounced as it still is in some counties, *booty.*

[d] *Got with swearing*—lay by; *and spent with crying*—bring in.] *Lay by*, is a nautical phrase meaning *slacken sail*, and may have been a slang term for the highwayman's "*stand.*" The *bring in*, was the tavern call for more wine.

[e] And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?] The humour of asking a question or making an observation quite irrelevant to the conversation going on, is very ancient. It must have been common in Shakespeare's time, for it is frequently found in the old dramas, and he himself indulges in this vein again in the present play, where the prince mystifies poor Francis,—"Why then, your brown bastard is your only drink." It occurs also in Hamlet more than once. Ben Jonson calls it *a game of vapours.*

[f] As the honey of Hybla,—] The folio reads, As *is* the honey, omitting the words, *of Hybla.*

[g] And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?] See note (1), p. 150.

FAL. How now, how now, mad wag? what, in thy quips and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

P. HEN. Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

FAL. Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning, many a time and oft.

P. HEN. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

FAL. No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

P. HEN. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and, where it would not, I have used my credit.

FAL. Yea, and so used it, that were it not* here apparent that thou art heir apparent,—But, I pr'ythee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? and resolution thus fobbed as it is, with the rusty curb of old father antic the law? Do not thou, when thou art* king, hang a thief.

P. HEN. No; thou shalt. [brave judge.[a]

FAL. Shall I? O rare! By the Lord,† I'll be a

P. HEN. Thou judgest false already; I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hangman.

FAL. Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humour, as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

P. HEN. For obtaining of suits?

FAL. Yea, for obtaining of suits: whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood,‡ I am as melancholy as a gib cat,[b] or a lugged bear.

P. HEN. Or an old lion; or a lover's lute.

FAL. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.(2)

P. HEN. What say'st thou to a hare,[c] or the melancholy of Moor-ditch? (3)

(*) First folio omits, *not*.

[a] *I'll be* a brave judge.] Shakespeare had probably in his mind a passage from the old play of "The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth,"—

"Henry V. But Ned, so soone as I am king, the first thing I will doo, shal be to put my Lord chiefe Justice out of office, and thou shalt be my Lord chiefe Justice of England."

"Ned. Shall I be Lorde chiefe Justice?
By gog's wounds ile be the *bravest* Lorde chiefe Justice
That ever was in England."

[b] *A* gib *cat*,—] *Gilbert* and *Tibert*, contracted into *Gib* and *Tib*, were the common names for cats in former times, *Gib* being usually applied to an *old cat*. Why this animal or "an old lion," or a "lugged bear," should be accounted melancholy, unless from the gravity of its carriage, has never been shown, but the simile "as melancholy as a cat," was in frequent use:—thus in Lilly's "Midas,"—

"Pet. How now, Motto, all amort?
Mot. I am *as melancholy as a cat*."

(*) First folio inserts, *a*. (†) First folio omits, *By the Lord*.
(‡) First folio omits, *S'blood*.

[c] A hare,—] The following extract, from Turberville's Book on Hunting and Falconry, is a better explanation of this passage than any given by the commentators:—"The Hare first taught us the use of the hearbe called wyld Succory, which is very excellent for those which are disposed to be melancholicke: *Shee herselfe is one of the most melancholicke beasts that is*, and to heale her own infirmitie she goeth commonly to sit under that hearbe."

FAL. Thou hast the most unsavoury similes;* and art, indeed, the most comparative,[a] rascalliest,† — sweet young prince,—But Hal, I pr'ythee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God,‡ thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought: an old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir; but I marked him not: and yet he talked very wisely; but I regarded him not: and yet he talked wisely, and in the street too.

P. HEN. Thou did'st well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.(4)

FAL. O, thou hast damnable iteration; and art, indeed, able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon§ me, Hal,—God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I,‖ if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over; by the Lord,¶ an I do not, I am a villain; I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom.

P. HEN. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

FAL. Zounds!** where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain, and baffle me.

P. HEN. I see a good amendment of life in thee; from praying, to purse-taking.

Enter POINS *at a distance.*

FAL. Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation. Poins!—Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a match.[b] O, if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent villain, that ever cried, *Stand,* to a true man.

P. HEN. Good morrow, Ned.

POINS. Good morrow, sweet Hal.—What says monsieur Remorse? What says sir John Sack-and-Sugar? Jack, how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good-Friday last, for a cup of Madeira, and a cold capon's leg?

(*) First folio, *smiles.* (†) First folio, *rascallest.*
(‡) First folio omits, *to God.* (§) First folio, *unto.*
(‖) First folio, *I am.* (¶) First folio omits, *by the Lord.*
(**) First folio omits, *Zounds.*

[a] *Most* comparative,] This may mean, that is *readiest in comparisons or similes.*

[b] *Have* set a match.] The first folio has "set a *watch.*" *Setting a match* was occasionally used for *making an appointment;* thus, in Ben Jonson's "Bartholomew Fair;"—"Peace, Sir, they'll be angry if they hear you eves-dropping, now they are *setting* their *match.*" But it was also employed in rogues' language to mean *planning a robbery;* as in "Ratsey's Ghost,"-a black letter quarto, quoted by Farmer, supposed to be about 1606. "I have "been many times beholding to Tapsters and Chamberlaines for directions and *setting of matches.*"

[c] *Hear ye,* Yedward;] *Yedward* is a popular corruption of "Edward," still used in some parts of England.

P. HEN. Sir John stands to his word, the devil shall have his bargain; for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs, he will *give the devil his due.*

POINS. Then art thou damned for keeping thy word with the devil.

P. HEN. Else he had been* damned for cozening the devil.

POINS. But my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill:(5) there are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses: I have visors for you all, you have horses for yourselves; Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester; I have bespoke supper to-morrow night† in Eastcheap; we may do it as secure as sleep: if you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns: if you will not, tarry at home, and be hanged.

FAL. Hear ye, Yedward;[c] if I tarry at home, and go not, I'll hang you for going.

POINS. You will, chops?

FAL. Hal, wilt thou make one? [faith.‡

P. HEN. Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my

FAL. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou cam'st not of the blood royal, if thou dar'st not stand for ten shillings.[d]

P. HEN. Well, then, once in my days I'll be a mad-cap.

FAL. Why, that's well said. [home.

P. HEN. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at

FAL. By the Lord,§ I'll be a traitor then, when thou art king.

P. HEN. I care not.

POINS. Sir John, I pr'ythee, leave the prince and me alone; I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure, that he shall go.

FAL. Well, God give thee[e] the spirit of persuasion, and him the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move, and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may (for recreation sake,) prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewell: you shall find me in Eastcheap.

P. HEN. Farewell, thou‖ latter spring! Farewell, All-hallown summer![f] [*Exit* FALSTAFF.

(*) First folio omits, *been.* (†) First folio omits, *night.*
(‡) First folio omits, *by my faith.*
(§) First folio omits, *by the Lord.* (‖) Old text, *the.*

[d] Thou cam'st not of the blood royal, if thou darest not stand for ten shillings.] We should perhaps read, as many of the modern editors do, "*cry,* stand," since a quibble is evidently intended on the word *royal.* The coin called *real* or *royal* was of *ten shillings* value.

[e] *Well,* God give thee *the spirit of persuasion, and* him *the ears of profiting,*—] The folio reads, Well, *may'st thou have* the spirit of persuasion, and *he* the ears, &c.

[f] All-hallown summer!] *All-hallown tide,* or *All Saints' day,* is the first of November. Nothing could be more happy than the likening Falstaff, with his old age and young passions, to this November summer.

POINS. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow; I have a jest to execute, that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill,[a] shall rob those men that we have already way-laid; yourself, and I, will not be there: and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

P. HEN. But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

POINS. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves: which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we'll set upon them.

P. HEN. Ay, but, 'tis like, that they will know us, by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

POINS. Tut! our horses they shall not see, I'll tie them in the wood; our visors we will change after we leave them; and, sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce,[b] to immask our noted outward garments.

P. HEN. But I doubt, they will be too hard for us.

POINS. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same* fat rogue will tell us, when we meet at supper: how thirty at least, he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and, in the reproof of this, lies† the jest.

P. HEN. Well, I'll go with thee; provide us all things necessary, and meet me to-night[c] in Eastcheap, there I'll sup. Farewell.

POINS. Farewell, my lord. [*Exit* POINS.

P. HEN. I know you all, and will a while uphold
The unyok'd humour of your idleness:
Yet herein will I imitate the sun,
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world,
That, when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours, that did seem to strangle him.
If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But when they seldom come, they wish'd-for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promised,
By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;[d]
And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall show more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Than that which hath no foil* to set it off.
I'll so offend, to make offence a skill;
Redeeming time, when men think least I will.(6)
[*Exit.*

(*) First folio omits, *same*. (†) First quarto, *lives*.

[a] Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill,—] The old copies read, Falstaff, *Harvey*, *Rossil*, and Gadshill. *Harvey* and *Rossil* being, no doubt, the names of the actors who personated Bardolph and Peto.

[b] *For the* nonce,] For the *occasion*. See note ([a]), p. 128.

[c] Meet me to-night—] The old copies have "to-mortow night," which is an obvious mistake.

[d] *Shall I falsify men's* hopes;] Hopes here means *expectations*, a use of the word not at all uncommon formerly, and hardly obsolete even now in some counties.

"This speech is very artfully introduced to keep the Prince from appearing vile in the opinion of the audience; it prepares them for his future reformation; and what is yet more valuable, exhibits a natural picture of a great mind offering excuses to itself, and palliating those follies which it can neither justify nor forsake." JOHNSON.

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, NORTHUMBERLAND, WORCESTER, HOTSPUR, SIR WALTER BLUNT, *and others.*

K. HEN. My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to stir at these indignities,
And you have found me; for, accordingly,
You tread upon my patience: but, be sure,
I will from henceforth rather be myself,
Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition;[e]
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
And therefore lost that title of respect,
Which the proud soul ne'er pays, but to the proud.

WOR. Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves
The scourge of greatness to be used on it;
And that same greatness too which our own hands
Have holp to make so portly.

NORTH. My lord,——

K. HEN. Worcester, get thee gone, for I do see
Danger and disobedience in thine eye:
O, sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,
And majesty might never yet endure

(*) First folio, *soil*.

[e] Than my condition;] *Condition* in this place means, *natural disposition*. See note ([4]), p. 397.

The moody frontier of a servant brow.
You have good leave to leave us; when we need
Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.—
[*Exit* Worcester.
You were about to speak. [*To* North.
North. Yea, my good lord.
Those prisoners in your highness' name* demanded,
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
Were, as he says, not with such strength denied
As is† deliver'd to your majesty:
Either envy, therefore, or misprision
Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.[a]
Hot. My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
But, I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly dress'd,

(*) First folio omits, *name.* (†) First folio, *was.*

[a] Either envy, therefore, *or misprision*
Is *guilty of this fault, and not my son.*]
So the early quarto copies. The folio reads,—
"*Who either through envy,* or misprision,
Was guilty of this fault," &c.

Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new reap'd,
Show'd like a stubble land at harvest-home:
He was perfumed like a milliner,
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box,[b] which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took't away again;——
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff:[c]—and still he smil'd, and talk'd:
And, as the soldiers bore* dead bodies by,
He call'd them—untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms†
He question'd me: among the rest, demanded
My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,—
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,—
Out of my grief and my impatience,
Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what,—

(*) First folio, *bare.*
(†) First folio, *term.*

[b] *A* pouncet *box,*—] A box with the lid pierced, containing scents.
[c] Took it in snuff:—] See note (*), p. 84.

He should, or he* should not;—for he made me mad,
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds, (God save the mark!)
And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmaceti,[a] for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
That villainous salt-petre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly; and, but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.
This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I answer'd,† indirectly, as I said;
And, I beseech you, let not his‡ report
Come current for an accusation,
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

BLUNT. The circumstance consider'd, good my lord,
Whatever Harry Percy then had said,
To such a person, and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest re-told,
May reasonably die, and never rise
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he said, so he unsay it now.

K. HEN. Why, yet he* doth deny his prisoners;
But with proviso, and exception,—
That we, at our own charge, shall ransom straight
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;(7)
Who, on† my soul, hath wilfully betray'd
The lives of those, that he did lead to fight
Against the great magician, damn'd Glendower;
Whose daughter, as we hear, the earl of March
Hath lately married. Shall our coffers then
Be emptied, to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treason? and indent with feers,[b]
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
No, on the barren mountains‡ let him starve;
For I shall never hold that man my friend,
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

HOT. Revolted Mortimer!
He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
But by the chance of war. To prove that true,
Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,
Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,

(*) First folio omits, *he*.
(†) First folio, *Made me to answer*. (‡) First folio, *this*.

a Parmaceti.] This was the ancient pronunciation of *spermaceti*. Sir Richard Hawkins, in his "Voyage into the South Sea," 1593, p. 46, says—"This we corruptly call *parmacetie*, of the Latin word *Sperma Ceti*."

b *And indent with* feers.] The old copies all read *fears*, which was only one of the many forms of spelling *feers*:—

(*) First folio omits, *he*. (†) First folio, *in*.
(‡) First folio, *mountain*.

"And Hero fayre vnto her *feare*,
Leander fyne did take."—
The Pleasant fable of Hermaphroditus and Salmacis, by T. Peend, Gent. &c. &c. 1565.

When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great Glendower:
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink,
Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood:
Who then, affrighted[a] with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank
Blood-stained with these valiant combatants.
Never did base and rotten policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds;
Nor never could the noble Mortimer
Receive so many, and all willingly:
Then let him not be slander'd with revolt.

K. HEN. Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost belie him;
He never did encounter with Glendower; [alone,
I tell thee, he durst as well have met the devil
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
Art thou not asham'd? But, sirrah, henceforth,
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer:
Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
As will displease you. My lord Northumberland,
We license your departure with your son:—
Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.

[*Exeunt* KING HENRY, BLUNT, *and Train.*

HOT. And if the devil come and roar for them,
I will not send them: I will after straight,
And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,
Albeit I make a hazard of my head.[b]

NORTH. What, drunk with choler! stay, and pause awhile;
Here comes your uncle.

Re-enter WORCESTER.

HOT. Speak of Mortimer!
'Zounds,* I will speak of him; and let my soul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him:
Yea, on his part,† I'll empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood drop by drop i' the dust,
But I will lift the down-trod‡ Mortimer
As high i' the air as this unthankful king,
As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

NORTH. Brother, the king hath made your nephew mad. [*To* WORCESTER.

(*) First folio, *yes.* (†) First folio, *In his behalf.* (‡) First folio, *downfall.*

a "Severn is here not the flood, but the tutelary power of the flood, who was affrighted, and hid his head in the hollow bank." —JOHNSON.

b Albeit I make a *hazard of my head.*] So all the quarto copies; the folio reads, *Although it be with* hazard, &c.

WOR. Who struck this heat up after I was gone?

HOT. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners;
And when I urg'd the ransom once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale;
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,[c]
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

WOR. I cannot blame him: was he not proclaim'd,
By Richard that dead is, the next of blood?

NORTH. He was; I heard the proclamation;
And then it was, when the unhappy king
(Whose wrongs in us God pardon!) did set forth
Upon his Irish expedition;
From whence he, intercepted, did return
To be depos'd, and, shortly murdered.

WOR. And for whose death, we in the world's wide mouth
Live scandaliz'd, and foully spoken of. [then

HOT. But, soft, I pray you; did king Richard
Proclaim my brother Edmund* Mortimer
Heir to the crown?

NORTH. He did; myself did hear it.

HOT. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,
That wish'd him on the barren mountains starv'd.
But shall it be, that you, that set the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man;
And, for his sake, wear† the detested blot
Of murd'rous subornation,—shall it be,
That you a world of curses undergo;
Being the agents, or base second means,
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?—
O, pardon me,‡ that I descend so low,
To show the line, and the predicament,
Wherein you range under this subtle king.
Shall it, for shame, be spoken in these days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power,
Did 'gage them both in an unjust behalf,—
As both of you, God pardon it! have done,—
To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke?
And shall it, in more shame, be further spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off
By him, for whom these shames ye underwent?
No; yet time serves, wherein you may redeem
Your banish'd honours,[d] and restore yourselves

(*) First folio omits, *Edmund.* (†) First folio, *wore.* (‡) First folio omits, *me,* and inserts, *if.*

c An eye of death.] Not surely, as Johnson and Steevens interpret it, *an eye menacing death,* but, *an eye of deadly fear.*

d ——*you may redeem*
Your banish'd honours,—]

Mr. Collier's annotator, in the very wantonness of emendation, substitutes "*tarnish'd*" for "*banish'd.*" In Massinger's play of "The Maid of Honour," Act I. Sc. 1, we have

"——Rouse us, sir, from the sleep
Of idleness, and *redeem our mortgaged honours.*"

And in "The Custom of the Country," (Beaumont and Fletcher,) Act II. Sc. 1:—

"—— Upon my life, this gallant
Is bribed to repeal *banish'd swords.*"

Into the good thoughts of the world again:
Revenge the jeering, and disdain'd contempt,
Of this proud king; who studies, day and night,
To answer all the debt he owes to* you,
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths.
Therefore I say,——

WOR. Peace, cousin, say no more:
And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving discontents
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous;
As full of peril, and adventurous spirit,
As to o'er-walk a current, roaring loud,
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

HOT. If he fall in, good night:—or sink, or swim:—
Send danger from the east unto the west,
So honour cross it from the north to south,
And let them grapple;—O!† the blood more stirs,
To rouse a lion, than to start a hare.[a]

NORTH. Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

HOT. By heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon;
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks,
So he, that doth redeem her thence, might wear
Without corrival, all her dignities:
But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship!

WOR. He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the form of what he should attend.
Good cousin, give me audience for a while.[b]

HOT. I cry you mercy.

WOR. Those same noble Scots,
That are your prisoners,——

HOT. I'll keep them all;
By God,‡ he shall not have a Scot of them;
No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not:
I'll keep them, by this hand.

WOR. You start away,
And lend no ear unto my purposes.—
Those prisoners you shall keep.

HOT. Nay, I will; that's flat:—
He said, he would not ransom Mortimer;
Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer;
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holloa—*Mortimer!*
Nay, I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but, *Mortimer*, and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.

WOR. Hear you, cousin; a word.

HOT. All studies here I solemnly defy,[c]
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke:
And that same sword-and-buckler[d] prince of Wales,—
But that I think his father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I'd have him poison'd* with a pot of ale.

WOR. Farewell, kinsman! I will talk to you,
When you are better temper'd to attend.

NORTH. Why, what a wasp-stung[e] and impatient fool
Art thou, to break into this woman's mood:
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own?

HOT. Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourg'd with rods,
Nettled and stung with pismires, when I hear
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.
In Richard's time,—what do you call the place?—
A plague upon't!—it is in Glostershire;—
'Twas where the mad-cap duke his uncle kept;
His uncle York;—where I first bow'd my knee
Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,—
'sblood!†
When you and he came back from Ravenspurg,—

NORTH. At Berkley castle.

HOT. You say true:——
Why, what a candy‡ deal of courtesy
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!
Look,—*when his infant fortune came to age,*—
And,—*gentle Harry Percy*—and, *kind cousin,*—[f]
O, the devil take such cozeners!——God forgive me!——
Good uncle, tell your tale, for I have done.

WOR. Nay, if you have not, to't again;
We'll stay your leisure.

HOT. I have done, i'faith,§

WOR. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.
Deliver them up without their ransom straight,
And make the Douglas' son your only mean

(*) First folio, *unto.* (†) First folio omits, *O.*
(‡) First folio, *Heaven.*

[a] *To* rouse *a lion, than to* start *a hare.*] That Shakespeare was an accomplished "woodman," may be inferred from his perfect acquaintance with the technical phraseology of the craft. The appropriate expression for raising the nobler animals for the chase was to *rouse;* the boar was *reared;* the fox *unkenneled;* and the hare *started.*

[b] Good cousin, give me audience for a while.] The folio, weakening the force of the passage, adds, *And list to me.*

[c] I *solemnly* defy,—] *Defy* was sometimes employed in old language in the sense of *renounce.*

[d] *And that same* sword-and-buckler *prince of Wales,*—] Upon the introduction of the rapier and dagger, the sword-and-buckler fell into desuetude among the higher classes, and were accounted fitting weapons for the vulgar only, such as Hotspur implies were

(*) First folio, *poison'd him.* (†) First folio omits, *'sblood.*
(‡) First folio, *caudle.* (§) First folio, *in sooth.*

the associates of the prince. Thus in "Florio's First Fruites," 1578:—"What weapons bear they?—Some sword and dagger, some *sword* and *buckler.*—What weapon is that *buckler?*—A clownish dastardly weapon, and not fit for a gentleman."

[e] *Why, what a* wasp-stung *and impatient fool*—] So the first quarto, 1598; in the second edition, 1599, *wasp-stung* was altered to *wasp-tongue;* and in the folio, 1623, it is, *wasp-tongu'd.*

[f] *When his infant fortune came to age,*—
And,—*gentle Harry Percy*—and, *kind cousin,*—]

The empty compliments, recollection of which so galled the fiery Percy, occur in his interview with Bolingbroke, in "Richard II." Act II. Sc. 3.

For powers in Scotland; which,—for divers reasons,
Which I shall send you written,—be assur'd,
Will easily be granted.—You, my lord,—
[*To* NORTHUMBERLAND.
Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,—
Shall secretly into the bosom creep
Of that same noble prelate, well belov'd,
The archbishop.

HOT. Of York, is't not?

WOR. True; who bears hard
His brother's death at Bristol, the lord Scroop.
I speak not this in estimation,[a]
As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and set down;
And only stays but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

HOT. I smell it; upon my life, it will do well.*

NORTH. Before the game's afoot, thou still let'st slip.[b]

HOT. Why, it cannot choose[c] but be a noble plot:—
And then the power of Scotland, and of York,
To join with Mortimer, ha?

WOR. And so they shall.

(*) First folio, *wondrous well.*

[a] I *speak not this in* estimation,—] *Estimation* here means *supposition, conjecture.*

[b] *Thou* still *let'st slip.*] Thou *always* let'st slip. To let slip is a hunting technical; the hounds are held by the *leash* until the game is roused, and then are loosened for the chace.

[c] *Why*, it cannot choose—] A form of expression now changed into *it cannot help*, &c.

HOT. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.

WOR. And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,
To save our heads by raising of a head:
For, bear ourselves as even as we can,
The king will always think him in our debt,
And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home.
And see already, how he doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks of love.

HOT. He does, he does; we'll be reveng'd on him.

WOR. Cousin, farewell.—No further go in this,
Than I by letters shall direct your course.
When time is ripe, (which will be suddenly,)
I'll steal to Glendower, and lord* Mortimer;
Where you and Douglas, and our powers at once,
(As I will fashion it,) shall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

NORTH. Farewell, good brother: we shall thrive, I trust.

HOT. Uncle, adieu:—O, let the hours be short,
Till fields, and blows, and groans applaud our sport! [*Exeunt.*

(*) First folio, *loe.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Rochester. *An Inn Yard.*

Enter a Carrier, *with a lantern in his hand.*

1 Car. Heigh ho! An't be not four by the day, I'll be hanged: Charles' wain[a] is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not packed. What, ostler!

Ost. [*Within.*] Anon, anon.

1 Car. I pr'ythee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle, put a few flocks in the point; the poor jade is wrung in the withers out of all cess.[b]

Enter another Carrier.

2 Car. Peas and beans are as dank here as a dog, and that* is the next way to give poor jades the bots: this house is turned upside down, since Robin† ostler died.

1 Car. Poor fellow! never joyed since the price of oats rose; it was the death of him.

2 Car. I think, this be‡ the most villainous house in all London road for fleas: I am stung like a tench.

[a] Charles' wain—] The vulgar appellation for the constellation called the Bear, and a corruption of the *Chorles* or *Churls* (*i. e.* rustic's) wain.

[b] Out of all cess.] Out of all *measure.* The phrase, according to Cotgrave, is the same as the French, *sans cesse.*

(*) First folio, *this.* (†) First folio inserts, *the.* (‡) First folio, *is.*

1 CAR. Like a tench? by the mass,* there is ne'er a king in Christendom[a] could be better bit than I have been since the first cock.

2 CAR. Why, they† will allow us ne'er a jordan, and then we leak in your chimney; and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a loach.(1)

1 CAR. What, ostler! come away, and be hanged! come away.

2 CAR. I have a gammon of bacon, and two razes of ginger,[b] to be delivered as far as Charing-cross.

1 CAR. Godsbody!‡ the turkies in my pannier are quite starved.—What, ostler!—A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? can'st not hear? An 't were not as good a deed as drink, to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain.—Come, and be hanged:—hast no faith in thee?

Enter GADSHILL.

GADS. Good-morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

1 CAR. I think it be two o'clock.[c]

GADS. I pr'ythee, lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

1 CAR. Nay, soft, I pray ye;[d] I know a trick worth two of that, i'faith.§

GADS. I pr'ythee, lend me thine.

2 CAR. Ay, when, can'st tell?[e]—*Lend me thy lantern*, quoth a?—marry, I'll see thee hanged first.

GADS. Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

2 CAR. Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee.—Come, neighbour Mugs, we'll call up the gentlemen; they will along with company, for they have great charge.

[*Exeunt* Carriers.

GADS. What, ho! chamberlain!

CHAM. [*Within.*] At hand, quoth pick-purse.[f]

GADS. That's even as fair as—*at hand, quoth the chamberlain:* for thou variest no more from picking of purses, than giving direction doth from labouring; thou lay'st the plot, how.(2)

Enter Chamberlain.

CHAM. Good morrow, master Gadshill. It holds current, that I told you yesternight. There's a franklin in the wild of Kent, hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company, last night at supper; a kind of auditor; one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter;[g] they will away presently.

GADS. Sirrah, if they meet not with saint Nicholas' clerks,[h] I'll give thee this neck.

CHAM. No, I'll none of it; I pr'ythee, keep that for the hangman; for, I know, thou worship'st saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may.

GADS. What talk'st thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows: for, if I hang, old sir John hangs with me; and, thou know'st, he's no starveling. Tut! there are other Trojans that thou dream'st not of, the which, for sport sake, are content to do the profession some grace; that would, if matters should be looked into, for their own credit sake, make all whole. I am joined with no foot land-rakers, no long-staff, sixpenny strikers; none of these mad, mustachio-purple-hued malt-worms: but with nobility, and tranquillity; burgomasters, and great oneyers;(3) such as can hold in; such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray:[i] and yet, zounds!* I lie; for they pray continually to† their saint, the commonwealth; or, rather, not‡ pray to her, but prey on her; for they ride up and down on her, and make her their boots.

CHAM. What, the commonwealth their boots? will she hold out water in foul way?

GADS. She will, she will; justice hath liquored her. We steal as in a castle, cock-sure: we have the receipt of fern-seed, we walk invisible.(4)

CHAM. Nay, by my faith,[k] I think you are more beholden to the night, than to§ fern-seed, for your walking invisible.

(*) First folio omits, *by the mass.* (†) First folio, *you.*
(‡) First folio omits, *God'sbody.* (§) First folio omits, *i'faith.*

[a] *There is ne'er a king* in Christendom—] So the folio: the quartos read, ne'er a king *christen.*

[b] And two razes of ginger.] Supposed to mean *roots* of ginger.

[c] *I think it be* two o'clock.] Steevens suggests that the Carrier, suspecting Gadshill, tries to deceive him as to the hour; because the first observation made in the scene is, that it is *four o'clock.*

[d] Nay, soft, I pray ye; I know a trick, &c.—] Here the quarto copies have, Nay, *by God*, soft, I know, &c. The reading in the text is that of the folio.

[e] Ay, when, can'st tell?—] A proverbial saying. See note (d) p. 127, of the present volume.

[f] At hand, quoth pick-purse.] A proverbial expression of common currency in Shakespeare's time.

[g] Eggs and butter.] Buttered eggs constituted the usual breakfast formerly, especially in Lent.

[h] Saint Nicholas' clerks.] Under what circumstances St. Nicholas became the patron of scholars, an account is given in note (1), p. 43; but why he was reckoned the tutelary guardian of cut-purses has not yet been satisfactorily explained, although the expression so applied is repeatedly met with in old books. Thus in *Glareanus Vadeanus's Panegyrick upon Tom Coryat*:—

> "A mandrake grown under some heavy tree,
> There where *Saint Nicholas knights* not long before,
> Had dropt their fat *axungia* to the lee."

And again, in Rowley's play of "A Match at Midnight:"—"I think yonder comes prancing down the hills from Kingston a couple of *St. Nicholas's clerks.*"

[i] *Such as can* hold in; such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, &c.] By *such as can hold in*, Gadshill, in his professional jargon, may mean such as can *hold on*, or *stick to the purpose;* but the subsequent gradation is not very intelligible, unless by *speak* is to be understood, *cry*, "*stand.*"

[k] *Nay*, by my faith, *I think you are*, &c.—] The folio omits *by my faith*, and reads,—Nay, I think *rather*, you, &c.

(*) First folio omits, *zounds.* (†) First folio, *unto.*
(‡) First folio inserts, *to.* (§) First folio inserts, *the.*

GADS. Give me thy hand: thou shalt have a share in our purchase,[a] as I am a true man.

CHAM. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

GADS. Go to; *Homo* is a common name to all men. Bid the ostler bring my* gelding out of the stable. Farewell, you muddy knave. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Road near* Gads-hill.

Enter PRINCE HENRY, *and* POINS.

POINS. Come, shelter, shelter; I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gummed velvet.[b]

P. HEN. Stand close.

Enter FALSTAFF.

FAL. Poins! Poins, and be hanged! Poins!

P. HEN. Peace, ye fat-kidney'd rascal; what a brawling dost thou keep!

FAL. Where's* Poins, Hal?

P. HEN. He is walked up to the top of the hill; I'll go seek him. [*Pretends to seek* POINS.

FAL. I am accurst to rob in that thief's company: the† rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the squire[c] further afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two-and-twenty year, and yet I am bewitched with the rogue's company. If the rascal

(*) First folio, *the.*

[a] *Our* purchase,—] In the rogue's language, *purchase* was anciently a slang synonym for *stolen goods.* Thus in Henry V. Act III. Sc. 2:—

"They will steal anything, and call it *purchase.*"

The first folio reads, *purpose.*

[b] *And he* frets like a gummed velvet.] So in Marston's play of "The Malcontent:"—"I'll come among you, like gum into taffata, to *fret, fret.*"

(*) First folio, *What.* (†) First folio, *that.*

[c] *By the* squire—] That is, by the *rule.* The word is derived from the French *esquiere;* and occurs again in the "Winter's Tale," Act IV. Sc. 3:—"Not the worst of the three, but jumps twelve foot and a half *by the squire.*" See, also, Note ([b]), p. 92.

have not given me medicines, to make me love him, I'll be hanged; it could not be else; I have drunk medicines.—Poins!—Hal!—a plague upon you both!—Bardolph!—Peto!—I'll starve, ere I'll* rob a foot further. An 'twere not as good a deed as† drink, to turn true[a] man, and to leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground is threescore and ten miles afoot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough. A plague upon 't, when thieves cannot be true to one another! [*They whistle.*] Whew!—A plague‡ upon you all! Give me§ my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hanged.

P. Hen. Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down; lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou can'st‖ hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood,¶ I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again, for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye, to colt[b] me thus?

P. Hen. Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

(*) First folio, *I*.
(†) First folio inserts, *to*.
(‡) First folio inserts, *light*.
(§) First folio omits, *me*.
(‖) First folio, *can*.
(¶) First folio omits, *'Sblood*.

[a] True *man*,—] *Honest* man. In old language *thief* and *true man* are always placed in opposition.

[b] *To* colt *me thus?*] To *colt* meant to *gull*.

Fal. I pr'ythee, good prince Hal, help me to my horse; good king's son.

P. Hen. Out, you rogue! shall I be your ostler?

Fal. Go, hang thyself in thine own heir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you* all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison: when a jest is so forward, and afoot too, —I hate it.

Enter Gadshill; Bardolph *and* Peto *with him.*

Gads. Stand.

Fal. So I do, against my will.

Poins. O, 'tis our setter: I know his voice. Bardolph, what news?

Bar. Case ye, case ye; on with your visors; there's money of the king's coming down the hill; 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

Fal. You lie, you rogue; 'tis going to the king's tavern.

Gads. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hanged.

(*) First folio omits, *you*.

P. Hen. Sirs,* you four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned Poins† and I will walk lower: if they 'scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. How many be there of them?[a]

Gads. Some eight, or ten.

Fal. Zounds!‡ will they not rob us?

P. Hen. What, a coward, sir John Paunch?

Fal. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal.

P. Hen. Well,§ we‖ leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge; when thou need'st him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hanged.

P. Hen. Ned, where are our disguises?

Poins. Here, hard by; stand close.

[P. Henry *and* Poins *retire.*

(*) First folio omits, *Sirs.* (†) First folio omits, *Poins.*
(‡) First folio omits, *Zounds.* (§) First folio omits, *Well.*
(‖) First folio, *wee'l.*

[a] How many be there of them?] So the first quarto. The folio reads,—*But* how many be of them?

Fal. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole,[b] say I; every man to his business.

Enter Travellers.

1 Trav. Come, neighbour; the boy shall lead our horses down the hill: we'll walk afoot a while, and ease our legs.

Thieves. Stand!*

Trav. Jesu bless us!

Fal. Strike! down with them! cut the villains' throats! Ah! whoreson caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth: down with them! fleece them!

1 Trav. O, we are undone, both we and ours, for ever.

Fal. Hang ye, gorbellied[c] knaves: are ye undone? No, ye fat chuffs; I would your store

(*) First folio, *Stay.*

[b] Happy man be his dole.—] See Note ([d]), p. 234.

[c] Gorbellied—] *Pot-bellied, swag-bellied.* Perhaps corrupted from *gorge-bellied.* That Falstaff, the "tun of man," should reproach his victims with corpulence is exquisitely humorous.

were here! On, bacons, on! What, ye knaves! young men must live: you are grand jurors are ye? we'll jure ye, i'faith.

[*Exeunt* FALSTAFF, &c. *driving them out.*[a]

P. HEN. The thieves have bound the true men: now could thou and I rob the thieves, and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

POINS. Stand close, I hear them coming.

[*Retire again.*

Re-enter Thieves.

FAL. Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. An the Prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring: there's no more valour in that Poins, than in a wild duck.

P. HEN. Your money!

[*Rushing out upon them.*

POINS. Villains!

[*As they are sharing,*[b] *the* Prince *and* POINS *set upon them. They all run away, and* FALSTAFF *after a blow or two runs away too, leaving the booty behind them.*

P. HEN. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse:
The thieves are scatter'd, and possess'd with fear
So strongly, that they dare not meet each other:
Each takes his fellow for an officer.
Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death,
And lards the lean earth as he walks along:
Wer't not for laughing, I should pity him.

POINS. How the rogue roar'd! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Warkworth. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter HOTSPUR, *reading a letter.*[c]

——*But, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house.*—He could be contented,—why is he not then? In respect of the love he bears our house:—he shows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. *The purpose you undertake, is dangerous;*—Why, that's certain; 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink: but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. *The purpose you undertake, is dangerous; the friends you have named, uncertain; the time itself unsorted; and your whole plot too light, for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.*—Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this! By the Lord,* our plot is a good† plot as ever was laid; our friends‡ true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation: an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this! Why, my lord of York commends the plot, and the general course of the action, Zounds, an§ I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not, besides, the Douglas? Have I not all their letters, to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are they not, some of them, set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this! an infidel! Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself, and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimmed milk with so honourable an action! Hang him! let him tell the king. We are prepared; I will set forward‖ to-night.

Enter Lady PERCY.

How now, Kate? I must leave you within these two hours.

LADY. O my good lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offence have I, this fortnight, been
A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed?
Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee
Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?
Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth,
And start so often when thou sit'st alone?
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks,
And given my treasures, and my rights of thee,
To thick-ey'd musing, and curs'd melancholy?
In thy¶ faint slumbers, I by thee have watch'd,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars:
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;
Cry, *Courage!—to the field!* And thou hast talk'd
Of sallies, and retires; of** trenches, tents,
Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets;
Of basilisks,[d] of cannon, culverin:
Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain,
And all the current of a heady fight.

[a] Exeunt Falstaff, &c.] The old stage direction is,—"Heere they rob them, and binde them. Enter the Prince and Poines."

[b] As they are sharing, &c.] This is the stage direction exactly as it stands in the quarto copies.

[c] Reading a letter.] This letter, Mr. Edwards says, in his MS. Notes, was from George Dunbar, Earl of March, in Scotland.

(*) First folio, *I protest.*
(†) First folio, *as good a.*
(‡) First folio, *friend.*
(§) First folio, *By this hand if.*
(‖) First folio, *forwards.*
(¶) First folio, *my.*
(**) First folio omits *of.*

[d] Basilisks,—] Huge pieces of ordnance. So called from their supposed resemblance to the basilisk.

Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,
And thus hath so bestir'd thee in thy sleep,
That beads* of sweat have† stood upon thy brow,
Like bubbles in a late disturbed stream:
And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,
Such as we see when men restrain their breath
On some great sudden haste. O, what portents are these?
Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
And I must know it, else he loves me not.

HOT. What, ho! Is Gilliams with the packet gone?

Enter Servant.

SERV. He is, my lord, an hour ago.‡

HOT. Hath Butler brought those horses from the sheriff?

SERV. One horse, my lord, he brought even now.

HOT. What horse? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not?

SERV. It is, my lord.

HOT. That roan shall be my throne.
Well, I will back him straight: O *esperance!*[a]—
Bid Butler lead him forth into the park.

[*Exit* Servant.

LADY. But hear you, my lord.

HOT. What say'st thou, my lady?[b]

LADY. What is it carries you away?

HOT. Why, my horse,
My love, my horse.

LADY. Out, you mad-headed ape!

(*) First folio, *beds*. (†) First folio, *hath*.
(‡) First folio, *agone*.

* O *esperance!*—] The "*O*" is omitted in the folio, though clearly required, since *Esperance* (the motto of the Percy family) is pronounced as a word of three syllables.

b *But hear you*, my lord.
What say'st thou, my lady?] See note (c), p. 413.

A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen,
As you are tossed with. In faith,*
I'll know your business, Harry, that I will.
I fear, my brother Mortimer doth stir
About his title; and hath sent for you
To line[a] his enterprise: but if you go——

HOT. So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.

LADY. Come, come, you paraquito, answer me
Directly unto this question that I† ask.
In faith,‡ I'll break thy little finger, Harry,
An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.[b]

HOT. Away, away, you trifler!—Love?—I love thee not,
I care not for thee, Kate: this is no world
To play with mammets, and to tilt with lips:
We must have bloody noses, and crack'd crowns,
And pass them current too.—Gods me, my horse!—
What say'st thou, Kate? what would'st thou have with me?

LADY. Do you§ not love me? do you§ not, indeed?
Well, do not then; for, since you love me not,
I will not love myself. Do you not love me?
Nay, tell me, if you speak‖ in jest, or no.

HOT. Come, wilt thou see me ride?
And when I am o' horseback, I will swear
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate;
I must not have you henceforth question me
Whither I go, nor reason whereabout:
Whither I must, I must; and, to conclude,
This evening must I leave you,¶ gentle Kate.
I know you wise; but yet no further wise,
Than Harry Percy's wife: constant you are,
But yet a woman: and for secrecy,
No lady closer; for I well** believe,
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;[c]
And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate!

LADY. How! so far? [Kate,

HOT. Not an inch further. But hark you,
Whither I go, thither shall you go too;
To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.—
Will this content you, Kate?

LADY. It must, of force. [*Exeunt.*

(*) First folio, *sooth.* (†) Old text inserts, *shall.*
(‡) First folio, *indeed.* (§) First folio, *ye.*
(‖) First folio, *thou speak'st.* (¶) First folio, *thee.*
(**) First folio, *will.*

[a] *To* line *his enterprise:*] To *line* means here to *strengthen.* It occurs, with the same sense, in "Macbeth," Act I. Sc. 3:—

"—— did *line* the rebel
With hidden help and vantage."

And in "King John," Act IV. Sc. 3:—

"We will not *line* his thin, bestained cloak."

[b] An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.] So the quartos. The folio, which prints the speech as prose, reads,—*if thou wilt not tell me true.*

[c] Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;] This was proverbial,—(see Ray's "Proverbs,")—and as old at least as Chaucer:—"Ye sayn that the janglerie of wommen *can hyde things that they wot not of.*"—MELIBEUS' *Tale.*

[d] And tell *me flatly*—] The folio reads,—*Telling* me, &c.

[e] *And when you* breathe in your watering,—] That is, take breath while drinking. Thus, in Rowland's "Letting of Humours Blood in the Head Vaine," Satyre 6:—

"Fill him his Beaker, he will never flinch,
To give a full quart pot the emptie pinch.
Heele looke vnto your *water* well enough,
And hath an eye that no man leaues a snuffe,
A pox of peece-meale drinking (William sayes)
Play it away, weele have no stoppes and stayes."

[f] I give thee this pennyworth of sugar,—] It was not unusual in Shakespeare's day, to put sugar in wine; and the drawers, therefore, kept small papers of it, ready folded up, for the supply of customers.

[g] Under-skinker;] An *under-drawer*, or *waiter*, from *Schencken*, Dutch, to pour out drink.

SCENE IV.—Eastcheap. *A Room in the* Boar's Head Tavern.(5)

Enter PRINCE HENRY *and* POINS.

P. HEN. Ned, pr'ythee, come out of that fat room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

POINS. Where hast been, Hal?

P. HEN. With three or four loggerheads, amongst three or fourscore hogsheads. I have sounded the very base string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers; and can call them all by their Christian* names, as—Tom, Dick, and Francis. They take it already upon their salvation,† that, though I be but prince of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy; and tell[d] me flatly I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff; but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy,—by the Lord, so they call me;‡ and when I am king of England, I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheap. They call—drinking deep, *dyeing scarlet:* and when you breathe in your watering,[e] they cry§—*hem!* and bid you play it off.—To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action. But, sweet Ned,—to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar,[f] clapped even now into my hand by an under-skinker;[g] one that never spake other English in his life, than—*Eight shillings and sixpence,* and—*You are welcome;* with this shrill addition,—*Anon, anon, sir! Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon,* or so. But, Ned, to drive away the‖ time till Falstaff come, I pr'ythee, do thou stand in some by-room, while I question my puny drawer, to what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou¶ never leave calling—*Francis!* that his tale to me may be nothing but—*anon.* Step aside, and I'll show thee a precedent.

POINS. Francis!

P. HEN. Thou art perfect.

POINS. Francis! [*Exit* POINS.

(*) First folio omits, *all,* and *Christian.*
(†) First folio, *confidence.*
(‡) First folio omits, *by the Lord, so they call me.*
(§) First folio, *then they cry.* (‖) First folio omits, *the.*
(¶) First folio omits, *thou.*

Enter FRANCIS.

FRAN. Anon, anon, sir.—Look down into the Pomegranate, Ralph.

P. HEN. Come hither, Francis.

FRAN. My lord.

P. HEN. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

FRAN. Forsooth, five years, and as much as to—

POINS. [*Without.*] Francis!

FRAN. Anon, anon, sir.

P. HEN. Five years! by'r lady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, darest thou be so valiant, as to play the coward with thy indenture, and show it a fair pair of heels, and run from it?

FRAN. O lord, sir! I'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart—

POINS. [*Without.*] Francis!

FRAN. Anon, anon, sir.

P. HEN. How old art thou, Francis?

FRAN. Let me see,—about Michaelmas next I shall be—

POINS. [*Without.*] Francis!

FRAN. Anon, sir.—Pray you, stay a little, my lord.

P. HEN. Nay, but hark you, Francis; for the sugar thou gavest me,—'twas a pennyworth, was't not?

FRAN. O lord, sir! I would it had been two.

P. HEN. I will give thee for it a thousand pound; ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

POINS. [*Without.*] Francis!

FRAN. Anon, anon.

P. HEN. *Anon*, Francis? No, Francis: but tomorrow, Francis; or, Francis, on Thursday; or, indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis,—

FRAN. My lord?

P. HEN. Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin, crystal-button, nott-pated,[a] agate-ring, puke-stocking,[b] caddis-garter,[c] smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch,—

FRAN. O lord, sir, who do you mean?

[a] Nott-pated,—] *Round-headed*, from the hair being polled close. In Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," it is told of the Yeman:—

"A *nott head* had he with a brown visage."

[b] Puke-stocking,—] That is, *puce-stocking*. Either from the colour, which was a kind of dark drab, or from the material, which was worsted or woollen.

[c] Caddis-garter,—] *Caddis*, Malone says, was *worsted galloon*.

P. HEN. Why then, your brown bastard[a] is your only drink: for, look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will sully: in Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much.

FRAN. What, sir?

POINS. [*Without.*] Francis!

P. HEN. Away, you rogue; dost thou not* hear them call?

[*Here they both call him; the drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.*

Enter VINTNER.

VINT. What! stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a calling? look to the guests within. [*Exit* FRAN.] My lord, old sir John, with half a dozen more, are at the door; shall I let them in?

P. HEN. Let them alone awhile, and then open the door. [*Exit* VINTNER.] Poins!

Re-enter POINS.

POINS. *Anon, anon,* sir.

P. HEN. Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door; shall we be merry?

POINS. As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye; what cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? come, what's the issue?

P. HEN. I am now of all humours, that have showed themselves humours, since the old days of goodman Adam, to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight. [*Re-enter* FRANCIS *with wine.*] What's o'clock, Francis?

FRAN. Anon, anon, sir. [*Exit.*

P. HEN. That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman! —His industry is—up-stairs, and down-stairs; his eloquence, the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the north; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife,—*Fie upon this quiet life! I want work. O my sweet Harry,* says she, *how many hast thou killed to-day? Give my roan horse a drench,* says he; and answers, *Some fourteen,* an hour after, *a trifle, a trifle.* I pr'ythee, call in Falstaff; I'll play Percy, and that damned brawn shall play dame Mortimer his wife. *Rivo,* says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, *and* PETO.

POINS. Welcome, Jack; where hast thou been?

FAL. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen!—Give me a cup of sack, boy.—Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether-stocks,[b] and mend them, and foot them* too. A plague of all cowards!—Give me a cup of sack, rogue. [*Re-enter* FRANCIS *with wine.*] Is there no virtue extant? [*He drinks.*

P. HEN. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter? pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun![c] if thou didst, then behold that compound.

FAL. You rogue, here's lime in this sack too: there is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man: yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it;† a villainous coward.—Go thy ways, old Jack, die when thou wilt; if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There lives not three good men unhanged in England; and one of them is fat, and grows old: God help the while! A bad world, I say! I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or any thing[d]: A plague of all cowards, I say still!

P. HEN. How now, wool-sack? what mutter you?

FAL. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You prince of Wales!

P. HEN. Why, you whoreson round man! what's the matter?

FAL. Are not‡ you a coward? answer me to that; and Poins there?

POINS. 'Zounds,§ ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, by the Lord,‖ I'll stab thee.

FAL. I call thee coward! I'll see thee damned ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand pound, I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back: call you that, backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me.—Give me a cup of sack:—I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

(*) First folio omits, *not.*

(*) First folio omits, *and foot them.* (†) First folio omits, *in it.* (‡) First folio, *you not.* (§) First folio omits, *'Zounds.* (‖) First folio omits, *by the Lord.*

[a] Brown bastard—] A kind of sweet wine.

[b] Nether-stocks,—] That is, low or short stockings; what the French called *bas de chausses.*

[c] Pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun!] Thus the later quartos, and the folio, 1623. The first and second quartos read, *sonnes* for *sun.* In this much-disputed passage we prefer the punctuation recommended by Warburton, reading "*pitiful-hearted Titan*" parenthetically; but have some disposition to think, with Theobald, that the compositor, by inadvertence, repeated the word "Titan" instead of "butter," and that the true lection is, "pitiful-hearted *butter,* that melted at the sweet tale of the sun."

[d] I could sing psalms or any thing:] The weeding of expressions that were considered objectionable, has been carried to a greater extent in this play than in any other of our author's; probably from its being often performed. The above words are altered in the folio to, *I could sing all manner of songs.* The censor has, however, overlooked, "God help the while!" just before.

P. HEN. O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunk'st last.

FAL. All's one for that. A plague of all cowards, still say I. [*He drinks.*

P. HEN. What's the matter?

FAL. What's the matter! there* be four of us here† have ta'en a thousand pound this day morning.[a]

P. HEN. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

FAL. Where is it? taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

P. HEN. What, a hundred, man?

FAL. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet; four, through the hose; my buckler[b] cut through and through; my sword hacked like a handsaw, *ecce signum*. I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards!—Let them speak; if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains, and the sons of darkness.

P. HEN. Speak, sirs; how was it?

GADS. We four set upon some dozen,——

FAL. Sixteen, at least, my lord.

GADS. And bound them;—

PETO. No, no, they were not bound.

FAL. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

GADS. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us,——

FAL. And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

P. HEN. What, fought ye with them all?

FAL. All? I know not what ye call, all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

P. HEN. Pray God,‡ you have not murdered some of them.

FAL. Nay, that's past praying for; I have peppered two of them: two, I am sure, I have paid; two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal,—if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse—thou knowest my old ward: §—here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me,——

P. HEN. What, four? thou said'st but two, even now.

FAL. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

POINS. Ay, ay, he said four.

FAL. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me* no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

P. HEN. Seven? why there were but four, even now.

FAL. In buckram?

POINS. Ay, four in buckram suits.

FAL. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

P. HEN. Pr'ythee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

FAL. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

P. HEN. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

FAL. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram, that I told thee of,——

P. HEN. So, two more already.

FAL. Their points being broken,——

POINS. Down fell their† hose.[c]

FAL. Began to give me ground: but I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and, with a thought, seven of the eleven I paid.

P. HEN. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

FAL. But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves, in Kendal green,[d] came at my back, and let drive at me;—for it was so dark, Hal, that thou could'st not see thy hand.

P. HEN. These lies are like the father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts; thou knotty-pated fool; thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-keech,[e]——

FAL. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth, the truth?

P. HEN. Why, how could'st thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou could'st not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason; what say'st thou to this?

POINS. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

FAL. What, upon compulsion? No; were I at

(*) First folio, *here*. (†) First folio omits, *here*.
(‡) First folio, *Heaven*. (§) First folio, *word*.

(*) First folio omits, *me*. (†) First folio, *his*.

[a] *This* day *morning*.] So the two earliest quartos. Subsequent editions omit *day*. "*Day-morning*" is, however, an expression not yet quite obsolete.

[b] My buckler—] The adherence to the old weapons of combat, which were rapidly giving place to the more fashionable rapier and dagger, was thought derogatory to a gentleman in Shakespeare's time. See Note (b), p. 518.—"I see by this dearth of good swords, that sword-and-buckler-fight begins to grow out. I am sorry for it: I shall never see good manhood again. If it be once gone, this poking fight of rapier and dagger will come up then."—*The Two Angry Women of Abingdon*, 1599.

[c] Down fell their hose.] Poins plays on the double meaning of *point*, as *the sharp end of a sword* and *the laces which fastened up the garments*. See Note (e), p. 250.

[d] Kendal green,—] Kendal, in Westmoreland, was famous, time out of mind, for its manufacture and dyeing of cloths:—

"—— where *Kendal* town doth stand,
For making of our *cloth* scarce match'd in all the land."
DRAYTON'S *Polyolbion*, *Song* XX.

[e] *Tallow*-keech,——] The old copies have, "*tallow-catch*," which conveys no meaning at present discoverable. A *keech*, Dr. Percy says, is the fat of an ox or cow rolled up by the butcher into a round lump, to be carried to the chandler. In "Henry IV." Part II. Act II. Sc. 1, the butcher's wife is called "*dame Keech*."

the strappado,[a] or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

P. Hen. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin; this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh;——

Fal. Away! you starveling, you elf-skin,[b] you dried neat's-tongue, bull's pizzle, you stock-fish,—O, for breath to utter what is like thee!—you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck;——

P. Hen. Well, breathe a while, and then to it again: and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.*

Poins. Mark, Jack.

(*) First folio, *thus*.

[a] The strappado,—] This frightful punishment, so frequently mentioned in old books, is described in Randle Holme's "Academy of Arms and Blazon," B. III. Ch. VII. p. 310, as follows:—"The *strappado* is when the person is drawn up to his height, and then suddenly to let him fall half way with a jerk, which not only breaketh his arms to pieces, but also shaketh all his joints out of joint; which punishment is better to be hanged, than for a man to undergo."

[b] Elf-skin,—] Hanmer and Warburton read, "*eel-skin*."

P. Hen. We two saw you four set on four; you bound them,[c] and were masters of their wealth. Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four: and, with a word, out-faced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here* in the house:—and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins. Come, let's hear, Jack; what trick hast thou now?

Fal. By the Lord,† I knew ye as well as he

(*) First folio omits, *here*. (†) First folio omits, *By the Lord*.

[c] You *bound them*,—] The old editions read "*and* bound them." Pope made the necessary correction.

that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters: was it for me to kill the heir apparent? should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knowest, I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince.[a] Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself, and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant lion, and thou, for a true prince. But, by the Lord,* lads, I am glad you have the money. Hostess, clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow. Gallants! lads! boys! hearts of gold! All the titles of good† fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

P. HEN. Content;—and the argument shall be, thy running away.

FAL. Ah! no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me.

Enter Hostess.

HOST. O Jesu!‡ my lord the prince,——

P. HEN. How now, my lady the hostess? what say'st thou to me?

HOST. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door, would speak with you: he says, he comes from your father.

P. HEN. Give him as much as will make him a royal man,[b] and send him back again to my mother.

FAL. What manner of man is he?

HOST. An old man.

FAL. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight?—Shall I give him his answer?

P. HEN. Pr'ythee, do, Jack.

FAL. 'Faith, and I'll send him packing. [*Exit.*

P. HEN. Now, sirs; by'r lady,§ you fought fair;—so did you, Peto;—so did you, Bardolph: you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince; no,—fie!

BARD. 'Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

P. HEN. Tell me now in earnest, how came Falstaff's sword so hacked?

PETO. Why, he hacked it with his dagger; and said, he would swear truth out of England, but he would make you believe it was done in fight; and persuaded us to do the like.

BARD. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass to make them bleed; and then to beslubber our garments with it, and swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven year* before; I blushed, to hear his monstrous devices.

P. HEN. O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast blushed extempore: thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou ran'st away; what instinct hadst thou for it?

BARD. My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

P. HEN. I do.

BARD. What think you they portend?

P. HEN. Hot livers, and cold purses.

BARD. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

P. HEN. No, if rightly taken, halter.

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone. How now, my sweet creature of bombast? How long is't ago, Jack, since thou saw'st thine own knee?

FAL. My own knee? when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring: a plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad: here was sir John Bracy from your father; you must† to the court in the morning. That‡ same mad fellow of the north, Percy; and he of Wales, that gave Amaimon the bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook,—what, a plague, call you him?——

POINS. O! Glendower.

FAL. Owen, Owen; the same;—and his son-in-law, Mortimer; and old Northumberland; and that§ sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o'horseback up a hill perpendicular.

P. HEN. He that rides at high speed, and with his‖ pistol kills a sparrow flying.

FAL. You have hit it.

P. HEN. So did he never the sparrow.

FAL. Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him; he will not run.

(*) First folio omits, *by the Lord.* (†) First folio, *good titles of.*
(‡) First folio omits, *O Jesu.* (§) First folio omits, *by'r lady.*

(*) First folio, *years.* (†) First folio inserts, *go.*
(‡) First folio, *the.* (§) First folio, *the.*
(‖) First folio, *a.*

[a] The lion will not touch the true prince.] So in "Palmerin d'Oliva," Part II. c. 5, translated by Anthony Monday, 1588:—"Palmerin being in the Lyons denne, because none of the lyons should get forth to hurt any other however God disposed of him, made faste the doore after him and with his sword drawne and his mantle wraped about his arme went to see how the Beastes would deal with him. The Lyons coming about him smelling on his clothes would *not touch him; but (as it were knowing the blood royal)* lay downe at his feete and licked him, and afterwards went to their places againe."

[b] *There is a* nobleman——
Give him as much as will make him a royal man,—] The jest lies in the difference in the value of the two coins, a *royal* and a *noble.* The former was worth 10*s.*; the latter, only 6*s.* 8*d.* The prince bids the hostess give the *nobleman* 3*s.* 4*d.* and make him a *royal man.* The origin of this joke was probably an anecdote related of Queen Elizabeth. Mr. John Blower, in a sermon before her Majesty, first said, "my *royal* Queen,"* and shortly after, "my *noble* Queen." Upon which says the Queen: "What! am I *ten groats* worse than I was?"

P. HEN. Why, what a rascal art thou then, to praise him so for running?

FAL. O' horseback, ye cuckoo! but, afoot, he will not budge a foot.

P. HEN. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

FAL. I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps more: Worcester is stolen away to-night:* thy father's beard is turned white with the news; you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel.

P. HEN. Why† then, 't is like, if there come a hot June,‡ and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundreds.

FAL. By the mass, lad, thou say'st true; it is like we shall have good trading that way.—But, tell me, Hal, art thou not§ horribly afeard? thou being heir apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again, as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

P. HEN. Not a whit, i' faith;‖ I lack some of thy instinct.

FAL. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow, when thou comest to thy father; if thou¶ love me, practise an answer.

P. HEN. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

FAL. Shall I? content.—This chair shall be my state,[a] this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

P. HEN. Thy state is taken for a joint-stool, thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown, for a pitiful bald crown!

FAL. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved.—Give me a cup of sack, to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in king Cambyses'[b] vein.

P. HEN. Well, here is my leg.[c]

FAL. And here is my speech.—Stand aside, nobility.

HOST. O Jesu!** this is excellent sport, i' faith.

FAL. Weep not, sweet queen, for trickling tears are vain.

HOST. O the father, how he holds his countenance!

(*) First folio, *by night.* (†) First folio omits, *Why.*
(‡) First folio, *Sun.* (§) First folio, *not thou.*
(‖) First folio omits, *i' faith.* (¶) First folio inserts, *do.*
(**) First folio omits, *O Jesu.*

[a] *This chair shall be my* state,—] A *state* or *estate* meant originally perhaps only the canopy which surmounted the seat of princes; but it afterwards came to signify the throne or chair itself. Thus, "Macbeth," Act IV. Sc. 4,—

"Our hostess keeps her *state.*"

[b] *In king* Cambyses' *vein.*] The reference is to a play by Thomas Preston, 1570, called "A Lamentable Tragedy, mixed

FAL. For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful* queen,
For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

HOST. O Jesu!† he doth it as like one of these harlotry players, as ever I see.

FAL. Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain.—Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied: for though the camomile,[d] the more it is trodden on,‡ the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears. That§ thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own‖ opinion; but chiefly, a villainous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lieth the point—why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher,[e] and eat blackberries? a question not to be asked. Shall the son of England prove a thief, and take purses? a question to be asked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest: for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleasure, but in passion: not in words only, but in woes also:—and yet there is a virtuous man whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

P. HEN. What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

FAL. A goodly portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by 'r lady, inclining to threescore; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff; if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

P. HEN. Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I 'll play my father.

FAL. Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me

(*) Old copies, *trustful.* (†) First folio, *rare.*
(‡) First folio omits, *on.* (§) First folio omits, *That.*
(‖) First folio omits, *own.*

ful of Pleasant Mirth, conteyning the Life of *Cambises*, King of Percia."

[c] *Here is my* leg.] My obeisance to my father.

[d] Though the camomile,—] In ridicule, probably, of a passage in Lily's "Euphues":—"Though the *camomile* the more it is trodden and pressed downe, the more it spreadeth; yet the *violet* the oftener it is handled and touched, the sooner it withereth and decayeth," &c.

[e] *A* micher,—] A *vagabond*, a petty *rogue.*

up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker,[a] or a poulter's[b] hare.

P. HEN. Well, here I am set.

FAL. And here I stand:—judge, my masters.

P. HEN. Now, Harry? whence come you?

FAL. My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

P. HEN. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

FAL. 'Sblood,* my lord, they are false:—nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i' faith.†

P. HEN. Swearest thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee, in the likeness of a fat old man: a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch[c] of beastliness, that swoln parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard[d] of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree ox[e] with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years?[f] Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villainy? wherein villainous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

FAL. I would your grace would take me with you;[g] whom means your grace?

P. HEN. That villainous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

FAL. My lord, the man I know.

P. HEN. I know, thou dost.

FAL. But to say, I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, (the more the pity,) his white hairs do witness it: but that he is (saving your reverence) a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God‡ help the wicked! If to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know, is damned: if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins: but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company, banish not him thy Harry's company; banish plump Jack, and banish all the world. [*A knocking heard.*

[*Exeunt* Hostess, FRANCIS, *and* BARDOLPH.

P. HEN. I do, I will.

Re-enter BARDOLPH, *running.*

BARD. O, my lord, my lord! the sheriff, with a most monstrous watch, is at the door.

FAL. Out, you rogue! play out the play: I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

Re-enter Hostess, *hastily.*

HOST. O Jesu,* my lord, my lord!——

FAL. Heigh, heigh![h] the devil rides upon a fiddle-stick. What's the matter?

HOST. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house; shall I let them in?

FAL. Dost thou hear, Hal? Never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad,†[i] without seeming so.

P. HEN. And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

FAL. I deny your *major:* if you will deny the sheriff, so;[k] if not, let him enter: if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a halter, as another.

P. HEN. Go, hide thee behind the arras;—the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face, and good conscience.

FAL. Both which I have had; but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

[*Exeunt all but the* PRINCE *and* PETO.

P. HEN. Call in the sheriff.——

Enter Sheriff *and* Carrier.

Now, master sheriff; what's your will with me?

SHER. First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry
Hath follow'd certain men unto this house.

(*) First folio, *Yfaith.* (†) First folio omits, *i' faith.* (‡) First folio, *Heaven.*

a A rabbit-sucker,—] That is, a sucking rabbit.

b A poulter's—] The old spelling and pronunciation of *poulterer.*

c Bolting-hutch—] According to Steevens, the bin into which the meal is *bolted.*

d Bombard—] A *barrel.*

e Roasted Manningtree ox—] Alluding, it is thought, to the custom of roasting an ox at Manningtree fair. *Manningtree,* as we gather from Nash, Heywood, and Decker, enjoyed the privilege of fairs by exhibiting certain stage-performances called "Moralities" every year.

f *That reverend* vice, *that grey* iniquity, ... *that* vanity *in years?*] The *Vice, Iniquity,* and *Vanity,* were the characters of the ancient Moralities.

(*) First folio omits, *Jesu.* (†) Old copies, *made.*

g Would take me with you;] See note (b), p. 197.

h FAL. Heigh, heigh! &c.] The quarto gives this speech to the Prince, but the folio is undoubtedly right in assigning it to Falstaff.

i Thou art essentially mad,—] This speech has never been explained. The key to it, we believe, is, that when the Hostess asks, "Shall I let them in?" the Prince boldly replies by gesture, "Yes," which so alarms Falstaff that he breaks forth, first imploringly, "Dost thou hear, Hal?" and then with vehemence, "Never call," &c.

k *I deny your* major: *if you will deny the* sheriff, *so;*] A quibble is obviously meant between the chief corporate officer the *mayor,* and his subordinate the sheriff, and *major* the proposition of a syllogism.

P. HEN. What men?
SHER. One of them is well known, my gracious lord;
A gross fat man.
CAR. As fat as butter.
P. HEN. The man, I do assure you, is not here;
For I myself at this time have employ'd him.
And, sheriff, I will engage my word to thee,
That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time,
Send him to answer thee, or any man,
For any thing he shall be charg'd withal:
And so let me entreat you leave the house.
SHER. I will, my lord. There are two gentlemen
Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.
P. HEN. It may be so; if he have robb'd these men,
He shall be answerable; and so, farewell.
SHER. Good night, my noble lord.
P. HEN. I think it is good morrow; is it not?
SHER. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock. [*Exeunt* Sheriff *and* Carrier.
P. HEN. This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's: go, call him forth.

PETO. Falstaff!—fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.
P. HEN. Hark, how hard he fetches breath: search his pockets. [*He searcheth his pockets, and findeth certain papers.*][a] What hast thou found?
PETO. Nothing but papers, my lord.
P. HEN. Let's see what they be:* read them.
PETO. *Item, a capon* . . . . . 2*s.* 2*d.*
Item, Sauce . . . . . 4*d.*
Item, Sack, two gallons . . . . . 5*s.* 8*d.*
Item, Anchovies, and sack after supper. 2*s.* 6*d.*
Item, Bread . . . . . *ob.*[b]
P. HEN. O monstrous! but one half-pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!—What there is else, keep close; we'll read it at more advantage: there let him sleep till day. I'll to the court in the morning: we must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot; and, I know, his death will be a march† of twelve-score.[c] The money shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and so good morrow, Peto.
PETO. Good morrow, good my lord. [*Exeunt.*

[a] He searcheth his pockets, &c.] The original stage direction.
[b] *Ob.*] For *obolum*, the usual way in old times of writing a halfpenny.

(*) First folio, *be they*. (†) First folio, *match*.

[c] Of twelve-score.] In archers' phraseology, twelve-score *yards*.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Bangor. *A Room in the* Archdeacon's *House.*

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, MORTIMER, *and* GLENDOWER.

MOR. These promises are fair, the parties sure,
And our induction[a] full of prosperous hope.
HOT. Lord Mortimer,—and cousin Glendower,—
Will you sit down?——
And, uncle Worcester:—a plague upon it!
I have forgot the map.
GLEND. No, here it is. Sit, cousin Percy,
Sit, good cousin Hotspur: for by that name
As oft as Lancaster doth speak of you,
His cheek looks* pale; and, with a rising sigh,
He wisheth you in heaven.
HOT. And you in hell, as oft as he hears
Owen Glendower spoke of.
GLEND. I cannot blame him: at my nativity,
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets; and, at my birth,
The frame and huge† foundation of the earth
Shak'd like a coward.
HOT. Why, so it would have done at the same

[a] Induction—] That is, *Beginning, entrance.*

(*) First folio, *cheeks look.* (†) First folio omits, *huge.*

season, if your mother's cat had but kitten'd,
though yourself had never been born.
GLEND. I say, the earth did shake when I was born.
HOT. And I say, the earth was not of my mind,
If you suppose, as fearing you, it shook.
GLEND. The heavens were all on fire, the earth did tremble.
HOT. O, then the earth shook to see the heavens on fire,
And not in fear of your nativity.
Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions; oft* the teeming earth
Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd
By the imprisoning of unruly wind
Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,
Shakes the old beldame earth, and topples† down
Steeples, and moss-grown towers. At your birth,
Our grandam earth, having this distemperature,
In passion shook.
GLEND. Cousin, of many men
I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave
To tell you once again,—that, at my birth,
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes;
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were strangely clamorous to the frighted fields.
These signs have mark'd me extraordinary;
And all the courses of my life do show,
I am not in the roll of common men.
Where is the living,—clipp'd in with the sea
That chides the banks of England, Scotland,‡ Wales,——
Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me?
And bring him out, that is but woman's son,
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,
And hold me pace in deep experiments.
HOT. I think there is no man speaks better Welsh:——I will to dinner.
MORT. Peace, cousin Percy, you will make him mad.
GLEND. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.
HOT. Why, so can I; or so can any man;
But will they come, when you do call for them?
GLEND. Why, I can teach thee, cousin, to command the devil.
HOT. And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil,
By telling truth. *Tell truth, and shame the devil.*—[a]

(*) First folio, *and.* (†) First folio, *tombles.*
(‡) First folio inserts, *and.*

[a] Tell truth, and shame the devil.—] A well-known and very ancient proverb.

[b] *My* moiety,—] *Moiety* of old was sometimes used to signify any portion of a thing, and sometimes, as now, the half part.

[c] *Comes* me *cranking in*, &c.] *Me* in this passage does not apply to the speaker; it is merely an expletive common among the old writers, and found frequently in these plays. Thus, in the "Second Part of Henry the Fourth," Act IV. Sc. 3:—"A good sherris-sack hath a twofold operation in it: it ascends *me* into the brain; dries *me* there all the foolish, and dull, and cruddy vapours which environ it;" &c. Again in "Julius Cæsar," Act I. Sc. 2.—
"He pluck'd *me* ope his doublet."

If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,
And I'll be sworn, I have power to shame him hence.
O, while you live, *tell truth, and shame the devil.*
MORT. Come, come,
No more of this unprofitable chat.
GLEND. Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head
Against my power: thrice from the banks of Wye,
And sandy-bottom'd Severn, have I sent* him
Bootless home, and weather-beaten back.
HOT. Home without boots, and in foul weather too!
How 'scapes he agues, in the devil's name?
GLEND. Come, here's the map: shall we divide our right,
According to our threefold order ta'en?
MORT. The archdeacon hath divided it
Into three limits, very equally:
England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,
By south and east, is to my part assign'd:
All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,
To Owen Glendower:—and, dear coz, to you
The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.
And our indentures tripartite are drawn;
Which being sealed interchangeably,
(A business that this night may execute,)
To-morrow, cousin Percy, you, and I,
And my good lord of Worcester, will set forth,
To meet your father, and the Scottish power,
As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.
My father Glendower is not ready yet,
Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days:—
Within that space, [*To* GLEND.] you may have drawn together
Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.
GLEN. A shorter time shall send me to you, lords,
And in my conduct shall your ladies come:
From whom you now must steal, and take no leave;
For there will be a world of water shed,
Upon the parting of your wives and you.
HOT. Methinks, my moiety,[b] north from Burton here,
In quantity equals not one of yours;
See, how this river comes me cranking in,
And cuts me,[c] from the best of all my land,
A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle[d] out.

(*) First folio, *hent.*

And in the same play, Act III. Sc. 3:—
"You'll bear *me* a bang for this."
You and *your* were often employed in the same way:—"Here's Wart;—you see what a ragged appearance it is: he shall charge *you*, and discharge *you*, with the motion of a pewterer's hammer:" &c.—HENRY IV. Pt. II. Act III. Sc. 2.
"*Your* Dane, *your* German, and *your* swag-bellied Hollander,—Drink, hoa! are nothing to *your* English."—OTHELLO, Act II. Sc. 3.

[d] *A monstrous* cantle—] *Cantle* is a *slice* or corner.
"Not so much as a *cantell* of cheese or crust of bread."—*A New Trick to Cheat the Devil.* 1636. Quoted by Steevens.

I'll have the current in this place damm'd up,
And here the smug and silver Trent shall run,
In a new channel, fair and evenly;
It shall not wind with such a deep indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottom here.

GLEND. Not wind? it shall, it must; you see, it doth.

MORT. Yea, but mark how he bears his course, and runs me up
With like advantage on the other side;
Gelding the opposed continent as much,
As on the other side it takes from you.

WOR. Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,
And on this north side win this cape of land;
And then he runs straight and even.[a]

HOT. I'll have it so; a little charge will do it.

GLEND. I will not have it alter'd.

HOT. Will not you?

GLEND. No, nor you shall not.

HOT. Who shall say me nay?

GLEND. Why, that will I.

HOT. Let me not understand you then;
Speak it in Welsh.

GLEND. I can speak English, lord, as well as you:
For I was train'd up in the English court: (1)
Where, being but young, I framed to the harp
Many an English ditty, lovely well,
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament;
A virtue that was never seen in you.

HOT. Marry, and I am glad of it with all my heart;
I had rather be a kitten, and cry—*mew*,
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers:
I had rather hear a brazen canstick* turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree;
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry;
'T is like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag.

GLEND. Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.

HOT. I do not care; I'll give thrice so much land
To any well-deserving friend.
But, in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.
Are the indentures drawn? shall we be gone?

GLEND. The moon shines fair, you may away by night:
I'll haste the writer, and, withal,
Break with your wives of your departure hence:
I am afraid, my daughter will run mad,
So much she doteth on her Mortimer. [*Exit.*

MORT. Fie, cousin Percy! how you cross my father!

HOT. I cannot choose: sometimes he angers me,
With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,[b]
Of the dreamer Merlin, and his prophecies;
And of a dragon, and a finless fish,
A clip-wing'd griffin, and a moulten raven,
A couching lion, and a ramping cat,
And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,—
He held me, last night, at least nine hours,[c]
In reckoning up the several devils' names,
That were his lackeys: I cry'd, *hum*,—and, *well*, —*go to*,—
But mark'd him not a word. O, he is as tedious
As a tired horse,[d] a railing wife;
Worse than a smoky house:—I had rather live
With cheese and garlic, in a windmill, far,
Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me,
In any summer-house in Christendom.

MORT. In faith, he is* a worthy gentleman;
Exceedingly† well read, and profited
In strange concealments; valiant as a lion,
And wondrous affable; and as bountiful
As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin?
He holds your temper in a high respect,
And curbs himself even of his natural scope,
When you do cross his humour; 'faith, he does;
I warrant you, that man is not alive,
Might so have tempted him as you have done,
Without the taste of danger and reproof;
But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

WOR. In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-blame;
And since your coming hither, have done enough
To put him quite beside his patience.
You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault:
Though sometimes it show greatness, courage, blood,
(And that's the dearest grace it renders you,)
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain:
The least of which, haunting a nobleman,
Loseth men's hearts; and leaves behind a stain
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,

(*) First folio, *candlestick*.

[a] And then he runs straight and even.] This line is so unmetrical that we may well suspect a syllable has been dropped. Might it not read,

"And then he runs *me* straight and even"?

[b] The moldwarp and the ant,—] The *moldwarp* is the mole. Hotspur alludes to an ancient prophecy mentioned in the "Chronicles":—"This [the dividing the realm between Mortimer, Glendower, and Percy] was done (as some have sayde) through a foolish credite given to a vaine prophecie, as though King Henry was the *molde-warpe*, cursed of God's owne mouth, and they three were the *dragon*, the *lion*, and the *wolfe* which should divide this realme between them."

(*) First folio, *was*. (†) First folio, *Exceeding*.

[c] At least nine hours,—] Capell reads, and perhaps correctly,

"He held me last night at *the* least nine hours."

[d] As a tired horse,—] Query,

"As *is* a tired horse,"

the reading of most of the modern editions?

Beguiling them of commendation.
HOT. Well, I am school'd; good manners be your speed!
Here come our* wives, and let us take our leave.

Re-enter GLENDOWER, *with the* Ladies.

MORT. This is the deadly spite that angers me,—
My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.
GLEND. My daughter weeps; she will not part with you;
She'll be a soldier too, she'll to the wars.
MORT. Good father, tell her,—that she, and my aunt Percy,
Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

[GLENDOWER *speaks to his daughter in Welsh, and she answers him in the same.*

GLEND. She's desperate here; a peevish self-will'd harlotry,[a]
One that no persuasion can do good upon.
[Lady M. *speaks to* MORTIMER *in Welsh.*
MORT. I understand thy looks: that pretty Welsh
Which thou pour'st down from these swelling heavens,[b]
I am too perfect in; and, but for shame,
In such a parley should I answer thee.
[Lady M. *speaks.*
I understand thy kisses, and thou mine,
And that's a feeling disputation:
But I will never be a truant, love,
Till I have learn'd thy language; for thy tongue
Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,
With ravishing division, to her lute.
GLEND. Nay, if you† melt, then will she run mad. [Lady M. *speaks again.*
MORT. O, I am ignorance itself in this.
GLEND. She bids you on the wanton rushes lay you down,
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep,
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness;
Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep,
As is the difference betwixt day and night,
The hour before the heavenly-harness'd team
Begins his golden progress in the east.
MORT. With all my heart I'll sit, and hear her sing;
By that time will our book,[c] I think, be drawn.
GLEND. Do so;
And those musicians that shall play to you,
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence;*
Yet straight they shall be here: sit, and attend.
HOT. Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down: come, quick, quick; that I may lay my head in thy lap.
LADY P. Go, ye giddy goose.

GLENDOWER *speaks some Welsh words; then the music plays.*

HOT. Now I perceive, the devil understands Welsh;
And 't is no marvel he's so humorous,
By'r lady, he's a good musician.
LADY P. Then should† you be nothing but musical; for you are altogether governed by humours. Lie still, ye thief, and hear the lady sing in Welsh.
HOT. I had rather hear *Lady*, my brach, howl in Irish.
LADY P. Would'st thou‡ have thy head broken?
HOT. No.
LADY P. Then be still.
HOT. Neither; 't is a woman's fault.
LADY P. Now God help thee!
HOT. To the Welsh lady's bed.
LADY P. What's that?
HOT. Peace! she sings.

A Welsh Song sung by LADY MORTIMER.

HOT. Come, Kate,§ I'll have your song too.
LADY P. Not mine, in good sooth.
HOT. Not yours, *in good sooth!* 'Heart,‖ you swear like a comfit-maker's wife! Not you, *in good sooth;* and, *As true as I live;* and, *As God shall mend me;* and, *As sure as day:*
And giv'st such sarcenet surety for thy oaths,
As if thou never walk'dst further than Finsbury.
Swear me, Kate, like a lady, as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath; and leave *in sooth,*
And such protest of pepper-gingerbread,

(*) First folio, *your.* (†) First folio, *thou.*

a A peevish self-will'd harlotry,—] So in "Romeo and Juliet," Act IV. Sc. 2:—

"A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is."

b Which thou pour'st down from these swelling heavens,—] Steevens conceived by "swelling heavens" were meant her *prominent lips.* Douce thought they were her *eyes swollen with tears.* Mr. Collier's annotator interprets the passage as Douce does, but ingeniously reads "*welling* heavens." Perhaps, after all, Mortimer alludes neither to lips nor eyes, but to her swelling bosom. In "Love's Labour 's Lost," Act IV. Sc. 3, the King says,—

"Do but behold the tears that *swell my heart;*"

and in Webster's "Sir Thomas Wyatt," Dyce's edition, p. 267, we meet with a passage still more to the purpose:—

"*Pouring down* tears sent from my *swelling heart.*"

c *Our* book,—] The tripartite indentures between them. In Shakespeare's day it was common to call any draft or deed "*a book.*"

(*) First folio, *thence.* (†) First folio, *would.*
(‡) First folio omits, *thou.* (§) First folio omits, *Kate.*
(‖) First folio omits, *Heart.*

To velvet-guards,[a] and Sunday-citizens.
Come, sing.

LADY P. I will not sing.

HOT. 'T is the next[b] way to turn tailor, or be redbreast teacher. An the indentures be drawn, I'll away within these two hours; and so come in when ye will. [*Exit.*

GLEND. Come, come, lord Mortimer; you are as slow,
As hot lord Percy is on fire to go.
By this our book is drawn; we will but seal,
And then to horse immediately.

MORT. With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES, *and* Lords.

K. HEN. Lords, give us leave; the prince of Wales and I
Must have some private conference; but be near at hand,
For we shall presently have need of you.—
[*Exeunt* Lords.
I know not whether God* will have it so,
For some displeasing service I have done,
That, in his secret doom, out of my blood
He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me;
But thou dost, in thy passages of life,
Make me believe,—that thou art only mark'd
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven,
To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean attempts,
Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art match'd withal, and grafted to,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood,
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

P. HEN. So please your majesty, I would I could
Quit all offences with as clear excuse,
As well as, I am doubtless, I can purge
Myself of many I am charg'd withal:
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As, in reproof[c] of many tales devis'd,—
Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,
By smiling pick-thanks and base newsmongers,—
I may, for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,
Find pardon on my true submission.

K. HEN. God* pardon thee!—Yet let me wonder, Harry,
At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,
Which by thy younger brother is supplied;
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the court and princes of my blood:
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd; and the soul of every man
Prophetically does forethink thy fall.
Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheap to vulgar company;
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had still kept loyal to possession,
And left me in reputeless banishment,
A fellow of no mark, nor likelihood.
By being seldom seen, I could not stir,
But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at:
That men would tell their children, *This is he;*
Others would say,—*Where? which is Bolingbroke?*
And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,
And dress'd myself in such humility,
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
Even in the presence of the crowned king.
Thus did I keep my person fresh, and new;
My presence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er seen, but wonder'd at: and so my state,
Seldom, but sumptuous, showed like a feast;
And won, by rareness, such solemnity.
The skipping king, he ambled up and down
With shallow jesters, and rash bavin[d] wits,
Soon kindled, and soon burn'd: carded[e] his state;
Mingled his royalty with carping[f] fools;
Had his great name profaned with their scorns,
And gave his countenance, against his name,
To laugh at gibing boys, and stand the push
Of every beardless vain comparative;[g]
Grew a companion to the common streets,
Enfeoff'd himself to popularity:
That, being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,

(*) First folio, *Heaven.*

[a] Velvet-guards,—] Gowns *guarded*, or bordered, with velvet were a favourite dress of the City ladies:—"At public meetings the aldermen of London weere skarlet gownes, and their wives a close gown of skarlet, with *gardes* of black *velvet*."—FYNES MORISON, *Itin.* 1617, Pt. III. p. 179.

[b] *The* next *way*—] That is, the *nearest* way.

[c] *As, in* reproof—] *Reproof* in this place means *refutation, disproof.*

[d] *And* rash bavin wits,—] *Fierce, flashing wits.* A *bavin* is a faggot made of brushwood, used for lighting fires. "*Bavins* will have their flashes, and youth their fancies, the one as soon quenched as the other burnt."—*Mother Bombie*, 1594.

[e] Carded *his state;*] According to Warburton, *discarded*, threw away his state. Ritson, however, believed it to mean played away his consequence at cards. And Steevens imagined the metaphor was taken from mingling *coarse* wool with *fine.*

[f] Carping fools;] *Taunting* fools.

[g] *Vain* comparative.] See note ([a]), p. 513.

They surfeited with honey; and began
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
More than a little, is by much too much:
So, when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the cuckoo is in June,
Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes,
As, sick and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on sun-like majesty
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes:
But rather drows'd, and hung their eyelids down,
Slept in his face, and render'd such aspect
As cloudy men use to* their adversaries;
Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and full.
And in that very line, Harry, stand'st thou:
For thou hast lost thy princely privilege,
With vile participation; not an eye,
But is a-weary of thy common sight,
Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more;
Which now doth that I would not have it do,
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

P. HEN. I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious lord,
Be more myself.

K. HEN. For all the world,
As thou art to this hour, was Richard then
When I from France set foot at Ravenspurg;
And even as I was then, is Percy now.
Now by my sceptre, and my soul to boot,
He hath more worthy interest to[a] the state,
Than thou, the shadow of succession:
For, of no right, nor colour like to right,
He doth fill fields with harness in the realm;
Turns head against the lion's armed jaws;
And, being no more in debt to years than thou,
Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on,
To bloody battles, and to bruising arms.
What never-dying honour hath he got
Against renowned Douglas! whose high deeds,
Whose hot incursions, and great name in arms,
Holds from all soldiers chief majority,
And military title capital,
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ.
Thrice hath this† Hotspur, Mars in swathing clothes,
This infant warrior, in his enterprises
Discomfited great Douglas: ta'en him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,
The archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,
Capitulate against us, and are up.
But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my near'st and dearest enemy?
Thou that art like enough,—through vassal fear,
Base inclination, and the start of spleen,——
To fight against me under Percy's pay,
To dog his heels, and court'sy at his frowns,
To show how much thou art degenerate.

P. HEN. Do not think so, you shall not find it so:
And God* forgive them, that so much have sway'd
Your majesty's good thoughts away from me!
I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
And, in the closing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you, that I am your son;
When I will wear a garment all of blood,
And stain my favours[b] in a bloody mask,
Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it.
And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
That this same child of honour and renown,
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,
And your unthought-of Harry, chance to meet:
For every honour sitting on his helm,
'Would they were multitudes; and on my head
My shames redoubled! for the time will come,
That I shall make this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf;
And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render every glory up,
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
This, in the name of God,* I promise here:
The which if He be pleas'd I shall perform,[c]
I do beseech your majesty, may salve
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance;†
If not, the end of life cancels all bands;
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

K. HEN. A hundred thousand rebels die in this:—(2)
Thou shalt have charge, and sovereign trust herein.

Enter BLUNT.

How now, good Blunt? thy looks are full of speed.

BLUNT. So hath the business that I come to speak of.
Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word,

(*) First folio inserts, *do to*. (†) First folio, *the*.

[a] *More worthy interest* to *the state*,—] This construction was not uncommon in old language, and is even now not altogether obsolete; witness the saying, "*To* the fore."

[b] *My* favours—] My *features*, but, as Warburton suggests, we should, perhaps, read *favour*, that is, countenance.

[c] If He be pleas'd I shall perform,—] So the quarto copies; the folio reads, if *I perform and do survive*.

(*) First folio, *Heaven*. (†) First folio, *intemperature*.

That Douglas, and the English rebels, met,
The eleventh of this month, at Shrewsbury:
A mighty and a fearful head they are,
(If promises be kept on every hand,)
As ever offer'd foul play in a state.

K. Hen. The earl of Westmoreland set forth to-day;
With him my son, lord John of Lancaster;
For this advertisement is five days old:—
On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall* set forward;
On Thursday, we ourselves will march:
Our meeting is Bridgnorth: and, Harry, you
Shall march through Glostershire; by which account,
Our business valued, some twelve days hence
Our general forces at Bridgnorth shall meet.
Our hands are full of business: let's away;
Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay.

[*Exeunt.*

(*) First folio, *thou shalt.*

SCENE III.—Eastcheap. *A Room in the* Boar's Head Tavern.

Enter Falstaff *and* Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since this last action? Do I not bate? do I not dwindle? Why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown; I am withered like an old apple-John. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking;[a] I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a peppercorn, a brewer's horse: the inside of a church! Company, villainous company, hath been the spoil of me.

Bard. Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why, there is it:—come, sing me a bawdy song; make me merry. I was as virtuously given, as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough: swore

[a] *In some* liking;] In some *condition.* So, in "Love's Labour's Lost," Act V. Sc. 2:—

"*Well-liking* wits they have; gross, gross, fat, fat."

little; diced not above seven times—a week; went to a bawdy-house, not above once in a quarter—of an hour: paid money that I borrowed,—three or four times; lived well, and in good compass: and now I live out of all order, out of all* compass.

BARD. Why, you are so fat, sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass; out of all reasonable compass, sir John.

FAL. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my† life. Thou art our admiral,[a] thou bearest the lantern in the poop,—but 't is in the nose of thee; thou art the knight of the burning lamp.

BARD. Why, sir John, my face does you no harm.

FAL. No, I'll be sworn; I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a death's head, or a *memento mori:* I never see thy face, but I think upon hell-fire, and Dives that lived in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face; my oath should be, *By this fire, that's God's angel:*‡ but thou art altogether given over; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou ran'st up Gads-hill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think § thou hadst been an *ignis fatuus,* or a ball of wildfire, there's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern: but the sack that thou hast drunk me, would have bought me lights as good cheap,[b] at‖ the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that salamander of yours with fire, any time this two and thirty years; God¶ reward me for it!

BARD. 'Sblood,** I would my face were in your belly!

FAL. God-a-mercy††! so should I be sure to be heart-burned.

Enter Hostess.

How now, dame Partlet[c] the hen? have you inquired yet, who picked my pocket?

(*) First folio omits, *all.* (†) First folio, *thy.*
(‡) First folio omits, *that's God's angel.*
(§) First folio inserts, *that.* (‖) First folio, *as.*
(¶) First folio, *Heaven.* (**) First folio omits, *'Sblood.*
(††) First folio omits, *God-a-mercy.*

a Thou art our admiral,—] Decker (says Steevens), in his "Wonderful Yeare," 1603, has the same thought; he is describing the host of a country inn:—"An antiquary might have pickt rare matter out of his *nose.*—The Hamburghers offered I know not how many dollars for his companie in an East-Indian voyage, to have stoode a nightes in the Poope of their Admirall, onely to save the charges of candles."

b As *good* cheap,—] *Cheap* is the old name for market; *good cheap* is, therefore, the same as the French *à bon marché.*

c Dame Partlet—] The name of the hen in the popular old story-book of "Reynard the Fox;" it occurs, also, in Chaucer's "*Nonnes Preestes Tale,*" and in Skelton's "*Phyllyp Sparrowe.*" Ruddiman conjectures that the name was applied to a hen because of the ruff (the *partlet*), or ring of feathers about her neck.

HOST. Why, sir John! what do you think, sir John? Do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have searched, I have inquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant: the tithe* of a hair was never lost in my house before.

FAL. You lie, hostess; Bardolph was shaved, and lost many a hair: and I'll be sworn, my pocket was picked: go to, you are a woman, go.

HOST. Who I? no,† I defy thee: God's light!‡ I was never called so in mine own house before.

FAL. Go to, I know you well enough.

HOST. No, sir John, you do not know me, sir John; I know you, sir John; you owe me money, sir John, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

FAL. Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolters[d] of them.

HOST. Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell.(3) You owe money here besides, sir John, for your diet, and by-drinkings; and money lent you, four and twenty pound.§

FAL. He had his part of it; let him pay.

HOST. He! alas, he is poor; he hath nothing.

FAL. How! poor? look upon his face; what call you rich? let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks: I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a younker[e] of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn,[f] but I shall have my pocket picked? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's, worth forty mark.

HOST. O Jesu!‖ I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper.

FAL. How! the prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup; 'sblood¶ an he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog if he would say so.

Enter PRINCE HENRY *and* POINS, *marching.* FALSTAFF *meets the* PRINCE, *playing on his truncheon, like a fife.*

FAL. How now, lad? is the wind in that door, i'faith?** must we all march?

BARD. Yea, two and two, Newgate-fashion.

(*) Old copies, *tight.* (†) First folio omits, *no.*
(‡) First folio omits, *God's light!* (§) First folio, *pounds.*
(‖) First folio omits, *O Jesu!* (¶) First folio omits, *'Sblood.*
(**) First folio omits, *i'faith.*

d *Made* bolters *of them.*] *Bolters* are sieves: nothing could better express the coarseness of their texture.

e *Will you make a* younker *of me?*] *Younker* was not always used in the contemptuous sense it bears here, of a *greenhorn* or *noddy.* See note (b), p. 407.

f Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn,—] In early times an *inn* signified a dwelling, and "To take mine ease in mine inne" was a proverb, Percy remarks, not very different in its application from the maxim, "Every man's house is his castle." When the word *inne* had changed its import, and came to mean a house of public entertainment, the proverb continuing in force, was applied in the latter sense.

HOST. My lord, I pray you, hear me.

P. HEN. What say'st thou, mistress Quickly? How does thy husband? I love him well; he is an honest man.

HOST. Good my lord, hear me.

FAL. Pr'ythee, let her alone, and list to me.

P. HEN. What say'st thou, Jack?

FAL. The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras, and had my pocket picked: this house is turned bawdy-house, they pick pockets.

P. HEN. What didst thou lose, Jack?

FAL. Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty[a] pound a-piece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.

P. HEN. A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

HOST. So I told him, my lord; and I said, I heard your grace say so; and, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouthed man as he is; and said, he would cudgel you.

P. HEN. What! he did not?

HOST. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

FAL. There's no more faith in thee than in* a stewed prune;[b] nor no more truth in thee than in a drawn fox;[c] and for womanhood, maid-Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee.[d] Go, you thing,† go.

HOST. Say, what thing? what thing?

FAL. What thing? why, a thing to thank God‡ on.

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[a] *Of* forty *pound a-piece,*—] See note (5), p. 150.

[b] *There's no more faith in thee than in a* stewed prune;] The reader will find the subject of *stewed prunes* very amply discussed in Boswell's *Variorum* Edition, Vol. XVI. p. 345.

[c] A drawn fox;] The allusion is probably to the subtlety displayed by a fox in his efforts to escape after being drawn from his kennel. It was believed that sometimes he even counterfeited death.

[d] Maid Marian may be, &c.] Maid Marian was the traditional "ladie love" of the noted Robin Hood, and, in after times, an adopted character in the Morris-dances. It is not at all unlikely that she was often represented by a man, whence it might happen that any very masculine specimen of womankind was likened to Maid Marian.

(*) First folio omits, *in*. (†) First folio, *nothing*.
(‡) First folio, *Heaven*.

HOST. I am no thing to thank God* on, I would thou should'st know it; I am an honest man's wife: and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

FAL. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

HOST. Say, what beast, thou knave, thou?

FAL. What beast? why, an otter?

P. HEN. An otter, sir John! why an otter?

FAL. Why, she's neither fish nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her.

HOST. Thou art an † unjust man in saying so; thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave thou!

P. HEN. Thou say'st true, hostess; and he slanders thee most grossly.

HOST. So he doth you, my lord; and said this other day, you ought him a thousand pound.

P. HEN. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

FAL. A thousand pound, Hal? a million: thy love is worth a million; thou owest me thy love.

HOST. Nay, my lord, he called you Jack, and said, he would cudgel you.

FAL. Did I, Bardolph?

BARD. Indeed, sir John, you said so.

FAL. Yea; if he said my ring was copper.

P. HEN. I say, 't is copper: darest thou be as good as thy word now?

FAL. Why, Hal, thou knowest, as thou art but ‡ man, I dare: but as thou art ‡ prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

P. HEN. And why not as the lion?

FAL. The king himself is to be feared as the lion: dost thou think, I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? nay, an I do, I pray God, my girdle break![a]

P. HEN. O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty, in this bosom of thine; it is all filled up with guts, and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! Why, thou whoreson, impudent, embossed rascal, if there were anything in thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor pennyworth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded; if thy pocket were enriched with any other injuries but these, I am a villain. And yet you will stand to it, you will not pocket up wrong:[b] art thou not ashamed?

FAL. Dost thou hear, Hal? thou knowest, in the state of innocency, Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do, in the days of villainy? Thou seest, I have more flesh than another man; and therefore more frailty.——You confess then, you picked my pocket?

P. HEN. It appears so by the story.

FAL. Hostess, I forgive thee. Go, make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants,* cherish thy guests: thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: thou seest, I am pacified still.[c] Nay, † pr'ythee, be gone. [*Exit* Hostess.] Now, Hal, to the news at court: for the robbery, lad,—How is that answered?

P. HEN. O, my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee:—the money is paid back again.

FAL. O, I do not like that paying back, 'tis a double labour.

P. HEN. I am good friends with my father and may do any thing.

FAL. Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou dost, and do it with unwashed hands too.[d]

BARD. Do, my lord.

P. HEN. I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

FAL. I would it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O for a fine thief, of two-and-twenty, or thereabout! I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels, they offend none but the virtuous; I laud them; I praise them.

P. HEN. Bardolph!——

BARD. My lord.

P. HEN. Go bear this letter to lord John of Lancaster,
To my brother John; this to my lord of West-
moreland.—
Go, Poins, to horse, to horse; ‡—for thou and I
Have thirty miles to ride yet[e] ere dinner time.——
Jack, meet me to-morrow in the Temple hall
At two o'clock i' the afternoon:
There shalt thou know thy charge, and there
receive
Money, and order for their furniture.
The land is burning, Percy stands on high;
And either they, or we, must lower lie.

[*Exeunt* PRINCE, POINS, *and* BARDOLPH.

FAL. Rare words! brave world!——Hostess,
my breakfast; come:—
O, I could wish, this tavern were my drum!

[*Exit.*

(*) First folio, *Heaven.* (†) First folio omits, *an.*
(‡) First folio inserts, *a.*

[a] *Nay,* an *I do,* I pray God, *my girdle break!*] The folio reads, Nay *if* I do *let* my girdle break.

[b] And yet you will stand to it, you will not pocket up wrong:] Johnson's conjecture that some part of this "merry dialogue," wherein Falstaff had declared his resolution *not to pocket up wrongs or injuries,* has been lost, is extremely credible.

[c] I *am pacified* still.] I am *always* pacified.

(*) First folio inserts, *and.* (†) First folio inserts, *I.*
(‡) First folio reads, *to horse,* once only, and *Peto* for *Poins.*

[d] Do it with unwashed hands too.] Not, I believe, do it at once, without even the ceremony of washing your hands, but—do it *without repentance,* without "*that paying back.*"

[e] *Have thirty miles to ride* yet—] The *yet* here overloads the line, and, unless the whole passage, down to "at two o'clock i' the afternoon," was intended for prose, is better omitted.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.— *The Rebel Camp near* Shrewsbury.

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, *and* DOUGLAS.

HOT. Well said, my noble Scot; if speaking truth,
In this fine age, were not thought flattery,
Such attribution should the Douglas have,
As not a soldier of this season's stamp
Should go so general current through the world.
By God,* I cannot flatter; I defy
The tongues of soothers; but a braver place
In my heart's love, hath no man than yourself:
Nay, task me to my word; approve me, lord.

(*) First folio, *Heaven*.

DOUG. Thou art the king of honour;
No man so potent breathes upon the ground,
But I will beard him.[a]
HOT. Do so, and 't is well:—

Enter a Messenger, *with Letters.*

What letters hast thou* there?—I can but thank you.
MESS. These letters come from your father,—
HOT. Letters from him! why comes he not himself?
MESS. He cannot come, my lord; he's grievous sick.
HOT. 'Zounds!† how has he the leisure to be sick,‡
In such a justling time? Who leads his power?
Under whose government come they along?
MESS. His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord.[b]
WOR. I pr'ythee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?
MESS. He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth;
And, at the time of my departure thence,
He was much fear'd by his physicians.§
WOR. I would the state of time had first been whole,
Ere he by sickness had been visited;
His health was never better worth than now.
HOT. Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprise;
'T is catching hither, even to our camp.——
He writes me here,—that inward sickness—
And that his friends by deputation
Could not so soon be drawn; nor did he think it meet,
To lay so dangerous and dear a trust
On any soul remov'd, but on his own.
Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,
That with our small conjunction, we should on,
To see how fortune is dispos'd to us:
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now;
Because the king is certainly possess'd
Of all our purposes. What say you to it?
WOR. Your father's sickness is a maim to us.
HOT. A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd off;—
And yet, in faith, 't is not; his present want
Seems more than we shall find it;—were it good,
To set the exact wealth of all our states
All at one cast? to set so rich a main
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?
It were not good: for therein should we read
The very bottom and the soul of hope;[c]
The very list, the very utmost bound
Of all our fortunes.
DOUG. 'Faith, and so we should;
Where now remains a sweet reversion:
We may boldly spend upon the hope
Of what is to come in;
A comfort of retirement lives in this.
HOT. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,
If that the devil and mischance look big
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.
WOR. But yet, I would your father had been here.
The quality and hair[d] of our attempt
Brooks no division: it will be thought
By some that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike
Of our proceedings, kept the earl from hence;
And think, how such an apprehension
May turn the tide of fearful faction,
And breed a kind of question in our cause:
For, well you know, we of the offering side
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement;
And stop all sight-holes, every loop, from whence
The eye of reason may pry in upon us:
This absence of your father's* draws a curtain,
That shows the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dreamt of.
HOT. You strain too far.
I, rather, of his absence make this use;—

(*) First folio omits, *thou.* (†) First folio omits, *'Zounds!* (‡) First folio adds, *now.* (§) First folio, *physician.*

[a] But I will beard him.] This hemistich is always allied to the preceding line, but it may be intended to refer to something supposed to have been said by Douglas, before the opening of the scene. Some threat of confronting the King, which had called forth the "Well said, my noble Scot."

[b] *His letters bear his mind, not I,* my lord.] The first quarto has, "not I, my *mind,*" clearly a printer's error. The folio, copying a later quarto, reads, "Not I, *his mind.*" We adopt the reading of Capell.

[c] —— For therein should we read
The very bottom and the soul of hope;]

If *read* was not occasionally used for *tread,* and in Middleton's play of "Your Five Gallants," Act III. Sc. 4, it occurs in that sense:—

"Nay, *read* forward;"

then it may be suspected a misprint for *tread,* as *soul* certainly appears to be of *sound.* In the MS. *soūd* would easily be mistaken for *soul,* and the original perhaps ran:—

"—— For therein should we *tread*
The very bottom and the *sound* of hope."

[d] The quality and hair of our attempt
Brooks no division:]

Hair, for *complexion,* may be the poet's word, yet it is worth considering, perhaps, whether "and hair" was not mistaken for "*and dare:*"—

"The quality and *dare* of our attempt
Brooks no division."

The nature and boldness of our enterprise cannot afford the appearance of dissension. This reading, too, receives some support from Hotspur's reply:—

"I, rather, of his absence make this use;—
It lends a lustre, and more great opinion,
A larger *dare* to our great enterprise," &c.

(*) First folio, *father.*

It lends a lustre, and more great opinion,
A larger dare to our* great enterprise,
Than if the earl were here: for men must think,
If we, without his help, can make a head
To push against the kingdom; with his help,
We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.—
Yet, all goes well; yet, all our joints are whole.

DOUG. As heart can think: there is not such a word
Spoke of in Scotland, as this dream of fear.[a]

Enter SIR RICHARD VERNON.

HOT. My cousin Vernon! welcome, by my soul.

VER. Pray God, my news be worth a welcome, lord.
The earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,
Is marching hitherwards; with him,† prince John.

HOT. No harm: what more?

VER. And further, I have learn'd,—
The king himself in person is‡ set forth,
Or hitherwards intended speedily,
With strong and mighty preparation.

HOT. He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,
The nimble-footed[b] mad-cap prince of Wales,
And his comrádes, that daff'd the world aside,
And bid it pass?

VER. All furnish'd, all in arms,
All plum'd like estridges, that wing[c] the wind;
Bated like eagles having lately bath'd;
Glittering in golden coats, like images;
As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer;
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
I saw young Harry,—with his beaver on,
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,—
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

HOT. No more, no more; worse than the sun in March,
This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come;
They come like sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-eyed maid of smoky war,
All hot and bleeding will we offer them:
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit,
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,
And yet not ours.—Come, let me take my horse,
Who is to bear me like a thunderbolt,
Against the bosom of the prince of Wales:
Harry to Harry shall, hot* horse to horse,
Meet, and ne'er part, till one drop down a corse.—
O, that Glendower were come!

VER. There is more news:
I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his power this† fourteen days.

DOUG. That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.

WOR. Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.

HOT. What may the king's whole battle reach unto?

VER. To thirty thousand.

HOT. Forty let it be!
My father and Glendower being both away,
The powers of us may serve so great a day.
Come, let us take a muster speedily:
Doomsday is near; die all, die merrily.

DOUG. Talk not of dying; I am out of fear
Of death, or death's hand, for this one half year.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A public Road near* Coventry.

Enter FALSTAFF *and* BARDOLPH.

FAL. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry; fill me a bottle of sack: our soldiers shall march through; we'll to Sutton-Cop-hill to-night.

BARD. Will you give me money, captain?

FAL. Lay out, lay out.

BARD. This bottle makes an angel.

FAL. An if it do, take it for thy labour; and if it make twenty, take them all, I'll answer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at the town's end.

BARD. I will, captain: farewell. [*Exit.*

FAL. If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a soused gurnet. I have misused the king's press damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds.

(*) First folio, *your*. (†) First folio omits, *him*. (‡) First folio, *hath*.

[a] As this dream of fear.] The quartos before 1613 read "*term* of fear," and they are followed by all the modern editors. We prefer "*dream* of fear," because Douglas appears to be scornfully alluding to an expression in the previous speech of Worcester:—

"This absence of your father's draws a curtain,
That shows the ignorant a *kind of fear*
Before *not dreamt of*."

[b] Nimble-footed—] Stowe relates that the prince was so surpassingly swift as a runner, that with two of his lords, "without hounds, bow, or engine," he would capture a wild buck or doe in a large park.

(*) First folio, *not*. (†) First folio, *these*.

[c] *All plum'd like estridges, that* wing *the wind;*] The old text has, *with* the wind; Johnson substituted *wing* for *with*, in the opinion of some without necessity; the passage only requiring to be pointed thus:—

"All plum'd like estridges, that with the wind
Bated,—like eagles having lately bath'd;
Glittering in golden coats, like images."

I press me none but good householders, yeomen's sons: inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as had been asked twice on the bans; such a commodity of warm slaves, as had as lief hear the devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a caliver, worse than a struck fowl, or a hurt wild-duck. I pressed me none but such toasts and butter,[a] with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his sores: and such as, indeed, were never soldiers; but discarded unjust[b] serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen; the cankers of a calm world, and a* long peace; ten times more dishonourable ragged than an old faced ancient: and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services; that you would think, that I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals, lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets, and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scare-crows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat:—nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for, indeed, I had the most of them out of prison. There's but* a shirt and a half in all my company: and the half-shirt is two napkins, tacked together, and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves: and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at† saint

(*) First folio omits, *a*.

(*) Old copies, *not*. (†) First folio, *of*.

a Toasts and butter,—] An old term of contempt for persons cockered up and peaceably nurtured:—

"They love young *toasts and butter*, (Bow-bell suckers.)"

Beaumont and Fletcher's "Wit without Money," Act V. Sc. 2.

b Unjust *serving-men*,—] That is, *dishonest* serving-men.

c An old faced ancient:] According to Steevens, an old standard *faced* or mended with a different colour.

Alban's, or the red-nose innkeeper of Daventry. But that's all one; they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

Enter PRINCE HENRY *and* WESTMORELAND.

P. HEN. How now, blown Jack? how now, quilt?[a]

FAL. What, Hal? How now, mad wag? what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire?—My good lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy; I thought your honour had already been at Shrewsbury.

WEST. 'Faith, sir John, 't is more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already: the king, I can tell you, looks for us all; we must away all* night.

FAL. Tut! never fear me; I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

P. HEN. I think, to steal cream indeed: for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack; whose fellows are these that come after?

FAL. Mine, Hal, mine.

P. HEN. I did never see such pitiful rascals.

FAL. Tut, tut; good enough to toss;[b] food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit, as well as better: tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

WEST. Ay, but, sir John, methinks, they are exceeding poor and bare; too beggarly.

FAL. 'Faith, for their poverty,—I know not where they had that: and for their bareness,—I am sure, they never learned that of me.

P. HEN. No, I'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers on the ribs, bare. But, sirrah, make haste: Percy is already in the field.

FAL. What, is the king encamped?

WEST. He is, sir John; I fear, we shall stay too long.

FAL. Well,
To the latter end of a fray, and the beginning of a feast,
Fits a dull fighter, and a keen guest. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Rebel Camp near* Shrewsbury.

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, DOUGLAS, *and* VERNON.

HOT. We'll fight with him to-night.
WOR. It may not be.
DOUG. You give him then advantage.
VER. Not a whit.
HOT. Why say you so? looks he not for supply?
VER. So do we.
HOT. His is certain, ours is doubtful.
WOR. Good cousin, be advis'd; stir not to-night.
VER. Do not, my lord.
DOUG. You do not counsel well;
You speak it out of fear, and cold heart.
VER. Do me no slander, Douglas: by my life,
(And I dare well maintain it with my life,)
If well-respected honour bid me on,
I hold as little counsel with weak fear,
As you, my lord, or any Scot that this day lives:[c]
Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle,
Which of us fears.
DOUG. Yea, or to-night.
VER. Content.
HOT. To-night, say I.
VER. Come, come, it may not be: I wonder much,
Being men of such great leading as you are,
That you foresee not what impediments
Drag back our expedition: certain horse
Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up:
Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day;
And now their pride and mettle is asleep,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a horse is half the half of himself.
HOT. So are the horses of the enemy
In general, journey-bated, and brought low;
The better part of ours are full of rest.
WOR. The number of the king exceedeth ours:
For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.
[*The Trumpet sounds a parley.*

Enter SIR WALTER BLUNT.

BLUNT. I come with gracious offers from the king,
If you vouchsafe me hearing, and respect.
HOT. Welcome, sir Walter Blunt, and would to God
You were of our determination!
Some of us love you well; and even those some
Envy your great deservings, and good name,
Because you are not of our quality,
But stand against us like an enemy.
BLUNT. And God* defend, but still I should stand so,
So long as, out of limit, and true rule,
You stand against anointed majesty!

(*) First folio inserts, *to*.

[a] Quilt?] Mr. Hunter is the only commentator, we believe, who has noticed this word, and he quite misapprehends its meaning; a *quilt* was a *flock-bed*.

[b] Good enough to toss;] To toss upon a pike. Thus in "Henry VI." Part III. Act I. Sc. 1:—

"The soldiers should have *toss'd me on their pikes*,
Before," &c.

[c] As you, my lord, or any Scot that this day lives:] Mason would omit the words, *this day*, as they "weaken the sense and destroy the measure." It is not improbable that the line originally stood:—

"As you, or any Scot that this day lives,"

and was subsequently altered by the poet to,—

"As you, my lord, or any Scot that lives;"

but the compositor, while adding the words "my lord," neglected to omit "this day."

(*) First folio, *Heaven*.

But, to my charge.—The king hath sent to know
The nature of your griefs; and whereupon
You conjure from the breast of civil peace
Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land
Audacious cruelty. If that the king
Have any way your good deserts forgot,—
Which he confesseth to be manifold,—
He bids you name your griefs;[a] and, with all speed,
You shall have your desires, with interest;
And pardon absolute for yourself, and these
Herein misled by your suggestion.

HOT. The king is kind; and, well we know, the king
Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.
My father, and* my uncle, and myself,
Did give him that same royalty he wears:
And,—when he was not six and twenty strong,
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,
A poor unminded outlaw sneaking home,—
My father gave him welcome to the shore;
And,—when he heard him swear, and vow to God,
He came but to be duke of Lancaster,
To sue his livery, and beg his peace;—
With tears of innocency, and terms of zeal,
My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,
Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.
Now, when the lords and barons of the realm
Perceiv'd Northumberland did lean to him,
The more and less came in with cap and knee;
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages:
Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,
Gave him their heirs as pages; follow'd him,
Even at the heels, in golden multitudes.
He presently,—as greatness knows itself,—
Steps me a little higher than his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poor,
Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurg;
And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
Some certain edicts, and some strait decrees,
That lie too heavy on the commonwealth;
Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
Over his country's wrongs; and, by this face,
This seeming brow of justice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for.
Proceeded further; cut me off the heads
Of all the favourites, that the absent king
In deputation left behind him here,
When he was personal in the Irish war.

BLUNT. Tut, I came not to hear this.

HOT. Then, to the point.——
In short time after, he depos'd the king;
Soon after that, depriv'd him of his life;
And, in the neck of that, task'd[b] the whole state:
To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman March
(Who is, if every owner were well* plac'd,
Indeed his king,) to be engag'd[c] in Wales,
There without ransom to lie forfeited:
Disgrac'd me in my happy victories,
Sought to entrap me by intelligence,
Rated my uncle from the council-board,
In rage dismiss'd my father from the court,
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong,
And, in conclusion, drove us to seek out
This head of safety; and, withal, to pry
Into his title, the which we find
Too indirect for long continuance.

BLUNT. Shall I return this answer to the king?

HOT. Not so, sir Walter; we 'll withdraw a while.
Go to the king: and let there be impawn'd
Some surety for a safe return again,
And in the morning early shall mine† uncle
Bring him our purposes:‡ and so farewell.

BLUNT. I would you would accept of grace and love.

HOT. And,§ may be, so we shall.

BLUNT. 'Pray God,‖ you do!

[*Exeunt.*

(*) First folio omits, *and*.

(*) First folio omits, *well*. (†) First folio, *my*.
(‡) First folio, *purpose*. (§) First folio, *And't*.
(‖) First folio, *Heaven*.

[a] Griefs;] That is, *grievances*.

[b] Task'd *the whole state:*] *Task'd* and *tax'd* were often used indifferently:—"Duke Philip, by the space of many years, levied neither subsidies nor *tasks*."—*Memoirs of P. de Comines*, by Danert, folio 1674, p. 136. Quoted by Steevens.

[c] Engag'd in Wales,—] This is the reading of all the ancient copies, which Theobald altered to "*incag'd*." Engag'd means *detained as a pledge* or *hostage*. So in Act V. Sc. 2, of this play:—
"And Westmoreland that was *engag'd*, did bear it."

SCENE IV.—York. *A Room in the* Archbishop's *House.*

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, *and a* Gentleman.

ARCH. Hie, good sir Michael; bear this sealed brief,
With winged haste, to the lord mareshal;
This, to my cousin Scroop; and all the rest,
To whom they are directed; if you knew
How much they do import, you would make haste.

GENT. My good lord,
I guess their tenor.

ARCH. Like enough, you do.
To-morrow, good sir Michael, is a day,
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Must bide the touch: for, sir, at Shrewsbury,
As I am truly given to understand,
The king, with mighty and quick-raised power,
Meets with lord Harry: and I fear, sir Michael,—

What with the sickness of Northumberland,
(Whose power was in the first proportion,)
And what with Owen Glendower's absence thence,
(Who with them was a rated sinew [a] too,
And comes not in, o'er-rul'd by prophecies,)—
I fear, the power of Percy is too weak
To wage an instant trial with the king.

GENT. Why, my good lord, you need not fear; there 's Douglas,
And lord Mortimer.

ARCH. No, Mortimer's not there.

GENT. But there is Mordake, Vernon, lord Harry Percy,
And there 's my lord of Worcester; and a head
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

ARCH. And so there is: but yet the king hath drawn
The special head of all the land together;—
The prince of Wales, lord John of Lancaster,
The noble Westmoreland, and warlike Blunt;
And many more corrivals, and dear men
Of estimation and command in arms.

GENT. Doubt not, my lord, they * shall be well oppos'd.

ARCH. I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to fear;
And, to prevent the worst, sir Michael, speed;
For, if lord Percy thrive not, ere the king
Dismiss his power, he means to visit us,—
For he hath heard of our confederacy,—
And 't is but wisdom to make strong against him;
Therefore, make haste; I must go write again
To other friends; and so farewell, sir Michael.
[*Exeunt severally.*

[a] *Who with them was a rated* sinew *too,*—] *A valued strength.* The folio reads—
"Was rated *firmly* too."

(*) First folio, *he*.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The* King's *Camp near* Shrewsbury.

Enter King Henry, Prince Henry, Prince John of Lancaster, Sir Walter Blunt, *and* Sir John Falstaff.

K. Hen. How bloodily the sun begins to peer
Above yon busky[a] hill! the day looks pale
At his distemperature.
P. Hen. The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes;
And, by his hollow whistling in the leaves,
Foretells a tempest, and a blustering day.
K. Hen. Then with the losers let it sympathise;
For nothing can seem foul to those that win.—

Trumpet sounds. Enter Worcester *and* Vernon.

How now, my lord of Worcester? 't is not well,
That you and I should meet upon such terms
As now we meet. You have deceiv'd our trust;
And made us doff our easy robes of peace,
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel:
This is not well, my lord, this is not well.
What say you to it? will you again unknit
This churlish knot of all-abhorred war?
And move in that obedient orb again,
Where you did give a fair and natural light;

[a] *Above yon* busky *hill!*] *Busky* is woody, and should, perhaps, be spelt *bosky*, from the Latin *boscus*, or the French *bosque;* as in the "Tempest," Act IV. Sc. 1:—
'My *bosky* acres, and my unshrubb'd down."

And be no more an exhal'd meteor,
A prodigy of fear, and a portent
Of broached mischief to the unborn times?
WOR. Hear me, my liege:
For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the lag-end of my life
With quiet hours; for, I do protest,
I have not sought the day of this dislike.
K. HEN. You have not sought it! how comes it then?
FAL. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.
P. HEN. Peace, chewet,[a] peace.
WOR. It pleas'd your majesty to turn your looks
Of favour, from myself, and all our house;
And yet I must remember you, my lord,
We were the first and dearest of your friends.
For you, my staff of office did I break
In Richard's time; and posted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,
When yet you were in place and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.
It was myself, my brother, and his son,
That brought you home, and boldly did outdare
The dangers * of the time. You swore to us,—
And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,—
That you did nothing † purpose 'gainst the state;
Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,
The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster:
To this we swore ‡ our aid. But, in short space,
It rain'd down fortune showering on your head;
And such a flood of greatness fell on you,—
What with our help, what with the absent king;
What with the injuries of a § wanton time;
The seeming sufferances that you had borne;
And the contrarious winds, that held the king
So long in his ‖ unlucky Irish wars,
That all in England did repute him dead,—
And, from this swarm of fair advantages,
You took occasion to be quickly woo'd
To gripe the general sway into your hand:
Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster;
And, being fed by us, you us'd us so
As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,[b]
Useth the sparrow; did oppress our nest,
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,
That even our love durst not come near your sight,
For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing
We were enforc'd, for safety sake, to fly
Out of your sight, and raise this present head;
Whereby we stand opposed by such means
As you yourself have forg'd against yourself,
By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth
Sworn to us in your * younger enterprise.
K. HEN. These things, indeed, you have articulated,
Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches,
To face the garment of rebellion
With some fine colour, that may please the eye
Of fickle changelings, and poor discontents,
Which gape, and rub the elbow, at the news
Of hurly-burly innovation:
And never yet did insurrection want
Such water-colours, to impaint his cause;
Nor moody beggars, starving for a time
Of pell-mell havoc and confusion.
P. HEN. In both our armies, there is many a soul
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
The prince of Wales doth join with all the world
In praise of Henry Percy. By my hopes,—
This present enterprise set off his head,—
I do not think a braver gentleman,
More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,
More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
I have a truant been to chivalry;
And so, I hear, he doth account me too:
Yet this,—before my father's majesty,—
I am content, that he shall take the odds
Of his great name and estimation,
And will, to save the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him in a single fight.
K. HEN. And, prince of Wales, so dare we venture thee,
Albeit, considerations infinite
Do make against it.—No, good Worcester, no,
We love our people well; even those we love,
That are misled upon your cousin's part;
And, will they take the offer of our grace,
Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man
Shall be my friend again, and I 'll be his:
So tell your cousin, and bring me word
What he will do:—but if he will not yield,
Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,
And they shall do their office. So, be gone;
We will not now be troubled with reply;
We offer fair, take it advisedly.
[*Exeunt* WORCESTER *and* VERNON.

(*) First folio, *danger*. (†) First folio inserts, *of*.
(‡) First folio, *sware*. (§) First folio omits, *a*.
(‖) First folio, *the*.

(*) First folio omits, *your*.

a *Peace*, chewet,—] *Chewit*, from the French *choüette*, meant "a noisy, chattering bird," a *chough* or *jackdaw*.

b *As that ungentle* gull, the cuckoo's bird,
Useth the sparrow;]

By *gull* was meant a young unfeathered bird. The cuckoo often lays its eggs in the sparrow's nest; and when the chicken or *cuckoo's bird*, hatched and reared by the sparrow, grows of bulk and strength enough, it frequently expels its nurse.

P. HEN. It will not be accepted, on my life:
The Douglas and the Hotspur both together
Are confident against the world in arms.

K. HEN. Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge;
For, on their answer, will we set on them:
And God befriend us, as our cause is just!

[*Exeunt* KING, BLUNT, *and* PRINCE JOHN.

FAL. Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and bestride me, so; 't is a point of friendship.

P. HEN. Nothing but a colossus can do thee that friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

FAL. I would it were bed-time, Hal, and all well.

P. HEN. Why, thou owest God* a death. [*Exit.*

FAL. 'T is not due yet; I would be loth to pay him before his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 't is no matter; Honour pricks me on. Yea,† but how if Honour prick me off when I come on? how then? Can Honour set to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honour hath no skill in surgery then? No. What is Honour? A word. What is that word, Honour? Air.[a] A trim reckoning!—Who hath it? He that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it:—therefore I'll none of it: Honour is a mere 'scutcheon, and so ends my catechism.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The Rebel Camp.*

Enter WORCESTER *and* VERNON.

WOR. O, no, my nephew must not know, sir Richard,(1)
The liberal and ‡ kind offer of the king.

VER. 'Twere best, he did.

WOR. Then are we § all undone.
It is not possible, it cannot be,
The king should ‖ keep his word in loving us;
He will suspect us still, and find a time
To punish this offence in other ¶ faults:
Suspicion,** all our lives, shall be stuck full of eyes:
For treason is but trusted like the fox;
Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up,
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.
Look how we* can, or sad, or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our looks,
And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,
The better cherish'd, still the nearer death.
My nephew's trespass may be well forgot,
It hath the excuse of youth, and heat of blood,
And an adopted name of privilege,—
A hair-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen:
All his offences live upon my head,
And on his father's;—we did train him on;
And, his corruption being ta'en from us,
We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.
Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know,
In any case, the offer of the king.

VER. Deliver what you will, I'll say, 'tis so.
Here comes your cousin.

Enter HOTSPUR *and* DOUGLAS; Officers *and* Soldiers, *behind.*

HOT. My uncle is return'd:—deliver up
My lord of Westmoreland.—Uncle, what news?

WOR. The king will bid you battle presently.

DOUG. Defy him by the lord of Westmoreland.[b]

HOT. Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.

DOUG. Marry, and shall, and very willingly.

[*Exit.*

WOR. There is no seeming mercy in the king.

HOT. Did you beg any? God forbid!

WOR. I told him gently of our grievances,
Of his oath-breaking, which he mended thus,—
By now forswearing that he is forsworn:
He calls us, rebels, traitors; and will scourge
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

Re-enter DOUGLAS.

DOUG. Arm, gentlemen! to arms! for I have thrown
A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth,
And Westmoreland, that was engag'd, did bear it;
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.

WOR. The prince of Wales stepp'd forth before the king,
And, nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.

HOT. O, would the quarrel lay upon our heads;
And that no man might draw short breath to-day,
But I, and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell me,
How show'd his tasking?[c] seem'd it in contempt?

(*) First folio, *Heaven.* (†) First folio omits, *yea.*
(‡) First folio omits, *and.* (§) First folio, *we are.*
(‖) First folio, *would.* (¶) First folio, *others.*
(**) Old copies, *supposition.*

a *What is that word, Honour?* Air.] This is the reading of the fifth quarto and the folio 1623, and it is decidedly preferable to the redundant lection of the other copies.

b Defy him by the lord of Westmoreland.] This line is given in all the old copies to Douglas. Capell, perhaps rightly, assigned it to Hotspur, observing that his station and his temper would have rendered him the first to take fire at his uncle's intelligence.

(*) First folio, *he.*

c *How show'd his* tasking?] Tasking here means *challenging.* So in "Richard II." Act IV. Sc. 1.:—

"I *task* the earth to the like."

All the old editions after the first quarto read, *talking.*

VER. No, by my soul; I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly,
Unless a brother should a brother dare
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties of a man,
Trimm'd up your praises with a princely tongue,
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle;
Making you ever better than his praise,
By still dispraising praise, valued with you:
And, which became him like a prince indeed,
He made a blushing cital of himself,
And chid his truant youth with such a grace,
As if he master'd there a double spirit,
Of teaching and of learning, instantly.
There did he pause. But let me tell the world,—
If he outlive the envy of this day,
England did never owe so sweet a hope,
So much misconstrued in his wantonness.
HOT. Cousin, I think, thou art enamoured
On his follies; never did I hear
Of any prince, so wild a libertine:[a]
But, be he as he will, yet once ere night
I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
That he shall shrink under my courtesy.——
Arm, arm, with speed!——And, fellows, soldiers, friends,
Better consider what you have to do,
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

Enter a Messenger.

MESS. My lord, here are letters for you.
HOT. I cannot read them now.—
O gentlemen, the time of life is short;
To spend that shortness basely, were too long,
If life did ride upon a dial's point,

[a] *So wild* a libertine:] The first three quartos read, so wild a *libertie;* the folio 1623, so wild *at liberty*. The emendation in the text was made by Capell.

Still ending at the arrival of an hour.
An if we live, we live to tread on kings;
If die, brave death, when princes die with us!
Now for our consciences,—the arms are* fair,
When the intent of† bearing them is just.

Enter another Messenger.

MESS. My lord, prepare; the king comes on apace.
HOT. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,
For I profess not talking. Only this—
Let each man do his best; and here draw I‡
A sword, whose § temper I intend to stain
With the best blood that I can meet withal
In the adventure of this perilous day.
Now,—Esperance!—Percy!—and set on.—
Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
And by that music let us all embrace:
For, heaven to earth,[a] some of us never shall
A second time do such a courtesy.
[*Flourish of trumpets. They embrace, and exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Plain near* Shrewsbury.

Alarum to the battle. Excursions, and Parties fighting. Then enter DOUGLAS *and* BLUNT, *meeting.*

BLUNT. What is thy name, that in the ‖ battle thus
Thou crossest me? what honour dost thou seek
Upon my head?
DOUG. Know then, my name is Douglas;
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus,
Because some tell me that thou art a king.
BLUNT. They tell thee true.
DOUG. The lord of Stafford dear to-day hath bought
Thy likeness; for, instead of thee, king Harry,
This sword hath ended him: so shall it thee,
Unless thou yield thee as my¶ prisoner.
BLUNT. I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot;[b]
And thou shalt find a king that will revenge
Lord* Stafford's death.
[*They fight, and* BLUNT *is slain.*

Enter HOTSPUR.

HOT. O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus,
I never had triumphéd o'er a Scot.
DOUG. All's done, all's won; here breathless lies the king.
HOT. Where?
DOUG. Here.
HOT. This, Douglas? no, I know this face full well:
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt,
Semblably furnish'd like the king himself.
DOUG. A† fool go with thy soul, whither it goes:
A borrow'd title hast thou bought too dear.
Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?
HOT. The king hath many marching[c] in his coats.
DOUG. Now, by my sword, I will kill all his coats;
I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,
Until I meet the king.
HOT. Up and away;
Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day.
[*Exeunt.*

Other Alarums. Enter FALSTAFF.

FAL. Though I could 'scape shot-free at London, I fear the shot here; here's no scoring, but upon the pate.—Soft! who art thou? Sir Walter Blunt!—there's Honour for you! Here's no vanity!—I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too: God‡ keep lead out of me! I need no more weight than mine own bowels.—I have led my ragamuffins § where they are peppered: there's but‖ three of my hundred and fifty left alive, and they are¶ for the town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here?

Enter PRINCE HENRY.

P. HEN. What, stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy sword:

(*) First folio, *is.* (†) First folio, *for.*
(‡) First folio, *I draw.* (§) First folio inserts, *worthy.*
(‖) Old text omits, *the.* (¶) First folio, *a.*

[a] For, heaven to earth,—] *It is the odds of heaven to earth.* Why doubt should have been thrown upon a passage so clear and satisfactory, not only by Mr. Collier's annotator, but even by his trenchant opponent, Mr. Singer, is quite inexplicable; the former proposes the poor substitution of,

"*Fore* heaven *and*," &c.

and the latter suggests that we should read,

"For *here on earth*," &c.

Let the reader compare with the old text, the following, from "Romeo and Juliet," Act III. Sc. 5:—

"——— And *all the world to nothing*
That he dares ne'er come back."—

And,

"Should I miscarry in the present journey,
From whence it is *all number to a cipher*
I ne'er return with honour."
MASSINGER'S *Duke of Milan*, Act I. Sc. 3.

(*) First folio, *Lords.* (†) Old copies, *Ah.*
(‡) First folio, *Heaven.* (§) Old text, *rag of muffins.*
(‖) Old text, *not.* (¶) First folio omits, *are.*

[b] *I was not born* a yielder, *thou* proud *Scot;*] So the first quarto; the folio reads, I was not born *to yield*, thou *haughty* Scot.

[c] *The king hath many* marching *in his coats.*] For *marching* Mr. Collier's annotator reads, *masking.*

Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are unreveng'd. Pr'ythee, lend me thy sword.

FAL. O Hal, I pr'ythee, give me leave to breathe a while.—Turk Gregory[a] never did such deeds in arms, as I have done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made him sure.

P. HEN. He is, indeed; and living to kill thee. I pr'ythee, lend me thy sword.

FAL. Nay, before God,* Hal, if Percy be alive, thou get'st not my sword; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

P. HEN. Give it me: what, is it in the case?

FAL. Ay, Hal; 'tis hot, 'tis hot;† there's that will sack a city.

[*The* PRINCE *draws out a bottle of sack.*

P. HEN. What, is it a time to jest and dally now? [*Throws it at him and exit.*

FAL. Well,‡ if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him. If he do come in my way, so; if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a carbonado[b] of me. I like not such grinning honour as sir Walter hath. Give me life; which if I can save, so; if not, honour comes unlooked for, and there's an end. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Another Part of the Field.*

Alarums. Excursions. Enter the KING, PRINCE HENRY, PRINCE JOHN, *and* WESTMORELAND.

K. HEN. I pr'ythee,
Harry, withdraw thyself; thou bleed'st too much:—
Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

P. JOHN. Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.

P. HEN. I beseech your majesty, make up,
Lest your§ retirement do amaze your friends.

K. HEN. I will do so:—
My lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent.

WEST. Come, my lord, I'll lead you to your tent.

P. HEN. Lead me, my lord? I do not need your help:
And God‖ forbid, a shallow scratch should drive
The prince of Wales from such a field as this,
Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on,
And rebels' arms triumph in massacres!

P. JOHN. We breathe too long:—come, cousin Westmoreland,
Our duty this way lies; for God's* sake, come.

[*Exeunt* PRINCE JOHN *and* WESTMORELAND.

P. HEN. By heaven, thou hast deceiv'd me, Lancaster;
I did not think thee lord of such a spirit:
Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, John;
But now, I do respect thee as my soul.

K. HEN. I saw him hold lord Percy at the point,
With lustier maintenance than I did look for
Of such an ungrown warrior.

P. HEN. O, this boy
Lends mettle to us all! [*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter DOUGLAS.

DOUG. Another king! they grow like Hydra's heads:
I am the Douglas, fatal to all those
That wear those colours on them.—What art thou,
That counterfeit'st the person of a king?

K. HEN. The king himself; who, Douglas, grieves at heart,
So many of his shadows thou hast met,
And not the very king. I have two boys
Seek Percy, and thyself, about the field:
But seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,
I will assay thee; so defend thyself.

DOUG. I fear, thou art another counterfeit;
And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king:
But mine, I am sure, thou art, whoe'er thou be,
And thus I win thee.

[*They fight; the* KING *being in danger, enter* PRINCE HENRY.

P. HEN. Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like
Never to hold it up again! the spirits
Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms:
It is the Prince of Wales, that threatens thee;
Who never promiseth, but he means to pay.—
[*They fight;* DOUGLAS *flies.*
Cheerly, my lord; how fares your grace?—
Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent,
And so hath Clifton; I'll to Clifton straight.

K. HEN. Stay, and breathe a while:—(2)
Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion;[c]

(*) First folio omits, *before God.*
(†) First folio omits the repetition.
(‡) First folio omits, *Well.*
(§) First folio, *you.*
(‖) First folio, *Heaven.*

(*) First folio, *Heavens.*

[a] Turk Gregory—] Gregory the Seventh, called Hildebrand. "Fox, in his History hath made Gregory so odious, that I don't doubt but the good Protestants of that time were well pleased to hear him thus characterised, as uniting the attributes of their two great enemies, the Turk and Pope, in one."—WARBURTON.

[b] Carbonado—] A collop cooked on the coals.

[c] *Thou hast redeem'd thy lost* opinion;] That is, *reputation, estimation.* So in "The Gamester," by Shirley, "Patience! I mean you have the *opinion* of a valiant gentleman; one that dares fight and maintain your honour against odds."

And show'd, thou mak'st some tender of my life,
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.
P. Hen. O God,* they did me too much injury,
That ever said, I hearken'd for † your death.
If it were so, I might have let alone
The insulting hand of Douglas over you;
Which would have been as speedy in your end,
As all the poisonous potions in the world,
And sav'd the treacherous labour of your son.
K. Hen. Make up to Clifton, I'll to Sir Nicholas Gawsey. [*Exit* King Henry.

Enter Hotspur.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.
P. Hen. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.
Hot. My name is Harry Percy.
P. Hen. Why, then I see
A very valiant rebel of that name.
I am the Prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,
To share with me in glory any more:
Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;
Nor can one England brook a double reign,
Of Harry Percy, and the Prince of Wales.
Hot. Nor shall it, Harry, for the hour is come
To end the one of us; and would to God,*
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!
P. Hen. I'll make it greater, ere I part from thee;
And all the budding honours on thy crest
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.
Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities.
[*They fight.*

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Well said, Hal! to it, Hal!—Nay, you shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

Enter Douglas; *he fights with* Falstaff, *who falls down as if he were dead, and exit* Douglas. Hotspur *is wounded, and falls.*

Hot. O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth!
I better brook the loss of brittle life,
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;
They wound my thoughts, worse than thy † sword my flesh:——
But thought's the slave of life, and life, Time's fool,
And Time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop.[a] O, I could prophesy,[b]

(*) First folio, *Heaven.* (†) First folio, *to.*

(*) First folio, *Heaven.* (†) First folio, *the.*

[a] *But thought's the slave of life, and* life, Time's fool,
And Time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop.]
The fine gradation in this noble passage is quite ruined in all modern editions by the mistaken punctuation of the first line,—
"But thought's the slave of life, and *life time's fool.*"

[b] O, I could prophesy,—] The belief that the dying are endowed with a faculty of prevision, is of high antiquity. Allusions to it are met with in the Scriptures, and in many of the early Greek writers. Shakespeare has before illustrated the superstition in "Richard II." Act II. Sc. 1, when John of Gaunt, upon his death-bed, predicts the downfal of the reckless King:—
"Methinks, I am a prophet new inspir'd,
And thus, expiring, do foretell of him."

But that the earthy and cold hand of death[a]
Lies on my tongue:—No, Percy, thou art dust,
And food for—— [*Dies.*

P. HEN. For worms, brave Percy. Fare thee* well, great heart!—
Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
But now, two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough. This earth, that bears thee dead,
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
I should not make so dear† a show of zeal:
But let my favours hide thy mangled face,
And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!
Thy ignomy[b] sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph!
[*He sees* FALSTAFF *on the ground.*
What! old acquaintance! could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!
I could have better spar'd a better man.
O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,
If I were much in love with vanity.
Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,
Though many dearer, in this bloody fray:
Embowell'd will I see thee by and by;
Till then, in blood by noble Percy lie. [*Exit.*

FAL. [*Rising slowly.*] Embowelled! if thou embowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder[c] me, and eat me too, to-morrow. 'Sblood,‡ 't was time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie,§ I am no counterfeit: to die, is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is, discretion; in the which better part, I have saved my life. 'Zounds,‖ I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead. How if he should counterfeit too, and rise? By my faith,¶ I am afraid, he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure: yea, and I'll swear I killed him. Why may not he rise, as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me: therefore, sirrah, [*Stabbing him.*] with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with** me. [*Takes* HOTSPUR *on his back.*

(*) First folio omits, *thee.* (†) First folio, *great.*
(‡) First folio omits, *'Sblood.* (§) First folio omits, *I lie.*
(‖) First folio omits, *'Zounds.* (¶) First folio omits, *By my faith.*
(**) First folio omits, *with.*

[a] *But that the* earthy *and cold hand of death*—] The folio reads, the *earth* and *the* cold hand, &c.
[b] *Thy* ignomy—] This abridgement of *ignominy* is not unfrequent with our early writers.
[c] To powder me,—] To *powder*, was to *salt*, and we still retain the word in *powdered* beef.

Re-enter PRINCE HENRY *and* PRINCE JOHN.

P. HEN. Come, brother John; full bravely hast thou flesh'd
Thy maiden sword.

P. JOHN. But, soft! whom* have we here?
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

P. HEN. I did; I saw him dead,
Breathless and bleeding on the ground.——
Art thou alive? or is it fantasy
That plays upon our eyesight? I pr'ythee, speak;
We will not trust our eyes, without our ears:—
Thou art not what thou seem'st.

FAL. No, that's certain; I am not a double man: but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack. There is Percy: [*Throwing the body down.*] if your father will do me any honour, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

P. HEN. Why, Percy I killed myself, and saw thee dead.

FAL. Didst thou?—Lord, Lord, how this† world is given to lying!—I grant you, I was down, and out of breath; and so was he: but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believed, so; if not, let them, that should reward valour, bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take it upon‡ my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh: if the man were alive, and would deny it, 'zounds!§ I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

P. JOHN. This is the strangest tale that e'er I heard.

P. HEN. This is the strangest fellow, brother John.——
Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back:
For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,
I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.
[*A retreat is sounded.*
The trumpet sounds‖ retreat, the day is ours.
Come, brother, let's to the highest of the field,
To see what friends are living, who are dead.
[*Exeunt* PRINCE HENRY *and* PRINCE JOHN.

FAL. I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that rewards me, God¶ reward him! If I do grow great,** I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly, as a nobleman should do.
[*Exit, bearing off the body.*

(*) First folio, *who.* (†) First folio, *the.*
(‡) First folio, *on.* (§) First folio omits, *'zounds.*
(‖) First folio, *trumpets sound.* (¶) First folio, *Heaven.*
(**) First folio adds, *again.*

SCENE V.—*Another part of the Field.*

The trumpets sound. Enter KING HENRY, PRINCE HENRY, PRINCE JOHN, WESTMORELAND, *and others, with* WORCESTER *and* VERNON, *prisoners.*

K. HEN. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.—
Ill-spirited Worcester! did not we * send grace,
Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?
And would'st thou turn our offers contrary?
Misuse the tenor of thy kinsman's trust?
Three knights upon our party slain to-day,
A noble earl, and many a creature else,
Had been alive this hour,
If, like a Christian, thou hadst truly borne,
Betwixt our armies, true intelligence.

WOR. What I have done, my safety urg'd me to;
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

K. HEN. Bear Worcester to the† death, and Vernon too:
Other offenders we will pause upon.—
[*Exeunt* WORCESTER *and* VERNON *guarded.*
How goes the field?

P. HEN. The noble Scot, lord Douglas, when he saw
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
The noble Percy slain, and all his men
Upon the foot of fear,—fled with the rest;
And falling from a hill, he was so bruis'd,
That the pursuers took him. At my tent
The Douglas is; and I beseech your grace,
I may dispose of him.

K. HEN. With all my heart.

P. HEN. Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you
This honourable bounty shall belong:
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him
Up to his pleasure, ransomless, and free:
His valour, shown upon our crests to-day,
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds,
Even in the bosom of our adversaries.[a]

K. HEN. Then this remains,—that we divide our power.—
You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland,
Towards York shall bend you, with your dearest speed,
To meet Northumberland, and the prelate Scroop,
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms:
Myself,—and you, son Harry,—will towards Wales,
To fight with Glendower, and the earl of March.
Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,*
Meeting the check of such another day:
And since this business so fair is done,
Let us not leave till all our own be won.

[*Exeunt.*

(*) First folio, *we not.* (†) First folio omits, *the.*

[a] Even in the bosom of our adversaries.] After this speech, in the first four quartos, Prince John replies to his brother thus:—

(*) First folio, *way.*

"I thank your grace for this high courtesy,
Which I shall give away immediately."

ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

ACT I.

(1) SCENE II.—*An apartment in a Tavern.*] According to the modern editions, the action of this scene takes place in a room of the king's palace. Now, not to dwell upon the improbability of the prince of Wales surrounding himself with licentious companions, and planning a vulgar robbery in such a place, we are compelled to infer that he was not in the practice of making the court his home. In the last Act of "Richard II." King Henry asks:—

> "Can no man tell of my unthrifty son?
> *'Tis full three months since I did see him last.*"

And in a subsequent scene in the present play, when Falstaff personates the monarch, one of his inquiries, founded upon his knowledge of the prince's habits, is—

> ——"*Where hast thou been this month?*"

(2) SCENE II.—*Or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.*] Steevens acutely conceived that the "drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe," meant the *dull croak of a frog*, one of the native minstrels of that fenny county; but it is more credible that Lincolnshire was celebrated for the making or playing on this instrument. In "A Nest of Ninnies," by Robert Armin, 1608, a *Lincolnshire bagpipe* is mentioned in a way to show it was familiarly known:—"At a Christmas time, when great logs furnish the hall-fire—when brawne is in season, and, indeede, all reveling is regarded, this gallant knight kept open house for all commers, where beefe, beere, and bread was no niggard. Amongst all the pleasures prouided, a noyse of minstrells and a *Lincolnshire bagpipe* was prepared—the minstrels for the great chamber, the bagpipe for the hall—the minstrells to serue vp the knight's meat, and the bagpipe for the common dauncing."

(3) SCENE II.—*The melancholy of Moor-ditch.*] Moor-ditch was a part of the great ditch or moat, which, with the well-known wall, surrounded and formed the defence of London. This ditch was begun in 1211, and finished in 1213. That portion of it known as Moor-ditch, extending from the Postern called Moorgate, to Bishopsgate, was cleansed and widened in 1595; but Stowe relates that it soon filled again, and, flanked as it was on the one side with miserable dwellings, and on the other by an unwholesome and sometimes impassable morass, it is easy to understand how the sombre, melancholy aspect of this filthy stream should have become proverbial. Taylor in his "Pennylesse Pilgrimage," 1618, says—"Walking thus downe the street, (my body being tyred with trauell, and my mind attyred with moody, muddy, *Moore-ditch melancholly*,") &c.

(4) SCENE II.—*Wisdom cries out in the streets.*] In the first folio, this scriptural expression is omitted, in compliance, it has been thought, with the Act 3 Jac. I.; but that Act, which we append, was restricted to preventing the profane use of the sacred names. The numberless omissions of phrases like the above, as well as "by my faith," "by my troth," "by the mass," &c. &c. in the folio, must therefore be attributed not to the Act of Parliament in question, but to the increasing influence of the Puritans.

3 JAC. I. c. 21. AN ACTE TO RESTRAIN THE ABUSES OF PLAYERS, (1605-6.)

For the preventing and avoyding of the greate Abuse of the Holy Name of God in Stageplayes, Interludes Maygames Shewes and such like;—Be it enacted by our Soveraigne Lorde the Kings Majesty, and by the Lordes Spirituall and Temporall, and Commons in this present Parliament assembled, and by the authoritie of the same, That if at any tyme or tymes, after the end of this present Session of Parliament any person or persons doe or shall in any Stage play Interlude Shewe Maygame or Pageant jestingly or prophanely speake or use the holy Name of God or of Christ Jesus, or of the Holy Ghoste or of the Trinitie, which are not to be spoken but with feare and reverence, shall forfeite for everie such Offence by hym or them committed Tenne Pounde, the one Moytie thereof to the Kings Majestie his Heires and Successors, the other Moytie thereof to hym or them that will sue for the same in any Courte of Recorde at Westminster, wherein no Essoigne Proteccion or Wager of Lawe shalbe allowed.

(5) SCENE II.—*Gadshill.*] This place, which is on the Kentish road near Rochester, appears at one time to have enjoyed the same kind of unenviable notoriety which rendered Shooters Hill and Hounslow Heath the terror of travellers in later days. So early as 1558, a ballad was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company, entitled *The Robbery at Gadshill*, and there is still extant among the Lansdowne Manuscripts in the British Museum a circumstantial narrative in the handwriting of Sir Roger Manwood, Chief Baron of the Exchequer, dated July 3d, 1590, of the exploits of a daring gang of robbers, who at that period infested Gadshill and its vicinity. We extract a portion of this curious account; the whole of which may be seen in Boswell's edition of Malone's Shakespeare, vol. xvi. p. 432.

"In October, at begynninge of last Mychaelmas Terme, iij or iiij robberyes done at Gadeshill by certen foote theves, vppon hughe and crye, one of the Theves named Hachfeild flying and squatted in a bushe, was broughte to me, and vppon examynacion findinge a purse and things about him suspiciouse, and his cause of being there and his flyinge and other circumstances very suspiciouse, I commytted him to the Jayle, and he ys of that robberye indyted.

"In the course of that Michaelmas Terme, I being at London, many robberyes weare done in the hye wayes at Gadeshill on the west parte of Rochester, and at Chatham downe on the east parte of Rochester, by horse theves, with suche fatt and lustye horses, as weare not lyke hackney horsses, nor farr jorneying horsses, and one of them sumetyme wearing a vizarde greye bearde (by reason that to the persons robbed, the Theves did use to mynister an othe that there should bee no hue and crye made after, and also did gyve a watche woorde for the parties robbed, the better to escape other of their theves companye devyded vppon the hyghe-waye,) he was by common report in the country called Justice Greye Bearde; and no man durst travell that waye without great companye.

"After the end of that Mychaelmas Terme, iij or iiij gentn. from London rydinge home towardes Canterburye,

at the west end of Gadeshill, weare overtaken by v or vj horsemen all in clokes vpp about their faces, and fellowe lyke all, and none lyke servants or waytinge on the other, and swiftly ridinge by them gatt to the east end of Gadeshill, and there turned about all their horsses on the faces of the trewe men, wherby they became in feare; but by chanse one of the trewe men did knowe this Curtall to bee one of the v or vj swift ryders, and after some speache betwene them of the manyfold robberyes there done and that by company of this Curtall, that gentleman hoped to have the more saffetye from robbing. This Curtall with the other v or vj swifte ryders, rode awaye to Rochester before, and the trewe men coming afterwards neere Rochester they did mete this Curtall retorning on horsebacke, rydinge towards Gadeshill againe; and after they had passed Rochester, in Chatham streete, at a Smyths fordge they did see the reste of the swyft ryders tarying about shoing of their horsses, and then the trewe men doubted to be set vppon at Chatham downe, but their company being the greater, they passed without troble to Sittingborne that nyghte where they harde of robberyes daylye done at Chatham downe and Gadeshill, and that this Curtall with v or vj other as lustye companyons, and well horssed, much havnted the innes and typlinge howses at Raynham, Sittingborne, and Rochester, with liberall expences."

In another memorandum belonging to the same collection, which relates to similar depredations in other parts of the country, we find the word *match*, used precisely as in "Ratsey's Ghost," (see note [b], p. 513) to signify the plot, or scheme of a robbery, showing that the "*set a match*" of the quartos is the true reading, and the "set a *watch*" of the folio, a misprint:—

"There maner of robbinge is to robbe in suche companies as afore saide if *the matche* soe require, and sometimes doe devide themselves and robbe three or fower together onelie, in a companie."

* * * * *

This, indeed, is put beyond all question by Minsheu's explanation of "*Outeparters.*" "Some are of opinion, that those which are tearmed *outparters*, are at this day called *out-putters*, and are such as *set matches* for the robbing any man or house; as by discovering which way he rideth or goeth, or where the house is weakest and fittest to be entred."

(6) Scene II.—*Redeeming time, when men think least I will.*] We had purposed in this scene, to say a few words on the contrast presented by the traditional character of the prince, familiarized as it is to us by the delightful fancies of the poet, and that ascribed to him by Mr. Luders and Mr. Tyler, the historians, who have laboured so zealously to exculpate him from the imputation of youthful riot and dishonour; but, upon reflection, prefer reserving our observations until Henry appears as King of England.

(7) Scene III.—*His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer.* Every historian, from Walsingham to Sharon Turner, has fallen into the error of confounding Sir Edmund Mortimer with his nephew, Edmund Earl of March, who at this period was a boy not more than ten years of age, and in custody of the king at Windsor.

Sir Edmund Mortimer was taken prisoner by Owen Glendower, at the battle fought June 12, 1402, near Melienydd in Radnorshire; became devotedly attached to the Welsh chieftain, and married his daughter. By this connexion, Owen shortly after obtained another accession to his power and influence in the person of Hotspur, who, incensed, it was thought, at the king's refusal to ransom his brother-in-law (for Hotspur had married Mortimer's sister), suddenly revolted from his side, and allied himself to the cause of his old opponent, Glendower.

ACT II.

(1) Scene I. —— *breeds fleas like a loach.*] The efforts of critics who gravely labour to establish the pertinence and integrity of such comparisons as these, are as profitable, to adopt a characteristic simile of Gifford's, as the milking he-goats in a sieve. When the obtuse carrier tells us that his horse provender is as *dank as a dog*—that chamber-lie *breeds fleas like a loach*, and that he himself is *stung like a tench* and as *well bitten as a king*, he means no more, than that the peas and beans are very damp, that chamber-lie breeds many fleas, and that he is severely stung. So, when the immortal Mrs. Quickly declares Sir John and his Dulcinea to be "as rheumatic as two dried toasts," she intends only to convey, what she wants language to describe in words, or imagination to portray properly by figure, that they are inordinately quarrelsome. An appropriate and congruous resemblance would be as inappropriate and incongruous in such mouths, as forcible and well chosen phraseology. The Water Poet, John Taylor, has very happily derided such inapposite similitudes:—"But many pretty ridiculous aspersions are cast upon Dogges, so that it would make a Dogge laugh to heare and understand them. As I have heard a Man say, I am as hot as a Dogge, or as cold as a Dogge, I sweate like a Dogge, (when a Dogge never sweates) as drunke as a Dogge, hee swore like a Dogge, and one told a man once That his Wife was not to be believ'd for she would lye like a Dogge," &c. —*A Dogge of Warre*, 1630.

(2) Scene I.—*Thou lay'st the plot, how.*] The collusion between the Chamberlains and Ostlers, and the "Gentlemen of the Road," in old times, is often referred to in works of the period. In Harrison's "Description of England," (Holinshed, Vol. I. p. 246,) there is an interesting account of old English Inns, wherein the villainy of tapsters, drawers, chamberlains, and ostlers, forms a prominent topic:—"Those townes that we call thorowfaires have great and sumptuous innes builded in them, for the receiving of such travellers and strangers as pass to and fro. The manner of harbouring wherein, is not like to that of some other countries, in which the host or good man of the house doth chalenge a lordlie authoritie over his ghests, but cleane otherwise, sith everie man may use his inne as his owne house in England, and have for his monie how great or little varietee of vittels, and what other service himselfe shall thinke expedient to call for. Our innes are also verie well furnished with naperie, bedding and tapisterie, especiallie with naperie; for beside the linnen used at the tables which is commonlie washed dailie, is such and so much as belongeth unto the estate and calling of the ghest. Ech commer is sure to lie in cleane sheets, wherein no man hath been lodged since they came from the landresse, or out of the water wherein they were last washed. If the traveller have an horsse, his bed doth cost him nothing, but if he go on foot he is sure to paie a penie for the same; but whether he be horsseman or footman, if his chamber be once appointed he may carie the kaie with him, as of his own house so long as he lodgeth there. If he loose oughte whilest he abideth in the inne, the host is bound by a generall custome to restore the damage, so that there is no greater securitie anie

where for travellers than in the gretest ins of England. There horsses in like sort are walked, dressed, and looked unto by certain hostelers or hired servants, appointed at the charges of the goodman of the house, who in hope of extraordinarie reward will deale verie deligentlie after outward appeerance in this their function and calling. Herein neverthelesse are manie of them blameworthie, in that they doo not onelie deceive the beast oftentimes of his allowance by sundrie meanes, except their owners looke well to them, but also make such packs with slipper merchants which hunt after preie (for what place is sure from evill and wicked persons) that manie an honest man is spoiled of his goods as he travelleth to and fro, in which feat also the counsells of the tapsters or drawers of drink, and chamberleins is not seldome behind or wanting. Certes I beleeve not that chapman or traveller in England is robbed by the waie without the knowledge of some of them, for when he commeth into the inne and alighteth from his horsse, the hostler forthwith is verie busie to take downe his budget or capcase in the yard from his sadle bow, which he poiseth slilie in his hand to feele the weight thereof: or if he misse of this pitch, when the ghest hath taken up his chamber, the chamberleine that looketh to the making of the beds, will be sure to remove it from the place where the owner hath set it as if it were to set it more convenientlie some where else, whereby he getteth an inkling whether it be monie or other short wares and thereof giveth warning to such od ghests as hant the house and are of his confederacie, to the utter undoing of manie an honest yeoman as he journieth by the waie. The tapster in like sort for his part doth marke his behaviour, and what plentie of monie he draweth when he paieth the shot, to the like end: so that it shall be an hard matter to escape all their subtile practises. Some thinke it a gay matter to commit their budgets at their comming to the goodman of the house: but thereby they oft bewraie themselves. For albeit their monie be safe for the time that it is in his hands (for you shall not heare that a man is robbed in his inne) yet after their departure the host can make no warrantize of the same, sith his protection extendeth no further than the gate of his owne house: and there cannot be a surer token unto such as prie and watch for those booties, than to see anie ghest deliver his capcase in such manner."

(3) SCENE I.—*Great oneyers.*] For *oneyers* of the ancient text, Pope proposed *oneraires*,—trustees or commissioners; Theobald, *Moneyers;* Capell, *Mynheers;* Malone, *onyers*, that is, public accountants; and Hanmer, *owners*. Of all these conjectures we prefer the last, not merely because it better suits the context than any of the others, but because *one* having, as we believe, of old, the pronunciation of *own*, a sound it still retains in *only*, (or *onelie*, as it was once written,) *oneyers* might easily have been misprinted for *owners*.

(4) SCENE I.—*We have the receipt of fern-seed, we walk invisible.*] This superstition appears to have originated partly in an imperfect knowledge of the natural history of the fern, and partly in obscure traditions, which represented the seed of that plant as possessed of many occult virtues. The first cause of error is attributable to Pliny, who says, that "there are two kinds of fern, which bear neither flower nor seed;" and hence it was supposed that, as it was produced by invisible seed, such persons as could by any means possess themselves of it would partake of its qualities, and also become invisible. Gerard, in his "Great Herbal," published in 1597, explained this phenomenon by stating fern to be "one of those plants which have their seede on the back of the leafe, so small as to escape the sighte. Those who perceived that ferne was propagated by semination, and yet could never see the seede, were much at a losse for a solution of the difficultie; and, as wonder always endeavours to augmente itself, they ascribed to ferne-seede many strange properties, some of which the rusticke vergins have not yet forgotten or exploded." To make these marvellous powers available, the seed was to be gathered at noon, or at midnight, on Midsummer Eve—June 23d—fasting, and in silence; but the attempt to secure it is reported to have been very frequently unsuccessful, for the minute seed fell spontaneously without being caught, and often disappeared altogether, when apparently in safe keeping. Ben Jonson makes Fernet refer to the latent virtue of this seed in "The New Inn," Act I. Sc. 6:—

> "I had
> No medicine, sir, to go invisible,
> No *fern-seed* in my pocket."

Beside the bestowing invisibility, there seem to have been other qualities attributed to this seed, even by scientific persons, in the 17th century, of which John Parkinson, in his "Theater of Plants," 1640, speaks as follows:—"The seede which this and the female Ferne doe beare, and to be gathered onely on Midsommer eve at night, with I know not what conjuring words,—is superstitiously held by divers, not onely Mountebankes and Quacksalvers, but by other learned men, (yet it cannot be said but by those that are too superstitiously addicted,) to be of some secret hidden vertue, but I cannot finde it exprest what it should be: for *Bauhinus*, in his *Synonimies* upon *Matthiolus*, saith these tales are neither fabulous nor superstitious." It must be observed that the "*conjuring words*" mentioned in this extract constitute Shakespeare's "*receipt of fern-seed*" as being the formula and directions with which it was to be effectually gathered.

(5) SCENE IV.—*The Boar's Head Tavern.*] Were it practicable to obtain original and pertinent illustrations of the famous Boar's Head Tavern of Shakespeare, there would be little difficulty in composing an interesting article on the subject. But all that is really known, or that is likely to be known relating to the edifice, has been repeatedly told; and its story belongs rather to poetical and speculative history, than to antiquarian or topographical research. Yet the name and the locality were familiar in connexion, so early as the end of the fourteenth century, when William Warden gave "all that his tenement called 'the Boar's Head,' in East Cheap," towards the support of certain priests serving a chapel founded by Sir William Walworth, in the adjoining church of St. Michael, Crooked Lane.

There is no existing evidence to prove, whether any part of those premises were at that time a tavern; though there is a strong probability, even arising out of their peculiar designation, that they might have been one of many places established in the vicinity for the sale of provisions ready dressed. The practice of appropriating such dealers to this particular part of London dates from a very early period, for Fitz-Stephen tells us that "the followers of the several trades, the vendors of various commodities, and the labourers of every kind, are daily to be found in their proper and distinct places, according to their employments." This statement refers to the close of the twelfth century, at which time there stood on the river-bank at Billingsgate a very extensive tavern or provision store, that being then the common landing-place for all passengers who came to London by water. Fitz-Stephen says of it, that no number so great of soldiers or travellers could enter the city, or leave it, at any hour of the day or night, but that all might be supplied with food. The restaurants of ancient London afterwards spread themselves to the north and west of their original locality, until they formed part of the East-Cheap, or market; so called in contradistinction to the Stocks Market and West-Cheap. In this place, the shops of cooks were interspersed with those of the butchers; the contiguous "Poultry" supplied the capons for which Falstaff ran into debt with Mrs. Quickly; and fish and wine were easily procurable from Billingsgate, and the ships lying near.

So early as the reign of Henry V. Lydgate celebrated the fame of East-Cheap, as being pre-eminent for good cheer, a reputation it seems to have maintained throughout the sixteenth century. It is remarked by Stow, in one of those many incidental passages in which he has preserved traces of ancient manners, not to be found

elsewhere, that—"When friends did meete, and were disposed to be merrie, they wente not to dine or sup in tavernes, but to the cooke's, where they called for what they liked: which they always found readie dressed, and at a reasonable rate." There is on contemporaneous record a curious anecdote of an affray on this spot, at one of these houses of public entertainment, in which two of the sons of Henry IV. were actually concerned; and it might very well suggest to a sagacious dramatist, the idea of transferring their revelries to Prince Henry, Falstaff, Mrs. Quickly, and the Boar's Head. The disturbance in question took place June 23d, 1410, the Eve of St. John the Baptist, when, says Stow, "Thomas and John, the king's sonnes, being at London in East Cheape, at supper, after midnight, a great debate happened between their men and men of the court, till the Maior and Sheriffes with other citizens ceased the same."

In the sixteenth century these premises had become established as a tavern, and in the tract entitled "Newes from Bartholomew Fair" the house is mentioned as "the Bore's Head neere London-stone." It continued in the same occupation during the next century and a half. In Mr. J. H. Burn's Descriptive Catalogue of the collection of Tradesmen's Tokens at Guildhall, there are notices of two which were issued from the Boar's Head Tavern, in Great East Cheap, and the same work contains also several interesting memorials relating to the house. One of these tokens is anterior to the Great Fire of 1666, which completely destroyed the whole premises. They were re-erected two years afterwards, and a carving of the sign in stone, bearing the date with the initials J. T., was inserted between the windows of the first and second floor. The building was subsequently divided into two houses, at which time it probably ceased to be a tavern, and the sign remained in its original situation between them. In 1831, however, the premises were taken down for the London Bridge improvements, and the carved Boar's Head was removed to the Corporation Museum at Guildhall.

ACT III.

(1) SCENE I.—

I can speak English, lord, as well as you:
For I was train'd up in the English court.]

The brave but ill-fated Owen Glendower, who contrived for twelve years to sustain a desultory warfare against the English, often so successfully that his enemies were fain to attribute their defeats to supernatural agency, was descended from Llewellin ap Jorwarth Droyndon, Prince of Wales, and was called Owen-ap-Gryffyth Vaughan. He is said to have inherited a large estate, and to have taken his surname from a lordship of his property, called Glyndourdwy. When a youth, he was sent to London for his education, where he entered himself of the Temple, and subsequently became an esquire of the body to Richard the Second, and was one of the very few who faithfully adhered to the fallen monarch up to the moment when he was captured at Flint Castle.

Mr. Tyler, who, in his History of Henry of Monmouth, has paid a just tribute to the unconquerable courage and untiring perseverance of this remarkable man, thus touchingly alludes to the termination of his chequered career. "Owyn Glyndowr failed, and he was denounced as a rebel and a traitor. But had the issue of the 'sorry fight' of Shrewsbury been otherwise than it was; had Hotspur so devised and digested, and matured his plan of operations, as to have enabled Owyn with his forces to join heart and hand in that hard-fought field; had Bolingbroke and his son fallen on that fatal day;—instead of lingering among his native mountains, as a fugitive and a branded felon, bereft of his lands, his friends, his children, and his wife, waiting only for the blow of death to terminate his earthly sufferings, and, when the blow fell, leaving no memorial behind him to mark either the time or place of his release,—Owyn Glendowr might have been recognised even by England, as he actually had been by France, in the character of an independent sovereign; and his people might have celebrated his name as the avenger of his country's wrongs, the scourge of her oppressors, and the restorer of her independence.

"The anticipations of his own bard, Gryffydd Llydd, might have been amply realized:—

"'Strike then your harps, ye Cambrian bards!
The song of triumph best rewards
An hero's toils. Let Henry weep
His warriors wrapt in everlasting sleep:
Success and victory are thine,
Owain Glyndurdwy divine!
Dominion, honour, pleasure, praise,
Attend upon thy vigorous days.
And, when thy evening's sun is set,
May grateful Cambria ne'er forget
Thy noontide blaze; but on thy tomb
Never-fading laurels bloom.'"

(2) SCENE II.—

A hundred thousand rebels die in this.]

The interview between the King and Prince Henry, upon which the present Scene is founded, was brought about by the anxiety of the latter to disabuse his father of a suspicion which he had been led to entertain, that the prince aspired to the throne, and is thus related by Holinshed; after narrating that the prince came to the court accompanied by many noblemen and others his friends, whom he had commanded to attend him no farther than to the fire in Westminster Hall, and that he himself was then admitted to the presence of his father, the chronicle proceeds:—

"The prince, kneeling downe before his father, said: Most redoubted and sovereigne lord and father, I am at this time come to your presence as your liege man, and as your naturall sonne, in all things to be at your commandement. And where I understand you have in suspicion my demeanour against your grace, you know verie well, that if I knew any man within this realme of whom you should stand in feare, my dutie were to punish that person, thereby to remove that griefe from your heart. Then how much more ought I to suffer death, to ease your grace of that greefe which you have of me, being your natural sonne and liege man: and to that end I have this daie made myselfe readie by confession and receiving of the sacrament. And therefore I beseech you, most redoubted lord and deare father, for the honour of God, to ease your heart of all such suspicion as you have of me, and to dispatch me heere before your knees with this same dagger [and withall delivered unto the king his dagger in all humble reverence, adding further, that his life was not so deare to him that he wished to live one daie with his displeasure], and therefore, in thus ridding me out of life, and yourselfe from all suspicion, here, in presence of these lords, and before God at the daie of the generall judgement, I faithfullie protest clearlie to forgive you.

"The king moved herewith, cast from him the dagger, and imbracing the prince, kissed him, and with shedding teares confessed, that in deed he had him partlie in suspicion, though now (as he perceived) not with just cause, and therefore from thenceforth no mis-report should cause him

to have him in mistrust, and this he promised of his honour. So by his great wisedome was the wrongfull suspicion which his father had conceived against him removed, and he restored to his favour. And further, where he could not but grievously complaine of them that had slandered him so greatlie, to the defacing not onelie of his honor, but also putting him in danger of his life, he humblie besought the king that they might answer their unjust accusation; and in case they were found to have forged such matters upon a malicious purpose, that then they might suffer some punishment for their faults, though not to the full of that they had deserved."—HOLINSHED, (1402).

(3) SCENE III.—*Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell.*] Dame Quickly has been suspected of exaggerating the price of her holland, since, according to this estimate, and making due allowance for the difference in the value of money between her time and ours, each shirt of Falstaff's must have cost as much as would now suffice to clothe a man handsomely from head to foot. But Shakespeare was thinking only of the price of linen in his day; and, at eight shillings an ell, the expense of each shirt would have been about five pounds,—a sum not considered particularly extravagant for this article of apparel in the 16th century; for what says Stubbes upon the subject in his "Anatomie of Abuses"?—"In so much as I have heard of shirtes that have cost some ten shillinges, some twentie, some fortie, some five pound, some twentie nobles, and (which is horrible to heare,) some ten pound apeece, yea, the meanest shirte that commonly is worne of any, doth cost a crowne or a noble at the least; and yet that is scarcely thought fine enough for the simplest person."

ACT V.

(1) SCENE II.—

O, no, my nephew must not know, sir Richard,
The liberal and kind offer of the king.]

There is unquestioned evidence to show that the king made advances for the purpose of averting this conflict. He sent both the Abbot of Shrewsbury and the Clerk of the Privy Seal to Hotspur's camp with offers of pardon if his opponents would return to their allegiance. Hotspur is represented as being much moved by this unexpected act of grace, and to have dispatched his uncle, the Earl of Worcester, to negotiate. This nobleman, however, is reported to have addressed the king with such bitterness, and so to have misinterpreted the conversation between them, that both sides resolved to put their cause to the issue of a battle.

(2) SCENE IV.—*Stay, and breathe awhile.*] "The prince that daie holpe his father like a lustie yong gentleman: for although he was hurt in the face with an arrow, so that diverse noble men that were about him, would have conveied him foorth of the field, yet he would not suffer them so to do, least his departure from amongst his men might happilie have striken some feare into their harts, and so without regard of his hurt, he continued with his men, and never ceassed either to fight where the battell was most hot, or to incourage his men where it seemed most need. This battell lasted three long houres, with indifferent fortune on both parts, till at length, the king crieng saint George victorie, brake the arraie of his enemies and adventured so farre that (as some write) the erle Douglas strake him downe, and at that instant, slue Sir Walter Blunt and three other, apparelled in the king's sute and clothing, saieng: I marvell to see so many kings thus suddenlie arise one in the necke of an other. The king in deed was raised, and did that daie manie a noble feat of armes, for as it is written, he slue that daie with his owne hands six and thirtie persons of his enimies."

Act IV. Sc. 4.

THE SECOND PART OF

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

THE Registers of the Stationers' Company contain the following memorandum relative to this drama:—

"*23rd August*, 1600.

And. Wise Wm. Apsley.]—Two books the one called Much Adoe about Nothinge, and the other The Seconde Parte of the History of King Henry the iiii, with the Humors of Sir John Fallstaff: wrytten by Mr. Shakespeare." In the same year Wise and Apsley published the only quarto edition of it known, under the title of "The Second Part of Henrie the fourth, continuing to his death and coronation of Henrie the Fift. With the humours of Sir Iohn Falstaffe, and swaggering Pistoll. As it hath been sundrie times publikely acted by the right honourable, the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. Written by William Shakespeare."

This edition appears to have been printed without proper supervision, for, independently of minor omissions, at the beginning of Act III. a whole scene was left out. Nor does the mistake seem to have been discovered until the greater part of the impression had been worked off: sheet E was then reprinted and the missing scene incorporated. The folio text of the play was printed from an independent and more complete copy than that of the quarto, depraved, however, as usual by playhouse alterations and the negligence of successive transcribers.

Malone assigns the composition of the Second Part of King Henry IV. to 1598; but from the circumstance of one speech of Falstaff's in Act I. Sc. 2, bearing the prefix of *Old, i.e. Oldcastle*, it is evident that the great humourist retained the name of Oldcastle when this play was written, and as it is known that the name was changed anterior to the entry of Part I. in the Stationers' books, on the 25th of February, 1597-8, we are warranted in assuming that the Second Part was produced before that date.

The historical transactions comprehended in this piece, extend over a period of about nine years; beginning with the account of Hotspur's defeat and death in 1403, and terminating with the decease of Henry IV. and the accession and coronation of Henry V. in 1412-13.

Persons Represented.

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

HENRY, *Prince of* WALES; *afterwards* KING HENRY V. THOMAS, *Duke of* CLARENCE, *Prince* JOHN *of* LANCASTER, *Prince* HUMPHREY *of* GLOUCESTER.	*His Sons.*
Earl of WARWICK, *Earl of* WESTMORELAND, *Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench,* GOWER; HARCOURT, *A gentleman attending on the Chief Justice.*	*Of the King's party.*
Earl of NORTHUMBERLAND, SCROOP, *Archbishop of York,* *Lord* MOWBRAY, *Lord* HASTINGS, *Lord* BARDOLPH, *Sir* JOHN COLEVILE, TRAVERS *and* MORTON.	*Opposites to the King.*

Sir JOHN FALSTAFF.
POINS *and* PETO.
SHALLOW *and* SILENCE, *Country Justices.*
BARDOLPH, PISTOL, *and Page.*
DAVY, SHALLOW'S *Servant.*
MOULDY, SHADOW, BULL-CALF, WART, *and* FEEBLE, *Recruits.*
FANG *and* SNARE, *Sergeants.*
RUMOUR.
A PORTER.
A DANCER, *Speaker of the Epilogue.*

Lady NORTHUMBERLAND.
Lady PERCY.
Hostess QUICKLY, *and* DOLL TEAR-SHEET.

Lords and Attendants, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, Drawers, Grooms, &c. &c.

SCENE,—ENGLAND.

INDUCTION.

Warkworth. *Before* Northumberland's *Castle.*

Enter Rumour, *painted full of Tongues.*[a]

RUM. Open your ears; for which of you will stop
The vent of hearing, when loud Rumour speaks?
I, from the orient to the drooping west,
Making the wind my posthorse, still unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth:
Upon my tongues* continual slanders ride,
The which in every language I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of men† with false reports.
I speak of peace, while covert enmity,
Under the smile of safety, wounds the world:
And who but Rumour, who but only I,
Make fearful musters, and prepar'd defence;
Whilst the big year, swol'n with some other grief,‡
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war?
And no such matter. Rumour is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures;
And of so easy and so plain a stop,
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
The still discordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it. But what need I thus
My well-known body to anatomize
Among my household? Why is Rumour here?
I run before king Harry's victory;
Who, in a bloody field by Shrewsbury,
Hath beaten down young Hotspur, and his troops,
Quenching the flame of bold rebellion
Even with the rebels' blood. But what mean I
To speak so true at first? my office is
To noise abroad,—that Harry Monmouth fell
Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword;
And that the king before the Douglas' rage
Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.
This have I rumour'd through the peasant towns[b]
Between that§ royal field of Shrewsbury
And this worm-eaten hole of ragged stone,
Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,
Lies crafty-sick: the posts come tiring on,
And not a man of them brings other news
Than they have learn'd of me. From Rumour's tongues
They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true wrongs. [*Exit.*

(*) First folio, *tongue.*
(‡) First folio, *griefs.*
(†) First folio, *them.*
(§) First folio, *the.*

[a] Painted full of Tongues.] This description is omitted in the folio.
[b] *Through the* peasant *towns*—] Mr. Collier's MS. annotator reads *pleasant* towns.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The same. The* Porter *before the Gate.*

Enter Lord Bardolph.

Bard. Who keeps the gate here, ho?—Where is the earl?
Port. What shall I say you are?
Bard. Tell thou the earl,
That the lord Bardolph doth attend him here.
Port. His lordship is walk'd forth into the orchard;
Please it your honour, knock but at the gate,
And he himself will answer.
Bard. Here comes the earl.

Enter Northumberland.

North. What news, lord Bardolph? every minute now
Should be the father of some stratagem:
The times are wild; contention, like a horse
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose
And bears down all before him.
Bard. Noble earl,
I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.
North. Good, an God* will!
Bard. As good as heart can wish:—
The king is almost wounded to the death;
And, in the fortune of my lord your son,
Prince Harry slain outright; and both the Blunts
Kill'd by the hand of Douglas: young prince John,
And Westmoreland, and Stafford, fled the field;
And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk sir John,

(*) First folio, *heaven*.

Is prisoner to your son: O, such a day,
So fought, so follow'd, and so fairly won,
Came not, till now, to dignify the times,
Since Cæsar's fortunes!

NORTH. How is this deriv'd?
Saw you the field? came you from Shrewsbury?

BARD. I spake with one, my lord, that came from thence;
A gentleman well bred, and of good name,
That freely render'd me these news for true.

NORTH. Here comes my servant Travers, whom I sent
On Tuesday last to listen after news.

BARD. My lord, I over-rode him on the way;
And he is furnish'd with no certainties,
More than he haply may retail from me.

Enter TRAVERS.

NORTH. Now, Travers, what good tidings comes with* you? [back

TRA. My lord, sir John Umfrevile turn'd me
With joyful tidings; and, being better hors'd,
Out-rode me. After him, came, spurring hard,†
A gentleman almost forespent with speed,
That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied horse:
He ask'd the way to Chester; and of him
I did demand, what news from Shrewsbury.
He told me, that rebellion had bad‡ luck,
And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold:
With that he gave his able horse the head,
And, bending forward, struck his armed§ heels
Against the panting sides of his poor jade
Up to the rowel-head; and, starting so,
He seem'd in running to devour the way,
Staying no longer question.

NORTH. Ha!——Again.
Said he, young Harry Percy's spur was cold?
Of Hotspur, coldspur? that rebellion
Had met ill luck?

BARD. My lord, I'll tell you what;—
If my young lord your son have not the day,
Upon mine honour, for a silken point
I'll give my barony: never talk of it.

NORTH. Why should that‖ gentleman, that rode by Travers,
Give, then, such instances of loss?

BARD. Who, he?
He was some hilding[a] fellow, that had stol'n
The horse he rode on; and, upon my life,
Spoke at a venture.¶ Look, here comes more news.

(*) First folio, *from*.
(†) First folio, *head*.
(‡) First folio, *ill*.
(§) First folio, *able*.
(‖) First folio, *the*.
(¶) First folio, *adventure*.

[a] *Some* hilding *fellow*,—] Some *degenerate* fellow. The epithet *hilding* was applied indiscriminately to either sex. Thus Capulet says of his daughter, "Romeo and Juliet," Act III. Sc. 5:—

NORTH. Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf,[b]
Foretells the nature of a tragic volume:
So looks the strand, whereon* the imperious flood
Hath left a witness'd usurpation.——

Enter MORTON.

Say, Morton, did'st thou come from Shrewsbury?

MOR. I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord;
Where hateful death put on his ugliest mask,
To fright our party.

NORTH. How doth my son, and brother?
Thou tremblest; and the whiteness in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him, half his Troy was burn'd;
But Priam found the fire, ere he his tongue,
And I my Percy's death, ere thou report'st it.
This thou would'st say,—Your son did thus, and thus;
Your brother, thus; so fought the noble Douglas;
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds,
But in the end, to stop mine ear indeed,
Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,
Ending with—brother, son, and all are dead.

MOR. Douglas is living, and your brother, yet;
But, for my lord your son,——

NORTH. Why, he is dead.
See, what a ready tongue suspicion hath!
He, that but fears the thing he would not know,
Hath, by instinct, knowledge from others' eyes,
That what he fear'd is chanced. Yet speak, Morton;
Tell thou thy earl, his divination lies;
And I will take it as a sweet disgrace,
And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.

MOR. You are too great to be by me gainsaid:
Your spirit is too true, your fears too certain.

NORTH. Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's dead.
I see a strange confession in thine eye:
Thou shak'st thy head, and hold'st it fear, or sin,
To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so:
The tongue offends not, that reports his death;
And he doth sin, that doth belie the dead,
Not he, which says the dead is not alive.
Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office; and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,

(*) First folio, *when*.

"Out on her, hilding."

[b] *Like to a* title-leaf,—] Elegiac poems in former times were usually printed with a black border round the title-page, and sometimes with that leaf totally black.

Remember'd knolling * a departing friend.

BARD. I cannot think, my lord, your son is dead.

MOR. I am sorry, I should force you to believe
That, which I would to God † I had not seen:
But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,
Rend'ring faint quittance,[a] wearied and out-breath'd
To Harry ‡ Monmouth; whose swift wrath beat down
The never-daunted Percy to the earth,
From whence with life he never more sprung up.
In few,[b] his death, (whose spirit lent a fire
Even to the dullest peasant in his camp,)
Being bruited once, took fire and heat away
From the best temper'd courage in his troops:
For from his metal was his party steel'd;
Which once in him abated, all the rest
Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead.
And as the thing that's heavy in itself,
Upon enforcement, flies with greatest speed,
So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,
Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear,
That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim,
Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,
Fly from the field. Then was that noble Worcester
Too soon ta'en prisoner; and that furious Scot,
The bloody Douglas, whose well-labouring sword
Had three times slain the appearance of the king,
'Gan vail his stomach,[c] and did grace the shame
Of those that turn'd their backs; and, in his flight,
Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all
Is,—that the king hath won; and hath sent out
A speedy power, to encounter you, my lord,
Under the conduct of young Lancaster,
And Westmoreland: this is the news at full.

NORTH. For this I shall have time enough to mourn.
In poison there is physic; and these § news,
Having been well, that would have made me sick:
Being sick, have in some measure made me well:
And as the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd joints,
Like strengthless hinges, buckle[d] under life,
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
Out of his keeper's arms; even so my limbs,
Weaken'd with grief, being now enrag'd with grief,
Are thrice themselves: hence therefore, thou nice crutch;
A scaly gauntlet now, with joints of steel,
Must glove this hand: and hence, thou sickly coif;
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
Which princes, flesh'd with conquest, aim to hit.
Now bind my brows with iron; and approach
The ragged'st[f] hour that time and spite dare bring,
To frown upon the enrag'd Northumberland!
Let heaven kiss earth! Now let not nature's hand
Keep the wild flood confin'd! let order die!
And let this * world no longer be a stage,
To feed contention in a lingering act,
But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set
On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
And darkness be the burier of the dead!

TRA. This strained passion doth you wrong, my lord.[g]

BARD. Sweet earl, divorce not wisdom from your honour.

MOR. The lives of all your loving complices
Lean on your health; the which, if you give o'er
To stormy passion, must perforce decay.[h]
You cast the event of war, my noble lord,
And summ'd the account of chance, before you said,—
Let us make head. It was your presurmise,
That, in the dole[i] of blows, your son might drop:
You knew, he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge,
More likely to fall in, than to get o'er;
You were advis'd,[k] his flesh was capable[l]
Of wounds, and scars; and that his forward spirit
Would lift him where most trade[m] of danger rang'd;
Yet did you say,—*Go forth;* and none of this,
Though strongly apprehended, could restrain
The stiff-borne action. What hath then befallen,
Or what hath this bold enterprise brought forth,
More than that being which was like to be?

BARD. We all that are engaged to this loss,
Knew that we ventur'd on such dangerous seas,
That, if we wrought out life, 't was † ten to one;
And yet we ventur'd, for the gain propos'd
Chok'd the respect of likely peril fear'd;
And, since we are o'erset, venture again.
Come, we will all put forth; body and goods.

(*) Quarto, *tolling.* (†) First folio, *heaven.*
(‡) First folio, *Henry.* (§) First folio, *this.*

a *Rend'ring faint* quittance,—] *Quittance* here means *requital,* as in "Henry V." Act II. Sc. 2:—

"And shall forget the office of our hand,
Sooner than *quittance* of desert and merit."

b In few,—] That is, *in short,* in a *few* words. So in "The Tempest," Act I. Sc. 2:—

"*In few,* they hurried us aboard a bark;"

and in "Measure for Measure," Act III. Sc. 1:—

"*In few,* bestowed her on her own lamentation."

See note (d), p. 237.

c 'Gan vail his stomach,—] Lower his *pride* or *courage.* See note (a), p. 273.

(*) First folio, *the.* (†) First folio, *seas.*

d Buckle *under*—] *Bend* under.

e *Thou* nice *crutch;*] *Nice* means here *effeminate.*

f *The* ragged'st *hour*—] The *roughest* hour.

g TRA. This strained passion doth you wrong, my lord.] This line is omitted in the folio.

h Must perforce decay.] The remainder of Morton's speech, after this line, is omitted in the quarto.

i *The* dole *of blows,*—] The *dealing,* the *distribution* of blows.

k *You were* advis'd,—] You were *aware.*

l Capable—] That is, *susceptible, sensible.* "Alongst the galupin or silver paved way of heaven, conducted into the great hall of the gods, Mercury sprinkled me with water, which made me *capable* of their divine presence."—GREENE'S *Orpharion,* 4to, 1599, p. 7. See note (b), p. 297.

m *Where most* trade—] Most *traffic.* See note (c), p. 473.

MOR. 'Tis more than time: and, my most noble lord,
I hear for certain, and do* speak the truth,[a]——
The gentle archbishop of York is up,
With well-appointed powers; he is a man,
Who with a double surety binds his followers.
My lord your son had only but the corps,
But shadows, and the shows of men, to fight:
For that same word, *rebellion*, did divide
The action of their bodies from their souls;
And they did fight with queasiness, constrain'd,
As men drink potions; that their weapons only
Seem'd on our side, but, for their spirits and souls,
This word, *rebellion*, it had froze them up,
As fish are in a pond: but now the bishop
Turns insurrection to religion:
Suppos'd sincere and holy in his thoughts,
He's follow'd both with body and with mind;
And doth enlarge his rising with the blood
Of fair king Richard, scrap'd from Pomfret stones;
Derives from heaven his quarrel, and his cause;
Tells them, he doth bestride a bleeding land,
Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke;
And more and less,[b] do flock to follow him.

NORTH. I knew of this before; but, to speak truth,
This present grief had wip'd it from my mind.
Go in with me; and counsel every man
The aptest way for safety, and revenge:
Get posts, and letters, and make friends with speed;
Never so few, and† never yet more need.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—London. *A Street.*

Enter SIR JOHN FALSTAFF, *with his* Page *bearing his sword and buckler.*

FAL. Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor to my water?

PAGE. He said, sir, the water itself was a good healthy water: but, for the party that owed it, he might have more diseases than he knew for.

FAL. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me. The brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter, more than I invent, or is invented on me: I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee, like a sow, that hath overwhelmed all her litter but one. If the prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set me off, why then I have no judgment. Thou whoreson mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap, than to wait at my heels. I was never manned with an agate[c] till now: but I will in-set* you neither in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel, and send you back again to your master, for a jewel; the juvenal, the prince your master, whose chin is not yet fledged. I will sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand, than he shall get one on his cheek; and yet he will not stick to say, his face is a face-royal: God† may finish it when he will, it is not a hair amiss yet: he may keep it still as‡ a face-royal, for a barber shall never earn sixpence out of it; and yet he will be crowing, as if he had writ man ever since his father was a bachelor. He may keep his own grace, but he is almost out of mine, I can assure him.——What said master Dombledon about the satin for my short cloak, and my § slops?

PAGE. He said, sir, you should procure him better assurance than Bardolph: he would not take his bond and yours; he liked not the security.

FAL. Let him be damned like the glutton! pray God‖ his tongue be hotter!—A whoreson Achitophel! a rascally yea-forsooth knave! to bear a gentleman in hand,[d] and then stand upon security!—The whoreson smooth-pates do now wear nothing but high shoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles; and if a man is thorough with them in honest taking up,[e] then they must stand upon—*security*. I had as lief they would put ratsbane in my mouth, as offer to stop it with—*security*. I looked he should have sent me two and twenty yards of satin, as I am a true knight, and he sends me—*security*. Well, he may sleep in security; for he hath the horn of abundance, and the lightness of his wife shines through it; and yet cannot he see, though he have his own lantern to light him.—Where's Bardolph?

PAGE. He's gone into Smithfield to buy your worship a horse.

FAL. I bought him in Paul's, and he'll buy me a horse in Smithfield: an¶ I could get me but** a wife in the stews, I were manned, horsed, and wived.[f]

(*) Quarto, *dare*. (†) First folio, *nor*.

[a] And do speak the truth,——] Here, again, the quarto omits what follows of Morton's speech.

[b] More and less,—] That is, *great and small*. So in "Henry IV." Part I. Act IV. Sc. 3:—

"The *more and less* came in with cap and knee."

[c] I was never manned with an agate—] An agate stone was frequently cut to represent the human form, and was occasionally worn in the hat by gallants.

[d] To bear a gentleman in hand,—] To *bear* in *hand*, was to *buoy up*. See note (e), p. 258.

(*) First folio, *set*. (†) First folio, *Heaven*.
(‡) Old text, *at*. (§) First folio omits, *my*.
(‖) First folio, *may*. (¶) First folio, *if*.
(**) First folio omits, *but*.

[e] *If a man is* thorough *with them in honest* taking up,—] Falstaff appears to mean if a man is *resolute* with them to have honest goods dealt to him.

[f] I were manned, horsed, and wived.] Alluding to a proverb often quoted by the old writers: "Who goes to Westminster for a wife, to St. Paul's for a man, and to Smithfield for a horse, may meet with a queane, a knave, and a jade."

Enter the Lord Chief Justice,(1) *and an* Attendant.

PAGE. Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the prince for striking him about Bardolph.

FAL. Wait close, I will not see him.

CH. JUST. What's he that goes there?

ATTEN. Falstaff, an't please your lordship.

CH. JUST. He that was in question for the robbery?

ATTEN. He, my lord: but he hath since done good service at Shrewsbury: and, as I hear, is now going with some charge to the lord John of Lancaster.

CH. JUST. What, to York? Call him back again.

ATTEN. Sir John Falstaff!

FAL. Boy, tell him, I am deaf.

PAGE. You must speak louder, my máster is deaf.

CH. JUST. I am sure he is, to the hearing of any thing good.—Go, pluck him by the elbow; I must speak with him.

ATTEN. Sir John,——

FAL. What! a young knave, and beg! Is there not wars? Is there not employment? Doth not the king lack subjects? do not the rebels need* soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

ATTEN. You mistake me, sir.

FAL. Why, sir, did I say you were an honest man? setting my knighthood and my soldiership aside, I had lied in my throat(2) if I had said so.

ATTEN. I pray you, sir, then set your knighthood and your soldiership aside; and give me leave to tell you, you lie in your throat, if you say I am any other than an honest man.

FAL. I give thee leave to tell me so! I lay aside that which grows to me! If thou get'st any leave of me, hang me; if thou takest leave, thou wert better be hanged: you hunt-counter,[a] hence! avaunt!

ATTEN. Sir, my lord would speak with you.

CH. JUST. Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

---

a *You* hunt-counter,—] A quibble may have been intended on the cant term *hunt-counter* for a sheriff's officer, and the fault of a hound in turning and following the scent the way the chase has come.

(*) First folio, *want*.

FAL. My good lord!—God* give your lordship good time of day. I am glad to see your lordship abroad: I heard say, your lordship was sick: I hope, your lordship goes abroad by advice. Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltness of time; and I most humbly beseech your lordship, to have a reverend care of your health.

CH. JUST. Sir John, I sent for† you before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

FAL. An't‡ please your lordship, I hear, his majesty is returned with some discomfort from Wales.

CH. JUST. I talk not of his majesty:—you would not come when I sent for you.

FAL. And I hear moreover, his highness is fallen into this same whoreson apoplexy.

CH. JUST. Well, heaven mend him! I pray, let me speak with you.

FAL. This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an't please your lordship; a kind of sleeping in the blood,[a] a whoreson tingling.

CH. JUST. What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

FAL. It hath it original from much grief; from study, and perturbation of the brain: I have read the cause of his effects in Galen; it is a kind of deafness.

CH. JUST. I think, you are fallen into the disease; for you hear not what I say to you.

FAL. Very well, my lord, very well: rather, an't please you, it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

CH. JUST. To punish you by the heels, would amend the attention of your ears; and I care not, if I do become§ your physician.

FAL. I am as poor as Job, my lord, but not so patient: your lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me, in respect of poverty; but how I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or, indeed, a scruple itself.

CH. JUST. I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your life, to come speak with me.

FAL. As I was then advised by my learned counsel in the laws of this land-service, I did not come.

CH. JUST. Well, the truth is, sir John, you live in great infamy.

(*) First folio omits, *God.* (†) First folio omits, *for.*
(‡) First folio, *If it.* (§) First folio, *if I be.*

[a] An't please your lordship; *a* kind of *sleeping* in *the blood,*—] So the quarto, for which the folio reads only, "a sleeping *of* the blood."

FAL. He that buckles him in my belt, cannot live in less.

CH. JUST. Your means are very slender, and your waste is* great.

FAL. I would it were otherwise; I would my means were greater, and my waist slenderer.

CH. JUST. You have misled the youthful prince.

FAL. The young prince hath misled me: I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.[b]

CH. JUST. Well, I am loth to gall a new-healed wound; your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gads-hill: you may thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'er-posting that action.

FAL. My lord?

CH. JUST. But since all is well, keep it so: wake not a sleeping wolf.

FAL. To wake a wolf, is as bad as to smell a fox.

CH. JUST. What! you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

FAL. A wassel candle, my lord; all tallow: if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

CH. JUST. There is not a white hair on your face, but should have his effect of gravity.

FAL. His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.

CH. JUST. You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill† angel.

FAL. Not so, my lord; your ill angel is light;[c] but, I hope, he that looks upon me, will take me without weighing; and yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot go, I cannot tell:[d] Virtue is of so little regard in these costar-mongers' times‡, that true valour is turned bear-herd: pregnancy[e] is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings: all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry. You, that are old, consider not the capacities of us that are young; you measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls: and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess, are wags too.

CH. JUST. Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreasing leg? an increasing belly? Is not your

(*) First folio omits, *is.* (†) First folio, *evil.*
(‡) First folio omits, *times.*

[b] The fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.] A supposed allusion to a fat blind beggar, well known at the time, who was led by his dog.

[c] *Your* ill angel *is light;*] The Chief Justice means *evil genius;* Falstaff evades the application by alluding to the coin called an *angel,* which was frequently made light enough by the process of clipping.

[d] I cannot tell:] This phrase usually signifies, as Gifford has shown, no more than, *I cannot tell what to think of it,* or *I cannot account for it:* but, in the present instance, the interpretation assigned to it by Johnson, "I cannot be taken; I cannot pass current," seems preferable.

[e] Pregnancy—] That is, Ready wit.

voice broken? your wind short? your chin double?* your wit single?[a] and every part about you blasted with antiquity; and will you yet† call yourself young? Fie, fie, fie, sir John!

FAL. My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon,‡ with a white head, and something a round belly. For my voice,—I have lost it with hollaing, and singing of anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not: the truth is, I am only old in judgment and understanding; and he that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him. For the box of the ear that the prince gave you,—he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have checked him for it; and the young lion repents; marry, not in ashes, and sackcloth; but in new silk, and old sack.

CH. JUST. Well, God§ send the prince a better companion!

FAL. God§ send the companion a better prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

CH. JUST. Well, the king hath severed you and prince Harry: I hear, you are going with lord John of Lancaster, against the archbishop, and the earl of Northumberland.

FAL. Yea;‖ I thank your pretty sweet wit for it. But look you pray, all you that kiss my lady peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day; for, by the Lord,¶ I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily: if it be a hot day, an** I brandish anything but my bottle, would I might never spit white again.[b] There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head, but I am thrust upon it. Well, I cannot last ever;[c] but it was always yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If ye will needs say, I am an old man, you should give me rest. I would to God, my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is. I were better to be eaten to death with rust, than to be scoured to nothing with perpetual motion.

CH. JUST. Well, be honest, be honest; and God†† bless your expedition!

FAL. Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound, to furnish me forth?

CH. JUST. Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear crosses.[d] Fare you well. Commend me to my cousin Westmoreland.

[*Exeunt* Chief Justice *and* Attendant.

(*) First folio omits, *your chin double.* (†) First folio omits, *yet.*
(‡) First folio omits, *about three of the clock in the afternoon.*
(§) First folio, *Heaven.* (‖) First folio, *Yes.*
(¶) First folio omits, *by the Lord*, and inserts, *if.*
(**) First folio, *if.* (††) First folio, *Heaven.*

[a] *Your wit* single?] *Single* meant *simple, silly, weak.*

[b] Never spit white again.] Steevens interprets this "never have my stomach inflamed again with liquor." Mr. Collier thinks the expression "may have reference to his exertions and wounds in the expected conflicts, which might compel him to spit blood." The meaning is simply, *may I never be thirsty again*, want of drink being supposed to have the effect of making people *spit white.* Thus Spungius in Massinger's "Virgin Martyr," Act III. Sc. 3:—"Had I been a pagan still, I should not have *spit white* for want of drink."

[c] Well, I cannot last ever;] Falstaff's speech ends here in the folio, 1623.

[d] *You are too impatient* to bear crosses.] The same pun is met with in "Love's Labour 's Lost." See note (c), p. 56.

FAL. If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle.[e]—A man can no more separate age and covetousness, than he can part young limbs and lechery: but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other; and so both the degrees prevent[f] my curses.—Boy!——

PAGE. Sir?

FAL. What money is in my purse?

PAGE. Seven groats and two-pence.

FAL. I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse: borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable.—Go bear this letter to my lord of Lancaster; this to the prince; this to the earl of Westmoreland; and this to old mistress Ursula, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceived the first white hair on my chin: about it; you know where to find me. [*Exit* Page.] A pox of this gout! or, a gout of this pox! for the one or the other plays the rogue with my great toe. 'Tis no matter, if I do halt; I have the wars for my colour, and my pension shall seem the more reasonable. A good wit will make use of anything; I will turn diseases to commodity. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—York. *A Room in the* Archbishop's *Palace.*

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, *the Lords* HASTINGS, MOWBRAY, *and* BARDOLPH.

ARCH. Thus have you heard our cause,* and know our means;
And, my most noble friends, I pray you all,
Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes:—
And first, lord marshal, what say you to it?

MOWB. I well allow the occasion of our arms;
But gladly would be better satisfied,
How, in our means, we should advance ourselves,
To look with forehead bold and big enough
Upon the power and puissance of the king.

HAST. Our present musters grow upon the file
To five and twenty thousand men of choice;
And our supplies live largely in the hope
Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns
With an incensed fire of injuries.

BARD. The question then, lord Hastings, standeth thus;—

(*) First folio, *causes.*

[e] A three-man beetle.] An implement made of wood, and having two long handles and a short one, which was used for driving piles.

[f] Prevent—] i. e. *Anticipate, come before.*

Whether our present five and twenty thousand
May hold up head without Northumberland?
HAST. With him we may.
BARD. Ay, marry there's the point;
But if without him we be thought too feeble,
My judgment is, we should not step too far,[a]
Till we had his assistance by the hand:
For, in a theme so bloody-fac'd as this,
Conjecture, expectation, and surmise
Of aids incertain, should not be admitted.
ARCH. 'Tis very true, lord Bardolph; for, indeed,
It was young Hotspur's case * at Shrewsbury.
BARD. It was, my lord; who lin'd himself with hope,
Eating the air on promise of supply,
Flattering himself in † project of a power
Much smaller than the smallest of his thoughts:
And so, with great imagination,
Proper to madmen, led his powers to death,
And, winking, leap'd into destruction.
HAST. But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt,

(*) Quarto, *cause.* (†) First folio, *with.*

[a] We should not step too far,—] The remainder of this speech is omitted in the quarto.

[b] Yes, if this present quality of war;—
* * * * *
That frosts will bite them.] In this opening clause of Lord Bardolph's speech, something has apparently been lost or misprinted; and as the passage only occurs in the folio, the omission or error, it is to be feared, is irremediable.

[c] *At* least,—] Capell proposed, and we think judiciously, to read, at *last.*

To lay down likelihoods, and forms of hope.
BARD. Yes, if this present quality of war,
Indeed the instant action: a cause on foot,
Lives so in hope, as in an early spring
We see the appearing buds; which, to prove fruit,
Hope gives not so much warrant, as despair,
That frosts will bite them.[b] When we mean to build,
We first survey the plot, then draw the model;
And when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the erection;
Which if we find outweighs ability,
What do we then, but draw anew the model
In fewer offices; or, at least,[c] desist
To build at all? Much more, in this great work,
(Which is, almost, to pluck a kingdom down,
And set another up,) should we survey
The plot of situation, and the model;
Consent upon a sure foundation;
Question surveyors; know our own estate,
How able such a work to undergo,
To weigh against his opposite;[d] or else,

[d] ——— know our own estate,
How able such a work to undergo,
To weigh against his opposite;]
Mr. Collier's Annotator, from not reflecting that *his* was in Shakespeare's time *neuter* as well as masculine, and that in this passage it does duty as *its*, has gone to the extreme length of interpolating a new line; reading.—
"——— Know our own estate,
How able such a work to undergo.
A careful leader sums what force he brings
To weigh against his opposite."
The only alteration required is to read "*And* weigh," instead of "*To* weigh," in the last line.

We fortify in paper,[a] and in figures,
Using the names of men instead of men:
Like one, that draws the model of a house
Beyond his power to build it; who, half through,
Gives o'er, and leaves his part-created cost
A naked subject to the weeping clouds,
And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.

HAST. Grant, that our hopes (yet likely of fair birth)
Should be still-born, and that we now possess'd
The utmost man of expectation;
I think we are a body strong enough,
Even as we are, to equal with the king.

BARD. What! is the king but five and twenty thousand?

HAST. To us, no more; nay, not so much, lord Bardolph.
For his divisions, as the times do brawl,
Are in three heads; one power against the French,
And one against Glendower; perforce, a third
Must take up us: so is the unfirm king
In three divided; and his coffers sound
With hollow poverty and emptiness.

ARCH. That he should draw his several strengths together,
And come against us in full puissance,
Need not be dreaded.

HAST. If he should do so,
He leaves his back unarm'd, the French and Welsh
Baying him at the heels: never fear that.

BARD. Who, is it like, should lead his forces hither?

HAST. The duke of Lancaster, and Westmoreland:
Against the Welsh, himself, and Harry Monmouth:
But who is substituted 'gainst the French,
I have no certain notice.

ARCH. Let us on;[b]
And publish the occasion of our arms.
The commonwealth is sick of their own choice,
Their over-greedy love hath surfeited:—
An habitation giddy and unsure
Hath he, that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
O thou fond many! with what loud applause
Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Bolingbroke,
Before he was what thou would'st have him be?
And being now trimm'd in thine own desires,
Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,
That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up.
So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge
Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard;
And now thou would'st eat thy dead vomit up,
And howl'st to find it. What trust is in these times?
They that, when Richard liv'd, would have him die,
Are now become enamour'd on his grave:
Thou, that threw'st dust upon his goodly head,
When through proud London he came sighing on
After the admired heels of Bolingbroke,
Cry'st now, *O earth, yield us that king again,*
And take thou this! O thoughts of men accurst!
Past, and to come, seem best; things present, worst.

MOWB. Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on?

HAST. We are time's subjects, and time bids, be gone. [*Exeunt.*

[a] We fortify in paper,—] In the quarto, the speech of Bardolph begins here, the previous lines being omitted.

[b] ARCH. Let us on;] This speech is omitted in the quarto.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—London. *A Street.*

Enter Hostess; Fang, *and his* Boy, *with her; and* Snare *following.*

Host. Master Fang, have you entered the action?

Fang. It is entered.

Host. Where 's your yeoman?[a] Is it a lusty yeoman? will a'* stand to't?

Fang. Sirrah, where 's Snare?

Host. O Lord,† ay; good master Snare.

Snare. Here, here.

Fang. Snare, we must arrest sir John Falstaff.

Host. Yea,‡ good master Snare; I have entered him and all.

Snare. It may chance cost some of us our lives, for § he will stab.

Host. Alas the day! take heed of him: he stabbed me in mine own house, and that most beastly: in good faith,* he cares not what mischief he doth, if his weapon be out: he will foin like any devil; he will spare neither man, woman, nor child.

Fang. If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.

Host. No, nor I neither; I'll be at your elbow.

Fang. An † I but fist him once; an † a' come but within my vice;——

Host. I am undone by ‡ his going; I warrant you, § he's an infinitive thing upon my score.—Good master Fang, hold him sure:—good master Snare, let him not 'scape. A' comes continuantly to Pye-corner, (saving your manhoods,) to buy a saddle; and he is indited to dinner to the lubbar's head in Lumbert ‖ street, to master Smooth's the silkman: I pray ye, since my exion is entered, and my case so openly known to the world, let him be

(*) First folio, *he.*
(†) First folio omits, *O Lord.*
(‡) First folio, *Ay.*
(§) First folio omits, *for.*

(*) First folio omits, *in good faith.*
(†) First folio, *If.*
(‡) First folio, *with.*
(§) First folio omits, *you.*
(‖) First folio, *Lombard.*

[a] *Where's your* yeoman?] The follower of a serjeant of the mace, or as we now term him, sheriff's officer, was called a serjeant's *yeoman.*

brought in to his answer. A hundred mark is a long one for a poor lone woman to bear: and I have borne, and borne, and borne; and have been fubbed off, and fubbed off, and fubbed off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing; unless a woman should be made an ass, and a beast, to bear every knave's wrong. Yonder he comes; and that arrant malmsey-nose knave,* Bardolph, with him. Do your offices, do your offices, master Fang, and master Snare; do me, do me, do me your offices.

Enter Sir John Falstaff, Page, *and* Bardolph.

Fal. How now? whose mare's dead? what's the matter?

Fang. Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of mistress Quickly.

Fal. Away, varlets!—Draw, Bardolph; cut me off the villain's head; throw the quean in the channel.

Host. Throw me in the channel? I'll throw thee in the channel.[a] Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardly rogue!—Murder, murder! O thou honey-suckle villain! wilt thou kill God's officers, and the king's! O thou honey-seed rogue![b] thou art a honey-seed; a man-queller,[c] and a woman-queller.

Fal. Keep them off, Bardolph.

Fang. A rescue! a rescue!

Host. Good people, bring a rescue or two.[d]—Thou wo't, wo't thou? thou wo't, wo't thou? do, do, thou rogue! do, thou hemp-seed!

Fal. Away, you scullion! you rampallian; you fustilarian! I'll tickle your catastrophe.

Enter the Lord Chief Justice, *attended.*

Ch. Just. What is the matter? keep the peace here, ho!

Host. Good my lord, be good to me! I beseech you stand to me!

Ch. Just. How now, sir John? what, are you brawling here? [business?
Doth this become your place, your time, and
You should have been well on your way to York.—
Stand from him, fellow; wherefore hang'st upon him?

(*) First folio omits, *knave.*

[a] *I'll throw thee* in the channel.] The folio reads, I'll throw thee *there.*

[b] Honey-suckle villain! .... honey-seed rogue!] Our hostess means, *homicidal*, and *homicide.*

[c] Man-queller,—] An old word for manslayer or murderer.

[d] *Bring a rescue* or two.—Thou wo't, &c.] The folio reading is, "Bring a rescue. *Thou wilt not? Thou wilt not?* do, do," &c.

Host. O my most worshipful lord, an't please your grace, I am a poor widow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my suit.

Ch. Just. For what sum?

Host. It is more than for some, my lord; it is for all, all I have: he hath eaten me out of house and home; he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his:—but I will have some of it out again, or I'll ride thee o'nights, like the mare.

Fal. I think, I am as like to ride the mare, if I have any vantage of ground to get up.

Ch. Just. How comes this, sir John? Fie! what * man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation? Are you not ashamed to enforce a poor widow to so rough a course to come by her own?

Fal. What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

Host. Marry if thou wert an honest man, thyself, and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet,[e] sitting in my Dolphin chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, upon † Wednesday in Whitsun-week, when the prince broke thy head for liking ‡ his father to a singing-man of Windsor; thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then, and call me gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar; telling us, she had a good dish of prawns; whereby thou didst desire to eat some; whereby I told thee, they were ill for a green wound? And didst thou not, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiarity § with such poor people; saying, that ere long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me, and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath; deny it, if thou canst.

Fal. My lord, this is a poor mad soul; and she says, up and down the town, that her eldest son is like you: she hath been in good case, and, the truth is, poverty hath distracted her. But for these foolish officers, I beseech you, I may have redress against them.

Ch. Just. Sir John, sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent sauciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration; you have, as it appears

(*) First folio inserts, *a.* (†) First folio, *on.*
(‡) First folio, *lik'ning.*
(§) First folio, *no more familiar.*

[e] Parcel-gilt *goblet,*—] "*Parcel-gilt* means what is now called by artists *party-gilt*, that is, where part of the work is gilt, and part left plain, or ungilded."—Malone.

to me,[a] practised upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman, and made her serve your uses both in purse and person.

Host. Yes, in troth, my lord.

Ch. Just. Pr'ythee, peace:—Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villainy you have done with * her; the one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current repentance.

Fal. My lord, I will not undergo this sneap[b] without reply. You call honourable boldness, impudent sauciness: if a man will make † court'sy, and say nothing, he is virtuous. No, my lord, my ‡ humble duty remembered, I will not be your suitor; I say to you, I do § desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the king's affairs.

Ch. Just. You speak as having power to do wrong: but answer in the effect of your reputation,[c] and satisfy the poor woman.

Fal. Come hither, hostess. [*Taking her aside.*

Enter Gower.

Ch. Just. Now, master Gower; what news?

Gow. The king, my lord, and Henry, prince of Wales,
Are near at hand: the rest the paper tells.

Fal. As I am a gentleman;——

Host. Nay, you said so before.

Fal. As I am a gentleman;——come, no more words of it.

Host. By this heavenly ground I tread on, I must be fain to pawn both my plate and the tapestry of my dining-chambers.

(*) First folio omits, *with*.
(‡) First folio, *your*.
(†) First folio omits, *make*.
(§) First folio omits, *do*.

[a] You have, as it appears to me, &c.] So the quarto. In the folio, we read only, "I know you have practised upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman."

[b] *This* sneap—] *Sneap*, Icelandic, *sneipa*—contumelia, convitium, *a check, sarcasm, set-down*.

[c] In the effect of your reputation,—] "That is," Johnson says, "in a manner suitable to your reputation;" rather, perhaps, in the peril of your reputation.

FAL. Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking: and for thy walls, a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the prodigal, or the German hunting in water-work,(1) is worth a thousand of these bed-hangings, and these fly-bitten tapestries. Let it be ten pound, if thou canst. Come, an * it were not for thy humours, there is not a better wench in England. Go, wash thy face, and 'draw thy action. Come, thou must not be in this humour with me; dost not know me? † Come, come, ‡ I know thou wast set on to this.

HOST. Pray thee, sir John, let it be but twenty nobles; i' faith I am § loth to pawn my plate, in good earnest, la.

FAL. Let it alone; I'll make other shift: you'll be a fool still.

HOST. Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope, you'll come to supper: you'll pay me all together?

(*) First folio, *if*. (†) First folio omits, *dost not know me?*
(‡) First folio, *come;* once only.
(§) First folio omits, *i' faith*, and, *am*.

FAL. Will I live?—Go, with her, with her; [*To* BARDOLPH.] hook on, hook on.

HOST. Will you have Doll Tear-sheet meet you at supper?

FAL. No more words; let's have her.

[*Exeunt* Hostess, BARDOLPH, Officers, *and* Boy.

CH. JUST. I have heard better * news.

FAL. What's the news, my good lord?

CH. JUST. Where lay the king last night?

GOW. At Basingstoke,[a] my lord.

FAL. I hope, my lord, all's well: what is the news, my lord?

CH. JUST. Come all his forces back?

GOW. No: fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse,
Are march'd up to my lord of Lancaster,
Against Northumberland, and the archbishop.

FAL. Comes the king back from Wales, my noble lord?

(*) First folio, *bitter*.

[a] *At* Basingstoke, *my lord.*] The quarto makes a ludicrous mistake here, by reading *Billingsgate* instead of Basingstoke.

CH. JUST. You shall have letters of me presently: Come, go along with me, good master Gower.

FAL. My lord!

CH. JUST. What's the matter?

FAL. Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me to dinner?

GOW. I must wait upon my good lord here: I thank you, good sir John.

CH. JUST. Sir John, you loiter here too long, being you are to take soldiers up in counties * as you go.

FAL. Will you sup with me, master Gower?

CH. JUST. What foolish master taught you these manners, sir John?

FAL. Master Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me.—This is the right fencing grace, my lord; tap for tap, and so part fair.

CH. JUST. Now the Lord lighten thee! thou art a great fool. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The same. *Another Street.*

Enter PRINCE HENRY *and* POINS.[a]

P. HEN. Trust me, I am exceeding weary.

POINS. Is it come to that? I had thought, weariness durst not have attached one of so high blood.

P. HEN. 'Faith,† it does me; though it discolours the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it not show vilely in me, to desire small beer?

POINS. Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied, as to remember so weak a composition.

P. HEN. Belike then, my appetite was not princely got: for, by my ‡ troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer. But, indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness. What a disgrace is it to me, to remember thy name? or to know thy face tomorrow? or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast; *viz.* these, and those that were thy peach-coloured ones? or to bear the inventory of thy shirts; as, one for superfluity, and one other for use?—but that, the tennis-court keeper knows better than I; for it is a low ebb of linen with thee, when thou keepest § not racket there; as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy low-countries have made a shift to eat up thy holland: and God knows,[b] whether those that bawl out the ruins of thy linen, shall inherit his kingdom: but the midwives say, the children are not in the fault; whereupon the world increases, and kindreds are mightily strengthened.

POINS. How ill it follows, after you have laboured so hard, you should talk so idly? Tell me, how many good young princes would do so, their fathers being so sick as yours at this time is?[c]

P. HEN. Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins?

POINS. Yes; and let it be an excellent good thing.

P. HEN. It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

POINS. Go to; I stand the push of your one thing that you will tell.

P. HEN. Marry,* I tell thee,—it is not meet that I should be sad, now my father is sick: albeit I could tell to thee, (as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend,) I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

POINS. Very hardly, upon such a subject.

P. HEN. By this hand,† thou thinkest me as far in the devil's book, as thou and Falstaff, for obduracy and persistency: let the end try the man. But I tell thee,—my heart bleeds inwardly, that my father is so sick: and keeping such vile company as thou art, hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow.

POINS. The reason?

P. HEN. What wouldst thou think of me, if I should weep?

POINS. I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.

P. HEN. It would be every man's thought: and thou art a blessed fellow to think as every man thinks; never a man's thought in the world keeps the roadway better than thine: every man would think me an hypocrite indeed. And what accites your most worshipful thought, to think so?

POINS. Why, because you have been so lewd, and so much engraffed to Falstaff.

P. HEN. And to thee.

POINS. By this light, I am well spoke on,‡ I can hear it with mine own ears: the worst that they can say of me is, that I am a second brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands; and those two things I confess I cannot help. Look, look, here comes Bardolph.

P. HEN. And the boy that I gave Falstaff: he

(*) First folio, *countries.* (†) First folio omits, *'Faith.*
(‡) First folio, *in.* (§) First folio, *kept'st.*

(*) First folio, *Why.* (†) First folio omits, *By this hand.*
(‡) First folio, *Nay, I am well spoken of.*

[a] *And* Poins.] The stage direction in the quarto is, "*Enter the prince,* Poynes, sir John Russel, *with other.*"

[b] *And God knows,* &c.] The remainder of the speech is omitted in the folio, having been struck out, most probably by the Master of the Revels.

[c] *Their fathers* being *so sick as yours* at this time *is?*] So the quarto. The folio reads, "their fathers *lying* so sick, as yours is."

had him from me Christian; and look * if the fat villain have not transformed him ape.

Enter BARDOLPH *and* Page.

BARD. God † save your grace!

P. HEN. And yours, most noble Bardolph!

BARD. Come, you virtuous ‡ ass, [*To the* Page.] you bashful fool, must you be blushing? wherefore blush you now? What a maidenly man-at-arms are you become? Is it such a matter to get a pottle-pot's maidenhead? [a]

PAGE. He called me even now, my lord, through a red lattice,(2) and I could discern no part of his face from the window: at last, I spied his eyes; and methought he had made two holes in the ale-wife's new petticoat, and peeped through.

P. HEN. Hath not the boy profited?

BARD. Away, you whoreson upright rabbit, away!

PAGE. Away, you rascally Althea's dream, away!

P. HEN. Instruct us, boy: what dream, boy?

PAGE. Marry, my lord, Althea dreamed [b] she was delivered of a fire-brand; and therefore I call him her dream.

P. HEN. A crown's worth of good interpretation.—There it is, boy. [*Gives him money.*

POINS. O, that this good blossom could be kept from cankers!—Well, there is sixpence to preserve thee.

BARD. An § you do not make him be hanged among you, the gallows shall have wrong. ‖

P. HEN. And how doth thy master, Bardolph?

BARD. Well, my good lord. He heard of your grace's coming to town; there's a letter for you.

POINS. Delivered with good respect.—And how doth the martlemas, [c] your master?

BARD. In bodily health, sir.

POINS. Marry, the immortal part needs a physician: but that moves not him; though that be sick, it dies not.

P. HEN. I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me as my dog: and he holds his place, for look you how ¶ he writes.

POINS. [*Reads.*] *John Falstaff, knight,*——Every man must know that, as oft as he hath occasion to name himself. Even like those that are kin to the king; for they never prick their finger, but they say, *There is some of the king's blood spilt. How comes that?* says he, that takes upon him not to conceive: the answer is as ready as a borrowed cap; *I am the king's poor cousin, sir.*

P. HEN. Nay, they will be kin to us, but they will fetch it from Japhet. But to the letter:—

POINS. [d] *Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the king, nearest his father, Harry prince of Wales, greeting.*—Why, this is a certificate.

P. HEN. Peace!

POINS. *I will imitate the honourable Romans in brevity:*—sure he means brevity in breath; short-winded.—*I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with* Poins; *for he misuses thy favours so much, that he swears, thou art to marry his sister* Nell. *Repent at idle times as thou may'st, and so farewell.*

> *Thine, by yea and no, (which is as much as to say, as thou usest him,) Jack Falstaff, with my familiars; John, with my brothers and sisters;* * *and Sir John, with all Europe.*

My lord, I will steep this letter in sack, and make him eat it.

P. HEN. That's to make him eat twenty of his words. But do you use me thus, Ned? must I marry your sister?

POINS. God send the wench no worse fortune! [e] but I never said so.

P. HEN. Well, thus we play the fools with the time; and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds, and mock us.—Is your master here in London?

BARD. Yes, my lord.

P. HEN. Where sups he? doth the old boar feed in the old frank? [f]

BARD. At the old place, my lord; in Eastcheap.

P. HEN. What company?

PAGE. Ephesians, my lord; of the old church.

P. HEN. Sup any women with him?

PAGE. None, my lord, but old mistress Quickly, and mistress Doll Tear-sheet.

P. HEN. What pagan may that be?

PAGE. A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kinswoman of my master's.

(*) First folio, *see.*
(†) First folio omits, *God.*
(‡) First folio, *pernicious.*
(§) First folio, *If.*
(‖) First folio, *be wrong'd.*
(¶) First folio omits, *how.*

(*) First folio, *sister.*

[a] Pottle-pot's maidenhead?] In the old editions, this speech is given to Poins. Theobald, with more propriety, assigned it to Bardolph.

[b] Althea dreamed—] The page confounds the fire-brand upon which depended the life of Althea's son, Meleager, with the imaginary torch which Hecuba, when pregnant of Paris, dreamed she brought into the world.

[c] The martlemas, *your master?*] Martlemas, correctly Martinmass, fell about the twelfth of November, and was the period when beef was hung up for smoking; whether Falstaff is so designated from his resemblance to Martlemas beef, or from his being like "the latter spring," is not clear.

[d] POINS.] In the old copies this forms part of the Prince's speech.

[e] God send *the wench no worse fortune!*] The folio reads, "*May* the wench *have* no worse fortune."

[f] *The old* frank?] The old *sty.*

P. Hen. Even such kin, as the parish heifers are to the town bull.—Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at supper?

Poins. I am your shadow, my lord; I'll follow you.

P. Hen. Sirrah, you boy,—and Bardolph;—no word to your master, that I am yet come to* town: there's for your silence.

Bard. I have no tongue, sir.

Page. And for mine, sir,—I will govern it.

P. Hen. Fare ye well; go. [*Exeunt* Bardolph *and* Page.]—This Doll Tear-sheet should be some road.

Poins. I warrant you, as common as the way between saint Alban's and London.

P. Hen. How might we see Falstaff bestow himself to-night in his true colours, and not ourselves be seen?

Poins. Put on two leathern jerkins, and aprons, and wait upon him at his table as* drawers.

(*) First folio, *like*.

* *Yet* come to *town*:] The folio has, "yet *in* town."

P. Hen. From a god to a bull? a heavy declension! it was Jove's case. From a prince to a prentice? a low transformation! that shall be mine: for, in every thing, the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE III.—Warkworth. *Before the Castle.*

Enter Northumberland, Lady Northumberland, *and* Lady Percy.

North. I pray thee, loving wife, and gentle daughter,
Give* even way unto my rough affairs:
Put not you on the visage of the times,
And be, like them, to Percy troublesome.

Lady N. I have given over, I will speak no more:
Do what you will; your wisdom be your guide.

(*) First folio inserts, *an*.

NORTH. Alas, sweet wife, my honour is at pawn;
And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.
LADY P. O, yet for God's* sake, go not to these wars!
The time was, father, that† you broke your word,
When you were more endear'd to it than now;
When your own Percy, when my heart-dear Harry,
Threw many a northward look, to see his father
Bring up his powers; but he did long in vain.
Who then persuaded you to stay at home?
There were two honours lost; yours, and your son's.
For yours,—the God of heaven[a] brighten it!
For his,—it stuck upon him, as the sun
In the grey vault of heaven: and, by his light,
Did all the chivalry of England move
To do brave acts; he was, indeed, the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.[b]
He had no legs, that practis'd not his gait:
And speaking thick,[c] which nature made his blemish,
Became the accents of the valiant;
For those that could speak low, and tardily,
Would turn their own perfection to abuse,
To seem like him. So that, in speech, in gait,
In diet, in affections of delight,
In military rules, humours of blood,
He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
That fashion'd others. And him,—O wondrous him!
O miracle of men!—him did you leave,
(Second to none, unseconded by you,)
To look upon the hideous god of war
In disadvantage; to abide a field,
Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name
Did seem defensible:—so you left him:
Never, O never, do his ghost the wrong,
To hold your honour more precise and nice
With others, than with him; let them alone;
The marshal, and the archbishop, are strong:
Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,
To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,
Have talk'd of Monmouth's grave.
NORTH. Beshrew your heart,
Fair daughter! you do draw my spirits from me,
With new lamenting ancient oversights.
But I must go, and meet with danger there;
Or it will seek me in another place,
And find me worse provided.
LADY N. O, fly to Scotland,
Till that the nobles, and the armed commons,
Have of their puissance made a little taste.
LADY P. If they get ground and vantage of the king,
Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,
To make strength stronger; but, for all our loves,
First let them try themselves: so did your son;
He was so suffer'd; so came I a widow;
And never shall have length of life enough,
To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,
That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven,
For recordation to my noble husband.
NORTH. Come, come, go in with me: 'tis with my mind,
As with the tide swell'd up unto his height,
That makes a still-stand, running neither way.
Fain would I go to meet the archbishop,
But many thousand reasons hold me back:——
I will resolve for Scotland; there am I,
Till time and vantage crave my company.
[*Exeunt.*

(*) First folio, *Heaven's.* (†) First folio, *when.*

[a] The God of heaven *brighten it!*] So the quarto. The folio reading is, *may heavenly glory* brighten it.
[b] Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.] This concludes the speech in the quarto.
[c] *And speaking* thick,—] That is, speaking *rapidly.* Thus, in "Cymbeline," Act III, Sc. 2:—

"——— say, and *speak thick,*
Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing."

SCENE IV.—London. *A Room in the* Boar's Head Tavern, *in* Eastcheap.

Enter two Drawers.

1 DRAW. What the devil* hast thou brought there? apple-Johns? thou knowest sir John cannot endure an apple-John.[d]
2 DRAW. Mass,† thou say'st true. The prince once set a dish of apple-Johns before him, and told him, there were five more sir Johns: and, putting off his hat, said, I *will now take my leave of these six dry, round, old, withered knights.* It angered him to the heart; but he hath forgot that.
1 DRAW. Why then, cover, and set them down: and see if thou canst find out Sneak's noise;[e] mistress Tear-sheet would fain hear some music. Dispatch. The room where they supped, is too hot; they'll come in straight.[f]
2 DRAW. Sirrah, here will be the prince, and master Poins anon: and they will put on two of our jerkins, and aprons; and sir John must not know of it: Bardolph hath brought word.

(*) First folio omits, *the devil.* (†) First folio omits, *Mass.*

[d] An apple-John.] An apple which may be kept without much injury for a couple of years, but, after some time, appears to be shrunk and dried up. The French call it *deux-ans,* whence, in this country formerly, it was corruptly known as *deusants.*
[e] *Sneak's* noise;] "A *noise* of musicians" signified a band or company of them. *Sneak* was probably a jocular name applied to the leader of an itinerant "noise."
[f] Dispatch. The room where they supped, is too hot; they'll come in straight.] The folio omits this passage.

1 Draw. By the mass,* here will be old utis:[a] it will be an excellent stratagem.

2 Draw. I'll see if I can find out Sneak.

[*Exit.*

Enter Hostess *and* Doll Tear-sheet.

Host. I'faith,† sweet heart, methinks now you are in an excellent good temperality: your pulsidge beats as extraordinarily as heart would desire; and your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any rose in good truth, la! ‡ But, i'faith,† you have drunk too much canaries; and that's a marvellous searching wine, and it perfumes the blood ere one § can say,—what's this? How do you now?

Doll. Better than I was. Hem!

Host. Why, that's ‖ well said; a good heart's worth gold. Look, here comes sir John.

(*) First folio omits, *By the mass.* (†) First folio omits, *I'faith.*
(‡) First folio omits, *in good truth, la!*
(§) First folio, *we.* (‖) First folio, *was well.*

[a] *Here will be old* utis:] *Old utis* is, rare fun. *Old* here is nothing more than an augmentative. *Utis*, according to Skinner, from the French, *huit*, meant, a merry festival; properly, the *octave, huit, octo*, of a saint's day.

[b] A calm:] A *qualm.*

[c] Your brooches, pearls, and owches:—] A fragment of an old ballad, "The Boy and the Mantle," which is reprinted in Percy's "Reliques," vol. III. p. 401, Edit. 1812:—

"A kirtle and a mantle,
This boy had him upon,
With brooches, rings, and owches
Full daintily bedone."

Enter Falstaff, *singing.*

Fal. *When Arthur first in court*—Empty the jordan.—*And was a worthy king:* (3) [*Exit* Drawer.] How now, Mistress Doll?

Host. Sick of a calm:[b] yea, and good faith.*

Fal. So is all her sect; an † they be once in a calm, they are sick.

Doll. You muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you give me?

Fal. You make fat rascals, mistress Doll.

Doll. I make them! gluttony and diseases make them; I make them not.

Fal. If the cook help to‡ make the gluttony, you help to make the diseases, Doll: we catch of you, Doll, we catch of you; grant that, my poor virtue, grant that.

Doll. Ay, marry; our chains, and our jewels.

Fal. *Your brooches, pearls, and owches:*[c]—for

(*) First folio, *yea good sooth.* (†) First folio, *if.*
(‡) First folio omits, *help to.*

to serve bravely, is to come halting off, you know: to come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to surgery bravely; to venture upon the charged chambers bravely:——

DOLL. Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang yourself![a]

HOST. Why, this is the old fashion; you two never meet, but you fall to some discord: you are both, in good troth, as rheumatic as two dry toasts; you cannot one bear with another's confirmities. What the good-year! one must bear, and that must be you: [*To* DOLL.] you are the weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel.

DOLL. Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full hogshead? there's a whole merchant's venture of Bordeaux stuff in him; you have not seen a hulk better stuffed in the hold.—Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack: thou art going to the wars; and whether I shall ever see thee again, or no, there is nobody cares.

Re-enter Drawer.

DRAW. Sir, ancient Pistol's[b] below, and would speak with you.

DOLL. Hang him, swaggering rascal! let him not come hither: it is the foul-mouth'dst rogue in England.

HOST. If he swagger, let him not come here: no, by my faith;* I must live amongst my neighbours; I'll no swaggerers: I am in good name and fame with the very best.—Shut the door; there comes no swaggerers here! I have not lived all this while, to have swaggering now: shut the door, I pray you.

FAL. Dost thou hear, hostess?—

HOST. Pray you, pacify yourself, sir John; there comes no swaggerers here.

FAL. Dost thou hear? it is mine ancient.

HOST. Tilly-fally, sir John, never tell me; your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before master Tisick, the deputy, the other day; and, as he said to me,—'twas no longer ago than Wednesday last,—*Neighbour Quickly*, says he;—master Dumb, our minister, was by then:—*Neighbour Quickly*, says he, *receive those that are civil; for*, saith he, *you are in an ill name;*—now he said so, I can tell whereupon; *for*, says he, *you are an honest woman, and well thought on; therefore take heed what guests you receive: receive*, says he, *no swaggering companions.*——There comes none here;—you would bless you to hear what he said:—no, I'll no swaggerers.

FAL. He's no swaggerer, hostess; a tame cheater,[c] he; you may stroke him as gently as a puppy greyhound: he will not swagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any show of resistance.—Call him up, drawer.

[*Exit* Drawer.

HOST. *Cheater*, call you him? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater: but I do not love swaggering; by my troth,* I am the worse, when one says—*swagger:* feel, masters, how I shake; look you, I warrant you.

DOLL. So you do, hostess.

HOST. Do I? yea, in very truth, do I, an† 'twere an aspen leaf: I cannot abide swaggerers.

Enter PISTOL, BARDOLPH, *and* Page.

PIST. God‡ save you, sir John!

FAL. Welcome, ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I charge you with a cup of sack: do you discharge upon mine hostess.

PIST. I will discharge upon her, sir John, with two bullets.

FAL. She is pistol-proof, sir; you shall hardly offend her.

HOST. Come, I'll drink no proofs, nor no bullets; I'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I.

PIST. Then to you, mistress Dorothy; I will charge you.

DOLL. Charge me? I scorn you, scurvy companion. What! you poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linen mate! Away, you mouldy rogue, away! I am meat for your master.

PIST. I know you, mistress Dorothy.

DOLL. Away, you cut-purse rascal! you filthy bung, away! by this wine, I'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps, an§ you play the saucy cuttle with me. Away, you bottle-ale rascal! you basket-hilt stale juggler, you!—Since when, I pray you, sir?—What! with two points on your shoulder? much![d]

PIST. I will murder your ruff for this.

FAL. No more, Pistol;‖ I would not have you

(*) First folio omits, *no, by my faith.*

[a] DOLL. Hang yourself, &c.] This speech is omitted in the folio.

[b] Ancient *Pistol*—] In modern phrase, *ensign* Pistol. The banner and banner-bearer of old were called *ancient*, as they are both now termed *ensign*.

[c] A tame cheater,—] *Cheater*, in old language, usually means *gamester*, or *cozener*:—"They call their art by a new-found name, as *cheating*, themselves *cheators*, and the dice *cheters*, borrowing the term from among our lawyers, with whom all such casuals as fall to the lord at the holding of his leets as waifes and straies, and such like, be called *chetes*, and are accustomably said to be *escheted* to the lord's use."—MIHIL MUMCHAUNCE, *his Discovery of the art of Cheating in False Dyce Play*. *Tame cheater*, however, in the sense of a craven bird of some kind, was undoubtedly a cant phrase applied to a petty rogue. Thus, in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Fair Maid of the Inn," Act IV. Sc. 2:—"You are worse than simple widgeons, and will be drawn into the net by this decoy-duck, this *tame cheater*."

[d] Much!] An expression of supreme contempt.

(*) First folio omits, *by my troth.*
(†) First folio, *if it.*
(‡) First folio omits, *God.*
(§) First folio, *if.*
(‖) First folio omits this speech.

go off here: discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.

HOST. No, good captain Pistol; not here, sweet captain.

DOLL. Captain! thou abominable damned cheater, art thou not ashamed to be called—captain? An* captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out, for taking their names upon you before you have earned them. You a captain, you slave! for what? for tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-house?—He a captain? hang him, rogue! he lives upon mouldy stewed prunes, and dried cakes. A captain! God's light! these villains will make the word captain as odious as the word *occupy*;[a] which was an excellent good word before it was ill sorted: therefore captains had need look to it.

BARD. Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

FAL. Hark thee hither, mistress Doll.

PIST. Not I: I tell thee what, corporal Bardolph;—
I could tear her:—I'll be reveng'd on her.

PAGE. Pray thee, go down.

PIST. I'll see her damned first to Pluto's damned lake; by this hand! † to the infernal deep, with ‡ Erebus and tortures vile also. Hold hook and line, say I. Down! down, dogs! down, faitors! § Have we not Hiren here?[b]

HOST. Good captain Peesel, be quiet; it is very late, i'faith: ‖ I beseek you now, aggravate your choler.

PIST. These be good humours, indeed! Shall pack-horses,
And hollow pamper'd jades of Asia,
Which cannot go but thirty miles a day,
Compare with Cæsars, ¶ and with Cannibals,[c]
And Trojan Greeks? nay, rather damn them with
King Cerberus; and let the welkin roar.
Shall we fall foul for toys?

HOST. By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words.

BARD. Be gone, good ancient: this will grow to a brawl anon.

PIST. Die men, like dogs; give crowns like pins; have we not Hiren here?

HOST. O' my word, captain, there's none such here. What the good-year! do you think, I would deny her? for God's sake, ** be quiet.

(*) First folio, *if*. (†) First folio omits, *by this hand*.
(‡) First folio, *where*. (§) First folio, *Fates*.
(‖) First folio omits, *i'faith*. (¶) First folio, *Cæsar*.
(**) First folio, *I pray*.

[a] As odious as the word *occupy*:] The perversion of this word to the offensive sense, which a reference to dictionaries of the period will explain, would appear to have been recent when our author wrote. It has now resumed its place as "an excellent good word." The folio omits the passage altogether; reading thus:—"A captaine? These Villaines will make the word Captaine odious: Therefore Captaines had neede looke to it."

[b] Have we not Hiren here?] Pistol's rant is chiefly made up of bombastic quotations stolen from the playhouse. Thus, the line above was no doubt taken from an old play now lost, by George Peele, called "The Turkish Mahomet and Hyren the Fair Greek;" as the "hollow pamper'd jades of Asia" was borrowed from Marlowe's robustious drama of "Tamburlaine the Great," 1590:—

"Holla, ye pamper'd jades of Asia,
What! can you draw but twenty miles a day?"

[c] Cannibals,—] He means *Hannibals*.

PIST. Then, feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis.[d]
Come, give's* some sack.

Sè fortuna me tormenta, la speránza me contenta,[e]

Fear we broadsides? no, let the fiend give fire:
Give me some sack;—and, sweetheart, lie thou there. [*Laying down his sword.*
Come we to full points here; and are *et cetera*'s nothing?

FAL. Pistol, I would be quiet.

PIST. Sweet knight, I kiss thy neif:[f] what! we have seen the seven stars.

DOLL. For God's sake,† thrust him down stairs; I cannot endure such a fustian rascal.

PIST. Thrust him down stairs! know we not Galloway nags?

FAL. Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a shove-groat shilling:(4) nay, an ‡ he do nothing but speak nothing, he shall be nothing here.

BARD. Come, get you down stairs.

PIST. What! shall we have incision? shall we imbrue?—— [*Snatching up his sword.*
Then death rock me asleep, abridge my doleful days!(5)
Why then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds
Untwine the sisters three! Come, Atropos, I say!

HOST. Here's goodly stuff toward!

FAL. Give me my rapier, boy.

DOLL. I pr'ythee, Jack, I pr'ythee, do not draw.

FAL. Get you down stairs. [*Drawing.*

HOST. Here's a goodly tumult! I'll forswear keeping house, afore § I'll be in these tirrits and frights. So; murder, I warrant now.——Alas, alas! put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons.

[*Exeunt* PISTOL *and* BARDOLPH.

DOLL. I pr'ythee, Jack, be quiet; the rascal is gone. Ah, you whoreson little valiant villain, you.

HOST. Are you not hurt i' the groin? methought, a' made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

Re-enter BARDOLPH.

FAL. Have you turned him out of doors?

BARD. Yea, sir. The rascal's drunk: you have hurt him, sir, in the shoulder.

FAL. A rascal! to brave me!

(*) First folio, *give me*. (†) First folio omits, *For God's sake*.
(‡) First folio, *if*. (§) First folio, *before*.

[d] My fair Calipolis.] From a line in "The Battle of Alcazar," 1594, a play Mr. Dyce attributes to Peele:—

"Feed then, and faint not, my fair Calipolis."

[e] *Sè fortuna, &c.*] In the original this motto is corruptly printed *si fortune me tormente, sperato me contento*, perhaps intentionally.

[f] Neif:] *Neif* is *fist*.

DOLL. Ah, you sweet little rogue, you! Alas poor ape, how thou sweat'st? Come, let me wipe thy face;—come on, you whoreson chops:—Ah, rogue! i'faith,* I love thee. Thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the nine worthies: ah, villain!

FAL. A rascally slave! I will toss the rogue in a blanket.

DOLL. Do, an† thou darest, for thy heart: if thou dost, I'll canvas thee between a pair of sheets.

PAGE. The music is come, sir.

Enter Music.

FAL. Let them play.—Play, sirs.—Sit on my knee, Doll. A rascal bragging slave! the rogue fled from me like quicksilver.

DOLL. I'faith,* and thou follow'dst him like a church Thou whoreson little tidy[a] Bartholomew boar-pig,(6) when wilt thou leave fighting o'days, and foining o'nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?

Enter behind, PRINCE HENRY *and* POINS, *disguised like* Drawers.

FAL. Peace, good Doll! do not speak like a death's head; do not bid me remember mine end.

DOLL. Sirrah, what humour is the prince of?

FAL. A good shallow young fellow: he would have made a good pantler, he would have chipped bread well.

DOLL. They say, Poins hath a good wit.

FAL. He a good wit? hang him, baboon! his wit is as thick as Tewksbury mustard; there is no more conceit in him, than is in a mallet.

DOLL. Why doth the prince love him so then?

(*) First folio omits, *I'faith.* (†) First folio, *if.*

[a] Tidy—] *Tidy* meant *plump:* from the Teutonic, *tydigh, ripe, mature,* in *good condition.*

FAL. Because their legs are both of a bigness; and he plays at quoits well; and eats conger and fennel; and drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons;(7) and rides the wild mare[a] with the boys; and jumps upon joint-stools; and swears with a good grace; and wears his boot very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg; and breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories: and such other gambol faculties he hath, that show a weak mind and an able body, for the which the prince admits him: for the prince himself is such another; the weight of a hair will turn the scales between their avoirdupois.

P. HEN. Would not this nave of a wheel have his ears cut off?

POINS. Let's beat him before his whore.

P. HEN. Look, if the withered elder hath not his poll clawed like a parrot.

POINS. Is it not strange that desire should so many years outlive performance?

FAL. Kiss me, Doll.

P. HEN. Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction! what says the almanac to that?

POINS. And, look, whether the fiery Trigon,[b] his man, be not lisping to his master's old tables; his note-book, his counsel-keeper.

FAL. Thou dost give me flattering busses.

DOLL. Nay, truly, I kiss thee with a most constant heart.

FAL. I am old, I am old.

DOLL. I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all.

FAL. What stuff wilt* have a kirtle of? I shall receive money on Thursday: thou shalt have a cap to-morrow. A merry song, come: it grows late, we'll to bed. Thou'lt forget me, when I am gone.

DOLL. By my troth† thou'lt set me a weeping, an‡ thou say'st so: prove that ever I§ dress myself handsome till thy return.——Well, hearken the end.

FAL. Some sack, Francis.

P. HEN. POINS. Anon, anon, sir. [*Advancing.*

FAL. Ha! a bastard son of the king's?—And art not thou Poins his brother?[c]

P. HEN. Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what a life dost thou lead?

FAL. A better than thou; I am a gentleman, thou art a drawer.

P. HEN. Very true, sir; and I come to draw you out by the ears.

HOST. O, the Lord preserve thy good grace! welcome to London.—Now, heaven bless that sweet face of thine! What! are you come from Wales?

FAL. Thou whoreson mad compound of majesty, —by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome. [*Leaning his hand upon* DOLL.

DOLL. How! you fat fool, I scorn you.

POINS. My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge, and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

P. HEN. You whoreson candle-mine, you, how vilely did you speak of me even now, before this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman?

HOST. God's* blessing of† your good heart! and so she is, by my troth.

FAL. Didst thou hear me?

P. HEN. Yes; and you knew me, as you did when you run away by Gads-hill: you knew, I was at your back, and spoke it on purpose, to try my patience.

FAL. No, no, no; not so; I did not think thou wast within hearing.

P. HEN. I shall drive you, then, to confess the wilful abuse; and then I know how to handle you.

FAL. No abuse, Hal, on mine honour; no abuse.

P. HEN. Not! to dispraise me; and call me—pantler, and bread-chipper,‡ and I know not what?

FAL. No abuse, Hal.

POINS. No abuse!

FAL. No abuse, Ned, in the world; honest Ned, none. I dispraised him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him:—in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend, and a true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, Hal;—none, Ned, none;—no, boys, none.

P. HEN. See now, whether pure fear, and entire cowardice, doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman, to close with us? Is she of the wicked? Is thine hostess here of the wicked? Or is thy§ boy of the wicked? Or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked?

POINS. Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

FAL. The fiend hath pricked down Bardolph irrecoverable; and his face is Lucifer's privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast malt-worms. For the boy,—there is a good angel about him; but the devil outbids him too.

P. HEN. For the women?

FAL. For one of them,—she is in hell already,

(*) First folio inserts, *thou.* (†) First folio omits, *By my troth.*
(‡) First folio, *if.* (§) First folio, *I ever.*

[a] The wild mare—] The name given to the sport of *see-saw*, or what the French call *bascule* and *balançoire.*

[b] *The* fiery Trigon,—] Among astrologers, *Trigon* or *Triplicity* imports the meeting of three signs of the same nature and quality; and *Aries*, *Leo*, and *Sagittarius* are *the Fiery Trigon*, but this does not much assist us in understanding the allusion intended.

(*) First folio omits, *God's.* (†) First folio, *on.*
(‡) First folio, *chopper.* (§) First folio, *the.*

[c] Poins his brother?] *Poins's brother.*

and burns, poor soul!* For the other,—I owe her money; and whether she be damned for that, I know not.

HOST. No, I warrant you.

FAL. No, I think thou art not; I think, thou art quit for that: marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law: for the which, I think, thou wilt howl.

HOST. All victuallers do so; what's a joint of mutton or two, in a whole Lent?

P. HEN. You, gentlewoman,—

DOLL. What says your grace?

FAL. His grace says that which his flesh rebels against. [*Knocking without.*

HOST. Who knocks so loud at door? look to the door there, Francis.

Enter PETO.

P. HEN. Peto! how now? what news?

PETO. The king your father is at Westminster;
And there are twenty weak and wearied posts,
Come from the north: and, as I came along,
I met and overtook a dozen captains,
Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns,
And asking everyone for sir John Falstaff.

P. HEN. By heaven, Poins, I feel me much to blame,
So idly to profane the precious time,
When tempest of commotion, like the south
Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt,
And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.

(*) Old text, *souls*.

Give me my sword and cloak:—Falstaff, good night.

[*Exeunt* P. HENRY, POINS, PETO, *and* BARDOLPH.

FAL. Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night, and we must hence, and leave it unpicked. [*Knocking heard.*] More knocking at the door!

Re-enter BARDOLPH.

How now? what's the matter?

BARD. You must away to court, sir, presently; a dozen captains stay at door for you.

FAL. Pay the musicians, sirrah. [*To the* Page.] —Farewell, hostess;—farewell, Doll.—You see, my good wenches, how men of merit are sought after: the undeserver may sleep, when the man of action is called on. Farewell, good wenches:—if I be not sent away post, I will see you again ere I go.

DOLL. I cannot speak.—If my heart be not ready to burst:—well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself.

FAL. Farewell, farewell.

[*Exeunt* FALSTAFF *and* BARDOLPH.

HOST. Well, fare thee well: I have known thee these twenty-nine years, come peascod-time; but an honester and truer-hearted man,—Well, fare thee well.

BARD. [*Without.*] Mistress Tear-sheet,—

HOST. What's the matter?

BARD. Bid mistress Tear-sheet come to my master.

HOST. O run, Doll, run; run, good Doll.* [*Exeunt.*

a Run, good Doll.] The quarto adds, "Come, shee comes blubberd, yea? wil you come, Doll?"

ACT III.

SCENE I.[a]—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King Henry *in his nightgown, with a* Page.

K. Hen. Go, call the earls of Surrey and of Warwick;

But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read these letters,
And well consider of them: make good speed.—
[*Exit* Page.
How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep!—O sleep! O gentle sleep!
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,

[a] SCENE I.—] This scene does not appear in the first quarto, published in 1600; but another edition was issued in the same year to supply the omission.

And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber;
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?
O thou dull god! why liest thou with the vile,
In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch,
A watch-case, or a common 'larum bell?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge,
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deaf'ning clamours in the slippery clouds,
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?
Can'st thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
And, in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie down!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Enter WARWICK *and* SURREY, *and* SIR JOHN BLUNT.

WAR. Many good morrows to your majesty!
K. HEN. Is it good morrow, lords?
WAR. 'Tis one o'clock, and past.
K. HEN. Why then, good morrow to you all, my lords.
Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you?
WAR. We have, my liege.
K. HEN. Then you perceive, the body of our kingdom,
How foul it is: what rank diseases grow,
And with what danger, near the heart of it.
WAR. It is but as a body, yet distemper'd;[a]
Which to his former strength may be restor'd,
With good advice, and little medicine:——
My lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd.
K. HEN. O God!* that one might read the book of fate,
And see the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent
(Weary of solid firmness) melt itself
Into the sea! and, other times, to see
The beachy girdle of the ocean
Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chances mock,
And changes fill the cup of alteration
With divers liquors! O, if this were seen,[b]
The happiest youth,—viewing his progress through,
What perils past, what crosses to ensue,—
Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.
'Tis not ten years gone,
Since Richard, and Northumberland, great friends,
Did feast together, and, in two years after,
Were they at wars: it is but eight years, since
This Percy was the man nearest my soul;
Who, like a brother, toil'd in my affairs,
And laid his love and life under my foot;
Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard,
Gave him defiance. But which of you was by,
(You, cousin Nevil, as I may remember,)
[*To* WARWICK.
When Richard,—with his eye brim-full of tears,
Then check'd and rated by Northumberland,—
Did speak these words, now prov'd a prophecy?
Northumberland, thou ladder, by the which
My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne;—
Though then, God* knows, I had no such intent;
But that necessity so bow'd the state,
That I and greatness were compell'd to kiss:——
The time shall come, thus did he follow it,
The time will come, that foul sin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption:—so went on,
Foretelling this same time's condition,
And the division of our amity.
WAR. There is a history in all men's lives,
Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd:
The which observ'd, a man may prophesy,
With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life; which in their seeds,
And weak beginnings, lie intreasured.
Such things become the hatch and brood of time;
And, by the necessary form of this,
King Richard might create a perfect guess,
That great Northumberland, then false to him,
Would, of that seed, grow to a greater falseness;
Which should not find a ground to root upon,
Unless on you.
K. HEN. Are these things, then, necessities?
Then let us meet them like necessities:—
And that same word even now cries out on us.
They say, the bishop and Northumberland
Are fifty thousand strong.
WAR. It cannot be, my lord;
Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,
The numbers of the fear'd.—Please it your grace,
To go to bed; upon my soul,† my lord,
The powers that you already have sent forth,
Shall bring this prize in very easily.
To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd
A certain instance, that Glendower is dead.
Your majesty hath been this fortnight ill;

(*) First folio, *Heaven*.

[a] Yet *distemper'd;*] That is, *now* distemper'd. See note ([b]), p. 346.

(*) First folio, *Heaven*. (†) First folio, *life*.

[b] O, if this were seen,—] This half-line, and the three lines that follow, are not in the folio.

And these unseason'd hours, perforce, must add
Unto your sickness.

K. Hen. I will take your counsel:
And, were these inward wars once out of hand,
We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Court before* Justice Shallow's *House in* Gloucestershire.

Enter Shallow *and* Silence, *meeting;* Mouldy, Shadow, Wart, Feeble, Bull-calf, *and* Servants, *behind.*

Shal. Come on, come on, come on: give me your hand, sir; give me your hand, sir; an early stirrer, by the rood.[a] And how doth my good cousin Silence?

Sil. Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

Shal. And how doth my cousin, your bed-fellow? and your fairest daughter and mine, my god-daughter Ellen?

Sil. Alas, a black ouzel, cousin Shallow.

Shal. By yea and nay, sir, I dare say, my cousin William is become a good scholar: he is at Oxford, still, is he not?

Sil. Indeed, sir; to my cost.

Shal. He must then to the inns of court shortly: I was once of Clement's-inn;(1) where, I think, they will talk of mad Shallow yet.

Sil. You were called lusty Shallow, then, cousin.

Shal. By the mass,* I was called any thing; and I would have done any thing, indeed, and roundly too. There was I, and little John Doit of Staffordshire, and black George Bare, and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele, a Cotsole man,[b]—you had not four such swinge-bucklers in all the inns of court again: and, I may say to you, we knew where the *bona-robas* were, and had the best of them all at commandment. Then was Jack Falstaff, now sir John, a boy; and page to Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk.

Sil. This sir John, cousin, that comes hither anon about soldiers?

Shal. The same sir John, the very same. I saw him break Skogan's(2) head at the court gate, when he was a crack, not thus high: and the very

[a] *By the* rood.] The *cross* and the *rood* are usually taken to be the same, but there is some reason to believe that in early times the *rood* properly signified the image of Christ upon the cross, and not a representation of the cross alone.

[b] A Cotsole *man,*—] Cotswold was celebrated for athletic sports in the time of our author, and, as Steevens observes, "Shallow, by distinguishing Will Squele as a Cotswold man, meant to have him understood as one who was well versed in manly exercises."

(*) First folio omits, *By the mass.*

same day did I fight with one Sampson Stockfish, a fruiterer, behind Gray's-inn. O, the mad days that I have spent! and to see how many of mine old acquaintance are dead!

SIL. We shall all follow, cousin.

SHAL. Certain, 'tis certain; very sure, very sure: death, as the Psalmist saith,* is certain to all; all shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?

SIL. Truly, cousin, I was not there.

SHAL. Death is certain.—Is old Double of your town living yet?

SIL. Dead, sir.

SHAL. Jesu, Jesu![a] dead!—he drew a good bow;—and dead!—he shot a fine shoot:—John of Gaunt loved him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead!—he would have clapped i'the clout[b] at twelve score, and carried you a forehand shaft a† fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see.——How a score of ewes now?

SIL. Thereafter as they be:[c] a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

SHAL. And is old Double dead?

SIL. Here come two of sir John Falstaff's men, as I think.

Enter BARDOLPH, *and one with him.*

BARD. Good morrow, honest gentlemen: I beseech you, which is justice Shallow?

SHAL. I am Robert Shallow, sir; a poor esquire of this county, and one of the king's justices of the peace: what is your good pleasure with me?

BARD. My captain, sir, commends him to you; my captain, sir John Falstaff: a tall gentleman, by heaven,‡ and a most gallant leader.

SHAL. He greets me well, sir; I knew him a good backsword man: how doth the good knight? may I ask, how my lady his wife doth?

BARD. Sir, pardon; a soldier is better accommodated, than with a wife.

SHAL. It is well said, in faith,§ sir; and it is well said indeed too. Better accommodated!—it is good; yea, indeed, is it: good phrases are surely, and ever ‖ were, very commendable. Accommodated!—it comes of *accommodo:* very good; a good phrase.

BARD. Pardon, sir; I have heard the word. *Phrase,* call you it? By this day, I know not the *phrase:* but I will maintain the word with my sword, to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command. Accommodated; that is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated: or, when a man is,—being,—whereby,—he may be* thought to be accommodated; which is an excellent thing.

Enter FALSTAFF.

SHAL. It is very just.—Look, here comes good sir John.—Give me your hand, give me your worship's good hand: by my troth,† you look well, and bear your years very well: welcome, good sir John.

FAL. I am glad to see you well, good master Robert Shallow:—Master Sure-card, as I think.

SHAL. No, sir John; it is my cousin Silence, in commission with me.

FAL. Good master Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace.

SIL. Your good worship is welcome.

FAL. Fie! this is hot weather.—Gentlemen, have you provided me here half a dozen sufficient men?

SHAL. Marry, have we, sir. Will you sit?

FAL. Let me see them, I beseech you.

SHAL. Where's the roll? where's the roll? where's the roll?—Let me see, let me see. So, so, so, so: yea, marry, sir:—Ralph Mouldy:—let them appear as I call; let them do so, let them do so——Let me see; where is Mouldy?

MOUL. Here, an't‡ please you.

SHAL. What think you, sir John? a good limbed fellow: young, strong, and of good friends.

FAL. Is thy name Mouldy?

MOUL. Yea, an't‡ please you.

FAL. 'Tis the more time thou wert used.

SHAL. Ha, ha, ha! most excellent, i'faith!§ things, that are mouldy, lack use: very singular good!—Well said, sir John; very well said.

FAL. Prick him. [*To* SHALLOW.

MOUL. I was pricked well enough before, an‖ you could have let me alone: my old dame will be undone now, for one to do her husbandry, and her drudgery: you need not to have pricked me; there are other men fitter to go out than I.

FAL. Go to; peace, Mouldy, you shall go. Mouldy, it is time you were spent.

MOUL. Spent!

SHAL. Peace, fellow, peace; stand aside; know

(*) First folio omits, *as the Psalmist saith.*
(†) First folio, *at.*
(‡) First folio omits, *by heaven.*
(§) First folio omits, *in faith.*
(‖) First folio, *every.*

(*) First folio omits, *may be.*
(†) First folio, *trust me.*
(‡) First folio, *if it.*
(§) First folio omits, *i'faith.*
(‖) First folio, *if.*

[a] Jesu, Jesu! *dead!—he drew a good bow;*—] So the quarto. The folio reads, Dead! *see, see!* he drew, &c.

[b] He would have clapped i' the clout—] Hit the nail or pin which sustained the target.

[c] Thereafter as they be:] That depends upon their quality.

you where you are?—For the other, sir John:—let me see;—Simon Shadow!

FAL. Ay marry, let me have him to sit under: he's like to be a cold soldier.

SHAL. Where's Shadow?

SHAD. Here, sir.

FAL. Shadow, whose son art thou?

SHAD. My mother's son, sir.

FAL. Thy mother's son![a] like enough; and thy father's shadow: so the son of the female is the shadow of the male: it is often so, indeed; but not much[b] of the father's substance.

SHAL. Do you like him, Sir John?

FAL. Shadow will serve for summer,—prick him;—for we have a number of shadows to fill up the muster-book.

SHAL. Thomas Wart!

FAL. Where's he?

WART. Here, sir.

FAL. Is thy name Wart?

WART. Yea, sir.

FAL. Thou art a very ragged wart.

SHAL. Shall I prick him,* sir John?

FAL. It were superfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame stands upon pins: prick him no more.

SHAL. Ha, ha, ha!—you can do it, sir; you can do it: I commend you well.—Francis Feeble!

FEE. Here, sir.

FAL. What trade art thou, Feeble?

FEE. A woman's tailor, sir.

SHAL. Shall I prick him, sir?

FAL. You may: but if he had been a man's tailor, he would have pricked you.—Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle, as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat?

FEE. I will do my good will, sir; you can have no more.

FAL. Well said, good woman's tailor! well said, courageous Feeble! Thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove, or most magnanimous mouse.—Prick the woman's tailor well, master Shallow; deep, master Shallow.

FEE. I would, Wart might have gone, sir.

FAL. I would, thou wert a man's tailor; that thou might'st mend him, and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to a private soldier, that is the

(*) First folio adds, *down*.

[a] *Thy mother's* son!] Falstaff has indulged in the same quibble on *son* and *sun* in the First Part of "Henry IV." Act II. Sc. 1:—"Shall the *son* of England prove a thief," &c.

[b] But not much *of the father's substance.*] The quarto omits, *not*, reading,—

"But much of the father's substance."

And the folio omits *much*, both it would seem by mistake; unless *but* is to be understood in the sense of *without*, in which case the text of the quarto affords a pointed meaning.

leader of so many thousands: let that suffice, most forcible Feeble.

FEE. It shall suffice, sir.*

FAL. I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble.—Who is† next?

SHAL. Peter Bull-calf of the green!

FAL. Yea, marry, let us see Bull-calf.

BULL. Here, sir.

FAL. 'Fore God,‡ a likely fellow!—Come, prick me Bull-calf, till he roar again.

BULL. O lord!§ good my lord captain,—

FAL. What! dost thou roar before thou art pricked?

BULL. O lord,§ sir! I am a diseased man.

FAL. What disease hast thou?

BULL. A whoreson cold, sir; a cough, sir; which I caught with ringing in the king's affairs, upon his coronation day, sir.

FAL. Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown; we will have away thy cold; and I will take such order, that thy friends shall ring for thee.—Is here all?

SHAL. Here is two more called than your number; you must have but four here, sir;—and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

FAL. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, in good troth, master Shallow.

SHAL. O, sir John, do you remember since we lay all night in the windmill in Saint George's fields.

FAL. No more of that, good master Shallow, no more of that.

SHAL. Ha, it was a merry night. And is Jane Night-work alive?

FAL. She lives, master Shallow.

SHAL. She never could away with me.

FAL. Never, never: she would always say, she could not abide master Shallow.

SHAL. By the mass,‖ I could anger her to the heart. She was then a *bona-roba*. Doth she hold her own well?

FAL. Old, old, master Shallow.

SHAL. Nay, she must be old; she cannot choose but be old; certain, she's old; and had Robin Night-work by old Night-work, before I came to Clement's-inn.

SIL. That's fifty-five year¶ ago.

SHAL. Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that that this knight and I have seen!—Ha, sir John, said I well?

FAL. We have heard the chimes at midnight, master Shallow.

(*) First folio omits, *sir*.
(†) First folio inserts, *the*.
(‡) First folio, *Trust me*.
(§) First folio omits, *lord*.
(‖) First folio omits, *By the mass*.
(¶) First folio, *years*.

[a] I have three pound—] Johnson pointed out the wrong computation, and suggested, what no doubt was true, that Bardolph meant to pocket a portion of the profit.

SHAL. That we have, that we have, that we have; in faith, sir John, we have; our watch-word was, *Hem, boys!* (3)—Come, let's to dinner; come, let's to dinner:—O the days that we have seen!—Come, come.

[*Exeunt* FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, *and* SILENCE.

BULL. Good master corporate Bardolph, stand my friend, and here is four Harry ten shillings in French crowns for you. In very truth, sir, I had as lief be hanged, sir, as go: and yet, for mine own part, sir, I do not care; but, rather, because I am unwilling, and for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends; else, sir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much.

BARD. Go to; stand aside.

MOUL. And, good master corporal captain, for my old dame's sake, stand my friend: she has nobody to do anything about her, when I am gone; and she is old, and cannot help herself: you shall have forty, sir.

BARD. Go to; stand aside.

FEE. By my troth* I care not;—a man can die but once;—we owe God† a death!—I'll never bear a base mind:—an't‡ be my destiny, so; an't be not, so. No man's too good to serve his prince; and, let it go which way it will, he that dies this year, is quit for the next.

BARD. Well said; thou 'rt a good fellow.

FEE. 'Faith,§ I'll bear no base mind.

Re-enter FALSTAFF, *and* Justices.

FAL. Come, sir, which men shall I have?

SHAL. Four, of which you please.

BARD. Sir, a word with you:—I have three pound[a] to free Mouldy and Bull-calf.

FAL. Go to; well.

SHAL. Come, sir John, which four will you have?

FAL. Do you choose for me.

SHAL. Marry then,—Mouldy, Bull-calf, Feeble, and Shadow.

FAL. Mouldy, and Bull-calf:—for you, Mouldy, stay at home till you are past service:—and, for your part, Bull-calf,—grow till you come unto it; I will none of you.

SHAL. Sir John, sir John, do not yourself wrong; they are your likeliest men, and I would have you served with the best.

FAL. Will you tell me, master Shallow, how to choose a man? Care I for the limb, the thews,[b] the stature, bulk, and big assemblance of a man?

(*) First folio omits, *By my troth*.
(†) First folio omits, *God*.
(‡) First folio, *if it*.
(§) First folio, *Nay*.

[b] *The* thews,—] Shakespeare is almost the first writer who used this word in the sense of bodily vigour; its common application of old being to manners, or qualities of the mind.

Give me the spirit, master Shallow.—Here's* Wart;—you see what a ragged appearance it is: he shall charge you, and discharge you, with the motion of a pewterer's hammer; come off, and on, swifter than he that gibbets on the brewer's bucket. And this same half-faced fellow, Shadow,—give me this man; he presents no mark to the enemy; the foeman may with as great aim level at the edge of a penknife: and, for a retreat, how swiftly will this Feeble, the woman's tailor, run off? O, give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones.—Put me a caliver[a] into Wart's hand, Bardolph.

BARD. Hold, Wart, traverse; thus, thus, thus.

FAL. Come, manage me your caliver. So:—very well:—go to:—very good:—exceeding good.—O, give me always a little, lean, old, chapped, bald shot.—Well said,[b] Wart; thou 'rt a good scab: hold, there 's a tester for thee.

SHAL. He is not his craft's master, he doth not do it right. I remember at Mile-end green, (when I lay at Clement's inn,)—I was then sir Dagonet in Arthur's show,(4) there was a little quiver[c] fellow, and 'a would manage you his piece thus: and 'a would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in: *rah, tah, tah,* would 'a say; *bounce,* would 'a say; and away again would 'a go, and again would 'a come:—I shall never see such a fellow.

FAL. These fellows will do well, Master Shallow. —God keep you,† master Silence; I will not use many words with you:—fare you well, gentlemen both: I thank you: I must a dozen mile to-night. —Bardolph, give the soldiers coats.

SHAL. Sir John, the Lord‡ bless you, and prosper your affairs; God § send us peace! At your ‖ return, visit my house; let our old acquaintance be renewed: peradventure, I will with you to the court.

FAL. I would you would, master Shallow.

(*) First folio, *Where's.* (†) First folio, *Farewell.*
(‡) First folio, *heaven.* (§) First folio, *and.*
(‖) First folio, *As you.*

[a] A caliver—] Was a hand gun; smaller and lighter than the ordinary musket.

[b] Well said,—] This hortatory phrase, meaning "*Well done,*" was very common. It occurs in Henry IV. Part I. Act IV. Sc. 4, where Falstaff exclaims to the Prince, who is engaged in combat with Hotspur:—"*Well said,* Hal! to it, Hal!" And again, in the present play, Act V. Sc. 3, where Justice Shallow encourages his man of all work, with,—"Spread, Davy; spread, Davy; *Well said,* Davy."

SHAL. Go to; I have spoke at a word. Fare you well. [*Exeunt* SHALLOW *and* SILENCE.

FAL. Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. On, Bardolph; lead the men away. [*Exeunt* BARDOLPH, Recruits, *&c.*] As I return, I will fetch off these justices: I do see the bottom of justice Shallow. Lord, lord,* how subject we old men are to this vice of lying! This same starved justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about Turnbull street; and every third word a lie, duer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's-inn, like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring: when he was naked, he was, for all the world, like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife: he was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick sight were invisible:† he was the very genius of famine;[d] yet lecherous as a monkey, and the whores call'd him—mandrake: he came ever in the rearward of the fashion; and sung those tunes to the over-scutched huswifes that he heard the carmen whistle, and sware—they were his *fancies,* or his *good-nights.*[e] And now is this Vice's dagger(5) become a squire; and talks as familiarly of John of Gaunt, as if he had been sworn brother to him: and I 'll be sworn he never saw him, but once in the Tilt-yard; and then he burst[f] his head, for crowding among the marshal's men. I saw it; and told John of Gaunt, he beat his own name: for you might have trussed him, and all his apparel, into an eel-skin; the case of a treble hautboy was a mansion for him, a court; and now hath he land and beeves. Well; I will be acquainted with him, if I return: and it shall go hard, but I will make him a philosopher's two stones to me. If the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason, in the law of nature, but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end. [*Exit.*

(*) First folio omits, *Lord, lord.* (†) Old text, *invincible.*

[c] *A little* quiver *fellow,*—] *Quiver* meant *smart, nimble.*

[d] The very genius of famine;] The folio omitting the intermediate lines, reads,—"he was the very Genius of famine: he came ever in the rearward of the fashion: And now is this Vice's dagger," &c.

[e] *His* fancies, *or his* good-nights.] Slight lyrical pieces were by the old poets sometimes called their "*Fancies,*" or "*Good-nights.*"

[f] Burst *his head,*—] To *burst* was to *break.* Thus in "The Taming of the Shrew," Induction, Sc. 1,—"You will not pay for the glasses you have *burst?*"

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Forest in* Yorkshire.

Enter the Archbishop of York, Mowbray, Hastings, *and others.*

Arch. What is this forest call'd?
Hast. 'Tis Gaultree forest, an't shall please your grace.
Arch. Here stand, my lords; and send discoverers forth,
To know the numbers of our enemies.
Hast. We have sent forth already.
Arch. 'Tis well done.
My friends and brethren in these great affairs,
I must acquaint you that I have receiv'd
New-dated letters from Northumberland;
Their cold intent, tenor and substance, thus:—
Here doth he wish his person, with such powers
As might hold sortance with his quality,
The which he could not levy; whereupon

He is retir'd, to ripe his growing fortunes,
To Scotland; and concludes in hearty prayers,
That your attempts may overlive the hazard,
And fearful meeting of their opposite.[a]

MOWB. Thus do the hopes we have in him touch ground,
And dash themselves to pieces.

Enter a Messenger.

HAST. Now, what news?

MESS. West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,
In goodly form comes on the enemy: [number
And, by the ground they hide, I judge their
Upon, or near, the rate of thirty thousand. [out.

MOWB. The just proportion that we gave them
Let us sway on, and face them in the field.

ARCH. What well-appointed leader fronts us here?

MOWB. I think, it is my lord of Westmoreland.

Enter WESTMORELAND.

WEST. Health and fair greeting from our general,
The prince, lord John and duke of Lancaster.

ARCH. Say on, my lord of Westmoreland, in peace;
What doth concern your coming?

WEST. Then, my lord,
Unto your grace do I in chief address
The substance of my speech. If that rebellion
Came like itself, in base and abject routs,
Led on by bloody youth, guarded with rags,[b]
And countenanc'd by boys, and beggary;
I say, if damn'd commotion so appear'd,*
In his true, native, and most proper shape,
You, reverend father, and these noble lords,
Had not been here, to dress the ugly form
Of base and bloody insurrection
With your fair honours. You, lord archbishop,—
Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd;
Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touch'd;
Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd;
Whose white investments figure innocence,
The dove and very blessed spirit of peace,—
Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself,
Out of the speech of peace, that bears such grace,
Into the harsh and boist'rous tongue of war?
Turning your books to greaves,[c] your ink to blood,
Your pens to lances; and your tongue divine
To a loud trumpet, and a point of war?[d] [stands.

ARCH. Wherefore do I this?—so the question
Briefly, to this end:—We are all diseas'd;[e]
And, with our surfeiting, and wanton hours,
Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,
And we must bleed for it: of which disease
Our late king, Richard, being infected, died.
But, my most noble lord of Westmoreland,
I take not on me here as a physician;
Nor do I, as an enemy to peace,
Troop in the throngs of military men:
But, rather, show awhile like fearful war,
To diet rank minds, sick of happiness;
And purge the obstructions, which begin to stop
Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly;
I have in equal balance justly weigh'd [suffer,
What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we
And find our griefs heavier than our offences.
We see which way the stream of time doth run,
And are enforc'd from our most quiet there[f]
By the rough torrent of occasion:
And have the summary of all our griefs,
When time shall serve, to show in articles;
Which, long ere this, we offer'd to the king,
And might by no suit gain our audience:
When we are wrong'd, and would unfold our griefs,
We are denied access unto his person,
Even by those men that most have done us wrong.
The dangers of the days but newly gone,
(Whose memory is written on the earth
With yet-appearing blood,) and the examples
Of every minute's instance, (present now,)
Hath put us in these ill-beseeming arms:
Not to break peace, or any branch of it,
But to establish here a peace, indeed,
Concurring both in name and quality.

WEST. When ever yet was your appeal denied?
Wherein have you been galled by the king?
What peer hath been suborn'd to grate on you?
That you should seal this lawless bloody book
Of forg'd rebellion with a seal divine,
And consecrate commotion's bitter edge?[g]

ARCH. My brother general, the commonwealth,
To brother born an household cruelty,[h]
I make my quarrel in particular.

(*) Old text, *appear*.

[a] Opposite.] That is, *adversary, opponent*.

[b] *Guarded with* rags,—] The old text has "guarded with *rage*;" the emendation is due to Mr. Collier's MS. annotator.

[c] Turning your books to greaves,—] *Greaves* are leather, or other armour for the legs. The old copies have *graves*, which was only a more ancient mode of spelling the word.

[d] A point of war?] Mr. Collier's annotator, in strange ignorance of a most familiar expression, reads:—

"A loud trumpet and *report of war*;"

with what necessity and propriety may be judged from the following, out of a hundred instances which might be adduced, of the use of the phrase in our old writers:—

"To play him hunt's up, with a *point of war*."—
GREENE'S *Orlando Furioso*, Dyce's Ed. p. 19.

"Sound proudly here a perfect *point of war*."—
PEELE'S *Edward 1st*, 1593, Act I. Sc. 1.

"Sa, sa, sa! Now sound *a point of war*."—
The Duke's Mistress, by Shirley, Act IV. Sc. 1.

[e] We are all diseas'd;] The remainder of this speech, excepting the last eight lines, is omitted in the quarto.

[f] *Quiet* there—] The old text. Warburton suggested we should read, *sphere*.

[g] And consecrate commotion's bitter edge?] This line is omitted in the folio.

[h] To brother born an household cruelty,—] Another line, omitted in the folio.

WEST. There is no need of any such redress;
Or, if there were, it not belongs to you.
MOWB. Why not to him, in part, and to us all,
That feel the bruises of the days before,
And suffer the condition of these times
To lay a heavy and unequal hand
Upon our honours?[a]
WEST. O my good lord Mowbray,
Construe the times to their necessities,
And you shall say indeed,—it is the time,
And not the king, that doth you injuries.
Yet, for your part, it not appears to me,
Either from the king, or in the present time,
That you should have an inch of any ground
To build a grief on. Were you not restor'd
To all the duke of Norfolk's seigniories,
Your noble and right-well-remember'd father's?
MOWB. What thing, in honour, had my father lost,
That need to be reviv'd, and breath'd in me?
The king, that lov'd him, as the state stood then,
Was, force* perforce, compell'd to banish him:
And then, that Harry Bolingbroke, and he,—
Being mounted, and both roused in their seats,
Their neighing coursers daring of the spur,
Their armed staves in charge, their beavers down,
Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights[b] of steel,
And the loud trumpet blowing them together,
Then, then—when there was nothing could have stay'd
My father from the breast of Bolingbroke,—
O, when[c] the king did throw his warder down,
(His own life hung upon the staff he threw)
Then threw he down himself, and all their lives,
That, by indictment, and by dint of sword,
Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke.
WEST. You speak, lord Mowbray, now, you know not what:
The earl of Hereford was reputed then
In England the most valiant gentleman;
Who knows, on whom fortune would then have smil'd?
But, if your father had been victor there,
He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry:
For all the country, in a general voice, [love,
Cried hate upon him; and all their prayers, and
Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on,
And bless'd, and grac'd indeed,[d] more than the king.
But this is mere digression from my purpose.—
Here come I from our princely general,
To know your griefs; to tell you from his grace,
That he will give you audience: and wherein
It shall appear that your demands are just,
You shall enjoy them; every thing set off,
That might so much as think you enemies.
MOWB. But he hath forc'd us to compel this offer;
And it proceeds from policy, not love.
WEST. Mowbray, you overween, to take it so;
This offer comes from mercy, not from fear:
For, lo! within a ken, our army lies;
Upon mine honour, all too confident
To give admittance to a thought of fear.
Our battle is more full of names than yours,
Our men more perfect in the use of arms,
Our armour all as strong, our cause the best;
Then reason wills,* our hearts should be as good:—
Say you not then our offer is compell'd.
MOWB. Well, by my will, we shall admit no parley. [offence:
WEST. That argues but the shame of your
A rotten case abides no handling.
HAST. Hath the prince John a full commission,
In very ample virtue of his father,
To hear, and absolutely to determine
Of what conditions we shall stand upon?
WEST. That is intended[e] in the general's name:
I muse you make so slight a question.
ARCH. Then take, my lord of Westmoreland, this schedule,
For this contains our general grievances:—
Each several article herein redress'd;
All members of our cause, both here and hence,
That are insinew'd to this action,
Acquitted by a true substantial form;
And present execution of our wills
To us, and to our purposes, confirm'd;†—
We come within our awful banks again,
And knit our powers to the arm of peace.
WEST. This will I show the general. Please you, lords,
In sight of both our battles we may meet:
And ‡ either end in peace, which God § so frame!
Or to the place of difference call the swords
Which must decide it.
ARCH. My lord, we will do so. [*Exit* WEST.
MOWB. There is a thing within my bosom tells me,
That no conditions of our peace can stand. [peace
HAST. Fear you not that: if we can make our

(*) Old text, *forc'd.*

(*) Old text, *will.*
(†) Old text, *consu'd.*
(‡) Old text, *At.*
(§) First folio, *Heaven.*

[a] Upon our honours?] The next two speeches, and the first ten lines of the third speech, are omitted in the quarto.
[b] Sights of steel,—] The apertures for seeing through in a helmet.
[c] When—] By reading here, "O *then* the king," &c.—and a few lines above—"And *when*, that Harry Bolingbroke," &c., the whole speech is so infinitely improved, that it is difficult to believe the words *when* and *then* were not mistakenly transposed by the compositor.
[d] Indeed,—] In the old text "*and did.*" The emendation, which is easy and probable, was suggested by Thirlby.
[e] Intended—] That is, *implied*, or *understood.*

Upon such large terms, and so absolute,
As our conditions shall consist upon,
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.

MOWB. Ay, but our valuation shall be such,
That every slight and false-derived cause,
Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton reason,
Shall, to the king, taste of this action:
That, were our royal faiths martyrs in love,
We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind,
That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff,
And good from bad find no partition.

ARCH. No, no, my lord; note this,—the king is weary
Of dainty and such picking grievances:
For he hath found,—to end one doubt by death,
Revives two greater in the heirs of life.
And therefore will he wipe his tables clean,
And keep no tell-tale to his memory,
That may repeat and history his loss
To new remembrance: for full well he knows,
He cannot so precisely weed this land,
As his misdoubts present occasion:
His foes are so enrooted with his friends,
That, plucking to unfix an enemy,
He doth unfasten so, and shake a friend.
So that this land, like an offensive wife,
That hath enrag'd him on to offer strokes,
As he is striking, holds his infant up,
And hangs resolv'd correction in the arm
That was uprear'd to execution.

HAST. Besides, the king hath wasted all his rods
On late offenders, that he now doth lack
The very instruments of chastisement:
So that his power, like to a fangless lion,
May offer, but not hold.

ARCH. 'Tis very true;—
And therefore be assur'd, my good lord marshal,
If we do now make our atonement well,
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
Grow stronger for the breaking.

MOWB. Be it so.
Here is return'd my lord of Westmoreland.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

WEST. The prince is here at hand: pleaseth your lordship,
To meet his grace just distance 'tween our armies?

MOWB. Your grace of York, in God's* name then set† forward.

ARCH. Before, and greet his grace:—my lord, we come. [*Exeunt.*

(*) First folio, *Heaven's.* (†) First folio omits, *set.*

SCENE II.—*Another Part of the Forest.*

Enter from one side MOWBRAY, *the* ARCHBISHOP, HASTINGS, *and others; from the other side,* PRINCE JOHN *of* LANCASTER, WESTMORELAND, Officers, *and* Attendants.

P. JOHN. You are well encounter'd here, my cousin Mowbray:—
Good day to you, gentle lord archbishop;—
And so to you, lord Hastings,—and to all.—
My lord of York, it better show'd with you,
When that your flock, assembled by the bell,
Encircled you, to hear with reverence
Your exposition on the holy text;
Than now to see you here an iron man,
Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,
Turning the word to sword, and life to death.
That man, that sits within a monarch's heart,
And ripens in the sunshine of his favour,
Would he abuse the countenance of the king,
Alack, what mischiefs might he set abroach,
In shadow of such greatness! with you, lord bishop,
It is even so.—Who hath not heard it spoken,
How deep you were within the books of God?*
To us, the speaker in His parliament;
To us, the imagin'd† voice of heaven itself.
The very opener, and intelligencer,
Between the grace, the sanctities of heaven,
And our dull workings: O, who shall believe,
But you misuse the reverence of your place;
Employ the countenance and grace of heaven,
As a false favourite doth his prince's name,
In deeds dishonourable? You have taken up,
Under the counterfeited seal[a] of God,*
The subjects of His* substitute, my father;
And, both against the peace of heaven and him,
Have here up-swarm'd them.

ARCH. Good my lord of Lancaster,
I am not here against your father's peace:
But, as I told my lord of Westmoreland,
The time misorder'd doth, in common sense,
Crowd us, and crush us, to this monstrous form,
To hold our safety up. I sent your grace
The parcels and particulars of our grief,
The which hath been with scorn shov'd from the court:
Whereon this Hydra-son of war is born,
Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleep,
With grant of our most just and right desires;
And true obedience, of this madness cur'd,
Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.

MOWB. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes
To the last man.

(*) First folio, *heaven.* (†) Old text, *imagine.*

[a] Seal of God,—] The old text has *zeal*, a misprint, first corrected, we believe, by Mr. Collier's annotator.

HAST. And though we here fall down,
We have supplies to second our attempt;
If they miscarry, theirs shall second them,
And so, success of mischief shall be born,
And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up,
Whiles England shall have generation.

P. JOHN. You are too shallow, Hastings, much too shallow,
To sound the bottom of the after-times.

WEST. Pleaseth your grace, to answer them directly,
How far-forth you do like their articles?

P. JOHN. I like them all, and do allow them well:
And swear here by the honour of my blood,
My father's purposes have been mistook;
And some about him have too lavishly
Wrested his meaning, and authority.—
My lord, these griefs shall be with speed redress'd;

Upon my soul,* they shall. If this may please you,
Discharge your powers unto their several counties,
As we will ours; and here, between the armies,
Let's drink together friendly, and embrace;
That all their eyes may bear those tokens home,
Of our restored love and amity.

ARCH. I take your princely word for these redresses.

P. JOHN. I give it you, and will maintain my word;
And thereupon I drink unto your grace.

HAST. Go, captain, [*To an* Officer.] and deliver to the army
This news of peace; let them have pay, and part:
I know, it will well please them; hie thee, captain.
[*Exit* Officer.

ARCH. To you, my noble lord of Westmoreland.

WEST. I pledge your grace: and, if you knew what pains
I have bestow'd, to breed this present peace,
You would drink freely: but my love to ye
Shall show itself more openly hereafter.

ARCH. I do not doubt you.

WEST. I am glad of it.—
Health to my lord, and gentle cousin, Mowbray.

MOWB. You wish me health in very happy season;
For I am, on the sudden, something ill.

ARCH. Against ill chances, men are ever merry;
But heaviness fore-runs the good event.

WEST. Therefore be merry, coz; since sudden sorrow
Serves to say thus,—Some good thing comes to-morrow.

ARCH. Believe me, I am passing light in spirit.

MOWB. So much the worse, if your own rule be true. [*Shouts without.*

P. JOHN. The word of peace is render'd; hark, how they shout!

MOWB. This had been cheerful, after victory.

ARCH. A peace is of the nature of a conquest;
For then both parties nobly are subdued,
And neither party loser.

P. JOHN. Go, my lord,
And let our army be discharged too.
[*Exit* WESTMORELAND.
And, good my lord, so please you, let our trains
March by us; that we may peruse the men
We should have cop'd withal.

ARCH. Go, good lord Hastings,
And ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by.
[*Exit* HASTINGS.

P. JOHN. I trust, lords, we shall lie to-night together.—

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still?

WEST. The leaders, having charge from you to stand,
Will not go off until they hear you speak.

P. JOHN. They know their duties.

Re-enter HASTINGS.

HAST. My lord,* our army is dispers'd already:
Like youthful steers unyok'd, they take their courses†
East, west, north, south; or, like a school broke up,
Each hurries toward his home, and sporting-place.

WEST. Good tidings, my lord Hastings; for the which
I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason:— (1)
And you, lord archbishop,—and you, lord Mowbray,—
Of capital treason I attach you both.

MOWB. Is this proceeding just and honourable?

WEST. Is your assembly so?

ARCH. Will you thus break your faith?

P. JOHN. I pawn'd thee none:
I promis'd you redress of these same grievances,
Whereof you did complain; which, by mine honour,
I will perform with a most Christian care.
But, for you, rebels,—look to taste the due
Meet for rebellion, and such acts as yours.
Most shallowly did you these arms commence,
Fondly brought here, and foolishly sent hence.—
Strike up our drums, pursue the scatter'd stray;
God,‡ and not we, hath § safely fought to-day.—
Some guard these traitors to the block of death;
Treason's true bed, and yielder up of breath.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another Part of the Forest.*

Alarums. Excursions. Enter FALSTAFF *and* COLEVILE, *meeting.*

FAL. What's your name, sir? of what condition are you; and of what place, I pray?

COLE. I am a knight, sir; and my name is Colevile of the dale.

FAL. Well then, Colevile is your name; a knight is your degree; and your place, the dale, Colevile shall still be your name; a traitor your degree; and the dungeon your place,—a place[a] deep enough; so shall you be still Colevile of the dale.

COLE. Are not you sir John Falstaff?

(*) First folio, *life.*

[a] A place *deep enough;*] We should perhaps read, as Tyrwhitt suggested, "a *dale* deep enough."

(*) First folio omits, *my lord* and *already.*
(†) First folio, *took their course.*
(‡) First folio, *Heaven.* (§) First folio, *have.*

FAL. As good a man as he, sir, whoe'er I am. Do ye yield, sir? or shall I sweat for you? If I do sweat, they are the drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death: therefore rouse up fear and trembling, and do observance to my mercy.

COLE. I think you are sir John Falstaff; and, in that thought, yield me.

FAL. I have a whole school of tongues in this belly of mine; and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word but my name. An I had but a belly of any indifferency, I were simply the most active fellow in Europe: my womb, my womb, my womb undoes me.—Here comes our general. [*A Retreat sounded.*

Enter PRINCE JOHN *of* LANCASTER, WESTMORELAND, *and others.*

P. JOHN. The heat is past, follow no further now;—
Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland.—
[*Exit* WEST.
Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while?
When every thing is ended, then you come:—
These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,
One time or other break some gallows' back.

FAL. I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus: I never knew yet, but rebuke and check was the reward of valour. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet? have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought? I have speeded hither with the very extremest inch of possibility; I have foundered nine-score and odd posts: and here, travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate valour, taken sir John Colevile of the dale, a most furious knight, and valorous enemy: but what of that? he saw me, and yielded; that I may justly say with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome,——I came, saw, and overcame.

P. JOHN. It was more of his courtesy than your deserving.

FAL. I know not; here he is, and here I yield him; and I beseech your grace, let it be booked with the rest of this day's deeds; or, by the lord,* I will have it in a particular ballad else,† with mine own picture on the top of it, Colevile kissing my foot: to the which course if I be enforced, if you do not all show like gilt two-pences to me; and I, in the clear sky of fame, o'ershine you as much as the full moon doth the cinders of the element, which show like pins' heads to her, believe not the word of the noble: therefore let me have right, and let desert mount.

(*) First folio, *I swear.* (†) First folio omits, *else.*

P. JOHN. Thine's too heavy to mount.

FAL. Let it shine then.

P. JOHN. Thine's too thick to shine.

FAL. Let it do something, my good lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

P. JOHN. Is thy name Colevile?

COLE. It is, my lord.

P. JOHN. A famous rebel art thou, Colevile.

FAL. And a famous true subject took him.

COLE. I am, my lord, but as my betters are,
That led me hither: had they been rul'd by me,
You should have won them dearer than you have.

FAL. I know not how they sold themselves, but thou, like a kind fellow, gavest thyself away gratis;* and I thank thee for thee.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

P. JOHN. Now,† have you left pursuit?

WEST. Retreat is made, and execution stay'd.

P. JOHN. Send Colevile, with his confederates,
To York, to present execution:—
Blunt, lead him hence; and see you guard him sure. [*Exeunt some with* COLEVILE.
And now despatch we toward the court, my lords;
I hear, the king my father is sore sick:
Our news shall go before us to his majesty,—
Which, cousin, you shall bear,—to comfort him;
And we with sober speed will follow you.

FAL. My lord, I beseech you, give me leave to go through Gloucestershire; and, when you come to court, stand my good lord,[a] pray, in your good report.

P. JOHN. Fare you well, Falstaff: I, in my condition,[b]
Shall better speak of you than you deserve. [*Exit.*

FAL. I would you had but the wit; 't were better than your dukedom.—Good faith, this same young sober-blooded boy doth not love me; nor a man cannot make him laugh;—but that's no marvel, he drinks no wine. There's never any of these demure boys come to any proof; for thin drink doth so over-cool their blood, and making many fish-meals, that they fall into a kind of male green sickness; and then, when they marry, they get wenches: they are generally fools and cowards;—which some of us should be too, but for inflammation. A good sherris-sack (2) hath a two-fold operation in it. It ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish, and dull, and crudy vapours which environ it: makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive,[c] full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes; which delivered o'er to the

(*) First folio omits, *gratis.* (†) First folio omits, *Now.*

[a] Stand my good lord,—] Be my *good friend* or *advocate.*
[b] *I, in my* condition,—] *Condition* seems used here in the sense of *official statement,* "In my report I shall speak better of you than you deserve," although we remember no other instance of its being so employed.
[c] Forgetive,—] *Inventive, imaginative.*

voice, (the tongue,)[a] which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris is,—the warming of the blood; which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice: but the sherris warms it, and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme.* It illumineth† the face; which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm; and then the vital commoners, and inland petty spirits, muster me all to their captain, the heart, who, great, and puffed up with his retinue, doth any deed of courage; and this valour comes of sherris. So that skill in the weapon is nothing without sack, for that sets it a-work; and learning, a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil,[b] till sack commences it, and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes it, that prince Harry is valiant; for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, steril, and bare land, manured, husbanded, and tilled with excellent endeavour of drinking good, and good store of fertile sherris; that he is become very hot, and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first human‡ principle I would teach them, should be, —to forswear thin potations, and to addict themselves to sack.

Enter BARDOLPH.

How now, Bardolph?

BARD. The army is discharged all, and gone.

FAL. Let them go. I'll through Gloucestershire; and there will I visit master Robert Shallow, esquire: I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him. Come away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Westminster. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, CLARENCE, PRINCE HUMPHREY, WARWICK, *and others.*

K. HEN. Now, lords, if God§ doth give successful end
To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,
We will our youth lead on to higher fields,
And draw no swords but what are sanctified.
Our navy is address'd,[c] our power collected,
Our substitutes in absence well invested,
And every thing lies level to our wish:
Only, we want a little personal strength;
And pause us, till these rebels, now a-foot,
Come underneath the yoke of government.

WAR. Both which, we doubt not but your majesty
Shall soon enjoy.

K. HEN. Humphrey, my son of Gloster,
Where is the prince your brother?

P. HUMPH. I think, he's gone to hunt, my lord, at Windsor.

K. HEN. And how accompanied?

P. HUMPH. I do not know, my lord.

K. HEN. Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence, with him?

P. HUMPH. No, my good lord; he is in presence here.

CLA. What would my lord and father?

K. HEN. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.
How chance, thou art not with the prince thy brother?
He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas;
Thou hast a better place in his affection,
Than all thy brothers: cherish it, my boy;
And noble offices thou may'st effect,
Of mediation, after I am dead,
Between his greatness and thy other brethren:
Therefore, omit him not; blunt not his love:
Nor lose the good advantage of his grace,
By seeming cold, or careless of his will,
For he is gracious, if he be observ'd;[d]
He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day, for melting charity:
Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's flint;
As humorous as winter, and as sudden
As flaws congealed in the spring of day.
His temper, therefore, must be well observ'd:
Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth;
But, being moody, give him line and scope,
Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,
Confound themselves with working. Learn this, Thomas,
And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends;
A hoop of gold, to bind thy brothers in,
That the united vessel of their blood,
Mingled with venom of suggestion,
(As, force perforce, the age will pour it in,)
Shall never leak, though it do work as strong
As aconitum, or rash gunpowder.

CLA. I shall observe him with all care and love.

K. HEN. Why art thou not at Windsor with him, Thomas?

CLA. He is not there to-day; he dines in London.

K. HEN. And how accompanied? can'st thou tell that?

(*) Old text, *extremes.* (†) First folio, *illuminateth.*
(‡) First folio omits, *human.* (§) First folio, *heaven.*

[a] The voice, (the tongue,)—] *Tongue* was, possibly, only an interlineation, the poet not having determined whether to adopt "*voice*" or "*tongue.*"

[b] Kept by a devil,—] It was superstitiously believed formerly that mines of gold were guarded by evil spirits.

[c] Address'd,—] *Prepared.* See note ([a]), p. 412.

[d] *If he be* observ'd;] That is, respectfully treated.

CLA. With Poins, and other his continual followers.

K. HEN. Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds,
And he, the noble image of my youth,
Is over-spread with them: therefore my grief
Stretches itself beyond the hour of death.
The blood weeps from my heart, when I do shape,
In forms imaginary, the unguided days,
And rotten times, that you shall look upon
When I am sleeping with my ancestors.
For when his headstrong riot hath no curb,
When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,
When means and lavish manners meet together,
O, with what wings shall his affections fly
Towards fronting peril and oppos'd decay!

WAR. My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite:
The prince but studies his companions,
Like a strange tongue; wherein, to gain the language,
'Tis needful, that the most immodest word
Be look'd upon, and learn'd; which once attained,
Your highness knows, comes to no further use,
But to be known, and hated.[a] So, like gross terms,
The prince will, in the perfectness of time,
Cast off his followers; and their memory
Shall as a pattern or a measure live,
By which his grace must mete the lives of others,
Turning-past evils to advantages.

K. HEN. 'Tis seldom-when[b] the bee doth leave her comb
In the dead carrion.—Who's here? Westmoreland!

a But to be known, and hated.—] This is very like a passage in Terence:—

"——— quo modo adolescentulus
Meretricum ingenia et mores posset noscere,
Mature at cum cognovit, perpetuo oderit."

b Seldom-when—] This is usually printed "seldom, when." Mr. Singer first suggested that it was a compound word, signifying *rarely, not often.*

Enter WESTMORELAND.

WEST. Health to my sovereign! and new happiness
Added to that that I am to deliver!
Prince John, your son, doth kiss your grace's hand:
Mowbray, the bishop Scroop, Hastings, and all,
Are brought to the correction of your law;
There is not now a rebel's sword unsheath'd,
But peace puts forth her olive everywhere.
The manner how this action hath been borne,
Here, at more leisure, may your highness read,
With every course, in his particular.

K. HEN. O Westmoreland, thou art a summer bird,
Which ever in the haunch of winter sings
The lifting up of day. Look! here's more news.

Enter HARCOURT.

HAR. From enemies heaven keep your majesty;
And, when they stand against you, may they fall
As those that I am come to tell you of!
The earl Northumberland, and the lord Bardolph
With a great power of English, and of Scots,
Are by the shrieve* of Yorkshire overthrown:
The manner and true order of the fight,
This packet, please it you, contains at large.

K. HEN. And wherefore should these good news make me sick?
Will fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in foulest letters?[a]
She either gives a stomach, and no food,—
Such are the poor, in health: or else a feast,
And takes away the stomach,—such are the rich,
That have abundance, and enjoy it not.
I should rejoice now at this happy news,
And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy:—
O me! come near me, now I am much ill.
[*Swoons.*

(*) First folio, *sheriff*.

[a] But write her fair words still in foulest letters?] The quarto reads:—
"But *wet* her faire words still in foulest *termes*."

P. HUMPH. Comfort, your majesty!
CLA. O my royal father!
WEST. My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself, look up! [fits
WAR. Be patient, princes; you do know, these
Are with his highness very ordinary.
Stand from him, give him air; he'll straight be well. [pangs:
CLA. No, no; he cannot long hold out these
The incessant care and labour of his mind
Hath wrought the mure,[a] that should confine it in,
So thin, that life looks through, and will break out.
P. HUMPH. The people fear me;[b] for they do observe[c]
Unfather'd heirs,(3) and loathly births of nature:
The seasons change their manners, as the year[d]
Had found some months asleep, and leap'd them over. [between;
CLA. The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb
And the old folk, time's doting chronicles,
Say, it did so, a little time before
That our great grandsire, Edward, sick'd and died.
WAR. Speak lower, princes, for the king recovers. [end.
P. HUMPH. This apoplexy will, certain, be his
K. HEN. I pray you, take me up, and bear me hence
Into some other chamber; softly, pray.
[*They convey the* KING *to an inner part of the room, and place him on a bed.*
Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends;
Unless some dull[e] and favourable hand
Will whisper music to my weary spirit.
WAR. Call for the music in the other room.
K. HEN. Set me the crown upon my pillow here.
CLA. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.
WAR. Less noise, less noise.

Enter PRINCE HENRY.

P. HEN. Who saw the duke of Clarence?
CLA. I am here, brother, full of heaviness.
P. HEN. How now! rain within doors, and none abroad!
How doth the king?
P. HUMPH. Exceeding ill.
P. HEN. Heard he the good news yet?
Tell it him. [it.
P. HUMPH. He alter'd much upon the hearing
P. HEN. If he be sick with joy,
He will recover without physic.
WAR. Not so much noise, my lords:—sweet prince, speak low;
The king your father is dispos'd to sleep.
CLA. Let us withdraw into the other room.
WAR. Will't please your grace to go along with us?
P. HEN. No; I will sit and watch here by the king. [*Exeunt all but* PRINCE HENRY.
Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,
Being so troublesome a bedfellow?
O polish'd perturbation! golden care!
That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide
To many a watchful night!—sleep with it now!
Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet,
As he, whose brow, with homely biggin[f] bound,
Snores out the watch of night. O majesty!
When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit
Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,
That scalds with safety. By his gates of breath
There lies a downy feather, which stirs not:
Did he suspire, that light and weightless down
Perforce must move.—My gracious lord! my father!—
This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep,
That from this golden rigol[g] hath divorc'd
So many English kings. Thy due, from me,
Is tears, and heavy sorrows of the blood;
Which nature, love, and filial tenderness,
Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously:
My due, from thee, is this imperial crown,
Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,
Derives itself to me. Lo, here it sits,—
[*Putting it on his head.*
Which God(*) shall guard; and put the world's whole strength
Into one giant arm, it shall not force
This lineal honour from me. This from thee
Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me. [*Exit.*
K. HEN. Warwick! Gloster! Clarence!

Re-enter WARWICK, *and the rest.*

CLA. Doth the king call?
WAR. What would your majesty? How fares your grace?
K. HEN. Why did you leave me here alone, my lords?
CLA. We left the prince my brother here, my liege,
Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

(*) First folio, *heaven.*

a *Hath* wrought *the* mure,—] Hath worn the wall, &c. Daniel, in his "Civil Wars," 1595, Book III. st. 116, referring to the sickness of Henry the Fourth, has a parallel thought:—

"Wearing the wall so thin, that now the mind
Might well look thorough, and his frailtie find."

b *The people* fear *me;*] The people alarm me, make me afraid.

c Observe—] That is, *reverence.*

d As the year—] As *if* the year.

e *Some* dull—] *Dull* here appears to signify, *quiet, soft.*

f *Homely* biggin—] *Biggin* was a coif, so named, accord Steevens, from the cap worn by an order of nuns, called *Beg*

g Rigol—] A word thought peculiar to Shakespeare, sign a *round* or *circle.*

K. Hen. The prince of Wales? where is he? let me see him:
He is not here.*
War. This door is open; he is gone this way.
P. Humph. He came not through the chamber where we stay'd.
K. Hen. Where is the crown? who took it from my pillow?

War. When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.
K. Hen. The prince hath ta'en it hence:—go, seek him out.
Is he so hasty, that he doth suppose
My sleep my death?——
Find him, my lord of Warwick; chide him hither. [*Exit* Warwick.
This part of his conjoins with my disease,
And helps to end me.—See, sons, what things you are!

(*) First folio omits, *he is not here.*

How quickly nature falls into revolt,
When gold becomes her object!
For this, the foolish over-careful fathers
Have broke their sleep* with thought, their brains with care,
Their bones with industry;
For this, they have engrossed and pil'd up
The canker'd heaps of strange-achieved gold;
For this they have been thoughtful to invest
Their sons with arts, and martial exercises:
When, like the bee, culling from every flower
The virtuous sweets; [honey,
Our thighs packed with wax, our mouths with
We bring it to the hive; and, like the bees,
Are murder'd for our pains. This bitter taste
Yields his engrossments to the ending father.—

Re-enter WARWICK.

Now, where is he that will not stay so long
Till his friend sickness hath determin'd me?[a]

WAR. My lord, I found the prince in the next room,
Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks;
With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow,
That tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,
Would, by beholding him, have wash'd his knife
With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

K. HEN. But wherefore did he take away the crown?

Re-enter PRINCE HENRY.

Lo, where he comes.—Come hither to me, Harry:—
Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.

[*Exeunt* CLARENCE, PRINCE HUMPHREY, Lords, &c.

P. HEN. I never thought to hear you speak again. [thought:

K. HEN. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.
Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair,
That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honours
Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!
Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.
Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with so weak a wind,
That it will quickly drop: my day is dim.
Thou hast stol'n that, which, after some few hours,
Were thine without offence; and, at my death,
Thou hast seal'd up my expectation:
Thy life did manifest, thou lov'dst me not,
And thou wilt have me die assur'd of it.
Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts;
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
To stab at half an hour of my life.
What! can'st thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then get thee gone, and dig my grave thyself,
And bid the merry bells ring to thine* ear,
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse,
Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head:
Only compound me with forgotten dust;
Give that, which gave thee life, unto the worms.
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;
For now a time is come to mock at form,
Harry† the fifth is crown'd!—Up, vanity!
Down, royal state! all you sage counsellors, hence!
And to the English court assemble now,
From every region, apes of idleness!
Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum:
Have you a ruffian, that will swear, drink, dance,
Revel the night; rob, murder, and commit
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more:
England shall double gild his treble guilt;
England shall give him office, honour, might:
For the fifth Harry, from curb'd licence plucks
The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
Shall flesh his tooth in every innocent.
O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!
When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
What wilt thou do, when riot is thy care?
O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!

P. HEN. O, pardon me, my liege! but for my tears, [*Kneeling.*
The moist‡ impediments unto my speech,
I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke,
Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard
The course of it so far. There is your crown;
And He that wears the crown immortally,
Long guard it yours! If I affect it more,
Than as your honour, and as your renown,
Let me no more from this obedience rise,
Which my most true and inward-duteous spirit
Teacheth this prostrate and exterior bending.
God§ witness with me, when I here came in,
And found no course of breath within your majesty,
How cold it struck my heart! if I do feign,
O, let me in my present wildness die;
And never live to show the incredulous world
The noble change that I have purposed!
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
(And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,)
I spake unto the crown, as having sense,
And thus upbraided it. *The care on thee depending,*

(*) First folio, *sleepes.*

[a] *Till his friend sickness hath* determin'd me?—] Hath *ended* me. The quarto reads:—

(*) First folio, *thy.*
(†) First folio, *Henry.*
(‡) First folio, *most.*
(§) First folio, *Heaven*

"Till his friend sickness' *hands,*" &c.

Hath fed upon the body of my father;
Therefore, thou, best of gold, art worst of gold.
Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,
Preserving life in med'cine potable:[a]
But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most renown'd,
Hast eat thy bearer up.* Thus, my most† royal liege,
Accusing it, I put it on my head;
To try with it,—as with an enemy,
That had before my face murder'd my father,—
The quarrel of a true inheritor.
But if it did infect my blood with joy,
Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride;
If any rebel, or vain spirit of mine
Did, with the least affection of a welcome,
Give entertainment to the might of it,
Let God‡ for ever keep it from my head!
And make me as the poorest vassal is,
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

K. HEN. O my son!
Heaven put it in thy mind, to take it hence,
That thou might'st win§ the more thy father's love,
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it.
Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed,
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
That ever I shall breathe. Heaven knows, my son,
By what by-paths, and indirect crook'd ways,
I met this crown; and I myself know well,
How troublesome it sat upon my head:
To thee, it shall descend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation;
For all the soil of the achievement goes
With me into the earth. It seem'd in me,
But as an honour snatch'd with boisterous hand;
And I had many living, to upbraid
My gain of it by their assistances;
Which daily grew to quarrel, and to bloodshed,
Wounding supposed peace: all these bold fears,[b]
Thou see'st, with peril I have answered:
For all my reign hath been but as a scene
Acting that argument; and now my death
Changes the mode: for what in me was purchas'd,[c]
Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort;
So thou the garland wear'st successively.
Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,
Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green;
And all thy[d] friends, which thou must make thy friends,
Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out;
By whose fell working I was first advanc'd,
And by whose power I well might lodge a fear
To be again displac'd: which to avoid,
I cut them off; and had a purpose now
To lead out many to the Holy Land;
Lest rest, and lying still, might make them look
Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,
Be it thy course to busy giddy minds
With foreign quarrels; that action, hence borne out,
May waste the memory of the former days.
More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,
That strength of speech is utterly denied me.
How I came by the crown, O God,* forgive!
And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

P. HEN. My gracious liege,
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me:
Then plain and right must my possession be;
Which I, with more than with a common pain,
'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

Enter PRINCE JOHN *of* LANCASTER, WARWICK, Lords, *and others.*

K. HEN. Look, look, here comes my John of Lancaster.

P. JOHN. Health, peace, and happiness, to my royal father!

K. HEN. Thou bring'st me happiness, and peace, son John;
But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown
From this bare, wither'd trunk: upon thy sight,
My worldly business makes a period.——
Where is my lord of Warwick?

P. HEN. My lord of Warwick!

K. HEN. Doth any name particular belong
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?

WAR. 'Tis call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord.

K. HEN. Laud be to God!*—even there my life must end.(4)
It hath been prophesied to me many years,
I should not die but in Jerusalem;
Which vainly I suppos'd, the Holy Land:—
But, bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie;
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die. [*Exeunt.*

(*) First folio, *the.* (†) First folio omits, *most.*
(‡) First folio, *heaven.* (§) First folio, *joyne.*

a Med'cine potable:] In allusion to the once prevalent notion that a solution of gold was the "sovereign'st thing on earth" for bodily ailments, and that "the incorruptibility of the metal might be communicated to the body impregnated with it."

b *All these* bold fears,—] "Fear," Johnson says, "is here used in the active sense, for that which causes *fear.*" Fears are objects of fear; but, by these "*bold fears,*" may be meant, "bold *feers,*" that is, *allies* or *companions,* in the same sense that we apprehend the king uses the word in Act I. Sc. 3, of the first portion of this play:—

"Shall we buy treason? and indent with *feers.*"

c *Was* purchas'd,—] Gained by force. *Purchase,* with our old writers, was obliquely used in the sense of goods obtained by dishonest means, or at least by might rather than right.

d *And all* thy *friends,*—] Tyrwhitt conjectured we should read "*my* friends," but there is still a difficulty, as the king is recommending the prince to ingratiate himself with persons whom he tells us immediately afterwards, he has cut off. Monck Mason, for "I cut *them* off," would therefore print "I cut *some* off."

(*) First folio, *heaven.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Gloucestershire. *A Hall in* Shallow's *House.*

Enter SHALLOW, FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, *and* Page.

SHAL. By cock and pye,(1) sir,* you shall not away to-night.——What, Davy, I say!

FAL. You must excuse me, master Robert Shallow.

SHAL. I will not excuse you; you shall not be excused; excuses shall not be admitted; there is no excuse shall serve; you shall not be excused.—Why, Davy!

Enter DAVY.

DAVY. Here, sir.

SHAL. Davy, Davy, Davy, Davy,—let me see, Davy;—let me see, Davy:—let me see;—yea, marry,* William cook,[a] bid him come hither.—Sir John, you shall not be excused.

DAVY. Marry, sir, thus;—those precepts[b] cannot be served: and, again, sir,—shall we sow the head-land with wheat?

SHAL. With red wheat, Davy. But for William cook;——are there no young pigeons?

DAVY. Yes, sir.—Here is now the smith's note, for shoeing, and plough-irons.

SHAL. Let it be cast, and paid: sir John, you shall not be excused.

DAVY. Now,† sir, a new link to the bucket must needs be had:—And, sir, do you mean to stop any of William's wages, about the sack he lost the other day at Hinckley fair?

(*) First folio omits, *sir.*

(*) First folio omits, *yea, marry.* (†) First folio omits, *now.*

a William cook,—] Servants, and the lower orders of people generally, were commonly distinguished of old by surnames derived from their respective callings.

b Precepts—] *Warrants.*

SHAL. He shall answer it.——Some pigeons, Davy; a couple of short-legged hens; a joint of mutton, and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William cook.

DAVY. Doth the man of war stay all night, sir?

SHAL. Yes, Davy. I will use him well; A friend i'the court is better than a penny in purse. Use his men well, Davy; for they are arrant knaves, and will backbite.

DAVY. No worse than they are back*-bitten, sir; for they have marvellous foul linen.

SHAL. Well conceited, Davy. About thy business, Davy.

DAVY. I beseech you, sir, to countenance William Visor of Wincot† against Clement Perkes of the hill.

SHAL. There are many complaints, Davy, against that Visor; that Visor is an arrant knave, on my knowledge.

DAVY. I grant your worship, that he is a knave, sir: but yet, God‡ forbid, sir, but a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request. An honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not. I have served your worship truly, sir, this§ eight years; and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest man, I have but a very little credit with your worship. The knave is mine honest friend, sir; therefore, I beseech your worship, let him be countenanced.

SHAL. Go to; I say, he shall have no wrong. Look about, Davy. [*Exit* DAVY.] Where are you, sir John? Come, come, come, off with your boots.—Give me your hand, master Bardolph.

BARD. I am glad to see your worship.

SHAL. I thank thee with all my heart, kind master Bardolph:—and welcome, my tall fellow. [*To the* Page.] Come, sir John. [*Exit* SHALLOW.

FAL. I'll follow you, good master Robert Shallow. Bardolph, look to our horses. [*Exeunt* BARDOLPH *and* Page.] If I were sawed into quantities, I should make four dozen of such bearded hermits'-staves as master Shallow. It is a wonderful thing, to see the semblable coherence of his men's spirits and his: they, by observing him, do bear themselves like foolish justices; he, by conversing with them, is turned into a justice-like serving-man: their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of society, that they flock together in consent,[a] like so many wild geese. If I had a suit to master Shallow, I would humour his men, with the imputation of being near their master;[b] if to his men, I would curry with master Shallow, that no man could better command his servants. It is certain, that either wise bearing, or ignorant carriage, is caught, as men take diseases, one of another: and therefore, let men take heed of their company. I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow, to keep prince Harry in continual laughter, the wearing-out of six fashions, (which is four terms, or two actions,) and he shall laugh without* *intervallums.* O, it is much, that a lie, with a slight oath, and a jest with a sad brow, will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders! O, you shall see him laugh, till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up.

SHAL. [*Within.*] Sir John!

FAL. I come, master Shallow; I come, master Shallow. [*Exit* FALSTAFF.

(*) First folio omits, *back.* (†) Old text, *Woncot.*
(‡) First folio, *heaven.* (§) First folio, *these.*

a *They flock together in* consent,—] In *agreement,* in *union.*

(*) First folio, *with.*

b Being near their master;] This may mean either *resembling their master,* or *being able to influence him.*

SCENE II.—Westminster. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter WARWICK, *and the* Lord Chief Justice.

WAR. How now, my lord chief justice? whither away?

CH. JUST. How doth the king?

WAR. Exceeding well; his cares are now all ended.

CH. JUST. I hope, not dead.

WAR. He's walk'd the way of nature;
And, to our purposes, he lives no more.

CH. JUST. I would his majesty had call'd me with him:
The service that I truly did his life,
Hath left me open to all injuries.

WAR. Indeed, I think, the young king loves you not.

CH. JUST. I know he doth not, and do arm myself,
To welcome the condition of the time;
Which cannot look more hideously upon me,
Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

Enter PRINCE JOHN, PRINCE HUMPHREY, CLARENCE, WESTMORELAND, *and others.*

WAR. Here come the heavy issue of dead Harry:
O, that the living Harry had the temper
Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen!
How many nobles then should hold their places,
That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort!

CH. JUST. Alas! I fear, all will be overturn'd.

P. JOHN. Good morrow, cousin Warwick, good morrow.

P. HUMPH. *and* CLA. Good morrow, cousin.

P. JOHN. We meet like men that had forgot to speak.

WAR. We do remember; but our argument
Is all too heavy to admit much talk.
P. JOHN. Well, peace be with him that hath made us heavy!
CH. JUST. Peace be with us, lest we be heavier!
P. HUMPH. O, good my lord, you have lost a friend, indeed:
And I dare swear, you borrow not that face
Of seeming sorrow; it is sure, your own.
P. JOHN. Though no man be assur'd what grace to find,
You stand in coldest expectation:
I am the sorrier; would 'twere otherwise.
CLA. Well, you must now speak sir John Falstaff fair,
Which swims against your stream of quality.
CH. JUST. Sweet princes, what I did, I did in honour,
Led by the impartial* conduct of my soul;
And never shall you see, that I will beg
A ragged and forestall'd remission.—[a]
If truth and upright innocency fail me,
I'll to the king my master that is dead,
And tell him who hath sent me after him.

(*) First folio, *imperial.*

[a] A ragged and forestall'd remission.—] *Ragged* in this place means *base, ignominious*, as in Shakespeare's eighth sonnet:—

"Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame,
Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name;"

but of "*forestall'd remission*," we believe the import is yet to be sought. That it was a familiar expression is evident, for it occurs twice in Massinger, (in "The Duke of Milan," Act III. Sc. 3, and in "The Bondman," Act III. Sc. 3;) though in neither case does the context assist us to its meaning.

WAR. Here comes the prince.

Enter KING HENRY V.

CH. JUST. Good morrow; and God* save your majesty!
KING. This new and gorgeous garment, majesty,
Sits not so easy on me as you think.—
Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear;
This is the English, not the Turkish court;
Not Amurath an Amurath(2) succeeds,
But Harry, Harry. Yet be sad, good brothers,
For, to speak truth, it very well becomes you;
Sorrow so royally in you appears,
That I will deeply put the fashion on,
And wear it in my heart. Why then, be sad:
But entertain no more of it, good brothers,
Than a joint burthen laid upon us all.
For me, by heaven, I bid you be assur'd,
I'll be your father and your brother too;
Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares.
Yet† weep, that Harry's dead; and so will I:
But Harry lives, that shall convert those tears,
By number, into hours of happiness.

(*) First folio, *heaven.* (†) First folio, *But.*

PRINCES.[a] We hope no other from your majesty.

KING. You all look strangely on me:—and you most;
You are, I think, assur'd I love you not.
[*To the* Lord Chief Justice.

CH. JUST. I am assur'd, if I be measur'd rightly,
Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

KING. No!
How might a prince of my great hopes forget
So great indignities you laid upon me?
What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison
The immediate heir of England! Was this easy?
May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten?

CH. JUST. I then did use the person of your father;
The image of his power lay then in me:
And, in the administration of his law,
Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,
Your highness pleased to forget my place,
The majesty and power of law and justice,
The image of the king whom I presented,
And struck me in my very seat of judgment;
Whereon, as an offender to your father,
I gave bold way to my authority,
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
To have a son set your decrees at nought;
To pluck down justice from your awful bench;
To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword
That guards the peace and safety of your person:
Nay, more; to spurn at your most royal image,
And mock your workings in a second body.
Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours;
Be now the father, and propose a son:
Hear your own dignity so much profan'd,
See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,
Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd;
And then imagine me taking your part,
And, in your power, soft silencing your son:
After this cold considerance, sentence me;
And, as you are a king, speak in your state,
What I have done, that misbecame my place,
My person, or my liege's sovereignty.

KING. You are right, justice, and you weigh this well;
Therefore still bear the balance, and the sword:
And I do wish your honours may increase,
Till you do live to see a son of mine
Offend you, and obey you, as I did.
So shall I live to speak my father's words;
Happy am I, that have a man so bold,
That dares do justice on my proper son:
And not less happy, having such a son,*
That would deliver up his greatness so
Into the hands of justice.—You did commit me:
For which, I do commit into your hand
The unstain'd sword that you have us'd to bear;
With this remembrance,—That you use the same
With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit,
As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand;
You shall be as a father to my youth;
My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear;
And I will stoop and humble my intents
To your well-practis'd, wise directions.——
And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you;—
My father is gone wild into his grave,[b]
For in his tomb lie my affections;
And with his spirit sadly I survive,
To mock the expectation of the world;
To frustrate prophecies, and to raze out
Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down
After my seeming. The tide of blood in me
Hath proudly flow'd in vanity, till now;
Now doth it turn, and ebb back to the sea;
Where it shall mingle with the state of floods,
And flow henceforth in formal majesty.
Now call we our high court of parliament;
And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel,
That the great body of our state may go
In equal rank with the best-govern'd nation;
That war, or peace, or both at once, may be
As things acquainted and familiar to us;——
In which you, father, shall have foremost hand.—
[*To the* Lord Chief Justice.
Our coronation done, we will accite,
As I before remember'd, all our state:
And (God* consigning to my good intents,)
No prince, nor peer, shall have just cause to say,—
Heaven shorten Harry's happy life one day.
[*Exeunt.*

(*) First folio, *no.*

a Princes.] The prefix to this speech in the quarto is *Bro.* for "*Brothers;*" and in the folio, "*John*, &c.:" it was intended to be spoken by all the Princes together.

(*) First folio, *heaven.*

b My father is gone wild into his grave,—] He means, because he has exchanged his own wildness, burying it in that grave, for his father's serious spirit.

SCENE III.—Gloucestershire. *The Garden of* Shallow's *House.*

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, SILENCE, BARDOLPH, *the* Page, *and* DAVY.

SHAL. Nay, you shall see mine orchard; where, in an arbour, we will eat a last year's pippin of my own graffing, with a dish of carraways, and so forth;—come, cousin Silence;—and then to bed.

FAL. 'Fore God,† you have here a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

SHAL. Barren, barren, barren; beggars all, beggars all, sir John:—marry, good air.—Spread, Davy; spread, Davy: well said, Davy.

FAL. This Davy serves you for good uses; he is your serving-man, and your husband.

SHAL. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good

(†) First folio omits, '*Fore God.*

varlet, sir John.—By the mass,* I have drunk too much sack at supper:—a good varlet. Now sit down, now sit down:—come, cousin.

SIL. Ah, sirrah! quoth-a,—we shall [Singing.

Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer,
And praise heaven for the merry year;
When flesh is cheap and females dear,
And lusty lads roam here and there,
So merrily,
And ever among so merrily.

FAL. There's a merry heart!—Good master Silence, I'll give you a health for that anon.

SHAL. Give† master Bardolph some wine, Davy.

DAVY. Sweet sir, sit; [*Seating* BARDOLPH *and the* Page *at another table.*] I'll be with you anon:—most sweet sir, sit.——Master page, good master page, sit: proface![a] What you want in meat we'll have in drink. But you must * bear; the heart's all. [*Exit.*

SHAL. Be merry, Master Bardolph;—and my little soldier there, be merry.

[Singing.

SIL. *Be merry, be merry, my wife has all;*[b]
For women are shrews, both short and tall:
'Tis merry in hall, when beards wag all,[c]
And welcome merry shrove-tide.
Be merry, be merry, &c.

FAL. I did not think, master Silence had been a man of this mettle.

SIL. Who I? I have been merry twice and once, ere now.

(*) First folio omits, *By the mass.* (†) First folio, *Good.*

a Proface!] An Italian phrase, signifying *much good may it do you*, and equivalent to our "*welcome.*" It is found in Florio's Dictionary, "Buon pro vi faccia, *much good may it do you,*" and in many of the early writers.

b *My wife* has all;] So the old copy. Farmer suggested we should read, "My wife 's as all."

(*) First folio omits, *must.*

c 'Tis merry in hall, &c.] This rhyme is of great antiquity. Warton found it in a poem by Adam Davie, called "The Life of Alexander:"—

"Merrie swithe it is in hall
When the berdes waveth all."

Re-enter DAVY.

DAVY. There is a dish of leather-coats for you.[a] [*Setting them before* BARDOLPH.

SHAL. Davy,—

DAVY. Your worship?—I'll be with you straight.

[*To* BARD.]—A cup of wine, sir? [Singing.

SIL. *A cup of wine, that's brisk and fine,*
And drink unto the leman mine;
And a merry heart lives long-a.

FAL. Well said, master Silence.

SIL. An* we shall be merry, now comes in the sweet of the night.

FAL. Health and long life to you, master Silence!

SIL. *Fill the cup, and let it come;*
I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.

SHAL. Honest Bardolph, welcome: if thou want'st any thing, and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart.—Welcome, my little tiny thief? [*To the* Page.] and welcome, indeed, too.—I'll drink to master Bardolph, and to all the cavaleroes about London.

DAVY. I hope to see London once ere I die.

BARD. An* I might see you there, Davy,—

SHAL. By the mass,† you'll crack a quart together. Ha! will you not, master Bardolph?

BARD. Yes, sir, in a pottle pot.

SHAL. I thank thee:—the knave will stick by thee, I can assure thee that: he will not out;[b] he is true bred.

BARD. And I'll stick by him, sir.

SHAL. Why, there spoke a king. Lack nothing: be merry. [*Knocking heard.*] Look, who's at door there, ho! who knocks! [*Exit* DAVY.

FAL. Why, now you have done me right. [*To* SILENCE, *who drinks a bumper.*

SIL. *Do me right,* [Singing.
And dub me knight.
Samingo.[c]

Is 't not so?

FAL. 'T is so.

SIL. Is 't so? Why then, say an old man can do somewhat.

(*) First folio, *If.* (†) First folio omits, *By the mass.*

[a] Leather-coats.] Apples usually known as *russetines.*

[b] He will not out; he is true bred.] A sportsman's saying applied to hounds, and which serves to expound Gadshill's expression:—

"Such as can *hold in.*"—*Henry IV.* Part I. Act II. Sc. 1.

"If they run it endways orderly and make it good, then when they *hold in* together merrily, we say, *They are in crie.*" —TURBERVILE'S "*Booke of Hunting.*"

[c] *Samingo.*] Silence is in his cups, or he would probably have sung *San Domingo. Domingo,* for some unexplained reason, was an old burden to topers' songs and catches. Thus in "Summer's Last Will and Testament," 1600:—

"Monsieur *Mingo* for quaffing doth surpass
In cup, in can, or glass;
God Bacchus, do me right,
And dub me knight,
Domingo."

Re-enter DAVY.

DAVY. An* it please your worship, there's one Pistol come from the court with news.

FAL. From the court? let him come in.—

Enter PISTOL.

How now, Pistol?

PIST. Sir John, God save you!†

FAL. What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

PIST. Not the ill wind which blows no man‡ to good.—Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in the realm.

SIL. By'r lady,§ I think 'a be; but[d] goodman Puff of Barson.

PIST. Puff?
Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base!—
Sir John, I am thy Pistol, and thy friend,
And ‖ helter-skelter have I rode to thee;
And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys,
And golden times, and happy news of price.

FAL. I pr'ythee now, deliver them like a man of this world.

PIST. A foutra for the world, and worldlings base!
I speak of Africa, and golden joys.

FAL. O base Assyrian knight, what is thy news?
Let king Cophetua know the truth thereof.

SIL. *And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John.* [Sings.

PIST. Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons?
And shall good news be baffled?
Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap.

SHAL. Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.

PIST. Why then, lament therefore.

SHAL. Give me pardon, sir;—if, sir, you come with news from the court, I take it, there is but two ways; either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, sir, under the king, in some authority.

PIST. Under which king, Bezonian?[e] speak, or die.

SHAL. Under king Harry.

PIST. Harry the fourth? or fifth?

SHAL. Harry the fourth.

PIST. A foutra for thine office!—
Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king;

(*) First folio, *If.* (†) First folio, *Save you, sir.*
(‡) First folio, *none.* (§) *Indeed.*
(‖) First folio omits, *And.*

[d] But *goodman Puff*—] That is, *except* goodman, &c.

[e] Bezonian?] A term of contempt derived, it is thought, from the Italian *bisogno,* which Cotgrave explains, "a filthie knave, or clowne, a raskall, a *bisonian,* base humoured scoundrel."

Harry the fifth 's the man. I speak the truth.
When Pistol lies, do this; and fig me,[a] like
The bragging Spaniard.

FAL. What! is the old king dead?

PIST. As nail in door: the things I speak are just.

FAL. Away, Bardolph; saddle my horse.—Master Robert Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the land, 't is thine.—Pistol, I will double charge thee with dignities.

BARD. O joyful day!—I would not take a knighthood for my fortune.

PIST. What! I do bring good news?

FAL. Carry master Silence to bed.—Master Shallow, my lord Shallow, be what thou wilt, I am fortune's steward. Get on thy boots; we 'll ride all night:—O, sweet Pistol:—Away, Bardolph. [*Exit* BARD.]—Come, Pistol, utter more to me; and, withal, devise something to do thyself good. —Boot, boot, master Shallow; I know the young king is sick for me. Let us take any man's horses; the laws of England are at my commandment. Happy are they which have been my friends; and woe unto my lord chief justice!

PIST. Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also!
Where is the life that late I led,[b] say they:
Why, here it is; welcome these* pleasant days.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—London. *A Street.*

Enter Beadles, *dragging along* HOSTESS QUICKLY, *and* DOLL TEAR-SHEET.[c]

HOST. No, thou arrant knave; I would I might die, that I might have thee hanged: thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint.

1 BEAD. The constables have delivered her over to me; and she shall have whipping-cheer enough, I warrant her: there hath been a man or two lately killed about her.

DOLL. Nut-hook, nut-hook,[d] you lie. Come on; I'll tell thee what, thou damned tripe-visaged rascal; an† the child I now go with, do miscarry, thou hadst better thou hadst struck thy mother, thou paper-faced villain!

HOST. O the lord,‡ that sir John were come! he would make this a bloody day to somebody. But I pray God,§ the fruit of her womb‖ miscarry!

(*) First folio, *those.* (†) First folio, *if.*
(‡) First folio omits, *the lord.* (§) First folio, *I would.*
(‖) First folio inserts, *might.*

[a] And fig me,—] This odious gesture, the Spanish *higas dar*, was performed by thrusting out the thumb between the fore and middle finger. See note (c), p. 160.

[b] Where is the life that late I led,—] This scrap from some old ballad is sung also by Petruchio in "The Taming of the Shrew," Act IV. Sc. 1.

1 BEAD. If it do, you shall have a dozen of cushions again; you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me; for the man is dead, that you and Pistol beat among you.

DOLL. I'll tell thee what, thou thin man in a censer! I will have you as soundly swinged for this, you blue-bottled rogue; you filthy famished correctioner! if you be not swinged, I 'll forswear half-kirtles.

1 BEAD. Come, come, you she knight-errant, come.

HOST. O, that right should thus overcome might! Well; of sufferance comes ease.

DOLL. Come, you rogue, come; bring me to a justice.

HOST. Yes; come, you starved blood-hound!

DOLL. Goodman death! goodman bones!

HOST. Thou atomy* thou!

DOLL. Come, you thin thing; come, you rascal!

1 BEAD. Very well. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A public Place near* Westminster Abbey.

Enter two Grooms, *strewing rushes.*

1 GROOM. More rushes, more rushes.

2 GROOM. The trumpets have sounded twice.

1 GROOM. It will be two o'clock ere they come from the coronation: despatch, despatch.†
[*Exeunt* Grooms.

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, PISTOL, BARDOLPH, *and the* Page.

FAL. Stand here by me, master Robert Shallow; I will make the king do you grace: I will leer upon him, as he comes by; and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

PIST. God‡ bless thy lungs, good knight!

FAL. Come here, Pistol; stand behind me,—O, if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. [*To* SHALLOW.] But 't is no matter; this poor show doth better; this doth infer the zeal I had to see him.

SHAL. It doth so.

FAL. It shows my earnestness in affection.

SHAL. It doth so.

(*) First folio, *anatomy.* (†) First folio omits these two words.
(‡) First folio omits, *God.*

[c] Enter Beadles, &c.] The stage direction in the quarto, is "Enter Sincklo and three or foure officers;" and the name of *Sincklo* is prefixed to the speeches of the Beadle, or as the folio calls him, *officer.* Sincklo was an actor of Shakespeare's company.

[d] Nut-hook,—] This appears to have been a cant title formerly for a beadle or catchpoll.

FAL. My devotion.

SHAL. It doth, it doth, it doth.

FAL. As it were, to ride day and night; and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me.

SHAL. It is most certain.

FAL. But to stand stained with travel, and sweating with desire to see him: thinking of nothing else; putting all affairs else in oblivion; as if there were nothing else* to be done, but to see him.

PIST. 'T is *semper idem*, for *absque hoc nihil est:* 'T is all in every part.

SHAL. 'T is so, indeed.

PIST. My knight, I will inflame thy noble liver,
And make thee rage.
Thy Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts,
Is in base durance, and contagious prison;
Hal'd thither by most mechanical and dirty hand:—
Rouse up revenge from ebon den with fell Alecto's snake,
For Doll is in; Pistol speaks nought but truth.

FAL. I will deliver her.

[*Shouts without, and the trumpets sound.*

PIST. There roar'd the sea, and trumpet-clangor sounds.

(*) First folio omits, *else*.

Enter the KING, *and his train, the* Chief Justice *among them.*

FAL. God save thy grace, king Hal! my royal Hal.

PIST. The heavens thee guard and keep, most royal imp of fame!

FAL. God save thee, my sweet boy! [man.

KING. My lord chief justice, speak to that vain

CH. JUST. Have you your wits? know you what 't is you speak?

FAL. My king! my Jove! I speak to thee, my heart! [prayers;

KING. I know thee not, old man: fall to thy
How ill white hairs become a fool, and jester!
I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,
So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane;
But, being awake, I do despise my dream.
Make less thy body hence,[a] and more thy grace;
Leave gormandizing; know, the grave doth gape
For thee thrice wider than for other men:—
Reply not to me with a fool-born jest;
Presume not, that I am the thing I was:
For God * doth know, so shall the world perceive,
That I have turn'd away my former self;
So will I those that kept me company.

(*) First folio, *heaven*.

[a] Hence,—] That is, *henceforward*.

When thou dost hear I am as I have been,
Approach me; and thou shalt be as thou wast,
The tutor and the feeder of my riots:
Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death,—
As I have done the rest of my misleaders,—
Not to come near our person by ten mile.
For competence of life, I will allow you,
That lack of means enforce you not to evil:
And, as we hear you do reform yourselves,
We will,—according to your strength, and qualities,—
Give you advancement.(3)—Be it your charge, my lord, [*To the* Chief Justice.
To see perform'd the tenor of our word.—
Set on. [*Exeunt* KING, *and his train.*

FAL. Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

SHAL. Ay, marry, sir John; which I beseech you to let me have home with me.

FAL. That can hardly be, master Shallow. Do not you grieve at this; I shall be sent for in private to him: look you, he must seem thus to the world. Fear not your advancement; I will be the man yet, that shall make you great.

SHAL. I cannot perceive how; unless you should give me your doublet, and stuff me out with straw. I beseech you, good sir John, let me have five hundred of my thousand.

FAL. Sir, I will be as good as my word: this that you heard, was but a colour.

SHAL. A colour, I fear, that you will die in, sir John.

FAL. Fear no colours; go with me to dinner. Come, lieutenant Pistol;—come, Bardolph:—I shall be sent for soon at night.

Re-enter PRINCE JOHN, *the* Chief Justice, Officers, &c.

CH. JUST. Go, carry sir John Falstaff to the Fleet;(4)
Take all his company along with him.

FAL. My lord, my lord,——

CH. JUST. I cannot now speak: I will hear you soon.
Take them away.

PIST. *Se fortuna me tormenta, la speranza me contenta.*

[*Exeunt* FAL. SHAL. PIST. BARD. Page, *and* Officers.

P. JOHN. I like this fair proceeding of the king's:
He hath intent, his wonted followers
Shall all be very well provided for;
But all are banish'd, till their conversations
Appear more wise and modest to the world.

CH. JUST. And so they are.

P. JOHN. The king hath call'd his parliament, my lord.

CH. JUST. He hath.

P. JOHN. I will lay odds,—that, ere this year expire,
We bear our civil swords, and native fire,
As far as France: I heard a bird so sing,
Whose music, to my thinking, pleas'd the king.
Come, will you hence? [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by a Dancer.

FIRST, my fear; then, my court'sy: last, my speech. My fear is your displeasure; my court'sy, my duty; and my speech, to beg your pardons. If you look for a good speech now, you undo me: for what I have to say, is of mine own making; and what, indeed, I should say, will, I doubt, prove mine own marring. But to the purpose, and so to the venture.—Be it known to you, (as it is very well,) I was lately here in the end of a displeasing play, to pray your patience for it, and to promise you a better. I did mean, indeed, to pay you with this; which, if, like an ill venture, it come unluckily home, I break, and you, my gentle creditors, lose. Here, I promised you, I would be, and here I commit my body to your mercies: bate me some, and I will pay you some, and, as most debtors do, promise you infinitely.

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to use my legs? and yet that were but light payment,—to dance out of your debt. But a good conscience will make any possible satisfaction, and so will I. All the gentlewomen here have forgiven me; if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly.

One word more, I beseech you. If you be not too much cloyed with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katharine of France: where, for any thing I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already he be killed with your hard opinions; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man. My tongue is weary; when my legs are too, I will bid you good night: and so kneel down before you;—but, indeed, to pray for the queen.(1)

ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

ACT I.

(1) SCENE II.—*The Lord Chief Justice.*] This was Sir William Gascoigne, Chief Justice of the King's Bench, to whom tradition ascribes the honour of having vindicated the authority of the law, by committing Prince Henry to prison for insulting him in the execution of his office. According to Holinshed, whom Shakespeare copied, the prince on this occasion so far forgot himself and the dignity of the judge, as actually to strike him on the seat of judgment. "Where on a time *hee stroke the chiefe justice on the face with his fiste*, for emprisoning one of his mates, he was not only committed to straighte prison himselfe by the sayde chief Justice, but also of his father putte out of the privie counsell and banished the courte." The blow was probably an exaggeration, as it is not mentioned in the earliest and most interesting account of the incident which we possess, that by Sir Thomas Elyot, in his collection of moral discourses, entitled "The Governor," which is as follows:—

"*A good Judge, a good Prince, a good King.*—The most renouned Prince, King Henry the Fift, late King of Englande, duringe the lyfe of his father was noted to be fierce, and of wanton courage. It happened, that one of his servants, whom he favoured well, was for felony by him committed arreyned at the King's Bench; whereof the prince being advertized, and incensed by light persons about him, in furious rage came hastily to the barre, where his servaunt stood as a prisoner, and commaunded him to be ungived and sette at libertie. Whereat all men were abashed, reserved the chiefe Justice, who humbly exhorted the Prince to be contented that his servaunt might be ordered, according to the aunciente lawes of this realme: or if he would have him saved from the rigour of the lawes, that he should obtayne, if he might, of the king his father his gracious pardon, whereby no Law or Justice should be derogate.

"With which aunswere the Prince nothing appeased, but rather more inflamed, endeavoured himselfe to take away his servaunt. The Judge, considering the perilous example and inconvenience that might thereby ensue, with a valyant spirite and courage, commaunded the Prince upon his alleagaunce, to leave the prisoner and depart his way; at which commaundemet the Prince beinge set all in a furye, all chaufed, and in a terrible maner, came up to the place of Judgement, men thinking he would have slain the Judge, or have done to him some domage: But the Judge sitting still without moving, declaring the majestie of the King's place of Judgement, and with an assured and bold countenaunce, had to the Prince these words following: 'Sir, remember your selfe. I keepe heere the place of the king your sovereigne lord and father, to whom ye owe double obedience: wherefore eftsoones in his name, I charge you to desist of your wilfulnesse and unlawfull enterprise, and from hencefoorth give good example to those which hereafter shall be your proper subjects. And now, for your contempte and disobedience, goe you to the prison of the Kinge's Bench, where unto I commit you, and remaine ye there prisoner until pleasure of the kinge your father be further knowen.' With which words being abashed, and also wondering at the marvailous gravitie of that worshipful Justice, the noble Prince laying his weapone aparte, doing reverence departed and went to the Kinge's Bench as he was commaunded. Whereat his servaunts disdayned, came and shewed to the King al the whole affayre, whereat he a whiles studying, after as a man all ravished with gladnesse, holding his eyes and handes up towards heaven, abrayded with a loud voice: 'O mercifull God, how much am I bound to your infinite goodness, specially for that you have given me a judge who feareth not to minister Justice, and also a son who can suffer semblably and obey Justice.'"

For this occurrence, which Shakespeare repeatedly adverts to in the play, he had, then, historical authority—but in making Henry, upon his accession to the throne, magnanimously forgive and re-appoint the lord chief justice:—

> —— "You did commit me:
> For which, I do commit into your hand
> The unstain'd sword—"

he has rendered himself amenable to the charge of departing from history for the sake of elevating his hero. It is true, indeed, that Sir William Gascoigne survived King Henry, notwithstanding his biographers have fixed his death to have happened the 17th of December, 1412; for Mr. Foss, in his "Judges of England," has shown, first, that he is judge in a case reported in Hilary term, 1413; secondly, that he was summoned to the first parliament of Henry V., in Easter, 1413; and, lastly, that his will has been found in the ecclesiastical court at York, bearing date, December 15th, 1419: but it is equally indisputable that he was not present at the parliament in question, and that the appointment of his successor, Sir William Hankford, took place March 29th, 1413, only eight days after Henry's accession, and ten days before his coronation.

"The peculiar period chosen for this act," Mr. Foss observes, "and its precipitancy in contrast with the delay in issuing the new patents to the other judges, tend strongly to show that it resulted from the king's peremptory mandate, rather than Gascoigne's personal choice; and, consequently, to raise a suspicion that the indignity he had laid upon the prince was not 'washed in Lethe and forgotten' by the king."

It is just to add that Sir William Gascoigne's claim to the distinction of having punished the wild young prince is not undisputed. In the memorandum book of Sir Robert Markham, preserved in the British Museum, "Add. MSS. 18,721," the first few leaves contain numerous extracts from early historians respecting Sir John Markham, a judge of the Common Pleas, in the time of Henry IV. and Henry V., at the end of which the writer remarks:—"Now, the reason I have thus diligently inquired into the authorities among the historians, concerning the name of the judge that committed Henry V., then Prince of Wales, is, because my own father alwais persisted in it as a tradition in our family, that it was Sir John Markham whom the prince struck, for which he was committed."

(2) SCENE II.—*Setting my knighthood and my soldiership aside, I had lied in my throat if I had said so.*]—*To lie in the throat,* an expression which is frequently met with in Shakespeare, and other of our early writers, appears to have borne a deeper meaning than is usually supposed. In a curious old treatise on War and the Duello, which has escaped the researches of all the commentators, entitled "VALLO LIBRO CONtinente *appertenentie ad Capitanii, retenere & fortificare una Citta cō bastioni con noui artificii de fuoco aggioti, come nella tabola appare, & de diuerse sorte poluere, et de expugnare una Citta co poti, scale, argani, trobe, trenciere, artegliare, caue, dare auisa menti senza messo allo amico, fare ordinanze, battaglioni, Et ponti de disfida con lo pingere, opera molto utile con la experientia de l'arte militare,*" 1524, there is a chapter in the part devoted to the duello, which is headed "DELA DIVISIONE DEL MENTIRE," and which contains the following remarks on giving the lie:—

"Eda notare che uno honesto mentire se suole dire tu non dice il uero, anchora ue e laltro mentire dicendo tu ne menti *per la gola*, & laltro mentire se dice tu ne menti *per la gola* como ad un tristo, laltro anchora se dice tu ne menti *p* la *gola* como ad un tristo che tu sei, siche luno procede dallaltro, & luno e differente dallaltro, prendendo el caso che un dicessi tu, ne menti *per la gola* como un tristo, nō se intēde chel sia tristo, ma che lhabia mentito come fa un tristo in q̄ulla uolta, & lui non deue combattere per querela chel sia ditto tristo, ma dicendo tu ne menti *per la gola*, come un tristo che tu sei la querela e de cobattere che li e ditto tristo per causa che dice tu sei."

ACT II.

(1) SCENE I.—*For thy walls, a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the prodigal, or the German hunting in water-work, is worth a thousand of these bed-hangings, and these fly-bitten tapestries.*]—In this, and in another passage where he declares his recruits to be "slaves *as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth,*" Falstaff intimates the subjects usually found in the decoration of houses formerly. The mural-painting referred to, appears to have both preceded and followed the use of tapestry-hangings; and it also became a substitute for them, when it was executed on loose cloths to be suspended against the walls. In palaces and mansions, both the art and the subject were of a much superior kind. Martial scenes, classical and romantic histories, armorial ensigns or heraldical devices, adorned the apartments of the great; and, not unfrequently, moral sentences in Latin, French, or English, were inscribed in golden letters on richly-coloured panels. All of which would have been out of place in any such houses as that referred to by Falstaff: where the popular taste was shown in familiar Scripture narratives, forest-sports, or scenes of broad humour. There is a curious indication of this difference of decoration in the two poems called "Chaucer's Dream;" in one of which, the author, imagining an apartment embellished in the highest style of art, says that it was—

> "Full well depainted—— ——
> And all the walls with colours fine,
> Were painted to the text and glose,
> And all the Romaunt of the Rose."

In the second poem, on his waking, he sees nothing better in his own chamber—

> "Save on the walls old portraiture
> Of horsemen, hawkis, and houndis,
> And hurt dere, all full of woundis."

It is thus evident that hunting-subjects had been commonly employed, in the fourteenth century, for the adornment of interiors; and "The German Hunting" appears to have been one of the most popular of the class at the period. There is more than one explanation to be offered of this expression. The first is, that it implied no more than the representation of a chase after the manner of the Germans, as if the passage had been written, "your German hunting:" and the picture might then have consisted of a wild-boar hunt, in a German forest, taken from some old foreign print. But the words may possibly have reference to the famous German legend of "the Wild Huntsman," which had, perhaps, found its way to England during the reign of Elizabeth.

There can be no doubt, from the very name, that the "drolleries" proposed by Falstaff for the garniture of "The Boar's Head," were some of those scenes of coarse humour which the painters of the Dutch school introduced, between the end of the sixteenth, and the middle of the seventeenth century. They comprised representations of low tavern-parties, soldiers' quarters, country-fairs and mountebanks; and in some of them apes and cats were represented as drinking, playing on musical instruments, or acting as constables and watchmen. There were several very common specimens of this kind of tavern-painting formerly existing in an apartment of "The Elephant" in Fenchurch Street.

(2) SCENE II.—*A red lattice.*]—The *lattice,* or crossed laths, the ordinary denotement of an ale-house, was probably derived from the ancient sign of the *chequers,* common among the Romans. The designation, Douce remarks, "is not altogether lost, though the original meaning of the word is, the sign being converted into a *green lettuce;* of which an instance occurs in Brownlow Street, Holborn. In The Last Will and Testament of Lawrence Lucifer, the old Batchiler of Limbo, at the end of the 'Blacke Booke,' 1604, 4to, is the following passage: '—watched sometimes ten houres together in an ale-house, ever and anon peeping forth, and *sampling thy nose with the red Lattis.*'"

(3) SCENE IV.—

> *When Arthur first in court—*
> *And was a worthy king.*]

The old ballad of which Sir John hums a snatch, was one in honour of Sir Launcelot du Lake, and is given at length in Percy's Reliques, vol. i. p. 198, ed. 1767, and with the tune to which it was sung, in W. Chappell's Popular Music, &c., I. 271. The opening stanza runs:—

> "When Arthur first in court began,
> And was approved king,
> By force of armes great victoryes wanne,
> And conquest home did bring."

(4) SCENE IV.—*Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a shove-groat shilling.*]—The following is Strutt's account of *Shove-groat,* which appears to have been originally played with the silver groat, and afterwards with the broad shilling of Edward VI. "Shove-groat, named also Slyp-groat, and Slide-thrift, are sports occasionally mentioned by writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and probably were analogous to the modern pastime called Justice Jervis, or Jarvis, which is confined to common pot-houses, and only practised by such as frequent the tap-rooms. It requires a parallelogram to be made with chalk, or by lines cut upon the middle of a table, about twelve or fourteen inches in breadth, and three or four feet in length; which is divided, latitudinally, into nine equal partitions, in every

one of which is placed a figure, in regular succession, from one to nine. Each of the players provides himself with a smooth halfpenny, which he places upon the edge of the table, and striking it with the palm of his hand, drives it towards the marks; and according to the value of the figure affixed to the partition wherein the halfpenny rests, his game is reckoned; which generally is stated at thirty-one, and must be made precisely; if it be exceeded, the player goes again for nine, which must also be brought exactly, or the turn is forfeited; and if the halfpenny rests upon any of the marks that separate the partitions, or overpasses the external boundaries, the go is void."

(5) SCENE IV.—

Then death rock me asleep, abridge my doleful days!]

This is the beginning of a mournful ballad, of which we append the first and last stanzas, said to have been composed by Anne Boleyne, but which Ritson thought was more likely to have been written by her brother, George, Viscount Rochford, who was reputed to be the author of several poems, songs, and sonnets. Mr. W. Chappell (Popular Music, &c., vol. i. p. 238) has published the first stanza, with the tune, from a manuscript of the latter part of the reign of Henry VIII.

"O Death, rocke me on slepe,
Bring me on quiet reste,
Let passe my verye giltless goste,
Out of my carefull brest;
Toll on the passinge bell,
Ringe out the dolefull knell,
Let the sound my dethe tell,
For I must dye,
There is no remedye,
For now I dye."

"Farewell my pleasures past,
Welcum my present payne,
I fele my torments so increse,
That lyfe cannot remayne.
Cease now the passing-bell,
Rong is my doleful knell.
For the sound my deth doth tell.
Deth doth draw nye,
Sound my end dolefully,
For now I dye."

(6) SCENE IV.—*Bartholomew boar-pig.*]—*Roast pig*, even down to the middle of the last century, appears to have constituted one of the staple attractions of Bartholomew fair. See Ben Jonson's play of "Bartholomew Fair," and D'Avenant's burlesque poem on a long vacation:—

"Now London's chief, on sadle new,
Rides to the Fare of *Bartholemew*;
He twirles his chain, and looketh big,
As if to fright the Head of Pig,
That gaping lies on greasy stall."—Folio 1673.

(7) SCENE IV.—*Flap-dragons.*]—The sport of placing a plum or raisin in a shallow dish of spirit, and then setting light to it, and while the whole was in a flame, snatching out the *flap-dragon*, as it was called, with the mouth, was borrowed from the Dutch. Our gallants, who vied with each other in disgusting extravagances while toasting their mistresses, improved upon the Dutch practice, by making even a candle's end into a flap-dragon, and swallowing that off. An allusion to this, and another frantic absurdity of the fast youths of former times—that of puncturing their arms, and drinking the health of their charmers in blood, occurs in an old ballad, called "The Man in the Moon drinks Claret:"—

"Bacchus the father of drunken nowles,
Full mazers, beakers, glasses, bowls,
Greasie flap-dragons, flamish upsefriese,
With healths stab'd in arms upon naked knees."

ACT III.

(1) SCENE II.—*I was once of Clement's-inn.*]—This Inn was so called, says Stow, "because it standeth near to St. Clement's Church, but nearer to the fair fountain called Clement's Well." How long before 1479, nineteenth of Edward IV., it was occupied by students of the law is not known, but that it had been so inhabited for some time previously is quite certain; and we have the testimony of Strype to show that in after-times the roisterers of the Inns of Court fully maintained the reputation which Shallow took so much pride in claiming for himself and his fellow swinge-bucklers: "Here about this Church," he is speaking of St. Clement's, "and in the parts adjacent, were frequent disturbances by reason of the unthrifts of the Inns of Chancery, who were so unruly on nights, walking about to the disturbance and danger of such as passed along the streets, that the inhabitants were fain to keep watches. In the year 1582, the Recorder himself, with six more of the honest inhabitants, stood by St. Clement's Church, to see the lanthorn hung out, and to observe if he could meet with any of these outrageous dealers."—Strype's Stow, vol. ii. p. 108, ed. 1755.

(2) SCENE II.—*I saw him break Skogan's head.*]—Some of the commentators contend there were two Skogans, one—

"—— A fine gentleman, and a master of arts,
Of Henry the Fourth's time, that made disguises
For the king's sons, and writ in ballad royal
Daintily well," &c.

as described by Ben Jonson in his Masque of "The Fortunate Isles." This was *Henry* Scogan. The other, *John* Scogan, whom Holinshed mentions as "a learned gentleman of Edward the Fourth's reign, student for a time in Oxford, of a pleasaunte witte, and bent to mery devises, in respect whereof he was called into the courte, where guiding himselfe to his naturall inclination of mirthe and pleasaunt pastime, he plaied many sporting parts," &c.

Others believe there was but one poet of the name, and that the compositions attributed to the supposed Scogan of Edward the Fourth's time were written by him of Henry IV. It is needless to prolong the controversy. There was certainly a book published in the reign of Henry VIII. by Andrew Borde, called "Scoggin's Jests," which was reprinted in 1565; and the father of these jokes was no doubt considered by Shakespeare and his auditory as a court-jester of a former period, whether in the reign of Henry IV. or Edward IV. was not material.

(3) SCENE II.—*Our watch-word was, Hem, boys!*]—There was an old rollicking song, whose burden, *hem, boys, hem!* still lingered in Justice Shallow's memory, and of which the only verse now extant is quoted by Brome in his comedy of *A Jovial Crew, or the Merry Beggars*, first acted in 1641:—

"There was an old fellow at Waltham Cross,
Who merrily sung when he liv'd by the loss,
He never was heard to sigh with hey-ho,
But sent it out with a hey trolly-lo!
He cheer'd up his heart, when his goods went to wrack,
With a *hem, boys, hem!* and a cup of old sack."

Act II. Sc. 1.

Mr. Chappell ("Popular Music of the Olden Time," i. 262), acquaints us with the interesting fact, that the original air to which the above burden was sung, is the same still heard in the well-known chorus,—

"A very good song, and very well sung;
Jolly companions every one."

(4) SCENE II.—*I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's show.*]—*Arthur's show* appears to have been an exhibition performed by a band of Toxopholites, calling themselves "The Auncient Order, Society, and Unitie laudable of Prince Arthure and his Knightly Armory of the Round Table," the associates of which took the names of the knights who figure in the famous romance, and were fifty-eight in number. Their ordinary place of rendezvous was *Mile End Green*, for ages the spot chosen by the Londoners for their martial sports and exercises, but they occasionally presented their spectacle in Smithfield and in other parts of the city. Of the origin of this Society nothing is known; but from a passage in the dedication of a rare tract by Richard Robinson, its historian and poet, we learn that it was confirmed by charter under Henry VIII.; who, "when he sawe a good archer indeede, he chose him, and ordained such a one for a knight of this order." That it flourished in Shakespeare's time is proved by the following extract from a treatise on the training of children, by Richard Mulcaster (1581), Master of St. Paul's School, where the writer, expatiating on the utility of *Archerie* as a preservative of health, says:—"how can I but prayse them, who professe it throughly, and maintaine it nobly, the friendly and frank *fellowship* of Prince Arthur's Knights, in and about the citie of London? which, if I had sacred to silence, would not my good friend in the citie, Maister Hewgh Offly, and the same my noble fellow in that order, Syr Launcelot, at our next meeting have given me a soure nodde, being the chief furtherer of the fact which I commend, and the famousest *knight* of the *fellowship* which I am of. Nay, would not even Prince Arthur himselfe, Maister Thomas Smith, and the whole *table* of those well-known knights, and most active archers, have laid in their challenge against their *fellow-knight*, if speaking of their pastime, I should have spared their names?"

The complacency with which Justice Shallow refers to his personification of poor Sir Dagonet, who in the romance is the fool of King Arthur, is charmingly characteristic, and must have been highly relished by an auditory familiar with all the personages of *La Morte d'Arthure*.

(5) SCENE II.—*And now is this Vice's dagger become a squire.*]—The following particulars concerning the old stage favourite, called the VICE, are mainly taken from an instructive article on the subject, in Mr. Collier's "History of English Dramatic Poetry." Mr. Douce is of opinion that the name was derived from the nature of the character; and certain it is that he is represented most wicked by design, and never good but by accident. As the Devil now and then appeared without the Vice, so the Vice sometimes appeared without the Devil. Malone tells us that "the principal employment of the Vice was to belabour the Devil;" but although he was frequently so engaged, he had also higher duties. He figured now and then in the religious plays of a later date; and in *The Life and Repentance of Mary Magdalen*, 1567, he performed the part of her lover, before her conversion, under the name of Infidelity: in *King Darius*, 1565, he also acted a prominent part, by his own impulses to mischief, under the name of Iniquity, without any prompting from the representative of the principle of evil. Such was the general style of the Vice, and as Iniquity he is spoken of by Shakespeare ("Richard III." III. 1,) and Ben Jonson, ("Staple of News," second Intermean.) The Vice and Iniquity seem, however, sometimes to have been distinct persons,* and he was not unfrequently called by the name of particular vices: thus, in *Lusty Juventus*, the Vice performs the part of Hypocrisy; in *Common Conditions*, he is called Conditions; in *Like Will to Like*, he is named Nichol Newfangle; in *The Trial of Treasure*, his part is that of Inclination; in *All for Money*, he is called Sin; in *Tom Tyler and his Wife*, Desire; and in *Appius and Virginia*, Haphazard.

Gifford designates the Vice "the Buffoon of the Old Mysteries and Moralities," as if he had figured in the Miracle-plays represented at Chester, Coventry, York, and elsewhere. Malone, also, speaks of him as the "constant attendant" of the Devil in "the ancient religious plays;" but the fact is, that the Vice was wholly unknown in our religious plays, which have hitherto gone by the name of Mysteries. *The Life and Repentance of Mary Magdalen*, and *King Darius*, already mentioned as containing the character of the Vice, were not written until after the reign of Mary. The same remark will apply to the *Interlude of Queen Hester*, 1561, which differs from other religious plays, inasmuch as the Vice there is a court-jester and servant, and is named Hardydardy.

On the external appearance of the Vice, Mr. Douce has observed, that, "being generally dressed in a fool's habit," he was gradually and undistinguishably blended with the domestic fool. Ben Jonson, in his *Devil is an Ass*, alludes to this very circumstance, when he is speaking of the fools of old kept in the houses of the nobility and gentry:—

——————"fifty years agone and six,
When every great man had his Vice stand by him
In his long coat, shaking his wooden dagger!"

The Vice here spoken of was the domestic fool of the nobility about the year 1560, to whom also Puttenham, in his *Arte of English Poesie*, alludes under the terms "buffoon or vice in plays."

In the first Intermean of Ben Jonson's *Staple of News*, Mirth leads us to suppose that it was a very common termination of the adventures of the Vice, for him to be carried off to hell on the back of the devil: "he would carry away the Vice on his back, quick to hell, in every play where he came." In *The longer thou livest the more Fool thou art*, and in *Like Will to Like*, the Vice is disposed of nearly in this summary manner. In *King Darius*, the Vice runs to hell of his own accord, to escape from Constancy, Equity, and Charity. According to Bishop Harsnet, in a passage cited by Malone, the Vice was in the habit of riding and beating the Devil, at other times than when he was thus carried against his will to punishment.

* In the play of "Histriomastix," 1610, we read:—"Enter a roaring Devil with the *Vice* on his back, *Iniquity* on one hand, and *Juventus* on the other."

ACT IV.

(1) SCENE II.]—*I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason.*]—Holinshed's account of the insurrection does not, perhaps, directly implicate Prince John in this unparalleled breach of faith and honour; but it cannot be forgotten that the earl was acting under the orders of his general.

"The archbishop, accompanied with the Erle Marshall, devised certaine articles of such matters as it was supposed, that not onely the commonaltie of the Realme, but also the Nobilitie, found themselves agrieved with: which articles they shewed first unto such of their adherents as were neare aboute them, and after sent them abrode to theyr friendes further of, assuring them that for redresse of such oppressions, they woulde shedde the last droppe of bloud in theyr bodyes, if neede were. The Archbishop not meaning to stay after he saw hymselfe accompanied with a greate number of men, that came flocking to Yorke to take his parte in this quarrell, forthwith discovered his enterprice, causing the articles aforesayde to be set up in the publicke streetes of the Citie of Yorke and upon the gates of the monasteries, that eche man might understande the cause that moved him to rise in armes against the King, the reforming whereof did not yet apperteyne unto him. Hereupon knights, esquiers, gentlemen, yeomen, and other of the commons, * * * * assembled togither in great numbers, and the Archbishop comming forth amongst them clad in armor, encouraged, exhorted, and, by all means he coulde, pricked them forth to take the enterprise in hand, * * * * and thus not only all the citizens of York, but all other in the countries about, that were able to bear weapon, came to the Archbishop, and to the Erle Marshal. Indeed, the respect that men had to the Archbishop, caused them to like the better of the cause, since the gravitie of his age, his integrity of life, and incomparable learning, with the reverend aspect of his amiable personage, moved all menne to have him in no small estimation. The King advertised of these matters, meaning to prevent them, left his journey into Wales, and marched with al speed towards the north partes. Also Raufe Nevill, Erle of Westmerlande, that was not farre off, togither with the lorde John of Lancaster the king's sonne, being enformed of this rebellious attempt, assembled togither such power as they might make, * * * * and comming into a plaine within the forest of Galtree, caused theyr standarts to be pight downe in like sort as the Archbishop had pight his, over agaynst them, being farre stronger in number of people than the other, for (as some write) there were of the rebels at the least 20 thousand men. When the Erle of Westmerlande perceyved the force of adversaries, and that they lay still and attempted not to come forwarde upon him, he subtilly devised how to quail their purpose, and foorthwith dispatched Messengeres unto the Archbyshoppe to understande the cause as it were of that greate assemble, and for what cause contrarye to the kings peace they came so in armor. The Archbishop answered, that he tooke nothing in hande agaynste the king's peace, but that whatsover he did, tended rather to advaunce the peace and quiet of the common wealth, than otherwise, and where he and his companie were in armes, it was for feare of the king, to whom hee could have no free accesse by reason of such a multitude of flatterers as were about him, and therefore he mainteyned that his purpose was good and profitable, as well for the king himselfe, as for the realme, if men were willing to understand a truth: and herewith hee shewed forthe a skroll in which the articles were written, wherof before ye have heard. The Messengers returning unto the Earle of Westmerlande shewed him what they had heard and brought from the Archbishop. When he had read the articles, hee shewed in word and countenance outwardly that he lyked of the Archbyshoppes holy and vertuous intent and purpose, promising that he and his wouldc prosecute the same in assysting the Archebishop, who rejoycing hereat, gave credite to the Earle, and perswaded the Earle Marshall agaynst hys will as it were to go with him to a place appoynted for them to common togyther. Here when they were mette with like number on eyther part, the articles were reade over, and without any more adoe, the earle of Westmerlande and those that were with him, agreed to doe theyr best to see that a reformation might bee had, according to the same. The Earle of Westmerlande using more policie than the rest: well (sayde he) then our travaile is come to the wished ende: and where our people have beene long in armour, let them depart home to their wonted trades and occupations: in the meane time let us drinke togyther, in signe of agreement, that the people on both sydes may see it, and know that it is true, that we be light at a poynt. They had no sooner shaked handes togither, but that a knight was sent streightwayes from the Archbishop to bring worde to the people that there was peace concluded, commanding eche man to lay aside his armes, and to resort home to their houses. The people beholding such tokens of peace, as shaking of handes, and drinking togither of the Lordes in loving manner, they being alreadie wearied with the unaccustomed travell of warre; brake up their fielde and returned homewardes; but in the meane time whilest the people of the Archbishoppes side withdrew away, the number of the contrarie part increased, according to order given by the earle of Westmerland, and yet the Archbishop perceyved not that he was deceyved, untill the Earl of Westmerland arrested both him and the earle Marshall with diverse other. * * * The Archbishop and the Earle Marshall were brought to Pomfret to the king, who in this meane while was advanced thither with his power, and from thence he went to Yorke, whither the prisoners were also brought, and there beheaded the morrow after Whitsundaie in a place without the citie, that is to understand, the Archbishop himselfe, the Earle marshall, Sir John Lampleie, and Sir Robert Plumpton. Unto all which persons though indemnitie were promised, yet was the same to none of them at anie hand performed. By the issue hereof, I meane the death of the foresaid, but speciallie of the archbishop, the prophesie of a sickehe canon of Bridlington in Yorkeshire fell out to be true, who darklie inough foretold this matter, and the infortunate event thereof in these words hereafter following, saieng:—

Pacem tractabunt, sed fraudem subter arabunt,
Pro nulla marca, salvabitur ille hierarcha.

(2.) SCENE III.—*A good sherris-sack hath a two-fold operation in it.*]—When we consider how familiar nearly everybody in this country must have been with the wine called *Sack*, from the sixteenth to the eighteenth century, it seems remarkable that any doubt should exist as to what that liquor really was; yet, after all the labour and research expended by the commentators on the older dramatists, the question is still not positively determined. The reason of this uncertainty appears to be, that when Sack was the universal wine sold in London and other great cities, the simple name was enough to distinguish it; one kind only was expressed, because one kind only was intended. But as commercial enterprise and maritime discovery became extended, other wines were introduced, very different from the genuine Sack, but which were assumed to have the same characteristics and qualities, and which therefore received the generical name, though occasionally with a local distinction prefixed to it, until at length its original meaning of it became

finite, if not altogether unknown. In the slight notices of Sack contained in his "Illustrations of Shakespeare," Mr. Douce observes that there are two principal questions on the subject: first, whether Sack was known in the time of Henry IV.; second, whether it was a dry or a sweet wine, when this play was written? The first of these inquiries is altogether valueless, inasmuch as Shakespeare certainly never contemplated the historical age of Henry IV., but exhibited only the manners of his own time. The second question is relevant, and deserves attention.

It would weary the reader, however, and occupy far too much space, to insert a tithe of the passages collected from the old writers in illustration of the qualities of Sack. The most descriptive and important are before us, and the conclusions deducible from them appear to be, that Sack, properly so called, was a *Spanish wine*, and hence was named *Sherris*, or *Xeres Sack*; that it was a *hot, stimulating*, and especially *dry* wine, from which last quality its name of *Sack* (*sec*) was indubitably derived; that the name was also expressive of a class of wines comprehending several very different species of Sack, some of which were usually medicated or prepared according to the taste of the drinker; and that the *genuine* old Sack in reality closely resembled, if it were not indeed the very same liquor as the modern sherry, the simple name of which was not older than the end of the seventeenth century:—

> "The next that stood up, with a countenance merry,
> Was a pert sort of wine *that the moderns call Sherry*."
> *Bacchanalian Sessions*, 1693.

That Sack, in the general meaning of the name, was a *Spanish wine*, is established, without going beyond the older dictionaries. Florio, in defining the liquor called "*Tibidrago*," says that it is "a kind of strong Spanish wine, or Sacke; we call it *Rubiedavy*." A name, by the way, which does not appear to have been noticed by any authors who have written on wines. Cotgrave translates sack into "*Vin d'Espagne*:" Coles renders the word "*Vinum Hispanicum*;" and Minsheu gives it the same signification in eleven languages, as if that were to be regarded as the best explanation in all.

Of its hot and stimulating qualities, we need no further evidence than the copious and eloquent eulogy of Falstaff in the present speech, and Herrick's "Welcome" and "Farewell to Sack," published in 1648; and its dryness, by which is to be understood the contrary of a sweet wine, is sufficiently indicated both by its name, and by the practice of sweetening and preparing it for different purposes, or according to the taste of the imbiber. *Sack and sugar, burnt Sack*, and *Sack-posset* are well-known names of these preparations, and even the "lime in the sack," which Sir John condemns as a vile adulteration, may be shown to belong to the same class of medicated liquors.

Dr. Venner, 1622, considered the sugar which was occasionally added to the Sack to be quite as much of a medicine as a luxury; but Fynes Moryson, in 1617, regarded it as simply indicative of the national liking for sweetness in general. "Clownes and vulgar men only," he remarks, "use large drinking of beere, or ale; but gentlemen *garrawse* only in wine; with which they mix sugar; which I never observed in any other place or kingdom to be used for that purpose. And, because the taste of the English is thus delighted with sweetness, the wines in taverns,—for I speak not of merchantes' or gentlemen's cellars—are mixed at the filling thereof, to make them pleasant."

The next artificial preparation of Sack, the "burning" it, seems to have been designed partly to warm the liquor, partly to enrich the flavour, and partly to abate the strength of the spirit; but it was probably a slight process, that simple preparation only, to which Falstaff refers, when he says, "Go, brew me a pottle of sack finely;" a brewage altogether different to the elaborate concoction called *Sack-posset*, the excellence of which, however,—the method of making it in Shakespeare's days, and the proper hour when it ought to be found in perfect projection—will be more fittingly set forth in the commentary on "The Merry Wives of Windsor," where the "posset" is twice mentioned.

(3) Scene IV.—

> —— *they do observe*
> *Unfather'd heirs, and loathly births of nature.*]

This passage has been strangely misunderstood. By *loathly births of nature*, are, of course, meant, monstrous *mis-shapen* productions of nature. Such prodigies, we know, from the many broadside descriptions of them which are registered in the books of the Stationers' Company, or are still extant, and from the good-humoured sarcasm of Shakespeare—"*A strange fish! Were I in England now (as once I was,) and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver; there would this monster make a man; any strange beast there makes a man*,"—possessed an extraordinary fascination for our credulous and sight-loving forefathers. But the *unfather'd heirs*, whom Prince Humphrey is alarmed to see the people reverence, were certain so-called prophets, who pretended to have been conceived by miracle, like Merlin—

> "And, sooth, men say that he was not the sonne
> Of mortall syre or other living wight,
> But wondrously begotten, and begoune
> By false illusion of a guilefull spright
> On a faire lady Nonne, that whilome hight
> Matilda, daughter to Pubidius
> Who was the lord of Mathtraval by right,
> And coosen unto king Ambrosius;
> Whence he indued was with skill so merveilous."
> *Faerie Queene*, III. 3, St. 11.

and assumed, on that account, to be endowed, like him, with the prophetic character. Walter Scott, it will be remembered, imputes a kindred origin to his wizard Hermit, Brian, in "The Lady of the Lake"—

> "Of Brian's birth strange tales were told," &c.
> Canto III. St. 1.

And Montaigne refers to such supposed miraculous conceptions in his Essay entitled the *Apology for Raymond Sebond*, "In *Mahomet's* religion, by the easie beleefe of the people, are many *Merlins* found; That is to say, *fatherless children*; Spiritual children, conceived and borne divinely in the wombs of virgins, and that in their language bear names, importing as much."—"Florio's Montaigne," folio 1603, p. 308.

If the meaning here attributed to the expression *unfather'd heirs*, be that intended by the poet, it may, perhaps, afford a key to another in "The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act V. Scene 5, which has been long discussed, but never yet explained,—

> "*You orphan heirs of fixed destiny.*"

(4) Scene IV.—

> War. *'Tis call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord.*
> K. Hen. *Laud be to God!—even there my life must end.*]

In looking at this representation of Henry's death, in connection with the beginning of his dramatic history, we are reminded of the words of the Duke of Ephesus, at the end of "The Comedy of Errors," "Why, here begins his morning story right." The king discovers in the present scene that one reason at least for his pressing forward an expedition to the Holy Land, was the fulfilment of a prediction that he should die in Jerusalem. Such a prophecy, as to the death of an important personage, appears to have been not unusual in the middle ages; and a remarkable illustration of it is on record, concerning Pope Sylvester II. Cardinal Benno states, that when he inquired of spiritual agency as to the length of his life, he was assured that he should not die until he had said mass at Jerusalem; on which he promised himself a very long existence. In the fifth year of his pontificate, however, A.D. 1003, he happened to celebrate mass in the church called "The Holy Cross in Jerusalem;" and there he was suddenly taken ill, and soon after died. Holinshed seems to doubt the prediction respecting Henry IV. "Whether this was true, that so he spake as one that gave too much credit to

foolish prophesies and vaine tales, or whether it was fained, as in such cases it commonlie happeneth, we leave to the admired reader to judge." There does not appear, however, to be any sufficient reason to doubt either that such a prediction was uttered, or that Henry declared it. His purpose of levying "a power of English" to recover the city of Jerusalem from the infidels, was universally known, and the prophecy, that he would die there, seemed to be a very natural conclusion, and a politic flattering of his design as well. Henry had brought forward this measure at a very early period of his reign, and it continued to be "the ruling passion strong in death." Shortly before he was attacked by apoplexy at Eltham, about Christmas, 1413, he held a council at Whitefriars, which ordered the fitting out of ships and galleys, and other preparations to be made for the voyage. And even after his partial recovery, when "hee was taken with his last sicknesse, he was making his prayers at Sainte Edwardes shrine, *there as it were to take his leave, and so to proceede forthe on hys iourney;* and was then "so suddaynely and greevouslie taken that suche as were about him, feared least he would have dyed presently, wherefore to relieve him if it were possible, they bare him into a chamber that was nexte at hand, belonging to the Abbot of Westminster, where they layd him on a pallet before the fier, and used all remedyes to revive him: at length, hee recovered hys speeche, and understanding and perceiving himselfe in a strange place which he knew not, hee willed to know if the chamber had any particular name, whereunto aunswere was made, that it was called '*Jerusalem.*' Then saide the king, laudes be gyven to the father of heaven, for now I knowe that I shall dye heere in thys chamber, according to the prophecie of me declared, that I shoulde depart this life in Jerusalem." * * *

It is quite possible that his early and active military employment in foreign countries might have given the first impetus to his design of an expedition to Palestine; but it is still more probable that he contemplated it as a meritorious atonement for the means by which he had obtained the crown.

The effigy of Henry IV. upon his tomb at Canterbury, is considered to be the most splendid of our regal series. No doubt was entertained that the King was really buried there, until the discovery by Wharton of a MS. in Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, written by Clement Maydestone, a contemporary and an ecclesiastic, entitled—"A History of the Martyrdom of Archbishop Scroop," in which the following passage occurs:—

"Within thirty days after the death of the said king Henry the Fourth, a certain man of his household came to the house of the Holy Trinity at Houndeslow to eat, and the standers-by discoursing of that king's probity of life, the aforesaid person made answer to an esquire, whose name was Thomas Maydestone, then sitting at the same table, *God knows whether he was a good man; but this I certainly know, that when his body was carried from Westminster towards Canterbury, in a small vessel to be buried, I was one of the three persons that threw his body into the sea between Berkyng and Gravesend.* And he added, confirming it with an oath,—*So great a storm of wind and waves came upon us, that many noblemen that followed us in eight small vessels, were dispersed, and narrowly escaped the danger of death. But we that were with the body despairing of our lives, by common consent threw it into the sea, and a great calm ensued; but the chest it was in, covered with cloth of gold, we carried in very honourable manner to Canterbury, and buried it.* The monks of Canterbury may therefore say, The tomb of King Henry the Fourth is with us, but not his body, as Peter said of holy David, Acts ii. Almighty God is witness and judge that I, Clement Maydestone, saw that man, and heard him swear to my father, Thomas Maydestone, that all above-said was true."

It had long been the wish of historians and antiquaries to test the value of this story, and at length on the 21st of August, 1832, the tomb was opened by the cathedral authorities, when the body was found cased in lead, within a rude elm coffin, so much larger than necessary, that the intervening spaces were filled with hay-bands. On removing the wrapper, "to the astonishment of all present, the face of the deceased king was seen in remarkable preservation. The nose elevated, the cartilage even remaining, though, on the admission of the air, it sunk rapidly away, and had entirely disappeared before the examination was finished. The skin of the chin was entire, of the consistence and thickness of the upper leather of a shoe, brown and moist; the beard thick and matted and of a deep russet color."

ACT V.

(1) SCENE I.—*By cock and pye.*]—This popular adjuration was once supposed to refer to the sacred name, and to the table of services in the Romish Church, called *The Pie:* but it is now thought to be what Hotspur termed a mere "protest of pepper-gingerbread," as innocent as Slender's, "By these gloves," or "By this hat." In "Soliman and Perseda," 1599, it occurs coupled with *mouse-foot;* "By *cock and pie* and mouse-foot;" and again, in "The Plaine Man's Pathway to Heaven," by Arthur Dent, 1607, where we have the following dialogue: Asunctus—"I know a man that will never swear but by *cock* or *py*, or *mouse-foot.* I hope you will not say these be oaths. For he is as honest a man as ever brake bread. You shall not hear an oath come out of his mouth." Theologus—"I do not think he is so honest a man as you make him. For it is no small sin to *swear by creatures.*" The *Cock* and *Pye, i. e.*, and *Magpie,* was an ordinary ale-house sign, and may thus have become a subject for the vulgar to swear by. Douce, however, ascribes to it a less ignoble origin, and his interpretation is much too ingenious to be passed in silence:—"It will, no doubt, be recollected, that in the days of ancient chivalry it was the practice to make solemn vows or engagements for the performance of some considerable enterprise. This ceremony was usually performed during some grand feast or entertainment, at which a roasted peacock or pheasant being served up by ladies in a dish of gold or silver, was thus presented to each knight, who then made the particular vow which he had chosen, with great solemnity. When this custom had fallen into disuse, the peacock nevertheless continued to be a favourite dish, and was introduced on the table in a *pie,* the head, with gilded beak, being proudly elevated above the crust, and the splendid tail expanded. Other birds of smaller value were introduced in the same manner, and the recollection of the old peacock vows might occasion the less serious, or even burlesque, imitation of swearing not only by the bird itself but also by the *pie;* and hence probably the oath *by cock and pie,* for the use of which no very old authority can be found. The vow to the peacock had even got into the mouths of such as had no pretensions to knighthood. Thus in *The merchant's second tale, or the history of Beryn,* the host is made to say,—

"*I make a vowe to the pecock* there shal wake a foul mist."

(2) SCENE II.—

This is the English, not the Turkish court;
Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,
But Harry, Harry.]

Amurath the Third, who was the seventh Emperor of the Turks, died in 1595, and the people, being disaffected to his eldest son, Mahomet, and inclined to a younger one, the death of the emperor was kept secret for some days by the Janissaries, until Mahomet came from Amasia to Constantinople. On his arrival, he was saluted Emperor by the Bassas and others with whom he was a favourite; whereupon, without informing his brothers of their father's demise, he invited all of them to a solemn entertainment, and there had them strangled. Mr. Malone conceives it highly probable that Shakespeare alludes to this transaction in the present passage, and that the period when it happened may fix the date of the play to the beginning of the year 1596. There is no solid reason, however, for believing that the poet had this particular circumstance in his mind, or that it is in any way connected with the date of the piece. The barbarous and unnatural custom which prevailed among the Turkish kings and emperors, of slaughtering all their brethren and nearest kinsmen, on coming to the throne, that they might relieve themselves from the apprehension of competitors, originated many years before with Bajazet, son to Amurath the First (third emperor of the Turks), and it is much more likely that Shakespeare in this instance referred to a general practice, rather than to a special event.

(3) SCENE V.—

We will,—according to your strength, and qualities,—
Give you advancement.]

There is a speech somewhat similar to this in the corresponding scene of "The famous Victories of Henry the Fifth:"—

"Ah Tom, your former life grieves me,
And makes me to abandon and abolish your company for ever,
And therefore not upon pain of death to approch my presence,
By ten miles space, then if I heare well of you,
It may bee I will doe somewhat for you,
Otherwise looke for no more favour at my hands
Then at any other mans."

Both dramatists were indebted for the incident to Holinshed, who records it as follows:—"Immediately after that hee was invested Kyng, and had received the Crowne, he determined with himselfe to putte upon him the shape of a new man, turning insolencie and wildnesse into gravitie and sobernesse; And whereas hee hadde passed his youth in wanton pastime and riotous misorder, with a sort of misgoverned mates, and unthrifte playfeers, he nowe banished them from his presence (not unrewarded nor yet unpreferred), inhibiting them uppon a greate payne, not once to approche, lodge, or sojourn within tenne miles of his Courte or mansion; and in their places he elected and chose men of gravitie, witte, and high policie, by whose wise counsell, and prudent advertisement, he might at all times rule to his honoure, and governe to his profyte; whereas if he should have reteined the other lustie companions aboute him, he doubted least they might have allured him to such lewde and lighte partes, as with them beforetyme he had youthfully used."

(4) SCENE V.—*Go, carry sir John Falstaff to the Fleet.*]—"Everybody will agree with Dr. Johnson in the impropriety of Falstaff's cruel and unnecessary commitment to prison. The king had already given him a fit admonition as to his future conduct, and banished him to a proper distance from the court. We must suppose therefore that the chief justice had far exceeded his royal master's commands on this occasion, or that the king had repented of his lenity. The latter circumstance would indeed augur but unfavourably of the sovereign's future regard to justice; for had he not himself been a partaker, and consequently an encourager, of Falstaff's excesses?"—DOUCE.

EPILOGUE.

(1) *And so kneel down, &c.*]—At the termination of the performance, from a very early period, it was customary for the players to kneel down and pray for their patrons, the king or queen, or House of Commons, &c. Hence probably, as Steevens suggests, the *Vivant Rex et Regina*, still appended at the bottom of the play-bills. Thus, at the end of "Apius and Virginia," 1575:—

"Beseeching God, as duty is, our gracious queene to save,
The nobles and the commons eke, with prosperous life I crave."

Again in Middleton's "A Mad World, my Masters:"—

"This shows like kneeling after the play; I praying for my lord Owemuch, and his good countess, our honourable lady and mistress."

And also in "New Custom:"—

"Preserve our noble Queen Elizabeth, and her counsell all."

CRITICAL OPINIONS

ON THE

FIRST AND SECOND PARTS OF KING HENRY IV.

"NONE of *Shakespeare's* plays are more read than the *First and Second Parts of Henry the Fourth.* Perhaps no author has ever in two plays afforded so much delight. The great events are interesting, for the fate of kingdoms depends upon them; the slighter occurrences are diverting, and, except one or two, sufficiently probable: the incidents are multiplied with wonderful fertility of invention, and the characters diversified with the utmost nicety of discernment, and the profoundest skill in the nature of man.

"The prince, who is the hero both of the comick and tragick part, is a young man of great abilities and violent passions, whose sentiments are right, though his actions are wrong; whose virtues are obscured by negligence, and whose understanding is dissipated by levity. In his idle hours he is rather loose than wicked; and when the occasion forces out his latent qualities, he is great without effort, and brave without tumult. The trifler is roused into a hero, and the hero again reposes in the trifler. This character is great, original, and just.

"*Percy* is a rugged soldier, cholerick, and quarrelsome, and has only the soldier's virtues, generosity and courage.

"But *Falstaff*, unimitated, unimitable *Falstaff*, how shall I describe thee? Thou compound of sense and vice; of sense which may be admired, but not esteemed; of vice which may be despised, but hardly detested. *Falstaff* is a character loaded with faults, and with those faults which naturally produce contempt. He is a thief and a glutton, a coward and a boaster, always ready to cheat the weak, and prey upon the poor; to terrify the timorous, and insult the defenceless. At once obsequious and malignant, he satirizes in their absence those whom he lives by flattering. He is familiar with the prince only as an agent of vice, but of this familiarity he is so proud, as not only to be supercilious and haughty with common men, but to think his interest of importance to the duke of *Lancaster*. Yet the man thus corrupt, thus despicable, makes himself necessary to the prince that despises him, by the most pleasing of all qualities, perpetual gaiety; by an unfailing power of exciting laughter, which is the more freely indulged, as his wit is not of the splendid or ambitious kind, but consists in easy scapes and sallies of levity, which make sport, but raise no envy. It must be observed, that he is stained with no enormous or sanguinary crimes, so that his licentiousness is not so offensive but that it may be borne for his mirth.

"The moral to be drawn from this representation is, that no man is more dangerous than he that, with a will to corrupt, hath the power to please; and that neither wit nor honesty ought to think themselves safe with such a companion, when they see *Henry* seduced by *Falstaff*."—JOHNSON.

"The first part of *Henry the Fourth* is particularly brilliant in the serious scenes, from the contrast between two young heroes, Prince Henry and Percy (with the characteristical name of Hotspur). All the amiability and attractiveness is certainly on the side of the prince: however familiar he makes himself with bad company, we can never mistake him for one of them: the ignoble does indeed touch, but it does not contaminate him; and his wildest freaks appear merely as witty tricks, by which his restless mind sought to burst through the inactivity to which he was constrained, for on the first

occasion which wakes him out of his unruly levity he distinguishes himself without effort in the most chivalrous guise. Percy's boisterous valour is not without a mixture of rude manners, arrogance, and boyish obstinacy; but these errors, which prepare for him an early death, cannot disfigure the majestic image of his noble youth; we are carried away by his fiery spirit at the very moment we would most censure it. Shakspeare has admirably shown why so formidable a revolt against an unpopular and really an illegitimate prince was not attended with success: Glendower's superstitious fancies respecting himself, the effeminacy of the young Mortimer, the ungovernable disposition of Percy, who will listen to no prudent counsel, the irresolution of his older friends, the want of unity of plan and motive, are all characterized by delicate but unmistakable traits. After Percy has departed from the scene, the splendour of the enterprise is, it is true, at an end; there remain none but the subordinate participators in the revolts, who are reduced by Henry IV., more by policy than by warlike achievements. To overcome this dearth of matter, Shakspeare was in the Second Part obliged to employ great art, as he never allowed himself to adorn history with more arbitrary embellishments than the dramatic form rendered indispensable. The piece is opened by confused rumours from the field of battle: the powerful impression produced by Percy's fall, whose name and reputation were peculiarly adapted to be the watchword of a bold enterprise, make him in some degree an acting personage after his death. The last acts are occupied with the dying king's remorse of conscience, his uneasiness at the behaviour of the prince, and lastly, the clearing up of the misunderstanding between father and son, which make up several most affecting scenes. All this, however, would still be inadequate to fill the stage, if the serious events were not interrupted by a comedy which runs through both parts of the play, which is enriched from time to time with new figures, and which first comes to its catastrophe at the conclusion of the whole, namely, when Henry V., immediately after ascending the throne, banishes to a proper distance the companions of his youthful excesses, who had promised to themselves a rich harvest from his kingly favour.

"Falstaff is the crown of Shakspeare's comic invention. He has, without exhausting himself, continued this character throughout three plays, and exhibited him in every variety of situation; the figure is drawn so definitely and individually, that even to the mere reader it conveys the clear impression of personal acquaintance. Falstaff is the most agreeable and entertaining knave that ever was portrayed. His contemptible qualities are not disguised: old, lecherous, and dissolute; corpulent beyond measure, and always intent upon cherishing his body with eating, drinking, and sleeping; constantly in debt, and anything but conscientious in his choice of means by which money is to be raised; a cowardly soldier, and a lying braggart; a flatterer of his friends before their face, and a satirist behind their backs; and yet we are never disgusted with him. We see that his tender care of himself is without any mixture of malice towards others; he will only not be disturbed in the pleasant repose of his sensuality, and this he obtains through the activity of his understanding. Always on the alert, and good-humoured, ever ready to crack jokes on others, and to enter into those of which he is himself the subject, so that he justly boasts he is not only witty himself, but the cause of wit in others, he is an admirable companion for youthful idleness and levity. Under a helpless exterior, he conceals an extremely acute mind; he has always at command some dexterous turn whenever any of his free jokes begin to give displeasure; he is shrewd in his distinctions, between those whose favour he has to win and those over whom he may assume a familiar authority. He is so convinced that the part which he plays can only pass under the cloak of wit, that even when alone he is never altogether serious, but gives the drollest colouring to his love-intrigues, his intercourse with others, and to his own sensual philosophy. Witness his inimitable soliloquies on honour, on the influence of wine on bravery, his descriptions of the beggarly vagabonds whom he enlisted, of Justice Shallow, &c. Falstaff has about him a whole court of amusing caricatures, who by turns make their appearance, without ever throwing him into the shade. The adventure, in which the Prince, under the disguise of a robber, compels him to give up the spoil which he had just taken; the scene where the two act the part of the King and the Prince; Falstaff's behaviour in the field, his mode of raising recruits, his patronage of Justice Shallow, which afterwards takes such an unfortunate turn:—all this forms a series of characteristic scenes of the most original description, full of pleasantry, and replete with nice and ingenious observation, such as could only find a place in a historical play like the present."—SCHLEGEL.

Act I. Sc. I.

THE

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

"A Most pleasaunt and excellent conceited Comedie, of Syr *Iohn Falstaffe*, and the merrie Wives of *Windsor*. Entermixed with sundrie variable and pleasing humors, of Syr *Hugh* the Welch Knight, Iustice *Shallow*, and his wise Cousin M. *Slender*. With the swaggering vaine of Auncient *Pistoll*, and Corporall *Nym*. By *William Shakespeare*. As it hath bene diuers times Acted by the right Honorable my Lord Chamberlaines seruants. Both before her Maiestie, and else-where. London: Printed by T. C. for Arthur Iohnson, and are to be sold at his shop in Powles Church-yard, at the signe of the Flower de Leuse and the Crowne, 1602." Such is the title of the earliest edition of this play, the entry of which on the Registers of the Stationers' Company is as follows:—

"18 Jan., 1601—2.

"John Busby.] An excellent and pleasant conceited Commedie of Sir John Faulstof, and the Merry Wyves of Windesor.

"Arth. Johnson.] By assignement from John Busbye a book, An excellent and pleasant conceited comedie of Sir John Faulstafe and the mery wyves of Windsor."

A second edition of this quarto was published by Arthur Johnson, in 1619:—"A most pleasant and excellent conceited Comedy, of Sir John Falstaffe and the Merry Wives of Windsor. With the swaggering vaine of Ancient Pistoll and Corporall Nym. Written by W. Shakespeare." Of the original version of the Merry Wives of Windsor, Mr. Collier says,—"It has been universally admitted that the 4to, 1602, was piratical, and our conviction is, that like the first edition of 'Henry IV.,' in 1600, it was made up, for the purpose of sale, partly from notes taken at the theatre, and partly from memory, without even the assistance of any of the parts as delivered by the copyist of the theatre to the actors."

Mr. Halliwell and Mr. Knight take a very different view of this edition, which, with the earlier editors, they conceive to have been a transcript of the play as first produced, and the basis of the complete and admirable Comedy as it stands in the folio of 1623. With this opinion most people who have well examined the quarto, 1602, will probably concur, though few we apprehend are likely to agree with these gentlemen in assigning it to a period as early as 1592, upon so slender a foundation as the supposed connexion between the visit of the Duke of Würtenburg to England in that year, and the imposition practised upon the Host of the Garter by some German travellers. If any allusion to a visitor received by the Court with so much distinction, were intended, an offensive one would hardly have been ventured during the life-time of the Queen. Another forbidding consideration to this theory is, its involving the conclusion that "The Merry Wives of Windsor" was written and acted before even the First

Part of "Henry IV.," and that the fat humorist, whose love adventures afford so much entertainment, was *Oldcastle*, and not *Falstaff*. But the most serious objection to it is, that it strikes at the root of the long-cherished tradition, of Elizabeth being so well pleased with the Falstaff of "Henry IV.," that she commanded a play to be written, in which the knight should be exhibited in love, and was so eager to see it acted, that she directed it should be finished in fourteen days. We can by no means afford to part with this tradition: it accounts for the many evidences of haste observable in the first draft of the piece, and reconciles all the difficulties which are experienced in attempting to determine whether the incidents are to be taken as occurring before the historical plays of "Henry IV.," Parts I. and II., and "Henry V.," or between any two of them, or after the whole. The title of the original sketch, "Syr John Falstaff," &c., the "Merry Wives" being at first considered subordinate attractions only, and the delineation of Falstaff and his satellites, both in that and in the finished version, are to us conclusive as to these characters being *old favourites* with the public; and if we accept the pleasant tradition of their revival at the bidding of the Queen, there need be no hesitation in receiving them "without regard to their situations and catastrophes in former plays."

An excellent reprint of the first edition of "The Merry Wives of Windsor," was made by Mr. Halliwell for the Shakespeare Society in 1842, in the appendix to which he has given the tales from which a few of the incidents in this comedy are thought to be derived. These consist, I. of a story from "Le tredici piacevoli notti del S. Gio. Francesco Straparola," 8vo. Vineg. 1569, vol. i. fol. 47. II. A tale from "Il Pecorone di Ser Giovanni Fiorentino," 4to. Trevig. 1640, fol. 7. III. A story from a scarce collection of early English tales, entitled "The Fortunate, the Deceived, and the Unfortunate Lovers," 4to. Lond. 1632. IV. Another story from "Le tredici piacevoli notti del S. Gio. Fr. Straparola," Vineg. 1569, vol. i. fol. 129. V. A tale from Tarlton's "Newes out of Purgatorie," 4to. London, 1590, taken from the preceding novel of "Straparola." Dr. Farmer was of opinion that Falstaff's mishaps with the Merry Wives were taken from this story. And, VI. a tale extracted from a rare work, called "Westward for Smelts," 4to. Lond. 1620, which Malone thought led Shakespeare to lay the scene of Falstaff's love adventures at Windsor.

Persons Represented.

Sir JOHN FALSTAFF.
FENTON, *a young Gentleman.*
SHALLOW, *a Country Justice.*
SLENDER, *Cousin to* Shallow.
FORD, PAGE, } *Two Gentlemen dwelling at Windsor.*
WILLIAM PAGE, *a boy, son to* Page.
Sir HUGH EVANS, *a Welsh Parson.*
Dr. CAIUS, *a French Physician.*
Host of the Garter Inn.
BARDOLPH, PISTOL, NYM, } *Followers of* Falstaff.

ROBIN, *page to* Falstaff.
SIMPLE, *servant to* Slender.
RUGBY, *servant to* Dr. Caius.

Mistress FORD.
Mistress PAGE.
Mistress ANNE PAGE, *her Daughter.*
Mistress QUICKLY, *servant to* Dr. Caius.

Servants to Page, Ford, &c. &c.

SCENE,—WINDSOR, *and the parts adjacent.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Windsor. *Before* Page's *House.*

Enter JUSTICE SHALLOW, SLENDER, *and* SIR HUGH EVANS.

SHAL. Sir Hugh,(1) persuade me not; I will make a Star-chamber(2) matter of it: if he were twenty sir John Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, esquire.

SLEN. In the county of Gloster, justice of peace, and *coram.*

SHAL. Ay, cousin Slender, and *Cust-alorum.*[a]

SLEN. Ay, and *ratolorum* too; and a gentleman born, master parson; who writes himself *armigero* in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation; *armigero.*

SHAL. Ay, that I do; and have done any time these three hundred years.

SLEN. All his successors, gone before him, hath done't; and all his ancestors, that come after him, may: they may give the dozen white luces in their coat.

SHAL. It is an old coat.

EVA. The dozen white louses do pecome an old coat well; it agrees well, *passant:* it is a familiar peast to man, and signifies—love.

SHAL. The luce is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an old coat.(3)

SLEN. I may quarter, coz?

SHAL. You may, by marrying.

EVA. It is marring, indeed, if he quarter it.

SHAL. Not a whit.

EVA. Yes, per-lady; if he has a quarter of

[a] *Cust-alorum.*] The provincial abbreviation, probably, of *Custos Rotulorum.* Correctly, Shallow's designation was, "Justice of the Peace, and of the Quorum and Custos Rotulorum."

your coat, there is put three skirts for yourself, in my simple conjectures: but that is all one: if sir John Falstaff have committed disparagements unto you, I am of the church, and will be glad to do my benevolence, to make atonements and compromises between you.

SHAL. The Council shall hear it; it is a riot.

EVA. It is not meet the Council hear a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot: the Council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot; take your vizaments in that.

SHAL. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it.

EVA. It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it: and there is also another device in my prain, which, peradventure, prings goot discretions with it. There is Anne Page, which is daughter to master George * Page, which is pretty virginity.

SLEN. Mistress[a] Anne Page? she has brown hair, and speaks small like a woman.

EVA. It is that fery person for all the 'orld, as just as you will desire; and seven hundred pounds of monies, and gold, and silver, is her grandsire, upon his death's-ped, (Got deliver to a joyful resurrections!) give, when she is aple to overtake seventeen years old: it were a goot motion, if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage between master Abraham and mistress Anne Page.

SHAL. Did her grandsire leave her seven hundred pound?[b]

EVA. Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.[c]

SHAL. I know the young gentlewoman; she has good gifts.

EVA. Seven hundred pounds, and possibilities, is goot gifts.

SHAL. Well, let us see honest master Page: is Falstaff there?

EVA. Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar, as I do despise one that is false; or, as I despise one that is not true. The knight, sir John, is there; and, I peseech you, pe ruled by your well-willers. I will peat the door [*Knocks.*] for master Page. What, hoa! Got pless your house here!

Enter PAGE.

PAGE. Who's there?

EVA. Here is Got's plessing, and your friend, and justice Shallow: and here young master Slender; that, peradventures, shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

PAGE. I am glad to see your worships well: I thank you for my venison, master Shallow.

SHAL. Master Page, I am glad to see you; much good do it your good heart! I wished your venison better; it was ill killed.—How doth good mistress Page?—and I thank you always with my heart, la; with my heart.

PAGE. Sir, I thank you.

SHAL. Sir, I thank you; by yea and no, I do.

PAGE. I am glad to see you, good master Slender.

SLEN. How does your fallow greyhound, sir? I heard say, he was out-run on Cotsale.(4)

PAGE. It could not be judged, sir.

SLEN. You'll not confess, you'll not confess.

SHAL. That he will not;—'t is your fault, 't is your fault:[d]—'t is a good dog.

PAGE. A cur, sir.

SHAL. Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog; can there be more said? he is good, and fair.—Is sir John Falstaff here?

PAGE. Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good office between you.

EVA. It is spoke as a Christians ought to speak.

SHAL. He hath wronged me, master Page.

PAGE. Sir, he doth in some sort confess it.

SHAL. If it be confessed, it is not redressed: is not that so, master Page? He hath wronged me; indeed, he hath; at a word, he hath; believe me; Robert Shallow, esquire, saith, he is wronged.

PAGE. Here comes sir John.

Enter SIR JOHN FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, NYM, *and* PISTOL.

FAL. Now, master Shallow; you'll complain of me to the king?

SHAL. Knight, you have beaten my men, killed my deer, and broke open my lodge.

FAL. But not kissed your keeper's daughter!

SHAL. Tut, a pin! this shall be answered.

FAL. I will answer it straight: I have done all this: that is now answered.

SHAL. The Council shall know this.

FAL. 'T were better for you, if it were known in counsel:* you'll be laughed at.

(*) Old text, *Thomas.*

[a] Mistress *Anne Page!*] So late as to the beginning of the last century an unmarried lady was styled *Mistress.*

[b] Did her grandsire, &c.] The folio gives this and a succeeding speech, "I know the young gentlewoman," &c. to Slender. From the context it is evident they belong to Shallow.

[c] Petter penny.] *Better penny* was proverbial, but its precise meaning has not come down to us.

[d] *Your* fault:] That is, your *misfortune.* This meaning of the word is illustrated by a passage in "Pericles," Act IV. Sc. 3:—

"BAWD. You are lit into my hands, where you are like to live.
MARINA. The more my *fault,*
To 'scape his hands, where I was like to die."

It occurs again in the present play, Act III. Sc. 3, with the same sense:—

"PAGE. I would not have your distemper in this kind, for the wealth of Windsor Castle.
FORD. 'T is my *fault,* Master Page; I suffer for it."

[e] Counsel:] Falstaff quibbles on the words *council* and *counsel;* the latter signifying *secrecy.* "'Twere better for you it were known only to those who will not talk of it, or you will become ridiculous."

EVA. *Pauca verba*, sir John, good worts.

FAL. Good worts! good cabbage.[a]—Slender, I broke your head; what matter have you against me?

SLEN. Marry, sir, I have matter in my head against you; and against your coney-catching[b] rascals, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol. They carried me to the tavern, and made me drunk, and afterwards picked my pocket.[c]

BARD. You Banbury cheese![d]

SLEN. Ay, it is no matter.

PIST. How now, Mephostophilus?[e]

SLEN. Ay, it is no matter.

NYM. Slice, I say! *pauca, pauca;* slice! that's my humour.

SLEN. Where's Simple, my man?—can you tell, cousin?

EVA. Peace, I pray you! Now let us understand: there is three umpires in this matter, as I understand: that is—master Page, *fidelicet*, master Page; and there is myself, *fidelicet*, myself; and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine Host of the Garter.

PAGE. We three, to hear it, and end it between them.

EVA. Fery goot: I will make a prief of it in my note-book; and we will afterwards 'ork upon the cause, with as great discreetly as we can.

FAL. Pistol,—

PIST. He hears with ears.

EVA. The tevil and his tam! what phrase is this, *He hears with ear?* Why, it is affectations.

FAL. Pistol, did you pick master Slender's purse?

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[a] *Good* worts! *good* cabbage.] *Worts* meant *coleworts, cabbages*, and any kind of pot-herbs, formerly.

[b] *Your* coney-catching *rascals,*—] A *coney-catcher*, by metaphor from those that rob warrens or coney-grounds, was a *sharper*, a *trickster*.

[c] They carried me to the tavern, &c.] These words, which seem to introduce Falstaff's subsequent question, ("Pistol, did you pick Master Slender's purse?") are restored from the quarto, 1602.

[d] *You* Banbury cheese!] A soft, thin cream-cheese. "Put off your cloathes, and you are like a *Banbery cheese*, nothing but paring."—JACK DRUM'S ENTERTAINMENT, 1601.

[e] Mephostophilus?] The name of an evil spirit in the popular history of Dr. Faustus. It was also a cant word for a gaunt-faced, lanthorn-jawed fellow.

SLEN. Ay, by these gloves, did he, (or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else,) of seven groats in mill-sixpences,[a] and two Edward shovel-boards, that cost me two shilling and two pence a-piece of Yead Miller, by these gloves.

FAL. Is this true, Pistol?

EVA. No; it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

PIST. Ha, thou mountain-foreigner!—Sir John and master mine,
I combat challenge of this latten bilbo:[b]
Word of denial in thy *labras*[c] here;
Word of denial: froth and scum, thou liest.

SLEN. By these gloves, then 'twas he.

NYM. Be avised, sir, and pass good humours: I will say, *marry trap*, with you, if you run the nuthook's[d] humour on me; that is the very note of it.

SLEN. By this hat, then he in the red face had it; for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass.

FAL. What say you, *Scarlet and John?*

BARD. Why, sir, for my part, I say, the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences.

EVA. It is his five senses: fie, what the ignorance is!

BARD. And being fap, sir, was, as they say, cashiered;[e] and so conclusions passed the careires.

SLEN. Ay, you spake in Latin then too; but 'tis no matter: I'll ne'er be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick: if I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

EVA. So Got 'udge me, that is a virtuous mind.

FAL. You hear all these matters denied, gentlemen; you hear it.

Enter ANNE PAGE *with wine;* MISTRESS FORD *and* MISTRESS PAGE *following.*

PAGE. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink within. [*Exit* ANNE PAGE.

SLEN. O heaven! this is mistress Anne Page.

PAGE. How now, mistress Ford?

FAL. Mistress Ford, by my troth, you are very well met: by your leave, good mistress. [*Kissing her.*

PAGE. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome: come, we have a hot venison pasty to dinner: come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness.

[*Exeunt all but* SHAL. SLENDER, *and* EVANS.

SLEN. I had rather than forty shillings, I had my book of Songs and Sonnets here:—

Enter SIMPLE.

how now, Simple! where have you been? I must wait on myself, must I? You have not *The Book of Riddles* about you, have you?

SIM. *Book of Riddles!* why, did you not lend it to Alice Shortcake upon Allhallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas?[f]

SHAL. Come, coz; come, coz; we stay for you. A word with you, coz: marry, this, coz; there is, as 'twere, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by sir Hugh here;—do you understand me?

SLEN. Ay, sir, you shall find me reasonable; if it be so, I shall do that that is reason.

SHAL. Nay, but understand me.

SLEN. So I do, sir.

EVA. Give ear to his motions, master Slender: I will description the matter to you, if you pe capacity of it.

SLEN. Nay, I will do as my cousin Shallow says: I pray you, pardon me; he's a justice of peace in his country, simple though I stand here.

EVA. But that is not the question; the question is concerning your marriage.

SHAL. Ay, there's the point, sir.

EVA. Marry, is it; the very point of it; to mistress Anne Page.

SLEN. Why, if it be so, I will marry her, upon any reasonable demands.

EVA. But can you affection the 'oman? Let us command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips; for divers philosophers hold, that the lips is parcel[g] of the mouth;—therefore, precisely, can you carry your good will to the maid?

SHAL. Cousin Abraham Slender, can you love her?

SLEN. I hope, sir,—I will do, as it shall become one that would do reason.

EVA. Nay, Got's lords and his ladies, you must speak possitable, if you can carry her your desires towards her.

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[a] Mill-sixpences,—] The mill-sixpences used in 1561 and 1562, were the first milled money used in England.

[b] Latten bilbo:] *Bilboa*, in Spain, was once famous for its fine-tempered sword-blades, and hence a sword was often called a *Bilbo*. A *latten bilbo* (*Latten* being a mixed metal akin to brass) means a sword wanting both edge and temper.

[c] *In thy* labras *here;*] In thy *lips*. The old quarto reads:—

——"I do retort the lie
Even in thy gorge, thy gorge, thy gorge."

[d] *The* nuthook's humour—] *Nuthook* was the slang title of a catchpole. Nym threatens poor Slender with the *marry trap* if he *comes the constable over him*, by charging him with theft.

[e] *And being fap, sir, was, as they say,* cashiered;] Equipollent to, *being drunk, was cleaned out.*

[f] *A fortnight afore* Michaelmas?] Theobald proposed to read *Martlemas*, but the blunder was perhaps designed.

[g] Parcel *of the mouth;*] *Parcel* is *part;* and is still so used in law language.

SHAL. That you must: will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

SLEN. I will do a greater thing than that, upon your request, cousin, in any reason.

SHAL. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz: what I do, is to pleasure you, coz: can you love the maid?

SLEN. I will marry her, sir, at your request; but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married, and have more occasion to know one another: I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt*: but if you say, *marry her*, I will marry her, that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.

EVA. It is a fery discretion answer; save, the faul' is in the 'ort *dissolutely:* the 'ort is, according to our meaning, resolutely;—his meaning is goot.

SHAL. Ay, I think my cousin meant well.

SLEN. Ay, or else I would I might be hanged, la.

SHAL. Here comes fair mistress Anne:

(*) Old copy, *content*.

Re-enter ANNE PAGE.

Would I were young, for your sake, Mistress Anne!

ANNE. The dinner is on the table; my father desires your worships' company.

SHAL. I will wait on him, fair mistress Anne.

EVA. Od's plessed will! I will not pe absence at the grace.

[*Exeunt* SHALLOW *and* SIR HUGH EVANS.

ANNE. Will't please your worship to come in, sir?

SLEN. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.

ANNE. The dinner attends you, sir.

SLEN. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth: go, sirrah, for all you are my man, go, wait upon my cousin Shallow. [*Exit* SIMPLE.] A justice of peace sometime may be beholden to his friend for a man:—I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead: but what though? yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

ANNE. I may not go in without your worship: they will not sit till you come.

SLEN. I'faith, I'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did.

ANNE. I pray you, sir, walk in.

SLEN. I had rather walk here, I thank you: I bruised my shin the other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence,[a] three veneys[b] for a dish of stewed prunes; and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears i' th' town?

ANNE. I think there are, sir; I heard them talked of.

SLEN. I love the sport well; but I shall as soon quarrel at it, as any man in England. You are afraid, if you see the bear loose, are you not?

ANNE. Ay, indeed, sir.

SLEN. That's meat and drink to me now: I have seen Sackerson (5) loose, twenty times; and have taken him by the chain: but, I warrant you, the women have so cried and shrieked at it, that it passed:[c]—but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em: they are very ill-favoured rough things.

Re-enter PAGE.

PAGE. Come, gentle master Slender, come; we stay for you.

SLEN. I'll eat nothing, I thank you, sir.

PAGE. By cock and pye, you shall not choose, sir: come, come.

SLEN. Nay, pray you, lead the way.

PAGE. Come on, sir.

SLEN. Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first.

ANNE. Not I, sir; pray you, keep on.

SLEN. Truly, I will not go first; truly, la: I will not do you that wrong.

ANNE. I pray you, sir.

SLEN. I'll rather be unmannerly, than troublesome: you do yourself wrong, indeed, la.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS *and* SIMPLE.

EVA. Go your ways, and ask of Doctor Caius' house, which is the way: and there dwells one mistress Quickly, which is in the manner o nurse, or his dry nurse, or his cook, or his la his washer, and his wringer.

SIM. Well, sir?

EVA. Nay, it is petter yet:—give her this l for it is a 'oman that altogether's acquain with mistress Anne Page: and the letter desire and require her to solicit your master's d to mistress Anne Page: I pray you, pe go will make an end of my dinner; there's pippi cheese to come. [*E*

SCENE III.—*A Room in the* Garter I

Enter FALSTAFF, HOST, BARDOLPH, N PISTOL, *and* ROBIN.

FAL. Mine Host of the Garter,—

HOST. What says my bully-rook?[d] speak arly, and wisely.

FAL. Truly, mine host, I must turn away of my followers.

HOST. Discard, bully Hercules; cashier them wag; trot, trot.

FAL. I sit at ten pounds a week.

HOST. Thou'rt an emperor, Cæsar, Keis Pheezar. I will entertain Bardolph; he draw, he shall tap: said I well, bully Hecto

FAL. Do so, good mine host.

HOST. I have spoke; let him follow. L see thee, froth and lime:[e] I am at a word; f [*Exit*

FAL. Bardolph, follow him; a tapster is a trade: an old cloak makes a new jerkin; a wi serving-man, a fresh tapster: go; adieu.

BARD. It is a life that I have desired; thrive. [*Exit*

PIST. O base Gongarian * wight! wilt th spigot wield?

NYM. He was gotten in drink: is not the h conceited? His mind is not heroic, and t the humour of it.[f]

FAL. I am glad, I am so acquit of this t box; his thefts were too open: his filchin like an unskilful singer, he kept not time.

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[a] A master of fence,—] One who had taken his *master's* degree n the "Noble Science of Defence."

[b] *Three* veneys—] Three *hits;* from the French, *venue* or *veney*, a *touch* or *hit* in fencing.

[c] *That it* passed:] Meaning it *surpassed* belief or expression. So in "Troilus and Cressida," Act I. Sc. 2: "And all the rest so laughed, that it *passed;*" again, in the present play, Act IV. Sc. 2, Page, amazed at Ford's vehemence, exclaims, "*this passes!*" And in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," Act II. Sc. 1: "Your own present folly and her *passing* deformity," i.e. *surpassing* deformity. So, too, in the Scriptures, "And the peace of God, which *passeth* all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus."—Phil. iv.7.

[d] Bully-rook?] In Shakespeare's day this epithet bore much the same meaning as "jolly dog" now; but it came subsequently to have a more offensive signification, and was applied to and sharper.

[e] Froth and lime:] The folio reads *live*, for lime. *Fr lime* was an old cant term for a tapster, in allusion to the of frothing beer, and adulterating sack. The host means see thee turn tapster. "*To keep a tapster from frothing h* Provide in a readiness the skin of a red-herring, and w tapster is absent, do but rub a little on the inside of the p he will not be able to froth them, do what he can in a goo after."—COTGRAVE's *Wit's Interpreter*, 1671, p. 92, ap. Ha

[f] He was gotten in drink, &c.] This speech of Nym's up from the quarto of 1602, and the folio 1623, the lat being only found in the early sketch.

(*) First folio, *Hungarian.*

NYM. The good humour is, to steal at a minute's rest.

PIST. Convey, the wise it call: steal! foh; a fico for the phrase!

FAL. Well, sirs, I am almost out at heels.

PIST. Why then, let kibes[a] ensue.

FAL. There is no remedy; I must coney-catch; I must shift.

PIST. Young ravens must have food.

FAL. Which of you know Ford of this town?

PIST. I ken the wight; he is of substance good.

FAL. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

PIST. Two yards, and more.

FAL. No quips now, Pistol; indeed I am in the waist two yards about: but I am now about no waste; I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife; I spy entertainment in her; she discourses, she carves,[b] she gives the leer of invitation: I can construe the action of her familiar style; and the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be englished rightly, is, *I am sir John Falstaff's.*

PIST. He hath studied her will, and translated her will; out of honesty into English.

NYM. The anchor is deep:[c] will that humour pass?

FAL. Now, the report goes, she has all the rule of her husband's purse; she hath legions of angels.[d]

PIST. As many devils entertain; and, *To her, boy,* say I.

NYM. The humour rises; it is good: humour me the angels.

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a Kibes—] *Chilblains.*

b *She* carves—] See note (4), page 104.

c The anchor is deep:] Nym, in his fustian language, perhaps means, that he does not fathom the object of this love to Ford's wife; when he hears, however, that the ultimate end is to pocket her "legions of angels," "the humour rises; it is good."

d She *hath* legions *of angels.*] So the quarto; the folio reads, "*he* hath *a legend* of angels."

FAL. I have writ me here a letter to her: and here another to Page's wife; who even now gave me good eyes too, examined my parts with most judicious œiliads:[a] sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly.

PIST. Then did the sun on dung-hill shine.

NYM. I thank thee for that humour.

FAL. O, she did so course o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning glass! Here's another letter to her: she bears the purse too; she is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty. I will be cheaters[b] to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me; they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both. Go, bear thou this letter to mistress Page; and thou this to mistress Ford: we will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

PIST. Shall I sir Pandarus of Troy become,
And by my side wear steel? then, Lucifer take all!

NYM. I will run no base humour: here, take the humour letter; I will keep the 'haviour reputation.

FAL. Hold, sirrah, [*To* ROBIN.] bear you these letters tightly;[c]
Sail like my pinnace to these golden shores.
Rogues, hence, avaunt! vanish like hail-stones, go!
Trudge, plod, away, o' th'* hoof; seek shelter, pack!
Falstaff will learn the humour of this† age,
French thrift, you rogues; myself, and skirted page.[d] [*Exeunt* FALSTAFF *and* ROBIN.]

PIST. Let vultures gripe thy guts! for gourd and fullam holds,
And high and low beguiles the rich and poor:[e]
Tester I'll have in pouch, when thou shalt lie,
Base Phrygian Turk!

NYM. I have operations in my head,‡ which humours of revenge.

PIST. Wilt thou revenge?

NYM. By welkin, and her star!

PIST. With wit, or steel?

---

[a] Œiliads:] From the French *Œillade*, an *ogle*, or amorous glance, to cast a sheep's eye. Sometimes written *eye-lids*.

[b] Cheaters—] The popular name for *escheators*, those officers employed to certify to the Exchequer what *escheats* fall to the Crown through forfeiture, the death of tenants without heirs, &c.

[c] Tightly;] *Briskly, promptly.*

[d] French thrift, *you rogues;* myself, and skirted page.] Alluding to the custom then prevalent in France of making a smart page serve the purpose of a tribe of retainers.

[e] *For* gourd, *and* fullam *holds,*
And high *and* low *beguiles the rich and poor:*]

(*) First folio, *i' th'*.

(†) First folio, *hum*

(‡) First folio omits, *in my head.*

Gourd, fullam, high-men, and *low*-men, were the pro terms for false dice.

"What should I say more of false dice, of *fullams*, *h* *lowe*-men, *gourds* and brizled dice, graviers, demies, traries?" — GREEN's *Art of Juggling*, &c. 1612, qu Steevens.

[f] *By welkin, and her* star!] For *star*, the quarto reads

NYM. With both the humours, I:
I will discuss the humour of this love to Page.*

PIST. And I to Ford † shall eke unfold,
How Falstaff, varlet vile,
His dove will prove, his gold will hold,
And his soft couch defile.

NYM. My humour shall not cool: I will incense Page * to deal with poison; I will possess him with yellowness, for the revolt of mine[a] is dangerous: that is my true humour.

PIST. Thou art the Mars of malcontents: I second thee; troop on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in* Dr. Caius's *House.*

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY, SIMPLE, *and* RUGBY.

QUICK. What; John Rugby!—I pray thee, go to the casement, and see if you can see my master, master Doctor Caius, coming: if he do, i'faith, and find any body in the house, here will be an old[b] abusing of God's patience, and the king's English.

RUG. I'll go watch.

QUICK. Go; and we'll have a posset for't soon at night, in faith, at the latter end of a sea-coal fire. [*Exit* RUGBY.] An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal; and, I warrant you, no tell-tale, nor no breed-bate: his worst fault is, that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish that way: but nobody but has his fault;—but let that pass. Peter Simple, you say your name is?

SIM. Ay, for fault of a better.

QUICK. And master Slender's your master?

SIM. Ay, forsooth.

QUICK. Does he not wear a great round beard, like a glover's paring-knife?

SIM. No, forsooth: he hath but a little wee face, with a little yellow beard; a Cain-coloured beard.(6)

QUICK. A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

(*) First folio, *Ford.* (†) First folio, *Page.*

[a] *For the revolt* of mine—] The poet probably wrote "*this* revolt of mine." Steevens proposed to read "the revolt of *mien*," but the change is no improvement. In "Henry V." Act II. Sc. 2, we have:—

"*For this revolt of thine*, methinks, is like
Another fall of man."

[b] *An* old *abusing*—] *An old*, i.e. a *famous*, a *rare*, a *plentiful* abusing.

SIM. Ay, forsooth: but he is as tall a man of his hands,[a] as any is between this and his head; he hath fought with a warrener.

QUICK. How say you?—O, I should remember him; does he not hold up his head, as it were, and strut in his gait?

SIM. Yes, indeed, does he.

QUICK. Well, heaven send Anne Page no worse fortune! Tell master parson Evans, I will do what I can for your master: Anne is a good girl, and I wish—

Re-enter RUGBY.

RUG. Out, alas! here comes my master.

QUICK. We shall all be shent:[b] run in here, good young man; go into this closet. [*Shuts* SIMPLE *in the closet.*] He will not stay long.—What, John Rugby! John! what, John! I say!—Go, John, go inquire for my master; I doubt, he be not well, that he comes not home:—*and down, down, adown a,* &c. [*Sings.*

Enter DOCTOR CAIUS.

CAIUS. Vat is you sing? I do not like dese toys; pray you, go and vetch me in my closet *un boitier verd;* a box, a green-a box; do intend vat I speak? a green-a box.

QUICK. Ay, forsooth, I'll fetch it you. I am glad he went not in himself: if he had found the young man, he would have been horn-mad. [*Aside.*

CAIUS. *Fe, fe, fe, fe! ma foi, il fait fort chaud.*[c] *Je m'en vais à la Cour,—la grande affaire.*

QUICK. Is it this, sir?

CAIUS. *Ouy; mette le au mon* pocket; *depêche,* quickly: vere is dat knave Rugby?

QUICK. What, John Rugby! John!

RUG. Here, sir.

CAIUS. You are John Rugby, and you are Jack[d] Rugby: come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to de court.

RUG. 'Tis ready, sir, here in the porch.

CAIUS. By my trot, I tarry too long:—Od's me! *Qu'ay j'oublié?* dere is some simples in my closet, dat I vill not for the varld I shall leave behind.

QUICK. Ay me! he'll find the young man there, and be mad.

CAIUS. *O diable, diable!* vat is in my closet?—Villainy! *larron!* [*Pulling* SIMPLE Rugby, my rapier.

QUICK. Good master, be content.

CAIUS. Verefore[e] shall I be content-a?

QUICK. The young man is an honest man.

CAIUS. Vat shall de honest man do in my c dere is no honest man dat shall come in my c

QUICK. I beseech you, be not so flegma hear the truth of it: he came of an errand from parson Hugh.

CAIUS. Vell?

SIM. Ay, forsooth, to desire her to—

QUICK. Peace, I pray you.

CAIUS. Peace-a your tongue:—speak-a tale.

SIM. To desire this honest gentlewoman, maid, to speak a good word to mistress Anne for my master, in the way of marriage.

QUICK. This is all, indeed, la; but I'll put my finger in the fire, and need not.

CAIUS. Sir Hugh send-a you?—Rugby, b me some paper: tarry you a little-a while. [W

QUICK. I am glad he is so quiet: if he been throughly moved, you should have heard so loud, and so melancholy;—but notwithstan man, I'll do you your master what good I can: the very yea and the no is, the French docto master,—I may call him my master, look yo I keep his house; and I wash, wring, brew, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds do all myself;—

SIM. 'Tis a great charge, to come unde body's hand.

QUICK. Are you avised[f] o' that? you shall it a great charge: and to be up early and late;—but notwithstanding, (to tell you in ear, I would have no words of it;) my m himself is in love with mistress Anne Page: notwithstanding that,—I know Anne's min that's neither here nor there.

CAIUS. You jack'nape; give-a dis letter t Hugh; by gar, it is a shallenge: I vill cu troat in de park; and I vill teach a scurvy jac nape priest to meddle or make: you may be g it is not good you tarry here: by gar, I vill cu his two stones; by gar, he shall not have a s to trow at his dog. [*Exit* SIM

QUICK. Alas, he speaks but for his friend.

CAIUS. It is no matter-a vor dat:—do not

---

[a] *As* tall *a man* of his hands,—] That is, as *able,* or bold a man of his hands. Florio translates *Manesco, readie* or *nimble-handed, a tall man of his hands.*

[b] Shent:] *Shent* here means *undone, ruined.*

[c] Il fait fort chaud, &c.] The printers of the folio make sorry work of both French and Latin; there the above reads, *il fait for chando, Ie man voi a le Court,* &c.

[d] *And you axe* Jack *Rugby:*] The Doctor had been long enough in England to learn that *Jack* was another name for *knave.*

[e] Verefore, &c.] The old text, which here reads *wherefore,* is not consistent in its mode of rendering the Doctor's b English; but, in common with all modern editions, we ren uniform throughout.

[f] *Are you* avised o' that?] A household phrase at one equivalent to, Have you found out that? Has it occurred to O, you think so, do you? Thus, in "The Isle of G Act II. Sc. 1:—

"HIP. And in good earnest wee are not father'd much an VIST. Are you *avis'd of that?*"

tell-a me dat I shall have Anne Page for myself? by gar, I vill kill de Jack priest; and I have appointed mine Host of *de Jarterre* to measure our weapon: by gar, I vill myself have Anne Page.

QUICK. Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well: we must give folks leave to prate: what, the good-year!

CAIUS. Rugby, come to the court vit me;—by gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall turn your head out of my door:—follow my heels, Rugby.

[*Exeunt* CAIUS *and* RUGBY.

QUICK. You shall have An fools-head of your own. No, I know Anne's mind for that: never a woman in Windsor knows more of Anne's mind than I do; nor can do more than I do with her, I thank heaven.

FENT. [*Without.*] Who's within there? ho!

QUICK. Who's there, I trow? Come near the house, I pray you.

Enter FENTON.

FENT. How now, good woman; how dost thou?

QUICK. The better, that it pleases your good worship to ask.

FENT. What news? how does pretty mistress Anne?

QUICK. In truth, sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way; I praise heaven for it.

FENT. Shall I do any good, thinkest thou? Shall I not lose my suit?

QUICK. Troth, sir, all is in his hands above: but notwithstanding, master Fenton, I'll be sworn on a book, she loves you:—have not your worship a wart above your eye?

FENT. Yes, marry, have I; what of that?

QUICK. Well, thereby hangs a tale;—good faith, it is such another Nan;—but, I detest, an honest maid as ever broke bread:—we had an hour's talk of that wart;—I shall never laugh but in that maid's company!—But, indeed, she is given too much to allicholly and musing: but for you—well, go to.

FENT. Well, I shall see her to-day: hold, there's money for thee; let me have thy voice in my behalf: if thou seest her before me, commend me—

QUICK. Will I? i' faith, that we will: and I will tell your worship more of the wart, the next time we have confidence; and of other wooers.

FENT. Well, farewell; I am in great haste now.

QUICK. Farewell to your worship [*Exit* FENTON. Truly, an honest gentleman; but Anne loves him not; for I know Anne's mind as well as another does: out upon't! what have I forgot! [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Before* Page's *House.*

Enter Mistress Page, *with a letter.*

Mrs. Page. What! have I* 'scaped love-letters in the holy-day time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? Let me see: [*Reads.*

Ask me no reason why I love you; for though love use reason for his physician,[a] *he admits him not for his counsellor. You are not young, no more am I; go to then, there's sympathy; you are merry, so am I; ha! ha! then there's more sympathy: you love sack, and so do I; would you desire better sympathy? Let it suffice, mistress Page, (at the least, if the love of a soldier can suffice,) that I love thee. I will not pity me, 'tis not a soldier-like phrase; but say, love me. By me,*

Thine own true knight,
By day or night,
Or any kind of light,
With all his might,
For thee to fight. John Fals

(*) First folio omits, *I.*

[a] — *though love use reason for his* physician,—] Old copies, *precisian.* The emendation is Johnson's, and, supported by the line, "My *reason*, the *physician* to my *love*," in our author's 147th Sonnet, it should have found a place in modern edition.

What a Herod of Jewry is this?—O wicked, wicked, world!—one that is well nigh worn to pieces with age, to show himself a young gallant! What an unweighed behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard picked (with the devil's name) out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my company!—What should I say to him? I was then frugal of my mirth: heaven forgive me!—Why, I'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down of fat men.[a] How shall I be revenged on him? for revenged I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

Enter MISTRESS FORD.

MRS. FORD. Mistress Page! trust me, I was going to your house.

MRS. PAGE. And, trust me, I was coming to you: you look very ill.

MRS. FORD. Nay, I'll ne'er believe that; I have to show to the contrary.

MRS. PAGE. 'Faith, but you do, in my mind.

MRS. FORD. Well, I do then; yet, I say, I could show you to the contrary: O, mistress Page, give me some counsel!

MRS. PAGE. What's the matter, woman?

MRS. FORD. O woman, if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour!

MRS. PAGE. Hang the trifle, woman, take the honour: What is it? dispense with trifles; what is it?

MRS. FORD. If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment, or so, I could be knighted.

MRS. PAGE. What?—thou liest!—Sir Alice Ford! These knights will hack;[b] and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry.

MRS. FORD. We burn day-light: here, read, read; perceive how I might be knighted. I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking:[c] and yet he would not swear; praised* women's modesty: and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words: but they do no more adhere and keep place together, than the hundredth psalm† to the tune of *Green Sleeves*.(1) What tempest, I trow, threw this whale, with so many tuns of oil in his belly, ashore at Windsor? How shall I be revenged on him? I think, the best way were to entertain him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his own grease. Did you ever hear the like?

MRS. PAGE. Letter for letter; but that the name of Page and Ford differs! To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twin-brother of thy letter: but let thine inherit first; for, I protest, mine never shall. I warrant, he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space for different names, (sure more,) and these are of the second edition: he will print them out of doubt; for he cares not what he puts into the press, when he would put us two. I had rather be a giantess, and lie under mount Pelion. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles, ere one chaste man.

MRS. FORD. Why, this is the very same; the very hand, the very words: what doth he think of us?

MRS. PAGE. Nay, I know not: it makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, sure, unless he know some strain[d] in me, that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

MRS. FORD. Boarding, call you it? I'll be sure to keep him above deck.

MRS. PAGE. So will I; if he come under my hatches, I'll never to sea again. Let's be revenged on him; let's appoint him a meeting; give him a show of comfort in his suit; and lead him on with a fine-baited delay, till he hath pawned his horses to mine Host of the Garter.

MRS. FORD. Nay, I will consent to act any villainy against him, that may not sully the chariness of our honesty. O, that[e] my husband saw this letter! it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

MRS. PAGE. Why, look, where he comes; and my good man too: he's as far from jealousy, as I am from giving him cause; and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable distance.

MRS. FORD. You are the happier woman.

MRS. PAGE. Let's consult together against this greasy knight: come hither. [*They retire.*

(*) Old text, *praise*. (†) Old text, *hundred psalms*.

[a] *For the putting down of* fat *men.*] Theobald first inserted *fat*, and the correction seems warranted by the context, as well as by the parallel passage of the early quarto:—

"Well, I shall trust *fat* men the worse while I live, for his sake."

[b] These knights will hack;] Nothing like a satisfactory explanation of this passage has yet been given. It is generally understood to be an allusion to the extravagant creation of knights by James I. in the early part of his reign. "These knights will become *hackneyed*," &c.; but there must be in it a meaning more pertinent than this.

[c] *Of men's* liking:] Of men's condition of body. *Good*, or *well-liking*, meant *plump*, in *good plight; ill-liking*, the reverse.

[d] *Some* strain *in me*,—] Some *turn, tendency*.

[e] O, that *my husband*—] That is, O, *if that* my husband, &c. The early quarto reads,—

"O Lord, if my husband should see this letter!"

Enter Ford, Page, Pistol, *and* Nym.

Ford. Well, I hope it be not so.

Pist. Hope is a curtail dog[a] in some affairs:
Sir John affects thy wife.

Ford. Why, sir, my wife is not young.

Pist. He woos both high and low, both rich and poor,
Both young and old, one with another, Ford;
He loves the gally-mawfry; Ford, perpend.

Ford. Love my wife?

Pist. With liver burning hot: prevent:
Or go thou, like sir Actæon he, with
Ring-wood at thy heels. O, odious is the name!

Ford. What name, sir?

Pist. The horn, I say: farewell.
Take heed; have open eye; for thieves do foot by night:
Take heed, ere summer comes, or cuckoo-birds do sing.—
Away, sir corporal Nym.——
Believe it, Page; he speaks sense. [*Exit* Pistol.

Ford. I will be patient; I will find out this.

Nym. And this is true; [*To* Page.] I like not the humour of lying. He hath wronged me in some humours: I should have borne the humoured letter to her; but I have a sword, and it shall bite upon my necessity. He loves your wife; there's the short and the long. My name is corporal Nym; I speak, and I avouch. 'Tis true:—my name is Nym, and Falstaff loves your wife.—Adieu! I love not the humour of bread and cheese; and there's the humour of it.[b] Adieu.
[*Exit* Nym.

Page. *The humour of it*, quoth 'a! here's a fellow frights humour[c] out of his wits.(2)

Ford. I will seek out Falstaff.

Page. I never heard such a drawling-affecting rogue.

Ford. If I do find it; well.

Page. I will not believe such a Cataian,[d] though the priest o' th' town (3) commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'Twas a good sensible fellow: well.[e]

Page. How now, Meg?

Mrs. Page. Whither go you, George? hark you.

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[a] A curtail dog—] It was supposed that the tail of a dog assisted him in running. A curtail dog may mean a *halting, lingering* dog, as it certainly implied a worthless one; "*A curtald aogg, chien courtaud, c'est à dire chien sans queuë ou esqueuë bon à tout service.*"—Howell's *Lexicon Tet.* 1660.

[b] And there's the humour of it.] These words, so necessary to the sense because echoed by Page, are omitted in the folio.

[c] *Frights* humour *out of his wits.*] So the quarto: the folio reads, Frights *English*, &c.

[d] Cataian,—] A term of reproach, of which the precise meaning is not known. Sir Toby, in "Twelfth Night," Act II. Sc. 3, applies it to Olivia:—

"My lady 's a *Cataian;*"

and it occurs in Sir William D'Avenant's play, called "Love and Honour," 1649, Act II. Sc. 1,—

"Hang him, bold *Cataian!*"

[e] 'Twas a good sensible fellow:] In this and the two preceding speeches, Ford must be supposed to be speaking to himself.

MRS. FORD. How now, sweet Frank? why art thou melancholy?

FORD. I melancholy! I am not melancholy. Get you home, go.

MRS. FORD. 'Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head now. Will you go, Mistress Page?

MRS. PAGE. Have with you. You'll come to dinner, George? Look, who comes yonder: she shall be our messenger to this paltry knight.

[*Aside to* MRS. FORD.

MRS. FORD. Trust me, I thought on her: she'll fit it.

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY.

MRS. PAGE. You are come to see my daughter Anne?

QUICK. Ay, forsooth; and, I pray, how does good mistress Anne?

MRS. PAGE. Go in with us, and see; we have an hour's talk with you.

[*Exeunt* MISTRESS PAGE, MISTRESS FORD, *and* MISTRESS QUICKLY.

PAGE. How now, master Ford?

FORD. You heard what this knave told me, did you not?

PAGE. Yes; and you heard what the other told me?

FORD. Do you think there is truth in them?

PAGE. Hang 'em, slaves; I do not think the knight would offer it: but these that accuse him in his intent towards our wives, are a yoke of his discarded men; very rogues, now they be out of service.

FORD. Were they his men?

PAGE. Marry, were they.

FORD. I like it never the better for that: does he lie at the Garter?

PAGE. Ay, marry, does he. If he should intend this voyage toward my wife, I would turn her loose to him; and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it lie on my head.

FORD. I do not misdoubt my wife; but I would be loath to turn them together: a man may be too confident: I would have nothing lie on my head: I cannot be thus satisfied.

PAGE. Look, where my ranting Host of the Garter comes: there is either liquor in his pate, or money in his purse, when he looks so merrily. How now, mine Host?

Enter Host, *and* SHALLOW, *behind.*

HOST. How now, bully-rook? thou'rt a gentleman: cavalero-justice, I say.

SHAL. I follow, mine Host, I follow.—Good even and twenty,[a] good master Page! Master Page, will you go with us? we have sport in hand.

HOST. Tell him, cavalero-justice; tell him, bully-rook.

SHAL. Sir, there is a fray to be fought, between sir Hugh the Welsh priest, and Caius the French doctor.

FORD. Good mine Host o' th' Garter, a word with you.

HOST. What say'st thou, my bully-rook?

[*They go aside.*

SHAL. Will you [*To* PAGE.] go with us to behold it? My merry Host hath had the measuring of their weapons; and, I think, hath appointed them contrary places: for, believe me, I hear the parson is no jester. Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be.

HOST. Hast thou no suit against my knight, my guest-cavalier?

FORD. None, I protest: but I'll give you a pottle of burnt sack to give me recourse to him, and tell him, my name is Brook;[b] only for a jest.

HOST. My hand, bully: thou shalt have egress and regress; said I well? and thy name shall be Brook: It is a merry knight. Will you go, mynheers?[c]

SHAL. Have with you, mine Host.

PAGE. I have heard the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier.

SHAL. Tut, sir, I could have told you more. In these times you stand on distance, your passes, stoccadoes, and I know not what: 'tis the heart, master Page; 'tis here, 'tis here. I have seen the time, with my long sword, I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats.

HOST. Here, boys, here, here! shall we wag?

PAGE. Have with you:—I had rather hear them scold than fight.

[*Exeunt* Host, SHALLOW, *and* PAGE.

FORD. Though Page be a secure[d] fool, and stands so firmly on his wife's fealty,[e] yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily: she was in his company at Page's house; and, what they made[f]

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[a] Good even and twenty,—] An old popular salutation, meaning twenty good evenings. Similar to which is, "*God night and a thousand* to every body."—ELIOT's *Fruits of the French*, 1593, quoted by Halliwell.

[b] *My name is* Brook;] The folio prints *Broome* throughout, as the assumed name of Ford, and assigns the present speech to Shallow.

[c] *Will you go*, myn-heers?] The folio reads, *An-heires*, an evident corruption, for which Theobald proposed the word we adopt. Warburton *Heris*, an old Scotch word for master; Malone, *and hear us*; Steevens, *on*, *heroes*, or *on*, *hearts*; Boaden, *Cavaliers*; and Mr. Collier's annotator, *on here*.

[d] *A* secure *fool*,—] An *over-confident*, or *careless* fool.

[e] And stands so firmly on his wife's fealty,—] That is, insists so stoutly upon his wife's fidelity. The old text has, "on his wife's frailty;" "*fealty*" is the correction of Theobald, and to us appears a very happy restoration.

[f] *And, what they* made *there*,—] A mode of speech now almost obsolete, implying, "What they *did* there." As in "Hamlet," Act I. Sc. 2,—

"And what *make* you from Wittenberg, Horatio?"

there, I know not. Well, I will look further into 't: and I have a disguise to sound Falstaff: if I find her honest, I lose not my labour; if she be otherwise, 't is labour well bestowed. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the* Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF *and* PISTOL.

FAL. I will not lend thee a penny.

PIST. Why, then the world's mine oyster,
Which I with sword will open.—
I will retort the sum in equipage.[a]

FAL. Not a penny. I have been content, sir, you should lay my countenance to pawn: I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you and your coach-fellow Nym; or else you had looked through the grate, like a geminy of baboons. I am damned in hell, for swearing to gentlemen my friends, you were good soldiers, and tall fellows: and when mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan, I took't upon mine honour, thou hadst it not.

PIST. Didst thou not share? hadst thou not fifteen pence?

FAL. Reason, you rogue, reason. Think'st thou, I'll endanger my soul *gratis?* At a
hang no more about me, I am no gibbet for
go. A short knife and a throng;[b] to your
of Pickt-hatch,(4) go. You'll not bear a
for me, you rogue! you stand upon your ho
Why, thou unconfinable baseness, it is as mu
I can do, to keep the terms of my honour pr
I, I, I myself sometimes, leaving the fear of h
on the left hand, and hiding mine honour i
necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to h
and yet you, rogue, will ensconce your rags,
cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lattice[c] phr
and your bold-beating oaths, under the shel
your honour! You will not do it, you!

PIST. I do relent;[d] what would thou m
man?

Enter ROBIN.

ROB. Sir, here's a woman would speak
you.

FAL. Let her approach.

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY.

QUICK. Give your worship good-morrow.

FAL. Good-morrow, good wife.

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[a] I will retort the sum in equipage.] This line is not in the folio, and it forms the whole of Pistol's reply in the quarto.

[b] A short knife and a throng;] Falstaff bids him get a cut-purse's knife, and seek out a crowd. Purses, it must be remembered, were formerly hung at the girdle.

[c] Red-lattice *phrases,*—] *Ale-house expressions.* Ale-ho
old times, were distinguished by *red-lattices,* as dairies ha
been by *green* ones.

[d] *I do* relent;] *Relent* here must mean *repent.* The qu
recant, which is the better word.

Quick. Not so, an't please your worship.

Fal. Good maid, then.

Quick. I'll be sworn; as my mother was, the first hour I was born.

Fal. I do believe the swearer: what with me?

Quick. Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two?

Fal. Two thousand, fair woman; and I'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

Quick. There is one mistress Ford, sir; I pray, come a little nearer this ways: I myself dwell with master doctor Caius.

Fal. Well, on: mistress Ford, you say,——

Quick. Your worship says very true: I pray your worship, come a little nearer this ways.

Fal. I warrant thee, nobody hears; mine own people, mine own people.

Quick. Are they so? Heaven bless them, and make them his servants!

Fal. Well: mistress Ford;—what of her?

Quick. Why, sir, she's a good creature. Lord, Lord! your worship's a wanton: well, heaven forgive you, and all of us, I pray!

Fal. Mistress Ford;—come, mistress Ford,—

Quick. Marry, this is the short and the long of it; you have brought her into such a canaries,[a] as 'tis wonderful. The best courtier of them all, when the court lay at Windsor, could never have brought her to such a canary. Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift; smelling so sweetly, (all musk,) and so rushling, I warrant you, in silk and gold; and in such alligant terms; and in such wine and sugar of the best, and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart; and I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her.—I had myself twenty angels given me this morning: but I defy all angels, (in any such sort, as they say,) but in the way of honesty:

[a] Canaries,—] Mrs. Q. means, *quandaries*.

and, I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all: and yet there has been earls, nay, which is more, pensioners;[a] but, I warrant you, all is one with her.

FAL. But what says she to me? be brief, my good she-Mercury.

QUICK. Marry, she hath received your letter for the which she thanks you a thousand times: and she gives you to notify, that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven.

FAL. Ten and eleven.

QUICK. Ay, forsooth; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot of; master Ford, her husband, will be from home. Alas! the sweet woman leads an ill life with him; he's a very jealousy man; she leads a very frampold[b] life with him, good heart.

FAL. Ten and eleven; woman, commend me to her; I will not fail her.

QUICK. Why, you say well. But I have another messenger to your worship: mistress Page hath her hearty commendations to you too;—and let me tell you in your ear, she's as fartuous a civil modest wife, and one, I tell you, that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, whoe'er be the other: and she bade me tell your worship, that her husband is seldom from home; but she hopes there will come a time. I never knew a woman so dote upon a man; surely, I think you have charms, la; yes, in truth.

FAL. Not I, I assure thee; setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charms.

QUICK. Blessing on your heart for't!

FAL. But, I pray thee, tell me this: has Ford's wife, and Page's wife, acquainted each other how they love me?

QUICK. That were a jest, indeed!—they have not so little grace, I hope:—that were a trick, indeed! but mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page, of all loves;[c] her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page: and, truly, master Page is an honest man. Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does; do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will; and, truly, she deserves it: for if there be a kind woman in Windsor, she is one. You must send her your page; no remedy.

FAL. Why, I will.

QUICK. Nay, but do so then: and, look you, he may come and go between you both; and, in any case, have a nay-word, that you may one another's mind, and the boy never understand anything; for 'tis not good that dren should know any wickedness: old folk know, have discretion, as they say, and kn world.

FAL. Fare thee well: commend me t both: there's my purse; I am yet thy —Boy, go along with this woman.—This distracts me! [*Exeunt* QUICKLY *and* P

PIST. This punk is one of Cupid's carri Clap on more sails; pursue! up with your f Give fire! she is my prize, or ocean whelm all! [*Exit* P

FAL. Say'st thou so, old Jack? go thy I'll make more of thy old body than I have Will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou the expense of so much money, be now a g Good body, I thank thee: let them say, 't is done; so it be fairly done, no matter.

Enter BARDOLPH.

BARD. Sir John, there's one master below would fain speak with you, and quainted with you; and hath sent your a morning's draught of sack.(5)

FAL. Brook, is his name?

BARD. Ay, sir.

FAL. Call him in. [*Exit* BARDOLPH.] Brooks are welcome to me, that o'erflow liquor. Ah! ha! mistress Ford and m Page, have I encompassed you? go to; *via*

Re-enter BARDOLPH, *with* FORD *disgui*

FORD. 'Bless you, sir.

FAL. And you, sir: would you speak wi

FORD. I make bold, to press with so preparation upon you.

FAL. You're welcome; what's your will us leave, drawer. [*Exit* BARD

FORD. Sir, I am a gentleman that have much; my name is Brook.

FAL. Good master Brook, I desire mo quaintance of you.

FORD. Good sir John, I sue for yours: charge you; for I must let you unders think myself in better plight for a lende you are: the which hath something emb me to this unseasoned intrusion; for they money go before, all ways do lie open.

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[a] Pensioners;] Gentlemen of the band of Pensioners, whose duty was to be in immediate attendance on the sovereign, and whose splendid uniform might well induce Mrs. Quickly to rank them above the magnates of the Court.

[b] Frampold *life*—] *Frampold*, equivalent to our *cantankerous*.

[c] Of all loves;] *For love's sake*. See note (b), page 356.

[d] Up with your fights;] "The Waste-cloaths that ha about the Ship in a Fight, to hinder the Men from being the Enemy: Also any Place wherein men may cov selves, and yet use their Fire-arms."—PHILLIPS' *New Words*, 1706.

FAL. Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on.

FORD. Troth, and I have a bag of money here, troubles me: if you will help to bear it, sir John, take half, or all, for easing me of the carriage.

FAL. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter.

FORD. I will tell you, sir, if you will give me the hearing.

FAL. Speak, good master Brook; I shall be glad to be your servant.

FORD. Sir, I hear you are a scholar. I will be brief with you; and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never so good means, as desire, to make myself acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfection: but, good sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own; that I may pass with a reproof the easier, sith you yourself know, how easy it is to be such an offender.

FAL. Very well, sir; proceed.

FORD. There is a gentlewoman in this town, her husband's name is Ford.

FAL. Well, sir.

FORD. I have long loved her, and, I protest to you, bestowed much on her; followed her with a doting observance; engrossed opportunities to meet her; fee'd every slight occasion, that could but niggardly give me sight of her; not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what she would have given: briefly, I have pursued her, as love hath pursued me; which hath been, on the wing of all occasions. But whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind, or in my means, meed, I am sure, I have received none; unless experience be a jewel: that I have purchased at an infinite rate; and that hath taught me to say this:

Love like a shadow flies, when substance love pursues;
Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.

FAL. Have you received no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

FORD. Never.

FAL. Have you importuned her to such a purpose?

FORD. Never.

FAL. Of what quality was your love then?

FORD. Like a fair house, built upon another man's ground; so that I have lost my edifice, by mistaking the place where I erected it.

FAL. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

FORD. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say, that, though she appear honest to me, yet, in other places, she enlargeth her mirth so far, that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, sir John, here is the heart of my purpose: you are a gentleman of excellent

breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance,[a] authentic in your place and person, generally allowed for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.

FAL. O, sir!

FORD. Believe it, for you know it: there is money; spend it, spend it; spend more; spend all I have; only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this Ford's wife: use your art of wooing, win her to consent to you; if any man may, you may as soon as any.

FAL. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? Methinks, you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.[b]

FORD. O, understand my drift! she dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour,[c] that the folly of my soul dares not present itself; she is too bright to be looked against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves; I could drive her then from the ward[d] of her purity, her reputation, her marriage vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too strongly embattled against me. What say you to't, sir John?

FAL. Master Brook, I will first make bold with your money; next, give me your hand; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

FORD. O, good sir!

FAL. I say you shall.

FORD. Want no money, sir John, you shall want none.

FAL. Want no mistress Ford, master Brook, you shall want none. I shall be with her, (I may tell you,) by her own appointment—even as you came in to me, her assistant, or go-between, parted from me—I say, I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally knave, her husband, will be forth. Come you to me at night; you shall know how I speed.

FORD. I am blest in your acquaintance. Do you know Ford, sir?

FAL. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave! I know him not: yet I wrong him, to call him poor; they say, the jealous wittolly knave hath masses of money; for the which his wife seems to me well-favoured. I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffer; and there's my harvest-home.

FORD. I would you knew Ford, sir; that you might avoid him, if you saw him.

FAL. Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rog[illegible] I will stare him out of his wits; I will ma[illegible] with my cudgel: it shall hang like a meteor [illegible] the cuckold's horns: master Brook, thou [illegible] know, I will predominate over the peasant, [illegible] thou shalt lie with his wife. Come to me [illegible] at night: Ford's a knave, and I will aggr[illegible] his stile; thou, master Brook, shalt know [illegible] for knave and cuckold: come to me so[illegible] night. [Ex[illegible]

FORD. What a damned Epicurean rog[illegible] this!—My heart is ready to crack with [illegible] patience. Who says, this is improvident jea[illegible] My wife hath sent to him, the hour is fix[illegible] match is made. Would any man have th[illegible] this? See the hell of having a false woman! [illegible] bed shall be abused, my coffers ransacked, [illegible] reputation gnawn at; and I shall not only re[illegible] this villainous wrong, but stand under the adag[illegible] of abominable terms, and by him that do[illegible] this wrong. Terms! names! Amaimon so[illegible] well; Lucifer, well; Barbason, well; yet [illegible] are devils' additions, the names of fiends: [illegible] cuckold! wittol-cuckold! the devil himself [illegible] not such a name. Page is an ass, a secure [illegible] he will trust his wife, he will not be jealo[illegible] will rather trust a Fleming with my butter, pa[illegible] Hugh the Welshman with my cheese, an Ir[illegible] with my aqua-vitæ bottle, or a thief to wal[illegible] ambling gelding, than my wife with herself: [illegible] she plots, then she ruminates, then she de[illegible] and what they think in their hearts they [illegible] effect, they will break their hearts but they [illegible] effect. Heaven be praised for my jea[illegible] eleven o'clock the hour; I will prevent [illegible] detect my wife, be revenged on Falstaff, [illegible] laugh at Page. I will about it; better [illegible] hours too soon, than a minute too late. Fo[illegible] fie! cuckold! cuckold! cuckold! [Ex[illegible]

SCENE III.—Windsor Park.

Enter CAIUS *and* RUGBY.

CAIUS. Jack Rugby!

RUG. Sir.

CAIUS. Vat is de clock, Jack?

RUG. 'Tis past the hour, sir, that sir [illegible] promised to meet.

CAIUS. By gar, he has save his soul, dat [illegible] no come; he has pray his pible vell, dat he [illegible] come: by gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead alre[illegible] he be come.

[a] Of great admittance,—] *i.e.* Of great *vogue, fashion*, &c.

[b] Preposterously.] See note ([a]), page 248.

[c] She dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour,—] This passage serves in some degree to support Theobald's reading of the very similar one in Scene I:—"Though Page be [illegible] fool, and *stands* so firmly on his wife's *fealty*." See [illegible] page 653.

[d] Ward—] *Guard.*

RUG. He is wise, sir; he knew, your worship would kill him, if he came.

CAIUS. By gar, de herring is no dead, so as I vill kill him. Take your rapier, Jack; I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

RUG. Alas, sir, I cannot fence.

CAIUS. Villainy, take your rapier.

RUG. Forbear; here's company.

Enter Host, SHALLOW, SLENDER, *and* PAGE.

HOST. 'Bless thee, bully doctor.

SHAL. 'Save you, master doctor Caius.

PAGE. Now, good master doctor!

SLEN. 'Give you good-morrow, sir.

CAIUS. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

HOST. To see thee fight, to see thee foin,[a] to see thee traverse, to see thee here, to see thee there; to see thee pass thy punto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montánt.[b] Is he dead, my Ethiopian? is he dead, my Francisco? ha, bully! What says my Æsculapius? my Galen? my heart of elder? ha! is he dead, bully Stale? is he dead?

CAIUS. By gar, he is de coward Jack priest of de vorld; he is not show his face.

HOST. Thou art a Castilian, king Urinal! Hector of Greece, my boy!

CAIUS. I pray you, bear vitness that me have stay six or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

SHAL. He is the wiser man, master doctor: he is a curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies; if you should fight, you go against the hair of your professions; is it not true, master Page?

PAGE. Master Shallow, you have yourself been a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

SHAL. Bodykins, master Page, though I now be old, and of the peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one: though we are justices, and doctors, and churchmen, master Page, we have some salt of our youth in us; we are the sons of women, master Page.

PAGE. 'Tis true, master Shallow.

SHAL. It will be found so, master Page. Master doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home. I am sworn of the peace; you have showed yourself a wise physician, and sir Hugh hath shown himself a wise and patient churchman: you must go with me, master doctor.

HOST. Pardon, guest justice: a word,(*) monsieur Mock-water.

CAIUS. Mock-vater! vat is dat?

HOST. Mock-water, in our English tongue, is valour, bully.

CAIUS. By gar, then I have as much mock-vater as de Englishman.——Scurvy jack-dog priest! by gar, me vill cut his ears.

HOST. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

CAIUS. Clapper-de-claw! vat is dat?

HOST. That is, he will make thee amends.

CAIUS. By gar, me do look, he shall clapper-de-claw me; for, by gar, me vill have it.

HOST. And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

CAIUS. Me tank you vor dat.

HOST. And moreover, bully,—but first, master guest, and master Page, and eke cavalero Slender, go you through the town to Frogmore.

[*Aside to them.*

PAGE. Sir Hugh is there, is he?

HOST. He is there: see what humour he is in; and I will bring the doctor about by the fields: will it do well?

SHAL. We will do it.

PAGE, SHAL. *and* SLEN. Adieu, good master doctor. [*Exeunt* PAGE, SHALLOW, *and* SLENDER.

CAIUS. By gar, me vill kill de priest; for he speak for a jack-an-ape to Anne Page.

HOST. Let him die: but first(†) sheath thy impatience; throw cold water on thy choler: go about the fields with me through Frogmore; I will bring thee where mistress Anne Page is, at a farm-house a-feasting; and thou shalt woo her; Cried game,[c] said I well?

CAIUS. By gar, me tank you vor dat: by gar, I love you; and I shall procure-a you de good guest, de earl, de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my patients.

HOST. For the which, I will be thy adversary toward Anne Page; said I well?

CAIUS. By gar, 't is good; vell said.

HOST. Let us wag then.

CAIUS. Come at my heels, Jack Rugby.

[*Exeunt.*

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[a] *To see thee* foin,—] To *foin* is to make a pass, or thrust, in fencing.

[b] *Pass thy* punto, &c.] The *punto*, the *stoccado*, the *reverso*, &c. are all technical terms, derived from the Italian masters of Fence. See note (6), page 216.

[c] Cried game,—] The old text has, *Cride game*, which we mention in hope that some one more fortunate than previous guessers, may shape these apparently senseless words into the epithet, laughable and contemptuous, which the jolly Host intended to convey. Theobald proposed to substitute *Try'd game;* Warburton, *Cry aim;* and Douce, not infelicitously, *Cry'd I aim.* The conjecture of Mr. Collier's annotator, "curds and cream," is far removed from probability.

(*) First folio omits, *word.*

(†) First folio omits, *but first.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Field near* Frogmore.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans *and* Simple.

Eva. I pray you now, good master Slender's serving-man, and friend Simple py your name, which way have you looked for master Caius, that calls himself *Doctor of Physic?*

Sim. Marry, sir, the pittie-ward,[a] the park-ward, every way; old Windsor way, and every way but the town way.

Eva. I most fehemently desire you, you will also look that way.

Sim. I will, sir.

Eva. 'Pless my soul! how full of cholers I am, and trempling of mind!—I shall be glad, if he have deceived me:—how melancholies I am!—I will knog his urinals about his knave's costard, when I have good opportunities for the 'ork:—'pless my soul! [*Sings.*

To shallow rivers, to whose falls(1)
Melodious pirds sing madrigals;
There will we make our peds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies.
To shallow——

[a] Pittie-ward,—] Supposed to mean *petty-ward.*

'Mercy on me! I have a great dispositions to

Melodious pirds sing madrigals;—
When as I sat in Pabylon,——
And a thousand vagram posies,
To shallow——

Sim. Yonder he is coming, this way, sir Hu

Eva. He's welcome:——

To shallow rivers, to whose falls——

Heaven prosper the right!—What weapons is h

Sim. No weapons, sir: there comes my mas master Shallow, and another gentleman; fr Frogmore, over the stile, this way.

Eva. Pray you, give me my gown; or else k it in your arms.

Enter Page, Shallow, *and* Slender.

Shal. How now, master parson? Good-m row, good sir Hugh. Keep a gamester from dice, and a good student from his book, and wonderful.

Slen. Ah, sweet Anne Page!

PAGE. 'Save you, good sir Hugh!

EVA. 'Pless you from his mercy sake, all of you!

SHAL. What! the sword and the word! do you study them both, master parson?

PAGE. And youthful still, in your doublet and hose, this raw rheumatic day?

EVA. There is reasons and causes for it.

PAGE. We are come to you, to do a good office, master parson.

EVA. Fery well: what is it?

PAGE. Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who belike, having received wrong by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience, that ever you saw.

SHAL. I have lived fourscore years, and upward; I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, so wide of his own respect.

EVA. What is he?

PAGE. I think you know him; master doctor Caius, the renowned French physician.

EVA. Got's will, and his—Passion of my heart! I had as lief you would tell me of a mess of porridge.

PAGE. Why?

EVA. He has no more knowledge in Hippocrates and Galen,—and he is a knave pesides; a cowardly knave, as you would desires to pe acquainted withal.

PAGE. I warrant you, he's the man should fight with him.

SLEN. O, sweet Anne Page!

SHAL. It appears so, by his weapons:—keep them asunder;—here comes doctor Caius.

Enter Host, CAIUS, *and* RUGBY.

PAGE. Nay, good master parson, keep in your weapon.

SHAL. So do you, good master doctor.

HOST. Disarm them, and let them question; let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our English.

CAIUS. I pray you, let-a me speak a vord vit your ear: verefore vill you not meet a-me?

EVA. Pray you, use your patience: in good time.

CAIUS. By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John ape.

EVA. [*Aside to* CAIUS.] Pray you, let us not be laughing-stogs to other men's humours; I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends:—[*Aloud.*] I will knog your urinal about your knave's cogscomb, for missing your meetings and appointments.[a]

CAIUS. *Diable!*—Jack Rugby, mine *Host de Jarterre*, have I not stay for him, to kill him? have I not, at de place I did appoint?

EVA. As I am a Christians soul, now, look you, this is the place appointed; I'll be judgment py mine Host of the Garter.

HOST. Peace, I say, Guallia and Gaul, French and Welsh; soul-curer and body-curer.

CAIUS. Ay, dat is very good! excellent!

HOST. Peace, I say; hear mine Host of the Garter. Am I politic? am I subtle? am I a Machiavel? Shall I lose my doctor? no; he gives me the potions, and the motions. Shall I lose my parson? my priest? my sir Hugh? no; he gives me the proverbs and the no-verbs.—Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so[b]:—give me thy hand celestial; so.——Boys of art, I have deceived you both; I have directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burnt sack be the issue.—Come, lay their swords to pawn:—follow me, lad of peace; follow, follow, follow.

SHAL. Trust me, a mad Host.—Follow, gentlemen, follow.

SLEN. O, sweet Anne Page!

[*Exeunt* SHALLOW, SLENDER, PAGE, *and* Host.

CAIUS. Ha! do I perceive dat? have you make-a de sot of us? ha, ha!

EVA. This is well; he has made us his vlouting-stog.—I desire you, that we may pe friends; and let us knog our prains together, to pe revenge on this same scall, scurvy, cogging companion, the Host of the Garter.

CAIUS. By gar, vit all my heart; he promise to bring me vere is Anne Page: by gar, he deceive me too.

EVA. Well, I will smite his noddles:—pray you, follow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Street in* Windsor.

Enter MISTRESS PAGE *and* ROBIN.

MRS. PAGE. Nay, keep your way, little gallant; you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader: whether had you rather, lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels?

ROB. I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man, than follow him like a dwarf.

MRS. PAGE. O you are a flattering boy; now, I see, you'll be a courtier.

[a] For missing your meetings and appointments.] These words, from the quarto, are omitted in the folio; another instance of strange neglect in the compilers of that volume, as without them the answer of Caius loses its point.

[b] Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so:] These words also are found only in the quarto.

Enter FORD.

FORD. Well met, mistress Page; whither go you?

MRS. PAGE. Truly, sir, to see your wife: is she at home?

FORD. Ay, and as idle as she may hang together, for want of company; I think, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

MRS. PAGE. Be sure of that,—two other husbands.

FORD. Where had you this pretty weather-cock?

MRS. PAGE. I cannot tell what the dickens his name is, my husband had him of: what do you call your knight's name, sirrah?

ROB. Sir John Falstaff.

FORD. Sir John Falstaff!

MRS. PAGE. He, he; I can never hit on's name.—There is such a league between my good man and he!—Is your wife at home, indeed?

FORD. Indeed, she is.

MRS. PAGE. By your leave, sir;—I am sick, till I see her. [*Exeunt* MRS. PAGE *and* ROBIN.

FORD. Has Page any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? Sure, they sleep; he hath no use of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty mile, as easy as a cannon will shoot point-blank twelve score. He pieces out his wife's inclination; he gives her folly motion and advantage: and now she's going to my wife, and Falstaff's boy with her. A man may hear this shower sing in the wind;—and Falstaff's boy with her!—Good plots!—they are laid: and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well; I will take him, then torture my wife, pluck the borrowed veil of modesty from the so-seeming mistress Page, divulge Page himself for a secure and wilful Actæon; and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall cry *aim*.[a] [*Clock strikes.*] The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search; there I shall find Falstaff: I shall be rather praised for this, than mocked; for it is as positive as the earth is firm, that Falstaff is there: I will go.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, SLENDER, Host, SIR HUGH EVANS, CAIUS, *and* RUGBY.

SHAL. PAGE, &c. Well met, master Ford.

FORD. Trust me, a good knot: I have good cheer at home; and, I pray you, all go with me.

SHAL. I must excuse myself, master Ford.

SLEN. And so must I, sir; we have appointed to dine with mistress Anne, and I would not break with her for more money than I'll speak of.

SHAL. We have lingered about a match between Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we shall have our answer.

SLEN. I hope, I have your good will, father Page.

PAGE. You have, master Slender; I stand wholly for you:—but my wife, master doctor, is for you altogether.

CAIUS. Ay, by gar: and de maid is love-a me; my nursh-a Quickly tell me so mush.

HOST. What say you to young master Fenton? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holyday, he smells April and May: he will carry 't, he will carry 't; 'tis in his buttons;[b] he will carry 't.

PAGE. Not by my consent, I promise you. The gentleman is of no having:[c] he kept company with the wild Prince and Poins; he is of too high a region, he knows too much. No, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my substance: if he take her, let him take her simply; the wealth I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

FORD. I beseech you, heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner: besides your cheer, you shall have sport; I will show you a monster.—Master doctor, you shall go;—so shall you, master Page;—and you, sir Hugh.

SHAL. Well, fare you well:—we shall have the freer wooing at master Page's.

[*Exeunt* SHALLOW *and* SLENDER.

CAIUS. Go home, John Rugby; I come anon.

[*Exit* RUGBY.

HOST. Farewell, my hearts: I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink canary with him. [*Exit* Host.

FORD. [*Aside.*] I think, I shall drink in pipe-wine first with him; I'll make him dance. Will you go, gentles?

ALL. Have with you, to see this monster.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in* Ford's *House.*

Enter MISTRESS FORD *and* MISTRESS PAGE.

MRS. FORD. What, John! what, Robert!

MRS. PAGE. Quickly, quickly: is the buck-basket——

MRS. FORD. I warrant:—what, Robin, I say!

Enter Servants *with a Basket.*

MRS. PAGE. Come, come, come.

MRS. FORD. Here, set it down.

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[a] *Cry aim.*] See note (a), page 39.

[b] 'Tis in his buttons;] Mr. Knight suggests that this phrase may have the same meaning as the modern one, "It does not lie in your breeches," *i.e.* it is not within your compass.

[c] *Of no* having:] No *fortune*, no *revenue*.

Mrs. Page. Give your men the charge; we must be brief.

Mrs. Ford. Marry, as I told you before, John, and Robert, be ready here hard by in the brew-house; and when I suddenly call you, come forth, and without any pause, or staggering, take this basket on your shoulders: that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whitsters[a] in Datchet mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch, close by the Thames side.

Mrs. Page. You will do it?

Mrs. Ford. I have told them over and over; they lack no direction: be gone, and come when you are called. [*Exeunt* Servants.

Mrs. Page. Here comes little Robin.

Enter Robin.

Mrs. Ford. How now, my eyas-musket?[b] what news with you?

Rob. My master sir John is come in at your back-door, mistress Ford, and requests your company.

Mrs. Page. You little Jack-a-lent,[c] have you been true to us?

Rob. Ay, I'll be sworn: my master knows not of your being here; and hath threatened to put me into everlasting liberty, if I tell you of it; for, he swears, he'll turn me away.

Mrs. Page. Thou'rt a good boy; this secrecy

[a] The whitsters—] *Bleachers* of linen.
[b] Eyas-musket?] A young male sparrow-hawk.
[c] Jack-a-lent,—] A puppet stuck up to be thrown at in Lent, in imitation of the barbarous diversion of throwing at cocks about Shrovetide.

of thine shall be a tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose.—I'll go hide me.

MRS. FORD. Do so:—go tell thy master, I am alone. Mistress Page, remember you your cue.
[*Exit* ROBIN.

MRS. PAGE. I warrant thee; if I do not act it, hiss me. [*Exit* MRS. PAGE.

MRS. FORD. Go to then; we'll use this unwholesome humidity, this gross watery pumpion;—we'll teach him to know turtles from jays.

Enter FALSTAFF.

FAL. *Have I caught* thee, *my heavenly jewel?* [a] Why, now let me die, for I have lived long enough; this is the period of my ambition: O this blessed hour!

MRS. FORD. O sweet sir John!

[a] *Have I caught* thee, *my heavenly jewel?*] The second song of Sidney's "Astrophel and Stella," begins:—

"*Have I caught my heav'nly jewell,*
Teaching sleepe most faire to be?

FAL. Mistress Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish: I would thy husband were dead! I'll speak it before the best lord, I would make thee my lady.

MRS. FORD. I your lady, sir John! alas, I should be a pitiful lady.

FAL. Let the court of France show me such another; I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond: thou hast the right arched beauty of the brow, that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance.(2)

MRS. FORD. A plain kerchief, sir John: my brows become nothing else; nor that well neither.

FAL. Thou art a traitor* to say so; thou would'st make an absolute courtier; and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait, in a semi-circled farthingale. I see what thou wert, if Fortune thy foe,(3) were not

(*) First folio, *tyrant*.

And as Falstaff probably intended to sing the first line, the impertinent *thee*, which is not in the quarto, may have been an addition of the players.

Nature, thy friend:[a] come, thou canst not hide it.

MRS. FORD. Believe me, there's no such thing in me.

FAL. What made me love thee? let that persuade thee, there's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and say thou art this and that, like a many of these lisping hawthorn buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Bucklersbury in simple-time;[b] I cannot: but I love thee, none but thee; and thou deservest it.

MRS. FORD. Do not betray me, sir; I fear you love mistress Page.

FAL. Thou might'st as well say, I love to walk by the Counter-gate;[c] which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.

MRS. FORD. Well, heaven knows how I love you; and you shall one day find it.

FAL. Keep in that mind; I'll deserve it.

MRS. FORD. Nay, I must tell you, so you do; or else I could not be in that mind.

ROB. [*without.*] Mistress Ford, mistress Ford! here's mistress Page at the door, sweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

FAL. She shall not see me; I will ensconce me behind the arras.

MRS. FORD. Pray you, do so; she's a very tattling woman.— [FALSTAFF *hides himself.*

Enter MISTRESS PAGE *and* ROBIN.

What's the matter? how now?

MRS. PAGE. O mistress Ford, what have you done? You're shamed, you are overthrown, you are undone for ever.

MRS. FORD. What's the matter, good mistress Page?

MRS. PAGE. O well-a-day, mistress Ford! having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion!

MRS. FORD. What cause of suspicion?

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[a] I see what thou wert, if Fortune thy foe, were not Nature, thy friend:] It seems impossible to make good sense of this passage as it stands. We are disposed to believe the obscurity arises from the common error in these plays of misprinting *but* and *not*, and that the poet wrote, "I see what thou wert, if fortune thy foe, were *but* nature thy friend."

[b] Bucklersbury in simple-time;] In Shakespeare's days, Bucklersbury was the head-quarters of the druggists, who dealt in all kinds of medicinal herbs, (*simples* as they were then called,) whether dry or green.

[c] The Counter-gate;] The old dramatists and writers on manners, are unsparing in allusions to the Counter-prison, and constantly labour to extract some pleasantry from its name, which, to any who had tasted of the horrors of an English prison in former times, must have been odious enough even in jest:—Thus in Baret's "Alvearie," 1573:—"We saie merrily of him who hath been in the *Counter*, or such like places of prison; He can sing his *counter-tenor* very well. And in anger we say, I will make you sing a *counter-tenor* for this geare: meaning imprisonment."

Again Overbury, in his character of "A Sargeant," 1616:—

"His habit is a long gowne, made at first to cover his knavery, but that growing too monstrous, hee now goes in buffe: his conscience and that, being both cut out of one hide, and are of one toughnesse. *The countergate* is his kennell, the whole city his Paris garden, the misery of poore men (but especially of bad livers) are the offalles on which hee feeds."

MRS. PAGE. What cause of suspicion!—Out upon you! how am I mistook in you!

MRS. FORD. Why, alas! what's the matter?

MRS. PAGE. Your husband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman, that, he says, is here now in the house, by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence: you are undone.

MRS. FORD. 'T is not so, I hope.

MRS. PAGE. Pray heaven it be not so, that you have such a man here; but 't is most certain your husband's coming with half Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one. I come before to tell you: if you know yourself clear, why I am glad of it: but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amazed; call all your senses to you; defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

MRS. FORD. What shall I do?—There is a gentleman, my dear friend; and I fear not mine own shame, so much as his peril: I had rather than a thousand pound, he were out of the house.

MRS. PAGE. For shame, never stand *you had rather*, and *you had rather;* your husband's here at hand, bethink you of some conveyance: in the house you cannot hide him.—O, how have you deceived me!—Look, here is a basket; if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here; and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: or, it is whiting-time,[a] send him by your two men to Datchet mead.

MRS. FORD. He's too big to go in there: what shall I do?

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

FAL. Let me see't, let me see't! O let me see't! I'll in, I'll in;—follow your friend's counsel;—I'll in.

MRS. PAGE. What! sir John Falstaff! Are these your letters, knight?

FAL. I love thee, and none but thee;[b] help me away: let me creep in here; I'll never——

[*He goes into the basket; they cover him with foul linen.*

MRS. PAGE. Help to cover your master, boy: call your men, mistress Ford:—you dissembling knight!

MRS. FORD. What, John, Robert, John! [*Exit* ROBIN. *Re-enter* Servants.] Go take up these clothes here, quickly; where's the cowl-staff?[c] look, how you drumble: carry them to the laundress in Datchet mead; quickly, come.

Enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, *and* SIR HUGH EVANS.

FORD. 'Pray you, come near: if I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me, then let me be your jest; I deserve it.—How now? whither bear you this?

SERV. To the laundress, forsooth.

MRS. FORD. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were best meddle with buck-washing.

FORD. Buck! I would I could wash myself of the buck! Buck, buck, buck! Ay, buck; I warrant you, buck; and of the season too, it shall appear. [*Exeunt* Servants *with the basket.*] Gentlemen, I have dreamed to-night; I'll tell you my dream. Here, here, here be my keys: ascend my chambers, search, seek, find out: I'll warrant, we'll unkennel the fox:—let me stop this way first:—so, now uncape.[d]

PAGE. Good master Ford, be contented: you wrong yourself too much.

FORD. True, master Page.—Up, gentlemen; you shall see sport anon: follow me, gentlemen. [*Exit.*

EVA. This is fery fantastical humours, and jealousies.

CAIUS. By gar, 'tis no de fashion of France: it is not jealous in France.

PAGE. Nay, follow him, gentlemen; see the issue of his search.

[*Exeunt* EVANS, PAGE, *and* CAIUS.

MRS. PAGE. Is there not a double excellency in this?

MRS. FORD. I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceived, or sir John.

MRS. PAGE. What a taking was he in, when your husband asked what[e] was in the basket!

MRS. FORD. I am half afraid he will have need of washing; so, throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

MRS. PAGE. Hang him, dishonest rascal! I would all of the same strain[f] were in the same distress.

MRS. FORD. I think, my husband hath some special suspicion of Falstaff's being here; for I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now.

MRS. PAGE. I will lay a plot to try that: and

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[a] Whiting-time,—] *Bleaching-time.*

[b] And none but thee;] These words are restored from the quarto, in most of the modern editions. Mr. Collier, and Mr. Knight, indeed, reject them, but somewhat inconsistently, since they admit other readings from the same source with no greater claims to insertion.

[c] Cowl-staff?] A staff or pole, for carrying a bucket at each end, or to sling a *cowl* or *tub*, with two handles on, to be borne by two men. "Bicollo, *a coule-staffe to carry behinde and before.*"—FLORIO'S *Dict.* 1611.

[d] *So, now* uncape] To *uncape* a fox, was the old technical term for *unearth* him.

[e] What was in the basket!] The folio has, "*who* was in the basket!" but Ford, in fact, asked neither *who*, nor *what*, was in the basket. The quarto, 1602, is more consistent: there, Ford directs the servants to set down the basket; and Mistress Ford afterwards asks, "I wonder what he thought when my husband bad them set down the basket?"

[f] Of *the same* strain.] See note ([d]), page 651.

we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff: his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

MRS. FORD. Shall we send that foolish carrion, mistress Quickly, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water; and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

MRS. PAGE. We will do it; let him be sent for to-morrow, eight o'clock, to have amends.

Re-enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, *and* SIR HUGH EVANS.

FORD. I cannot find him: may be the knave bragged of that he could not compass.

MRS. PAGE. Heard you that?

MRS. FORD. Ay, ay, peace:*—you use me well, master Ford, do you?

FORD. Ay, I do so.

MRS. FORD. Heaven make you better than your thoughts!

FORD. Amen.

MRS. PAGE. You do yourself mighty wrong, master Ford.

FORD. Ay, ay; I must bear it.

EVA. If there pe any pody in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses, heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgment!

CAIUS. By gar, nor I too; dere is no bodies.

PAGE. Fie, fie, master Ford! are you not ashamed? What spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not have your distemper in this kind, for the wealth of Windsor Castle.

FORD. 'Tis my fault,[a] master Page; I suffer for it.

EVA. You suffer for a pad conscience: your wife is as honest a 'omans, as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

CAIUS. By gar, I see 'tis an honest woman.

FORD. Well;—I promised you a dinner:—come, come, walk in the park: I pray you, pardon me, I will hereafter make known to you, why I have done this.—Come, wife;—come, mistress Page; I pray you pardon me; pray heartily, pardon me.

PAGE. Let's go in, gentlemen; but, trust me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast; after, we'll a birding together; I have a fine hawk for the bush: shall it be so?

FORD. Any thing.

EVA. If there is one, I shall make two in the company.

CAIUS. If there be one or two, I shall make-a de tird.

(*) First folio omits, *Ay, ay, peace.*

[a] *'Tis my* fault,—] That is, my *misfortune.* See note (d), p. 510.

FORD. Pray you go, master Page.

EVA. I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the lousy knave, mine Host.

CAIUS. Dat is good; by gar, vit all my heart.

EVA. A lousy knave; to have his gibes, and his mockeries. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in* Page's *House.*

Enter FENTON *and* ANNE PAGE.

FENT. I see, I cannot get thy father's love;
Therefore, no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.

ANNE. Alas! how then?

FENT. Why, thou must be thyself.
He doth object, I am too great of birth;
And that, my state being gall'd with my expense,
I seek to heal it only by his wealth:
Besides these, other bars he lays before me,
My riots past, my wild societies;
And tells me, 'tis a thing impossible
I should love thee, but as a property.

ANNE. May be, he tells you true.

FENT. No, heaven so speed me in my time to come!
Albeit, I will confess, thy father's wealth
Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, Anne:
Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than stamps in gold, or sums in sealed bags:
And 'tis the very riches of thyself
That now I aim at.

ANNE. Gentle master Fenton,
Yet seek my father's love: still seek it, sir:
If opportunity and humblest suit
Cannot attain it, why then,—hark you hither.
[*They converse apart.*

Enter SHALLOW, SLENDER, *and* MISTRESS QUICKLY.

SHAL. Break their talk, mistress Quickly; my kinsman shall speak for himself.

SLEN. I'll make a shaft or a bolt on 't:[b] 'slid, 'tis but venturing.

SHAL. Be not dismayed.

SLEN. No, she shall not dismay me: I care not for that,—but that I am afeard.

QUICK. Hark ye; master Slender would speak a word with you.

ANNE. I come to him. This is my father's choice.
O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a-year! [*Aside.*

[b] I'll make a shaft or a bolt on 't:] *To make a bolt or a shaft of a thing* is an old proverbial expression, equivalent to our saying, Here goes, *hit or miss.*

QUICK. And how does good master Fenton? Pray you, a word with you.

SHAL. She 's coming; to her, coz. O boy, thou hadst a father!

SLEN. I had a father, mistress Anne;—my uncle can tell you good jests of him:—pray you, uncle, tell mistress Anne the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle.

SHAL. Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.

SLEN. Ay, that I do; as well as I love any woman in Glostershire.

SHAL. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

SLEN. Ay, that I will, come cut and long-tail,[a] under the degree of a 'squire.

SHAL. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

ANNE. Good master Shallow, let him woo for himself.

SHAL. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that good comfort. She calls you, coz: I'll leave you.

ANNE. Now, master Slender.

SLEN. Now, good mistress Anne.

ANNE. What is your will?

SLEN. My will? od's heartlings, that's a pretty jest, indeed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank heaven; I am not such a sickly creature, I give heaven praise.

ANNE. I mean, master Slender, what would you with me?

SLEN. Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you: your father, and my uncle, hath made motions: if it be my luck, so: if not, happy man be his dole![b] They can tell you how things go, better than I can: you may ask your father; here he comes.

Enter PAGE, *and* MISTRESS PAGE.

PAGE. Now, master Slender:—love him, daughter Anne.—
Why, how now! what does master Fenton here?
You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my house:
I told you, sir, my daughter is disposed of.

FENT. Nay, master Page, be not impatient.

MRS. PAGE. Good master Fenton, come not to my child.

PAGE. She is no match for you.

FENT. Sir, will you hear me?

PAGE. No, good master Fenton.
Come, master Shallow; come, son Slender; in:—
Knowing my mind, you wrong me, master Fenton.
[*Exeunt* PAGE, SHALLOW, *and* SLENDER.

QUICK. Speak to mistress Page.

FENT. Good mistress Page, for that I love your daughter
In such a righteous fashion as I do,
Perforce, against all checks, rebukes, and manners,
I must advance the colours of my love,
And not retire: let me have your good will.

ANNE. Good mother, do not marry me to yond' fool.

MRS. PAGE. I mean it not; I seek you a better husband.

QUICK. That's my master, master doctor.

ANNE. Alas, I had rather be set quick i' th' earth,
And bowl'd to death with turnips.

MRS. PAGE. Come, trouble not yourself: good master Fenton,
I will not be your friend nor enemy:
My daughter will I question how she loves you,
And as I find her, so am I affected;
'Till then, farewell, sir:—she must needs go in;
Her father will be angry.
[*Exeunt* MISTRESS PAGE *and* ANNE.

FENT. Farewell, gentle mistress; farewell, Nan.

QUICK. This is my doing now;—*nay*, said I, *will you cast away your child on a fool, and a physician?* Look on master Fenton:—this is my doing.

FENT. I thank thee; and I pray thee, once[c] to-night,
Give my sweet Nan this ring: there's for thy pains.
[*Exit.*

QUICK. Now heaven send thee good fortune! A kind heart he hath: a woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet, I would my master had mistress Anne; or I would master Slender had her; or, in sooth, I would master Fenton had her: I will do what I can for them all three; for so I have promised, and I'll be as good as my word; but speciously for master Fenton. Well, I must of another errand to sir John Falstaff from my two mistresses; what a beast am I to slack it! [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*A Room in the* Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF *and* BARDOLPH.

FAL. Bardolph, I say,—

BARD. Here, sir.

FAL. Go fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast in't. [*Exit* BARD.] Have I lived to be carried in a basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal; and to be thrown in the Thames? Well, if I be

[a] *Come cut and long-tail,*—] *Let any come that may; good and bad.* This phrase was, no doubt, originally applied to dogs, or horses.

[b] Happy man be his dole!] See note (d), page 234.

[c] Once *to-night,*—] *Some time* to-night.

served such another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out, and buttered, and give them to a dog for a new year's gift. The rogues slighted me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drowned a blind bitch's puppies,[a] fifteen i' th' litter: and you may know by my size, that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking; if the bottom were as deep as hell, I should down. I had been drowned, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow; a death that I abhor; for the water swells a man; and what a thing should I have been, when I had been swelled! I should have been a mountain of mummy.

Re-enter Bardolph, *with the wine.*

Bard. Here's mistress Quickly, sir, to speak with you.

Fal. Come, let me pour in some sack to the Thames water; for my belly's as cold, as if I had swallowed snow-balls for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

Bard. Come in, woman.

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Quick. By your leave; I cry you mercy: give your worship good-morrow.

Fal. Take away these chalices: go brew me a pottle of sack finely.

Bard. With eggs, sir?

Fal. Simple of itself; I'll no pullet-sperm in my brewage.—[*Exit* Bardolph.]—How now?

Quick. Marry, sir, I come to your worship from mistress Ford.

Fal. Mistress Ford! I have had ford enough: I was thrown into the ford: I have my belly full of ford.

Quick. Alas the day! good heart, that was not

[a] A blind bitch's puppies,—] So the old text; a colloquial inversion of a *bitch's blind puppies*.

her fault: she does so take on with her men; they mistook their erection.

FAL. So did I mine, to build upon a foolish woman's promise.

QUICK. Well, she laments, sir, for it, that it would yearn your heart to see it. Her husband goes this morning a birding; she desires you once more to come to her between eight and nine: I must carry her word quickly; she'll make you amends, I warrant you.

FAL. Well, I will visit her: tell her so; and bid her think, what a man is: let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

QUICK. I will tell her.

FAL. Do so. Between nine and ten, say'st thou?

QUICK. Eight and nine, sir.

FAL. Well, be gone: I will not miss her.

QUICK. Peace be with you, sir! [*Exit.*

FAL. I marvel, I hear not of master Brook; he sent me word to stay within: I like his money well. O, here he comes.

Enter FORD.

FORD. 'Bless you, sir![a]

FAL. Now, master Brook, you come to know what hath passed between me and Ford's wife?

FORD. That, indeed, sir John, is my business.

FAL. Master Brook, I will not lie to you; I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

FORD. And sped you, sir?

FAL. Very ill-favouredly, master Brook.

FORD. How so, sir? did she change her determination?

FAL. No, master Brook; but the peaking cornuto her husband, master Brook, dwelling in a continual larum of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embraced, kissed, protested, and, as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provoked and instigated by his distemper, and, forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love.

FORD. What, while you were there?

FAL. While I was there.

FORD. And did he search for you, and could not find you?

FAL. You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one mistress Page; gives intelligence of Ford's approach; and, by* her invention, and Ford's wife's distraction, they conveyed me into a buck-basket.

FORD. A buck-basket!

FAL. By the Lord,[b] a buck-basket: rammed me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, greasy napkins; that, master Brook, there was the rankest compound of villainous smell, that ever offended nostril.

FORD. And how long lay you there?

FAL. Nay, you shall hear, master Brook, what I have suffered to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus crammed in the basket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds, were called forth by their mistress, to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Datchet-lane: they took me on their shoulders; met the jealous knave their master in the door, who asked them once or twice what they had in their basket: I quaked for fear, lest the lunatic knave would have searched it; but fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well; on went he for a search, and away went I for foul clothes. But mark the sequel, master Brook: I suffered the pangs of three several deaths: first, an intolerable fright, to be detected with[c] a jealous rotten bell-wether: next, to be compassed, like a good bilbo, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head: and then, to be stopped in, like a strong distillation, with stinking clothes that fretted in their own grease: think of that,—a man of my kidney,—think of that; that am as subject to heat, as butter; a man of continual dissolution and thaw; it was a miracle, to 'scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stewed in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cooled, glowing hot, in that surge, like a horse shoe; think of that,—hissing hot,—think of that, master Brook.

FORD. In good sadness, sir, I am sorry that for my sake you have suffered all this. My suit then is desperate; you'll undertake her no more?

FAL. Master Brook, I will be thrown into Ætna, as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a birding: I have received from her another embassy of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, master Brook.

FORD. 'T is past eight already, sir.

FAL. Is it? I will then address[d] me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed; and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her: adieu. You shall have her, master Brook; master Brook, you shall cuckold Ford. [*Exit.*

FORD. Hum! ha! is this a vision? is this a dream? do I sleep? Master Ford, awake; awake, master Ford; there's a hole made in your best coat, master Ford. This 'tis to be married! this 'tis to have linen, and buck-baskets!—Well, I will proclaim myself what I am: I will now take the lecher; he is at my house: he cannot 'scape me; 'tis impossible he should; he cannot creep into a halfpenny purse, nor into a pepper-box: but, lest the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places. Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not, shall not make me tame: if I have horns to make me[e] mad, let the proverb go with me, I'll be horn mad.

[*Exit.*

(*) First folio, *in*.

[a] 'Bless you, sir!] The greeting in the quarto, "God save you, sir!" is certainly preferable.

[b] By the Lord,—] This is the reading of the quarto. The folio has only, *Yes*.

[c] *An intolerable fright, to be detected* with,—] That is, an intolerable fear of being discovered *by*. *With*, *by*, *of*, *for*, &c. were used with indiscriminate licence formerly.

[d] Address me—] *Prepare* me; make myself ready.

[e] *Make* me *mad*,—] Old text, *one*. The correction was made by Mr. Dyce.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Street.*

Enter Mistress Page, Mistress Quickly, *and* William Page.

Mrs. Page. Is he at master Ford's already, think'st thou?

Quick. Sure, he is by this; or will be presently: but truly, he is very courageous mad, about his throwing into the water. Mistress Ford desires you to come suddenly.

Mrs. Page. I'll be with her by and by;[a] I'll but bring my young man here to school: look, where his master comes; 'tis a playing-day, I see.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans.

How now, sir Hugh? no school to-day?

Eva. No: master Slender is let the boys leave to play.

Quick. 'Blessing of his heart!

Mrs. Page. Sir Hugh, my husband says, my son profits nothing in the world at his book; I pray you, ask him some questions in his accidence.(1)

Eva. Come hither, William; hold up your head; come.

Mrs. Page. Come on, sirrah; hold up your head; answer your master, be not afraid.

Eva. William, how many numbers is in nouns?

Will. Two.

Quick. Truly, I thought there had been one number more; because they say, od's nouns.

Eva. Peace your tattlings. What is *fair*, William?

Will. *Pulcher.*

Quick. *Poul-cats!* there are fairer things than poul-cats, sure.

Eva. You are a very simplicity 'oman; I pray you, peace. What is *lapis*, William?

Will. A stone.

Eva. And what is a stone, William?

Will. A pebble.

[a] By and by;] *By and by*, in Shakespeare's day, signified *immediately*; not, as now, some time hence.

EVA. No, it is *lapis;* I pray you remember in your prain.

WILL. *Lapis.*

EVA. That is a good William. What is he, William, that does lend articles?

WILL. Articles are borrowed of the pronoun; and be thus declined, *Singulariter, nominativo, hic, hæc, hoc.*

EVA. *Nominativo, hig, hag, hog;*—pray you, mark: *genitivo, hujus:* well, what is your *accusative case?*

WILL. *Accusativo, hinc.*

EVA. I pray you, have your remembrance, child; *Accusativo, hing, hang, hog.*

QUICK. *Hang hog* is Latin for bacon, I warrant you.

EVA. Leave your prabbles, 'oman. What is the focative case, William?

WILL. O—*vocativo,* O.

EVA. Remember, William; *focative* is *caret.*

QUICK. And that's a good root.

EVA. 'Oman, forbear.

MRS. PAGE. Peace.

EVA. What is your *genitive case plural,* William?

WILL. *Genitive case?*

EVA. Ay.

WILL. *Genitive,—horum, harum, horum.*

QUICK. 'Vengeance of *Jenny's case!* fie on her!—never name her, child, if she be a whore.

EVA. For shame, 'oman.

QUICK. You do ill to teach the child such words; he teaches him to *hick* and to *hack,* which they'll do fast enough of themselves; and to call *horum:*—fie upon you!

EVA. 'Oman, art thou lunatics? hast thou no understandings for thy cases, and the numbers of the genders? Thou art as foolish Christian creatures as I would desires.

MRS. PAGE. Pr'ythee hold thy peace.

EVA. Show me now, William, some declensions of your pronouns.

WILL. Forsooth, I have forgot.

EVA. It is *ki, kæ, cod;* if you forget your *kies,* your *kæs,* and your *cods,* you must be preeches. Go your ways, and play; go.

MRS. PAGE. He is a better scholar than I thought he was.

EVA. He is a good sprag[a] memory. Farewell, mistress Page.

MRS. PAGE. Adieu, good sir Hugh.

[*Exit* SIR HUGH.

Get you home, boy.—Come, we stay too long.

[*Exeunt.*

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[a] Sprag—] *Sprack,* i.e. *quick, ready, sprightly.*

[b] *In his old* lunes *again;*] The folio reads, *lines;* the correction was made by Theobald. The quarto reads, in his old *vains* again.

SCENE II.—*A Room in* Ford's *House.*

Enter FALSTAFF *and* MISTRESS FORD.

FAL. Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance: I see, you are obsequious in your love, and I profess requital to a hair's breadth; not only, mistress Ford, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

MRS. FORD. He's a birding, sweet sir John.

MRS. PAGE. [*Without.*] What hoa, gossip Ford! what hoa!

MRS. FORD. Step into the chamber, sir John.

[*Exit* FALSTAFF.

Enter MISTRESS PAGE.

MRS. PAGE. How now, sweetheart? who's at home besides yourself?

MRS. FORD. Why, none but mine own people.

MRS. PAGE. Indeed?

MRS. FORD. No, certainly.—Speak louder.

[*Aside, to her.*

MRS. PAGE. Truly, I am so glad you have nobody here.

MRS. FORD. Why?

MRS. PAGE. Why, woman, your husband is in his old lunes[b] again; he so takes on yonder with my husband; so rails against all married mankind; so curses all Eve's daughters, of what complexion soever; and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying, *Peer-out, peer-out!* that any madness, I ever yet beheld, seemed but tameness, civility, and patience, to this his distemper he is in now: I am glad the fat knight is not here.

MRS. FORD. Why, does he talk of him?

MRS. PAGE. Of none but him; and swears, he was carried out, the last time he searched for him, in a basket: protests to my husband, he is now here; and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion: but I am glad the knight is not here; now he shall see his own foolery.

MRS. FORD. How near is he, mistress Page?

MRS. PAGE. Hard by, at street end; he will be here anon.

MRS. FORD. I am undone!—the knight is here.

MRS. PAGE. Why, then you are utterly shamed, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you!—Away with him, away with him; better shame than murder.

MRS. FORD. Which way should he go? how

should I bestow him? shall I put him into the basket again?

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

FAL. No, I'll come no more i' th' basket; may I not go out, ere he come?

MRS. PAGE. Alas, three of master Ford's brothers watch the door with pistols, that none shall issue out; otherwise you might slip away ere he came. But what make you here?

FAL. What shall I do?—I'll creep up into the chimney.

MRS. FORD. There they always use to discharge their birding-pieces: creep into the kiln-hole.

FAL. Where is it?

MRS. FORD. He will seek there, on my word. Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his note: there is no hiding you in the house.

FAL. I'll go out then.

MRS. PAGE. If you go out[a] in your own semblance, you die, sir John. Unless you go out disguised,—

MRS. FORD. How might we disguise him?

MRS. PAGE. Alas the day! I know not. There is no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwise, he might put on a hat, a muffler,(2) and a kerchief, and so escape.

FAL. Good hearts, devise something: any extremity, rather than a mischief.

MRS. FORD. My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brentford, has a gown above.

MRS. PAGE. On my word, it will serve him; she's as big as he is: and there's her thrummed hat, and her muffler too: run up, sir John.

MRS. FORD. Go, go, sweet sir John: mistress Page and I will look some linen for your head.

MRS. PAGE. Quick, quick; we'll come dress you straight: put on the gown the while.

[*Exit* FALSTAFF.

MRS. FORD. I would my husband would meet him in this shape: he cannot abide the old woman of Brentford; he swears, she's a witch; forbade her my house, and hath threatened to beat her.

MRS. PAGE. Heaven guide him to thy husband's cudgel; and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

MRS. FORD. But is my husband coming?

MRS. PAGE. Ay, in good sadness, is he; and talks of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.

MRS. FORD. We'll try that; for I'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time.

MRS. PAGE. Nay, but he'll be here presently: let's go dress him like the witch of Brentford.(3)

MRS. FORD. I'll first direct my men, what they shall do with the basket. Go up, I'll bring linen for him straight. [*Exit.*

MRS. PAGE. Hang him, dishonest varlet! we cannot misuse him enough.

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,
Wives may be merry, and yet honest too:
We do not act, that often jest and laugh;
'Tis old but true, *Still swine eat all the draff.*
[*Exit.*

Re-enter MISTRESS FORD, *with two* Servants.

MRS. FORD. Go, sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders; your master is hard at door; if he bid you set it down, obey him: quickly, despatch. [*Exit.*

1 SERV. Come, come, take it up.

2 SERV. Pray heaven, it be not full of knight again.

1 SERV. I hope not; I had as lief* bear so much lead.

Enter FORD, PAGE, SHALLOW, CAIUS, *and* SIR HUGH EVANS.

FORD. Ay, but if it prove true, master Page, have you any way then to unfool me again?—Set down the basket, villain:—somebody call my wife:——Youth in a basket!—O, you panderly rascals! there's a knot, a ging,[b] a pack, a conspiracy against me: now shall the devil be shamed. What! wife, I say! come, come forth; behold what honest clothes you send forth to bleaching!

PAGE. Why, this passes,[c] master Ford! you are not to go loose any longer; you must be pinioned.

EVA. Why, this is lunatics! this is mad as a mad dog!

SHAL. Indeed, master Ford, this is not well; indeed.

Enter MISTRESS FORD.

FORD. So say I too, sir.—Come hither, mistress Ford; mistress Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband!—I suspect without cause, mistress, do I?

---

[a] MRS. PAGE. If you go out, &c.] This, as well as the next speech, is given to Mrs. Ford in the folio, 1623.

[b] A ging,—] The old text reads *gin*. *Ging*, from the Anglo-Saxon, *genge*, a flock, is an old word used for *gang*. Thus, in Ben Jonson's "New Inn," Act I. Sc. 1:—

"I would not willingly
See, or be seen, to any of this *ging*."

[c] This passes,—] *Surpasses* belief. See note (c), page 644.

(*) First folio, *liefe as*.

Mrs. Ford. Heaven be my witness, you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

Ford. Well said, brazen-face; hold it out.—— Come forth, sirrah!

[*Pulls the clothes out of the basket.*

Page. This passes!

Mrs. Ford. Are you not ashamed? let the clothes alone.

Ford. I shall find you anon.

Eva. 'Tis unreasonable! Will you take up your wife's clothes? Come away.

Ford. Empty the basket, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Why, man, why?

Ford. Master Page, as I am a man, there was one conveyed out of my house yesterday in this basket: why may not he be there again? In my house I am sure he is: my intelligence is true; my jealousy is reasonable: pluck me out all the linen.

Mrs. Ford. If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death.

Page. Here's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity, this is not well, master Ford; this wrongs you.

Eva. Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart: this is jealousies.

Ford. Well, he's not here I seek for.

Page. No, nor nowhere else but in your brain.

Ford. Help to search my house this one time: if I find not what I seek, show no colour for my extremity, let me for ever be your table-sport; let them say of me, *As jealous as Ford, that searched a hollow walnut for his wife's leman.*[a] Satisfy me once more; once more search with me.

Mrs. Ford. What hoa, mistress Page! come you, and the old woman, down; my husband will come into the chamber.

Ford. Old woman! what old woman's that?

Mrs. Ford. Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brentford.

Ford. A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean! Have I not forbid her my house? She comes of errands, does she? We are simple men; we do not know what's brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by the figure, and such daubery as this,[b] is beyond our element: we know nothing. Come down, you witch, you hag you; come down, I say!

Mrs. Ford. Nay, good, sweet husband;—good gentlemen, let him not[c] strike the old woman.

---

[a] *His wife's* leman.] Leman, *lover, paramour.* It was applied to both sexes, though more frequently to females.

[b] Such daubery as this, &c.] Daubery means *gullery, juggling,* and the like; but from the invariable punctuation of the passage in modern editions, it appears to have been taken for some abusive epithet applied to the supposed witch.

[c] *Let him* not *strike the old woman.*] The folio, 1623, omits, *not,* which was supplied in that of 1632.

Enter FALSTAFF *disguised like an old woman, led by* MISTRESS PAGE.

MRS. PAGE. Come, mother Prat, come, give me your hand.

FORD. I'll *prat* her:——Out of my door, you witch! [*Beats him.*] you rag, you baggage, you polecat, you ronyon! out! out! I'll conjure you! I'll fortune-tell you! [*Exit* FALSTAFF.

MRS. PAGE. Are you not ashamed? I think, you have killed the poor woman.

MRS. FORD. Nay, he will do it:—'t is a goodly credit for you.

FORD. Hang her, witch!

EVA. By yea and no, I think, the 'oman is a witch indeed: I like not when a 'oman has a great peard; I spy a great peard under her* muffler.

FORD. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you follow; see but the issue of my jealousy: if I cry out thus upon no trail, never trust me when I open again.

PAGE. Let's obey his humour a little further: come, gentlemen.

[*Exeunt* PAGE, FORD, SHALLOW, CAIUS, *and* EVANS.

MRS. PAGE. Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

MRS. FORD. Nay, by the mass, that he did not; he beat him most unpitifully, methought.

MRS. PAGE. I'll have the cudgel hallowed, and hung o'er the altar; it hath done meritorious service.

MRS. FORD. What think you? May we, with the warrant of womanhood, and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge?

MRS. PAGE. The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scared out of him; if the devil have him not in fee-simple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again.

MRS. FORD. Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him?

MRS. PAGE. Yes, by all means; if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brains. If they can find in their hearts, the poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be any further afflicted, we two will still be the ministers.

MRS. FORD. I'll warrant, they'll have him publicly shamed: and, methinks, there would be no period to the jest, should he not be publicly shamed.

MRS. PAGE. Come, to the forge with it then, shape it: I would not have things cool. [*Exeunt.*

(*) First folio, *his.*

a *They must* come off;] That is, pay. The expression in this sense is met with as early as Chaucer:—

SCENE III.—*A Room in the* Garter Inn.

Enter Host *and* BARDOLPH.

BARD. Sir, the Germans* desire to have three of your horses: the duke himself will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

HOST. What duke should that be, comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the court: let me speak with the gentlemen; they speak English?

BARD. Ay, sir; I'll call them† to you.

HOST. They shall have my horses; but I'll make them pay, I'll sauce them: they have had my house‡ a week at command; I have turned away my other guests: they must come off;* I'll sauce them. Come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in* Ford's *House.*

Enter PAGE, FORD, MISTRESS PAGE, MISTRESS FORD, *and* SIR HUGH EVANS.

EVA. 'T is one of the pest discretions of a 'oman as ever I did look upon.

PAGE. And did he send you both these letters at an instant?

MRS. PAGE. Within a quarter of an hour.

FORD. Pardon me, wife: henceforth do what thou wilt;
I rather will suspect the sun with cold,§
Than thee with wantonness; now doth thy honour stand,
In him that was of late an heretic,
As firm as faith.

PAGE. 'T is well, 'tis well; no more.
Be not as extreme in submission, as in offence;
But let our plot go forward: let our wives
Yet once again, to make us public sport,
Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,
Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.

FORD. There is no better way than that they spoke of.

PAGE. How! to send him word they'll meet him in the park at midnight! fie, fie; he'll never come.

EVA. You say, he has peen thrown in the rivers; and has peen grievously peaten, as an old 'oman: methinks, there should pe terrors in him, that he should not come; methinks, his flesh is punished, he shall have no desires.

PAGE. So think I too.

(*) First folio, *Germane desires.* (†) First folio, *him.*
(‡) First folio, *houses.* (§) Old text, *gold.*

" *Come off*, and let me riden hastily;
Give me twelve pence; I may no longer tarrie."
The Friar's Tale.

MRS. FORD. Devise but how you'll use him when he comes,
And let us two devise to bring him thither.
MRS. PAGE. There is an old tale goes, that Herne the hunter,
Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest,
Doth all the winter time, at still midnight,
Walk round about an oak, with great ragg'd horns;
And there he blasts the tree, and takes[a] the cattle;
And makes* milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain
In a most hideous and dreadful manner:
You have heard of such a spirit; and well you know,
The superstitious idle-headed eld
Receiv'd and did deliver to our age,
This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.
PAGE. Why, yet there want not many, that do fear
In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak:
But what of this?
MRS. FORD. Marry, this is our device;
That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us,
Disguis'd like Herne, with huge horns on his head.[b]
PAGE. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come,
And in this shape; when you have brought him thither,
What shall be done with him? what is your plot?
MRS. PAGE. That likewise have we thought upon, and thus:
Nan Page my daughter, and my little son,
And three or four more of their growth, we'll dress
Like urchins, ouphes,[c] and fairies, green and white,
With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands; upon a sudden,
As Falstaff, she, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a saw-pit rush at once
With some diffused[d] song; upon their sight,
We two in great amazedness will fly:
Then let them all encircle him about,
And, fairy-like, to-pinch[e] the unclean knight;
And ask him, why, that hour of fairy revel,
In their so sacred paths, he dares to tread,
In shape profane.
MRS. FORD. And till he tell the truth,
Let the supposed fairies pinch him sound,
And burn him with their tapers.

(*) First folio, *make*.

[a] *And* takes *the cattle;*] To *take*, meant to *bewitch*, to *blast with disease*. Thus in "Hamlet," Act I. Sc. I:—

——"then no planets strike,
No fairy *takes*, nor witch hath power to charm."

[b] Disguis'd like Herne, with huge horns on his head.] This line, restored from the quarto, is shown by Page's next speech to be indispensable.

[c] Ouphes,—] *Elves, goblins.*

[d] Diffused song;] *Irregular, wild.*

[e] To-pinch—] *To* was very anciently used in connexion with verbs, as we conjoin *be*. Thus Gower, De Confessione Amantis, b. iv. fol. 7:—

"All *to-tore* is myn araie."

And Chaucer, Reeve's Tale, l. 4275:—

——"nose and mouth *to-broke*."

And Spenser has all *to-rent*, all *to-torn*, where we should say all-*be*-torn, all-*be*-rent, &c.

MRS. PAGE. The truth being known,
We'll all present ourselves; dis-horn the spirit,
And mock him home to Windsor.
FORD. The children must
Be practis'd well to this, or they'll ne'er do't.
EVA. I will teach the children their pehaviours; and I will pe like a jack-an-apes also, to purn the knight with my taper.
FORD. That will be excellent. I'll go buy them vizards.
MRS. PAGE. My Nan shall be the queen of all the fairies,
Finely attired in a robe of white.
PAGE. That silk will I go buy;—and in that tire[f]
Shall master Slender steal my Nan away, [*Aside.*
And marry her at Eton.——Go, send to Falstaff straight.
FORD. Nay, I'll to him again in name of Brook:
He'll tell me all his purpose: sure, he'll come.
MRS. PAGE. Fear not you that: go, get us properties,
And tricking for our fairies.
EVA. Let us about it: it is admirable pleasures, and fery honest knaveries.
[*Exeunt* PAGE, FORD, *and* EVANS.
MRS. PAGE. Go, mistress Ford,
Send Quickly to sir John, to know his mind.
[*Exit* MISTRESS FORD.
I'll to the doctor; he hath my good will,
And none but he, to marry with Nan Page.
That Slender, though well landed, is an idiot;
And he my husband, best of all, affects:
The doctor is well money'd, and his friends
Potent at court; he, none but he, shall have her,
Though twenty thousand worthier come to crave her. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*A Room in the* Garter Inn.

Enter Host *and* SIMPLE.

HOST. What would'st thou have, boor? what, thick-skin?[g] speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short, quick, snap.
SIM. Marry, sir, I come to speak with sir John Falstaff from master Slender.
HOST. There's his chamber, his house, his

[f] *In that* tire—] The first folio has, "in that *time*," which was corrected by Theobald.

[g] *What*, thick-skin?] This term of abuse, bearing the same meaning as our, *thick-head*, occurs again in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Act III. Sc. 2, where Puck, speaking of Bottom, says:—

"The shallowest *thick-skin* of that barren sort,
Who Pyramus presented in their sport."

astle, his standing-bed, and truckle-bed;[a] 'tis painted about with the story of the prodigal, fresh and new: go, knock and call; he'll speak like an *Anthropophaginian* unto thee; knock, I say.

SIM. There's an old woman, a fat woman, gone up into his chamber; I'll be so bold as stay, sir, till she come down: I come to speak with her, indeed.

HOST. Ha! a fat woman! the knight may be robbed: I'll call.—Bully knight! Bully sir John! speak from thy lungs military: art thou there? it is thine host, thine Ephesian, calls.

FAL. [*above.*] How now, mine Host?

HOST. Here 's a Bohemian-Tartar tarries the coming down of thy fat woman: let her descend, bully, let her descend; my chambers are honourable: fie! privacy? fie!

Enter FALSTAFF.

FAL. There was, mine Host, an old fat woman even now with me; but she's gone.

SIM. Pray you, sir, was't not the wise woman of Brentford?

FAL. Ay, marry, was it, muscle-shell;[b] what would you with her?

SIM. My master, sir, my master Slender, sent to her, seeing her go through the streets, to know, sir, whether one Nym, sir, that beguiled him of a chain, had the chain, or no.

FAL. I spake with the old woman about it.

SIM. And what says she, I pray, sir?

FAL. Marry, she says, that the very same man, that beguiled master Slender of his chain, cozened him of it.

SIM. I would, I could have spoken with the woman herself; I had other things to have spoken with her too, from him.

FAL. What are they? let us know.

HOST. Ay, come; quick!

SIM. I may not conceal them, sir.[c]

HOST. Conceal them, or thou diest!

SIM. Why, sir, they were nothing but about mistress Anne Page; to know, if it were my master's fortune to have her, or no.

FAL. 'T is, 'tis his fortune.

SIM. What, sir?

FAL. To have her,—or no: go; say, the woman told me so.

SIM. May I be bold to say so, sir?

FAL. Ay, sir Tike; who more bold?[d]

SIM. I thank your worship: I shall make my master glad with these tidings. [*Exit* SIMPLE.

HOST. Thou art clerkly, thou art clerkly, sir John: was there a wise woman with thee?

FAL. Ay, that there was, mine Host; one, that hath taught me more wit than ever I learned before in my life: and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.[e]

Enter BARDOLPH.

BARD. Out, alas, sir! cozenage! mere cozenage!

HOST. Where be my horses? speak well of them, varletto.

BARD. Run away with the cozeners: for so soon as I came beyond Eton, they threw me off, from behind one of them, in a slough of mire; and set spurs, and away, like three German devils, three Doctor Faustuses.

HOST. They are gone but to meet the duke, villain: do not say, they be fled; Germans are honest men.

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS.

EVA. Where is mine Host?

HOST. What is the matter, sir?

EVA. Have a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to town, tells me, there is three couzin germans, that has cozened all the hosts of Readings, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horses and money.(4) I tell you for good-will, look you: you are wise, and full of gipes and vlouting stogs; and 'tis not convenient you should be cozened: fare you well. [*Exit.*

Enter DOCTOR CAIUS.

CAIUS. Vere is mine *Host de Jarterre?*

HOST. Here, master doctor, in perplexity, and doubtful dilemma.

CAIUS. I cannot tell vat is dat: but it is tell-a me, dat you make grand preparation for a duke *de Jarmany:* by my trot, dere is no duke, dat de court is know to come: I tell you for good vill: adieu. [*Exit.*

HOST. Hue and cry, villain, go!—assist me, knight; I am undone:—fly, run, hue and cry, villain! I am undone!

[*Exit* Host *and* BARDOLPH.

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[a] His standing-bed, and truckle-bed;] In the poet's time, chambers were usually furnished with a standing bedstead, on which the superior reposed, and a truckle (from *trochlia*, a castor) or running one for the attendant. In the day-time, the latter, which was much lower than the standing bed, was wheeled under it, to afford more room in the apartment.

[b] Muscle-shell;] "He calls him Muscle-shell, because he stands with his mouth open."—JOHNSON.

[c] I may not conceal them, sir.] The old text gives this speech to Falstaff. For *conceal*, in both instances, Dr. Farmer proposes to read *reveal;* that is, to quench the little humour intended, which all depends on Slender's blunder, and the Host's jocular repetition of it.

[d] *Ay, sir* Tike; *who more bold?*] The folio reads, "Ay, sir, like who more bold:" but the reading in the text is supported by the quarto, which has, Ay, *Tike*, &c. *Tike* meaning *clown*, or *clodpole*.

[e] *I* paid *nothing for it neither, but was* paid for my learning.] He quibbles on the meaning of *paid:* one sense of to *pay* formerly being to *beat*.

FAL. I would, all the world might be cozened; for I have been cozened, and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the court, how I have been transformed, and how my transformation hath been washed and cudgeled, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor fishermen's boots with me; I warrant, they would whip me with their fine wits, till I were as crestfallen as a dried pear. I never prospered since I foreswore myself at *primero*.[a] Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers,[b] I would repent.—

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY.

Now! whence come you?

QUICK. From the two parties, forsooth.

FAL. The devil take one party, and his dam the other, and so they shall be both bestowed! I have suffered more for their sakes, more, than the villainous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear.

QUICK. And have not they suffered? Yes, I warrant; speciously one of them; mistress Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

FAL. What tell'st thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myself into all the colours of the rainbow; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brentford; but that my admirable dexterity of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman, delivered me, the knave constable had set me i' th' stocks, i' th' common stocks, for a witch.

QUICK. Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber: you shall hear how things go, and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts, what ado here is to bring you together! Sure, one of you does not serve heaven well, that you are so crossed.

FAL. Come up into my chamber. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Another Room in the* Garter Inn.

Enter FENTON *and* Host.

HOST. Master Fenton, talk not to me; my mind is heavy, I will give over all.

FENT. Yet hear me speak: assist me in my purpose,
And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee
A hundred pound in gold, more than your loss.

HOST. I will hear you, master Fenton; and I will, at the least, keep your counsel.

FENT. From time to time I have acquainted you
With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page;
Who, mutually, hath answer'd my affection
(So far forth as herself might be her chooser),
Even to my wish: I have a letter from her
Of such contents as you will wonder at;
The mirth whereof so larded with my matter,
That neither, singly, can be manifested,
Without the show of both;—wherein* fat Falstaff
Hath a great scene: the image of the jest
[*Showing the letter.*
I'll show you here at large. Hark, good mine Host:
To-night at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and one,
Must my sweet Nan present the fairy queen;
The purpose why, is here; in which disguise,
While other jests are something rank on foot,
Her father hath commanded her to slip
Away with Slender, and with him at Eton
Immediately to marry: she hath consented. Now, sir,
Her mother, even[c] strong against that match,
And firm for doctor Caius, hath appointed
That he shall likewise shuffle her away,
While other sports are tasking of their minds,
And at the deanery, where a priest attends,
Straight marry her: to this her mother's plot
She, seemingly obedient, likewise hath
Made promise to the doctor.—Now, thus it rests:
Her father means she shall be all in white;
And in that habit, when Slender sees his time
To take her by the hand, and bid her go,
She shall go with him:—her mother hath intended,
The better to denote† her to the doctor,
(For they must all be mask'd and vizarded,)
That, quaint in green, she shall be loose enrob'd,
With ribands pendant, flaring 'bout her head;
And when the doctor spies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and, on that token,
The maid hath given consent to go with him.

HOST. Which means she to deceive? father or mother?

FENT. Both, my good Host, to go along with me:
And here it rests,—that you'll procure the vicar
To stay for me at church, 'twixt twelve and one,
And, in the lawful name of marrying,
To give our hearts united ceremony.

HOST. Well, husband your device; I'll to the vicar:
Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.

FENT. So shall I evermore be bound to thee;
Besides, I'll make a present recompense.
[*Exeunt.*

[a] I never prospered since I foreswore myself at *primero*.] Shakespeare has nothing more profoundly characteristic of an old sinner, than this and the analogous reflection of Mistress Quickly upon the failure of their schemes:—"Sure, one of you does not serve heaven well, that you are so crossed."

(*) First folio omits, *wherein*. (†) Old text, *devote*.

[b] To say my prayers,—] These words are from the quarto.

[c] Even *strong*—] *Equally* strong. But as the quarto reads "*still* against," it may be doubted whether "even" is not a misprint for *ever*.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the* Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF *and* MISTRESS QUICKLY.

FAL. Pr'ythee, no more prattling;—go.——I'll hold: this is the third time; I hope good luck lies in odd numbers,[a] either in nativity, chance, or death.—Away.

QUICK. I'll provide you a chain; and I'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns.

FAL. Away, I say; time wears: hold up your head, and mince.[b] [*Exit* MISTRESS QUICKLY.

Enter FORD.

How now, master Brook? Master Brook, the matter will be known to-night, or never. Be you in the Park about midnight, at Herne's oak,(1) and you shall see wonders.

FORD. Went you not to her yesterday, sir, as you told me you had appointed?

FAL. I went to her, master Brook, as you see, like a poor old man: but I came from her, master Brook, like a poor old woman. That same knave, Ford her husband, hath the finest mad devil of jealousy in him, master Brook, that ever governed frenzy. I will tell you. He beat me grievously, in the shape of a woman; for in the shape of man, master Brook, I fear not Goliath with a weaver's beam; because I know also, life is a shuttle. I am in haste; go along with me; I'll tell you all, master Brook. Since I plucked geese, played truant, and whipped top, I knew not what it was to be beaten, till lately. Follow me: I'll tell you strange things of this knave Ford: on whom to-night I will be revenged, and I will deliver his wife into your hand.—Follow: strange things in hand, master Brook! follow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Windsor Park.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, *and* SLENDER.

PAGE. Come, come; we'll couch i' th' castle-ditch, till we see the light of our fairies. Remember, son Slender, my daughter.*

SLEN. Ay, forsooth; I have spoke with her, and we have a nay-word,[c] how to know one another.

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[a] There is divinity in odd numbers,—]

——"numero deus impare gaudet."
VIRGIL, *Eclogue* viii.

(*) First folio omits, *daughter*.

[b] *And* mince.] To *mince* meant to walk with affected modesty.

[c] A nay-word,—] That is, a watch-word.

I come to her in white, and cry *mum;* she cries, *budget;* and by that we know one another.

SHAL. That's good too: but what needs either your *mum*, or her *budget?* the white will decipher her well enough.—It hath struck ten o'clock.

PAGE. The night is dark; light and spirits will become it well. Heaven prosper our sport! No man means evil but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns. Let's away; follow me.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Street in* Windsor.

Enter MISTRESS PAGE, MISTRESS FORD, *and* DR. CAIUS.

MRS. PAGE. Master doctor, my daughter is in green: when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the deanery, and despatch it quickly: go before into the park; we two must go together.

CAIUS. I know vat I have to do; adieu.

MRS. PAGE. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit* CAIUS.] My husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of Falstaff, as he will chafe at the doctor's marrying my daughter: but 'tis no matter; better a little chiding, than a great deal of heart-break.

MRS. FORD. Where is Nan now, and her troop of fairies? and the Welsh devil, Hugh?*

MRS. PAGE. They are all couched in a pit hard by Herne's oak, with obscured lights; which, at the very instant of Falstaff's and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

MRS. FORD. That cannot choose but amaze him.

MRS. PAGE. If he be not amazed, he will be mocked; if he be amazed, he will every way be mocked.

MRS. FORD. We'll betray him finely.

MRS. PAGE. Against such lewdsters, and their lechery,
Those that betray them do no treachery.

MRS. FORD. The hour draws on; to the oak, to the oak! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Windsor Park.

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS *and* Fairies.

EVA. Trib, trib, fairies; come; and remember your parts: be pold, I pray you; follow me into the pit; and when I give the watch-'ords, do as I pid you. Come, come; trib, trib. [*Exeunt.*

(*) Old copy, *Herne.*

SCENE V.—*Another part of the* Park.

Enter FALSTAFF *disguised, with a buck's head on.*

FAL. The Windsor bell hath struck twelve; the minute draws on: now, the hot-blooded gods assist me. Remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa; love set on thy horns. O powerful love! that, in some respects, makes a beast a man; in some other, a man a beast. You were also, Jupiter, a swan, for the love of Leda; O, omnipotent love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a goose! A fault done first in the form of a beast; O Jove, a beastly fault! and then another fault in the semblance of a fowl; think on't, Jove; a foul fault! When gods have hot backs, what shall poor men do? For me, I am here a Windsor stag; and the fattest, I think, i' th' forest: send me a cool rut-time, Jove, or who can blame me to piss my tallow? Who comes here? my doe?

Enter MISTRESS FORD *and* MISTRESS PAGE.

MRS. FORD. Sir John? art thou there, my deer? my male deer?

FAL. My doe with the black scut?—Let the sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of *Green Sleeves;* hail kissing-comfits, and snow eringoes; let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here. [*Embracing her.*

MRS. FORD. Mistress Page is come with me, sweetheart.

FAL. Divide me like a brib'd-buck, each a haunch: I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk,[a] and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman? ha! Speak I like Herne the hunter?—Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience; he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome!

[*Noise without.*

MRS. PAGE. Alas! what noise?

MRS. FORD. Heaven forgive our sins!

FAL. What should this be?

MRS. FORD. }
MRS. PAGE. } Away! away! [*They run off.*

FAL. I think, the devil will not have me damned, lest the oil that is in me should set hell on fire; he would never else cross me thus.

[a] My shoulders for the fellow of this walk,—] By *fellow of this walk* is meant the *forester*, to whom it was customary, on the "*breaking up*" of a deer, to present one or both of the shoulders. For the process, we must refer the reader to the "Booke of Hunting," by the venerable Dame Juliana Berners, who says:—

"And the right shoulder, where so ever he be,
Bere it to the *foster*, for that is his fee."

Or to Turberville's "Booke of Hunting," 1575, where the distribution is prescribed with all the exactness so important a ceremony deserved.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans, *like a satyr;* Mistress Quickly, *and* Pistol; Anne Page, *as the Fairy Queen, attended by her brother and others, dressed like fairies, with waxen tapers on their heads.*[a]

Queen.[b] Fairies, black, grey, green, and white,
You moon-shine revellers, and shades of night,
You orphan-heirs of fixed destiny,[c]
Attend your office, and your quality.——
Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy o-yes. [toys.[d]

Pist. Elves, list your names; silence, you airy
Cricket, to Windsor chimnies shalt thou leap:
Where fires thou find'st unrak'd, and hearths unswept,
There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry:
Our radiant queen hates sluts, and sluttery.

Fal. They are fairies; he that speaks to them, shall die:
I'll wink and couch: no man their works must eye. [*Lies down upon his face.*

Eva. Where's Pede?*—Go you, and where you find a maid,
That, ere she sleep, has thrice her prayers said,
Raise up the organs of her fantasy,
Sleep she as sound as careless infancy;
Put those as sleep, and think not on their sins,
Pinch them, arms, legs, packs, shoulders, sides, and shins.

Queen. About, about;
Search Windsor castle, elves, within and out;
Strew good luck, ouphes, on every sacred room;

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[a] *Enter Sir Hugh Evans, &c.*] This stage-direction is chiefly made up from that in the early quarto. The folio has only, "*Enter fairies.*" The introduction of Pistol and Mistress Quickly in this scene, is to be accounted for on the supposition that the necessity of the theatre compelled the performers of these characters to take part among the fairies, and that the names thus got inserted in the printed copies.

[b] Queen.] There is nothing inconsistent in the prefix *Quic.* to these speeches in the quarto, because Mistress Quickly, or rather the actor who personated that character, was intended to "double" with it the Fairy Queen; but in the enlarged play, as Anne Page enacts the latter part, the prefix should certainly be "Queen."

[c] You orphan-heirs of fixed destiny,—] Warburton proposed, with plausibility, to read, "*Ouphen* heirs," but see note (3), page 630.

[d] Queen. *Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy* o-yes.
Pist. *Elves, list your names; silence, you airy* toys.]

"These two lines were certainly intended to rhyme together, as the preceding and subsequent couplets do; and accordingly, in the old editions, the final words of each line are printed *oyes* and *toyes*. This therefore is a striking instance of the inconvenience which has arisen from modernizing the orthography of Shakespeare."—Tyrwhitt.

(*) First folio, *Bede*.

That it may stand till the perpetual doom,
In state as wholesome, as in state 't is fit;
Worthy the owner, and the owner it.
The several chairs of Order look you scour
With juice of balm,[a] and every precious flower:
Each fair installment, coat, and several crest,
With loyal blazon, evermore be blest!
And nightly, meadow-fairies, look, you sing,
Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring:
The expressure that it bears, green let it be,
More fertile-fresh than all the field to see;
And, *Hony soit qui mal y pense*, write,
In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue, and white;
Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,
Buckled below fair knighthood's bending knee:
Fairies use flowers for their characterý.
Away; disperse: but, till 't is one o'clock,
Our dance of custom, round about the oak
Of Herne the hunter, let us not forget.

EVA. Pray you, lock hand in hand; yourselves in order set:
And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns pe,
To guide our measure round apout the tree.
Put, stay; I smell a man of middle earth.

FAL. Heavens defend me from that Welsh fairy! lest he transform me to a piece of cheese!

PIST. Vile worm, thou wast o'er-look'd[b] even in thy birth.

QUEEN. With trial-fire touch me his finger-end:
If he be chaste, the flame will back descend,
And turn him to no pain; but if he start,
It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

PIST. A trial, come!

EVA. Come, will this wood take fire?

[*They put the tapers to his fingers, and he starts.*

FAL. Oh, oh, oh!

QUEEN. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire!
About him, fairies; sing a scornful rhyme:
And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

SONG.

Fie on sinful fantasy!
Fie on lust and luxury!
Lust is but a bloody fire,
Kindled with unchaste desire,
Fed in heart, whose flames aspire,
As thoughts do blow them, higher and higher.
Pinch him, fairies, mutually;
Pinch him for his villainy;
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
Till candles, and star-light, and moonshine be out.

During this song,[c] *the fairies pinch* FALSTAFF. DOCTOR CAIUS *comes one way, and steals away a fairy in green;* SLENDER *another way, and takes off a fairy in white; and* FENTON *comes, and steals away* ANNE PAGE. *A noise of hunting is made without. All the fairies run away.* FALSTAFF *pulls off his buck's head, and rises.*

Enter PAGE, FORD, MISTRESS PAGE, *and* MISTRESS FORD. *They lay hold on him.*

PAGE. Nay, do not fly: I think, we have watch'd[d] you now;
Will none but Herne the hunter serve your turn?

MRS. PAGE. I pray you, come; hold up the jest no higher:—
Now, good sir John, how like you Windsor wives?
See you these, husband? do not these fair yokes
Become the forest better than the town?

FORD. Now, sir, who's a cuckold now?—*Master Brook*, Falstaff's a knave, a cuckoldly knave; here are his horns, *master Brook:* and, *master Brook*, he hath enjoyed nothing of Ford's but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money; which must be paid to *master Brook;* his horses are arrested for it, *master Brook.*

MRS. FORD. Sir John, we have had ill luck; we could never meet. I will never take you for my love again, but I will always count you my deer.

FAL. I do begin to perceive that I am made an ass.

FORD. Ay, and an ox too; both the proofs are extant.

FAL. And these are not fairies? I was three or four times in the thought, they were not fairies: and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprise of my powers, drove the grossness of the foppery into a received belief, in despite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason, that they were fairies. See now, how wit may be made a Jack-a-lent, when 'tis upon ill employment!

---

[a] The several chairs of Order look you scour
With juice of balm,—]

As Steevens has observed, it was an article of ancient luxury to rub tables, &c. with aromatic herbs. Thus, in Ovid's "Baucis and Philemon," Metamorphoses viii.:—

——— "Mensam—
æquatam *Mentha* abstersere virenti."

[b] O'er-look'd *even in thy birth.*] That is, bewitched. See note (a), page 416.

[c] *During this song,*—] Much of this direction is derived from the quarto. The folio has none whatever.

[d] *I think, we have* watch'd *you now;*] That is, *tamed* you. The allusion, which seems to hav been overlooked by all the commentators, is to one of the methods employed to tame, or "reclaim," hawks. It was customary when a hawk was first taken, for the falconers to sit up by turns and "watch" it; in other words, prevent it from sleeping, sometimes for three successive nights. Shakespeare has referred to the practice in the "Taming of the Shrew," Act IV. Sc. 2:—

"Another way I have to man my haggard,
To make her come, and know her keeper's call,
That is, to *watch* her,"—

And again, in "Othello," Act III. Sc. 3:—

——"My lord shall never rest,
I'll *watch* him tame."

Eva. Sir John Falstaff, serve Got, and leave your desires, and fairies will not pinse you.

Ford. Well said, fairy Hugh.

Eva. And leave you your jealousies too, I pray you.

Ford. I will never mistrust my wife again, till thou art able to woo her in good English.

Fal. Have I laid my brain in the sun, and dried it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'er-reaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welsh goat too? Shall I have a coxcomb of frieze?[a] 'tis time I were choked with a piece of toasted cheese.

Eva. Seese is not good to give putter; your pelly is all putter.

Fal. *Seese* and *putter!* have I lived to stand at the taunt of one that makes fritters of English? This is enough to be the decay of lust and late-walking, through the realm.

Mrs. Page. Why, sir John, do you think, though we would have thrust virtue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and have given ourselves without scruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? a bag of flax?

Mrs. Page. A puffed man?

Page. Old, cold, withered, and of intolerable entrails?

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Satan?

Page. And as poor as Job?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Eva. And given to fornications, and to taverns, and sack, and wine, and metheglins, and to drinkings, and swearings, and starings, pribbles and prabbles?

[a] A coxcomb of frieze?] *A fool's cap* made of *frieze*. Wales was celebrated for this description of cloth.

FAL. Well, I am your theme: you have the start of me; I am dejected; I am not able to answer the Welsh flannel: ignorance itself is a plummet[a] o'er me: use me as you will.

FORD. Marry, sir, we'll bring you to Windsor, to one master Brook, that you have cozened of money, to whom you should have been a pander: over and above that you have suffered, I think, to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

PAGE. Yet be cheerful, knight: thou shalt eat a posset(2) to-night at my house; where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee: tell her, master Slender hath married her daughter.

MRS. PAGE. Doctors doubt that: if Anne Page be my daughter, she is, by this, doctor Caius' wife. [*Aside.*

Enter SLENDER.

SLEN. Whoo, ho! ho! father Page!

PAGE. Son! how now? how now, son? have you despatched?

SLEN. Despatched!—I'll make the best in Gloucestershire know on't; would I were hanged, la, else.

PAGE. Of what, son?

SLEN. I came yonder at Eton to marry mistress Anne Page, and she's a great lubberly boy: if it had not been i' th' church, I would have swinged him, or he should have swinged me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page, would I might never stir, and 'tis a post-master's boy.

PAGE. Upon my life then you took the wrong.

SLEN. What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl: if I had been married to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

PAGE. Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you, how you should know my daughter by her garments?

SLEN. I went to her in white,* and cried, *mum*, and she cried *budget*, as Anne and I had appointed; and yet it was not Anne, but a post-master's boy.

MRS. PAGE. Good George, be not angry: I knew of your purpose; turned my daughter into green;† and, indeed, she is now with the doctor at the deanery, and there married.

Enter CAIUS.

CAIUS. Vere is mistress Page? By gar, I am cozened; I ha' married *un garçon*, a boy; *un paisan*, by gar, a boy; it is not Anne Page: by gar, I am cozened.

MRS. PAGE. Why, did you take her in green?*

CAIUS. Ay, be gar, and 'tis a boy: be gar, I'll raise all Windsor. [*Exit* CAIUS.

FORD. This is strange: who hath got the right Anne?

PAGE. My heart misgives me: here comes master Fenton.

Enter FENTON *and* ANNE.

How now, master Fenton?

ANNE. Pardon, good father! good my mother, pardon!

PAGE. Now, mistress! how chance you went not with master Slender?

MRS. PAGE. Why went you not with master doctor, maid?

FENT. You do amaze[b] her: hear the truth of it,
You would have married her most shamefully,
Where there was no proportion held in love.
The truth is, she and I, long since contracted,
Are now so sure, that nothing can dissolve us.
The offence is holy, that she hath committed:
And this deceit loses the name of craft,
Of disobedience, or unduteous title;[c]
Since therein she doth evitate and shun
A thousand irreligious cursed hours,
Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

FORD. Stand not amaz'd: here is no remedy:—
In love, the heavens themselves do guide the state;
Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

FAL. I am glad, though you have ta'en a special stand(3) to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanced.

PAGE. Well, what remedy?(4) Fenton, heaven give thee joy!
What cannot be eschew'd, must be embrac'd.

FAL. When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are chas'd.

MRS. PAGE. Well, I will muse no further:—master Fenton,
Heaven give you many, many merry days!—
Good husband, let us every one go home,
And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire;
Sir John and all.

FORD. Let it be so.—Sir John,
To master Brook you yet shall hold your word;
For he, to-night, shall lie with mistress Ford.
[*Exeunt.*

(*) Old text, *green.* (†) Old text, *white.*

a *Ignorance itself is a* plummet o'er me:] Farmer conjectured that *plummet* was a misprint for *planet;* but the following passage, in Shirley's "Love in a Maze," Act IV. Sc. 2, supports the old reading:—

"Yongrave, how is't, man? what! *art melancholy?*
What hath hung *plummets* on thy nimble soul,
What sleepy rod hath charm'd thy mounting spirit?"

(*) Old text, *white.*

b Amaze *her:*] *Confound* her by these questions.

c *Unduteous* title;] Mr. Collier's annotator reads, very speciously, "unduteous *guile.*"

ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

ACT I.

(1) SCENE I.—*Sir Hugh.*] The title of *Sir* was probably at one time applied to priests and curates without distinction, but subsequently became appropriated only to the inferior clergy, such as are called *Readers*. It was no more than the translation of *Dominus*, the academical distinction of a Bachelor of Arts. Fuller, in his Church History, says, there were formerly more *Sirs* than *Knights* in England, and adds, "Such priests as have the addition of *Sir* before their Christian name, were men not graduated in the university, being in orders, but not in degrees, whilst others entituled Masters had commenced in the arts."

(2) SCENE I.—*I will make a Star-chamber matter of it.*] The Court of *Star Chamber*, as it was familiarly called from the sitting being held *en la chambre des estoyers*, was the King's Council, the nature and extent of whose jurisdiction, even so early as the reign of Henry VII. when it was remodelled, were sufficiently extraordinary. The preamble of the Act relating to this Court, which was passed in the third of his reign, sets forth, that "the King, remembering how by unlawful maintenances, giving of liveries, signs and tokens, and retaining by indentures, promises, oaths, writings or otherwise, embraceries of his subjects, untrue demeanings of Sheriffs, in making of pannels and other untrue returns, by taking of money by juries, by great riots and unlawful assemblies, the policy and good rule of this realm is almost subdued:" &c. &c. "whereby the laws of the land in execution may take little effect, to the increase of murders, robberies, perjuries and unsureties of all men living," &c. For the reformation of which, it was now ordained that the chancellor, treasurer, and privy seal, or two of them, calling to them a bishop and a temporal lord, being of the Council, and the two Chief Justices, or in their absence, two other justices upon bill of information put to the Chancellor for the King, or any other, against any person for any misbehaviour above mentioned, have authority to call before them by writ or privy-seal, the offenders and others as it shall seem fit, by whom the truth may be known, and to examine and punish, after the form and effect of statutes thereof made, in like manner, as they ought to be punished, if they were convict after the due order of the law.

A tribunal, paramount as this, whose proceedings were summary, and whose punishments, though professedly in accordance with the laws, were administered with much more promptitude than those of the ordinary courts, soon acquired under the Tudors a formidable and dangerous authority,—an authority, as we know from history, which at length became tremendous, and ultimately led to its final abolition in the reign of Charles I.

The ridicule in the play is the making the vain and imbecile old Justice suppose his petty squabble with Falstaff of sufficient importance to be adjudicated by such a Court.

(3) SCENE I.—*The luce is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an old coat.*] Much has been written upon this perplexing passage to little purpose. It still remains, as Mr. Knight terms it, "an heraldic puzzle." There is, unquestionably, an allusion to the arms of Shakespeare's old foe, Sir Thomas Lucy, and it is conjecturable that the "dozen *white* luces," which were borne by one branch of the Lucy family, may have implied the *salt-water pike*, and have been an older scutcheon than the "three lucies hauriant" of the Warwickshire branch.

(4) SCENE I.—*I heard say, he was out-run on Cotsole.*] The Cotswold hills in Gloucestershire, a large tract of fine turfed downs, were among the places famous in times of yore for rural games; but the sports here and elsewhere appear to have declined during the latter part of the sixteenth century, owing perhaps, to the rigorous puritanical crusade carried on against all popular diversions. About the end of Elizabeth's reign, or, as some say, at the beginning of her successor's, they were revived, however, with increased spirit, through the exertions of Mr. Robert Dover, an attorney of Barton-on-the-Heath in Warwickshire, who instituted an annual celebration of rustic amusements, which he conducted in person; consisting of wrestling, leaping, pitching the bar, managing the pike, dancing and coursing the hare with greyhounds.

(5) SCENE I.—*I have seen Sackerson loose, twenty times.*] Sackerson, so named in all likelihood after his keeper, was a famous bear belonging to the Paris bear-baiting Garden on the Bankside; and the allusions to him and *Harry Hunks* and *George Stone*, two contemporary beasts of prowess, by the old writers, sufficiently attest the popularity of this savage sport in former time:—

> "Publius, a student of the common law,
> To *Paris-garden* doth himself withdraw;—
> Leaving old Ployden, Dyer and Broke alone,
> To see old *Harry Hunkes* and *Sacarson*."
> *Epigrams* by SIR JOHN DAVIES.

"He be sworne they tooke away a mastie dogge of mine by commission. Now I thinke on't, makes my teares stand in my eyes with grief. I had rather lost the dearest friend that ever I lay withal in my life. Be this light, never stir if hee fought not with great Sekerson foure hours to one, foremoste take up hindmoste, and tooke so many loaves from him, that hee sterv'd him presently. So, at last, the dogg cood doe no more then a beare cood, and the beare being heavie with hunger you know, fell uppon the dogge, broke his backe, and the dogge never stird more."—*Sir Gyles Goosecappe Knight*, a Comedie presented by the Chil. of the Chappell, 1606.

(6) SCENE IV.—*A Cain-coloured beard.*] In the old tapestries and pictures, Cain and Judas were represented with yellowish-red beards. A conceit very frequently alluded to in early books:—

> "And let their beards be of *Judas* his own colour."
> *The Spanish Tragedy.*

Again, in "The Insatiate Countess," by Marston:—

> "I ever thought by his *red beard* he would prove a *Judas*."

ACT II.

(1) SCENE I.—*The tune of Green sleeves.*] "*Green Sleeves, or Which nobody can deny,*" we gather from Mr. Chappell's learned and entertaining account of our early National Music, "has been a favourite tune from the time of Elizabeth to the present day; and is still frequently to be heard in the streets of London to songs with the well-known burden, 'Which nobody can deny.'" Mr. Chappell, indeed, carries its antiquity still higher, and thinks it was sung in the reign of Henry VIII. The earliest words to the air known to us, however, do not date farther back than 1580; in which year "*A new northen dittye of the Lady greene sleeves*" was licensed to Richard Jones by the Stationers' Company. This song, which evidently attained an uncommon share of popular favour even in that age of universal ballatry, was reprinted, four years after, by the same printer in the poetical miscellany entitled,—"*A Handefull of Pleasant Delites: containing sundrie new Sonets and delectable Histories in divers kindes of meeter. Newly devised to the newest tunes, that are now in use to be sung: everie sonet orderlie pointed to his proper tune. With new additions of certain songs, to verie late devised notes, not commonly knowen, nor used heretofore. By Clement Robinson: and divers others. At London, printed by Richard Ihones: dwelling at the signe of the Rose and Crowne, near Holborne Bridge.* 1584."

(2) SCENE I.—*The humour of it, quoth 'a! here's a fellow frights humour out of his wits.*] Ben Jonson, the best delineator of that species of affectation, so fashionable in his time, called *humours*, has pointed out, with his usual force and discrimination, the difference between the real and pseudo-humourist. Between those who by a natural bias of mind were led into singularity of thought and action, and those who, with no pretensions to originality, endeavoured to establish a reputation for it by ridiculous eccentricities in manners or apparel:—

> "As when some one peculiar quality
> Doth so possess a man, that it doth draw
> All his affects, his spirits, and his powers,
> In their conflictions, all to run one way,
> This may be truly said to be a HUMOUR.
> But that a rook, by wearing a pyed feather,
> The cable hat-band, or the three-piled ruff,
> A yard of shoe-tye, or the Switzer's knot
> On his French garters, should affect a HUMOUR!
> O, it is more than most ridiculous!"
>
> "*Every man out of his Humour.*"—GIFFORD'S *Ben Jonson*, v. II. p. 16.

(3) SCENE I.—*The priest o' th' town.*] The following hexameters may be seen in black letter over an ancient doorway in Northgate-street, Gloucester:—

> "En ruinosa domus quondam quam tunc renovavit,
> *Monachus urbanus* Osborne John rite vocatus."

(4) SCENE II.—*To your manor of Pickt-hatch, go.*] This notorious haunt of profligacy, so called from the *spiked* half-door, or *hatch*, the usual denotement of houses of ill-fame formerly, was a collection of tenements situated near the end of Old Street and the garden of the Charterhouse in Goswell Street. The allusions to it and to similar colonies of depraved characters, in *Whitefriars, Lambeth Marsh*, and *Turnmill Street*, are innumerable in our old out-spoken writers; but two or three examples will be sufficient, for the subject and the references are alike unsavoury:—

> ON LIEUTENANT SHIFT.
>
> "Shift here, in towne, not meanest amongst squires,
> That haunt *Pickt-hatch*, Mersh-Lambeth and White-fryer's
> Keepes himselfe, with halfe a man, and defrayes
> The charge of that state, with this charme, God payes."
>
> BEN JONSON'S *Epigrams*, No. XII.

"Sometimes shining in Lady-like resplendent brightnesse with admiration, and suddenly againe eclipsed with the pitchy and *tenebrous* clouds of contempt and deserved defamation. Sometimes at the *Full* at *Pickt-hatch*, and sometimes in the *Wane* at *Bridewell*."—TAYLOR, the Water Poet, fol., 1630, p. 95.

(5) SCENE II.—*One master Brook below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack.*] The custom of taking a "morning draught" of ale, beer, wine, or spirits, prevailed long before our author's time; and that of making acquaintance, in the manner indicated by the text, was nearly coeval. Speaking of the former habit, Dr. Venner, *Via Recta ad Vitam Longam*, 1637, says:—"The custome of drinking in the mornings fasting, a large draught of white wine, or of beere, hath almost with all men so farre prevailed, as that they judge it a principall means for the preservation of their health; where as in very deed, it is, being without respect had of the state or constitution of the body, inconsiderably used, the occasion of much hurt and discommoding." Of the latter practice there is a pleasant illustration in an anecdote told of Ben Jonson and Dr. Corbet:—"Ben Jonson was at a tavern, and in comes Bishop Corbet (but not so then) into the next room. Ben Jonson calls for a quart of *raw* wine and gives it to the tapster. 'Sirrah,' says he, 'carry this to the gentleman in the next chamber, and tell him, I *sacrifice* my service to him.' The fellow did, and in these words, 'Friend,' says Dr. Corbet, 'I thank him for his love: but pr'ythee tell him from me that he is mistaken; for *sacrifices* are always burnt.'"—*Merry Passages and Jeasts*, Harl. MSS. 6395.

ACT III.

(1) SCENE I.—

> *To shallow rivers, to whose falls*
> *Melodious pirds sing madrigals.*]

This couplet, slightly varied by Sir Hugh's trepidation, is from a charming little pastoral once thought to be Shakespeare's, and as such inserted in his "Passionate Pilgrim," but which, in "England's Helicon," and by Isaac Walton in his "Complete Angler," is attributed to Marlowe. In both these works, it is accompanied by "The Nymph's Reply," asserted to be by Sir Walter Raleigh. Though repeatedly quoted, and familiar to every one acquainted with our early poesy, we should be held inexcusable for omitting Kit Marlowe's "smooth song;" "old-fashioned poetry," indeed, as Walton calls it, "but choicely good:"—

"THE PASSIONATE SHEPHEARD TO HIS LOVE.

Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That vallies, groves, hills, and fields,
Woods, or steepie mountaines yeelds.

And we will sit upon the rockes,
Seeing the Shepheards feede their flockes,
By shallow riuers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigalls.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant poesies,
A cap of flowers and a kirtle
Imbroydered all with leaues of mirtle:

A gowne made of the finest wooll
Which from our pretty lambs we pull:
Faire lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold:

A belt of straw, and ivie buds,
With corall clasps and amber studs,
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me and be my love.

The Shepheard swaines shall dance and sing
For thy delights each May-morning;
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love."

(2) SCENE III.—*The ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance.*] By the *ship-tire* was, perhaps, understood some fanciful head-dress, with ornaments of glass or jewellery fashioned to resemble a ship:—"The attyre of her head was in forme of two little ships, made of emeraulds, with all the shrouds and tackling of cleere sapphyres."—"*Diana,*" *of George of Montemeyor,* 1598. Or it may have been an open kind of head-dress with ribbons streaming from it like the pennons of a ship. The *tire-valiant* was another of the innumerable "new-fangled tires," as Burton calls them, which an over-weening love of dress had imported from abroad, and of which the form is lost, and not worth seeking. Both were, no doubt, of "Venetian *admittance,*" or fashion, as the coiffures of that nation were all the mode at the end of the sixteenth, and beginning of the seventeenth century:—"Let her have the Spanish gait, the *Venetian tire,* Italian complements and endowments."—BURTON'S *Anatomy of Melancholy,* 1624.

(3) SCENE III.—*Fortune thy foe.*] It is not, perhaps, quite certain that the ballad, of which the first and second stanzas are subjoined, is the original *Fortune my Foe* that Falstaff had in mind, though there is strong reason, from the fact of the opening verse being quoted in Lilly's "Maydes Metamorphosis," 1600, for believing it to be the authentic version. Of the tune, which will be found, with much interesting matter connected with it, in Mr. Chappell's "Popular Music of the Olden Time," vol. i. p. 162, there can be no doubt. It had the good or evil fortune to be selected as an appropriate chaunt for the dismal effusions attributed to condemned criminals, and for the relation of murders, fires, judgments, and calamities of all kinds; and hence, for more than two hundred years, it maintained a popularity almost unexampled. *Fortune my Foe* is alluded to again by Shakespeare, in "Henry V." Act III. Sc. 6, and is mentioned by Lodge, Chettle, Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Shirley, and a host of other writers.

"*A sweet Sonnet, wherein the Lover exclaimeth against Fortune for the loss of his Ladies Favour, almost past hope to get it again, &c. &c. The Tune is Fortune, my Foe.*

THE LOVER'S COMPLAINT FOR THE LOSS OF HIS LOVE.

Fortune my Foe why dost thou froun on me?
And will thy favours never better be?
Wilt thou I say for ever breed my pain,
And wilt thou not restore my joys again?

Fortune hath wrought my grief and great annoy,
Fortune hath falsly stoln my Love away,
My love my joy, whose sight did make me glad,
Such great misfortunes never young man had."

ACT IV.

(1) SCENE I.—*I pray you, ask him some questions in his accidence.*] The particular work here referred to is the old English introduction to Latin Grammar called "Lily's Accidence." One of the efforts of Henry VIII. and Edward VI. for the advancement of learning, was an endeavour to establish an uniformity of books for teaching Latin. In 1541, in the proheme to "The Castel of Helthe," Sir Thomas Elyot says that the king had "not himselfe disdained to be the chiefe authour and setter forthe of an Introduction into Grammar, for the childerne of his loving subjectes." This was the famous "Introduction of the Eyght Partes of Speche, and the Construction of the same," usually known as "Lily's Accidence," but really composed by Dean Colet for his school at St. Paul's, in the years 1510 and 1513. The whole collection of tracts forming this Grammar,—written by Colet, Erasmus, Lily, Robertson, and Ritwise,—had appeared either in London or abroad, before they received the Royal sanction; but in 1542 they were printed entire as having been "compiled and set forth by the commandement of our most gracious soverayne lorde the King." After the death of Henry VIII. his son continued the royal patronage to "Lily's Grammar," which then became known as "King Edward's Grammar;" "*Edvardus*" being inserted as the example of proper names in the English, as those of "*Henricus*" and "*Anglia*" were in the Latin Institution. This was the book taught by authority at the public schools down even to the first half of the seventeenth century, the Accidence mentioned in the text, and the identical source whence Shakespeare himself acquired the elements of Latin. In "Twelfth Night," Act II. Sc. 3, Sir Toby Belch refers familiarly, as having learned it in his own youth, to the example given in the First Concord, of the infinitive mood being the nominative case to a verb,—"*Diluculo surgere*—thou know'st,—" The clown in the same comedy, Act V. Sc. 1, misquotes, or perverts, the nouns of number requiring a genitive case, "*Primo, secundo, tertio,* is a good play;" and Benedick, in "Much Ado about Nothing," Act IV. Sc. 1, takes an illustration from another part of the Accidence, when he says, "How now! interjections! why, then, some be of laughing, as, ha! ha! he!" In the examination of William Page, Sir Hugh inquires, "What is he, William, that does lend Articles?" And to this the child replies in the very words of the Accidence, "Articles are borrowed of the pronoun; and be thus declined." Even in the difference between the teacher and the pupil, the rules of the Introduction are to be traced; for when young Page says, "O, vocativo O," he repeats the sense of the definition, "the vocative case is known by calling or speaking to, as *O magister;*" whilst Sir Hugh follows the declension of the article, and rightly says, "*vocativo caret.*"

(2) SCENE II.—*A muffler.*] The muffler, a contrivance adopted by women to conceal a portion of their face, consisted usually of a linen bandage which covered the mouth and chin. Douce states that "it was enacted by a Scottish statute in 1547, that 'na woman cum to kirk, nor mercat, with her face *mussaled* or covered that scho may not be kend.'"

(3) SCENE II.—*The witch of Brentford.*] The "wise-woman of Brentford" was an actual personage, the fame of whose vaticinations must have been traditionally well known to an audience of the time, although the records we possess of her are scant enough. The chief of them is a black letter tract, printed by William Copland in the middle of the sixteenth century, entitled, "Jyl of Braintford's Testament," from which it appears she was hostess of a tavern at Brentford. She is mentioned also in "Westward Hoe!"—"I doubt that old hag, Gillian of Brentford, has bewitched me."

(4) SCENE V.—*There is three couzin Germans, that has cozened all the hosts of Readings, of Maidenhead, of Coleprook, of horses and money.*] In the preliminary notice of this play we mentioned an ingenious hypothesis of Mr. Knight in his "Pictorial Shakspere," that the deception practised upon mine *Host de Jarterre* pointed to some incidents connected with a visit made to Windsor, in 1592, by the Duke of Würtemberg. The Duke, it appears, was known here as "Count Mombeliard," (query, "Mumpelgard") of which title both Mr. Knight and Mr. Halliwell conceive the expression "cosen garmombles" in the quarto, to be a jocular corruption. "This nobleman visited Windsor, was shown 'the splendidly beautiful and royal Castle,' he 'hunted a stag for a long time over a broad and pleasant plain, with a pack of remarkably good hounds;' and, after staying some days, departed for Hampton Court.'" From these and other circumstances, not omitting that he was provided with a passport from Lord Howard, containing instructions to the authorities of towns through which he passed to furnish him with post horses, &c.; and at the sea-side with shipping, *for which he was to pay nothing.* Mr. Knight infers this to have been "one of those local and temporary allusions which Shakespeare seized upon to arrest the attention of his audience."

Our objections to this theory, inasmuch as the visit in 1592 is concerned, have already been mentioned in the Introduction; but it is far from improbable that an allusion was covertly intended to some other visit of the same nobleman. From the following interesting article by Sir Frederic Madden, we learn that the Duke of Würtemberg—Mümplegard was in England in 1610; and it is not unreasonable to suppose he might have visited us more than twice in the long interval of eighteen years.

"Among the Additional Manuscripts in the British Museum is a small thin quarto, containing the autograph diary, written in French, of Hans Jacob Wurmsser von Vendenheym, who accompanied Louis Frederic, Duke of Wurtemberg-Mumpelgard, in his diplomatic mission to England in 1610, on the part of the united Protestant German Princes. This diary extends from 16th March to 24th July of that year, and affords brief but interesting notices of the places visited by the Duke, both in coming and returning. He embarked from Flushing (where an English garrison was stationed) on Tuesday, 12th April, and arrived at Gravesend on the following day, where he was waited on by Sir Lewis Lewkenor, Master of the Ceremonies, and the next day conveyed in the Royal barges to London, 'au logis de l'Aigle noir.' On the 16th the Duke had his audience of the King, who received him sitting under a 'des' of cloth of gold, accompanied by the Queen, the Prince (Henry), the Duke of York (afterwards Charles I.), the Princess (Madame Arabella Stuart), and the young Prince of Brunswick, at that time also on a visit to James. Several days were afterwards spent in receiving and paying visits, and on the 23rd the Feast of St. George was kept with the usual ceremonies. On the 30th we have an entry of some interest to Shakspearean readers—'S. E. alla au Globe, lieu ordinaire ou l'on joue les Commedies; y fut representé l'histoire du More de Venise.'

We know from the evidence produced by Mr. Collier that 'Othello' appeared as early as 1602; and this entry proves that it retained its popularity in 1610. On the following day, 1st May, is another entry, of scientific interest:—

'S. E. alla au parc d'Elthon (Eltham) pour veoir *la perpetuum mobile.* L'inventeur s'appelle Cornelius Trebel, natif d'Alkmar, homme fort blond et beau, et d'une très douce façon, tout au contraire des espricts de la sorte. Nous y vismes aussy des Espinettes, qui jouent d'elle mesmes.'

I have not met with any mention of this philosopher in other papers of the period; but it is certain that in 1621 he published a work in Latin, entitled 'De quintessentia, et Epistola ad Jacobum Regem de perpetui mobili inventione.'

The King had previously left London (on the 24th) to go to his hunting-box in Northamptonshire; and on the 4th of May the Duke followed him and slept at Ware, at the inn called the Stag, where, says the author of the Diary, 'Je fus couché dans ung lict de plume de cigne, qui avoit huiet pieds de largeur.' This is, perhaps, the earliest precise notice yet found of this famous bed, and it serves to illustrate the passage in Shakspeare's 'Twelfth Night,' Act III. Sc. 2, in which he alludes to the 'Bed of Ware.' This bed still exists, and is engraved in Shaw's 'Ancient Furniture,' where it is stated to be 10 ft. 9 in. in length, by 10 ft. 9 in. in width, and to have been made in the reign of Elizabeth.

On leaving Ware the Duke proceeded to Royston, Cambridge, Newmarket, and Thetford, where he rejoined the King on the 7th; and the next morning the Duke went to church with his Majesty, as it was the day 'que sa Majesté observe infalliblement pour estre celuy de sa dellivrance de l'assasinat des Contes de Gaury (Gowry).' This is a remarkable passage, since other authorities give the 5th of August as the anniversary of this conspiracy. On the same day James took his guests with him to hunt the hare (his favourite amusement), and they saw a hawk seize some doterels, 'oiseau qui se laisse prendre par une estrange manière;' and also the trained cormorants, which, at the word of command, plunged into the water and brought up eels and other fish, which they, on a sign given, vomited up alive—'chose bien merveilleuse à voir!' On the same day, also, arrived the news of the assassination of Henry IV. of France, which took place on the 4th May. The news, however, did not prevent the King from hunting the hare the next day; and after dinner the whole party returned towards London, which they reached on the 10th. On the 25th the Duke of Wurtenberg left London and travelled by Rochester and Canterbury to Dover; whence, on the 29th, he embarked with his suite, and arrived safely at the port of Veer, in Zealand, on the following day."

ACT V.

(1) SCENE I.—*Herne's oak.*] One of the many pleasing features in this sprightly comedy is the amount of local colouring with which it is imbued. Within the last few years the researches of various writers have shown, to use the words of Mr. Halliwell, "that 'The Merry Wives of Windsor' is to be regarded, in all essential particulars, as a purely English local drama, in which the actors and incidents, though spiritually belonging to all time, are really founded and engrafted upon living characters, amidst scenes existing, in a provincial town of England and its neighbourhood, in the lifetime of the poet." With regard to Herne's oak, the fact is now established, that a family of the name of Herne was living at Windsor in the sixteenth century, one Gylles Herne being married there in 1569. The old tradition was that Herne, one of the keepers in the park, having committed an offence for which he feared to be disgraced, hung himself upon an oak, which was ever after haunted by his ghost.

The earliest notice of this oak, since immortalized by Shakespeare, is in a "Plan of the Town and Castle of Windsor and little Park," published at Eton, in 1742. In the map, a tree, marked "Sir John Falstaff's oak," is represented as being on the edge of a pit, (Shakespeare's fairy pit!) just on the outside of an avenue which was formed in the seventeenth century, and known as Queen Elizabeth's Walk. The oak, a pollard, was described in 1780 as being twenty-seven feet in circumference, hollow, and the only tree in the neighbourhood into which boys could get. Although in a rapid state of decay, acorns were obtained from it as late as 1783, and it would in all probability have stood the scath of time and shocks of weather, but that unfortunately it was marked down inadvertently in a list of decayed and unsightly trees which had been ordered to be destroyed by George III., and fell a victim to the woodman's axe in 1796.

(2) SCENE V.—*Yet be cheerful, knight: thou shalt eat a posset to-night at my house.*] To *posset*, whatever its derivation, meant to *coagulate*, or *curd*:—

> "And with a sudden vigour it doth *posset*,
> And curd, like aigre droppings into milk,
> The thin and wholesome blood":
>
> *Hamlet*, Act I. Sc. 8.

and the posset originally was, perhaps, no more than curdled milk, taken to promote perspiration. Hence, the hour of projection, the appropriate time for the administration of the posset proper, such as we are now considering, was *at night*, shortly before retiring to rest; Mrs. Quickly, in the present play, promises John Rugby "A posset soon at night,—at the end of a sea-coal fire:" Lady Macbeth, at night, speaks of having "drugged the possets" of Duncan's "grooms." Martha, in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Scornful Lady," Act II. Sc. 1, remarks to Welford, "Sir, 'tis so late, and our entertainment (meaning our posset) by this time is grown so cold, that 'twere an unmannerly part longer to hold you from your rest." And in Sir John Suckling's ballad on the wedding of Lord Broghill, the last ceremony described in the bridal chamber is:—

> "In come the bride's-maids with the posset,
> The bridegroom ate in spite:
> For, had he left the women to 't,
> It would have cost an hour to do 't,—
> Which were too much that night."

On the nature and qualities of Sack, "Simple of itself," the commentators are profuse in information. On this, its crowning luxury,—the famous and universally popular *sack-posset*,—they afford us none at all. Luckily, we are enabled to supply this grave omission, having at hand two recipes, infallibly authentic, for the precious brewage. The first of these is taken from a work published near the end of the seventeenth century, entitled "A True Gentlewoman's Delight:" the other is from the pen of Sir Fleetwood Shepherd.

> "TO MAKE A SACK-POSSET.—Take Two Quarts of pure good Cream, and a Quarter of a Pound of the best Almonds. Stamp them in the Cream and boyl, with *Amber* and *Musk* therein. Then take a Pint of Sack in a basin, and set it on a Chafing-dish, till it be blood-warm; then take the Yolks of Twelve Eggs, with Four of their Whites, and beat them well together; and so put the Eggs into the Sack. Then stir all together over the coals, till it is all as thick as you would have it. If you now take some *Amber* and *Musk*, and grind the same quite small, with sugar, and strew this on the top of your Possit, I promise you that it shall have a most delicate and pleasant taste."

He must be the veriest Pythagorean who could doubt it; and the marvel is how such a "night-cap" ever went out of fashion. The Knight's preparation seems hardly so ambrosial, but that too must have been a palatable "comforter:"—

> "From fam'd *Barbadoes* in the *Western Main*,
> Fetch *Sugar*, ounces four; fetch *Sack* from *Spain*
> A Pint; and from the *Eastern Indian* coast,
> *Nutmeg*, the glory of our Northern toast:
> O'er flaming coals let them together heat,
> Till the all-conquering *Sack* dissolve the Sweet.
> O'er such another fire, put Eggs just Ten,
> New-born from tread of cock and rump of hen;
> Stir them, with steady hand, and conscience pricking,
> To see the untimely end of ten fine chicken.
> From shining shelf take down the brazen skillet,
> A quart of Milk from gentle cow will fill it.
> When boil'd and cold, put Milk and Sack to Egg,
> Unite them firmly, like the Triple League;
> And on the fire let them together dwell,
> Till Miss sing twice—'*You must not kiss and tell.*'
> Then lad and lass take up a Silver Spoon:
> And fall on 't fiercely, like a starved Dragoon."

(3) SCENE V.—*I am glad, though you have ta'en a special stand to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanced.*] Deer shooting was a favourite sport of both sexes in the time of Shakespeare, and to enable ladies to enjoy it in safety and without fatigue, *stands*, or *standings*, with flat roofs, ornamented and concealed by boughs and bushes, were erected in many parks. Here, armed with the cross-bow or bow and arrow, the fair huntresses were wont to take aim at the animal which the keepers compelled to pass before them. To this practice the poet alludes again in "Love's Labour's Lost," Act IV. Sc. 1:—

> "PRIN. ——— where is the bush
> That we must stand and play the murderer in?
> FOR. Hereby, upon the edge of yonder coppice;
> *A stand* where you may make the fairest shoot."

And in "Cymbeline," Act III. Sc. 4:—

> ———"When thou hast ta'en thy *stand*,
> The elected deer before thee!"

(4) SCENE V.—*Well, what remedy?*] In the quarto, after Falstaff's speech, the dialogue proceeds as follows:—

> "MRS. FORD. Come, mistris Page, Ile be bold with you,
> 'Tis pity to part love that is so true.
> MRS. PAGE. Altho' that I have missed in my intent,
> Yet I am glad my husband's match was crossed;
> Here, M. Fenton, take her, and God give thee joy.
> SIR HU. Come, Master Page, you must needs agree.
> FORD. I yfaith, sir, come, you see your wife is wel pleased.
> PAGE. I cannot tel, and yet my hart's well eased.
> And yet it doth me good the Doctor missed.
> Come hither, Fenton, and come hither, daughter;
> Go too, you might have stal'd for my good will,
> But since your choise is made of one you love,
> Here take her, Fenton, and both happie prove."

Act IV. Sc. 1.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

THE only edition of this comedy known before the folio 1623, is a quarto printed in 1600, entitled:—"Much adoe about Nothing, as it hath been sundrie times publikely acted by the right honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. *Written by William Shakespeare.* London Printed by V. S. for Andrew Wise and William Aspley, 1600." It is supposed originally to have been acted under the title of "Benedick and Beatrix," and, from being unnoticed by Meres, to have been written not earlier than 1598.

The serious incidents of his plot, some writers conjecture, Shakespeare derived from the story of Ariodante and Geneura, in Ariosto's Orlando Furioso, which, in 1582-3, was made the subject of dramatic representation, and played before Queen Elizabeth by "Mulcaster's children," that is, the children of St. Paul's school, and of which an English translation by Sir John Harrington, Elizabeth's "merry poet," and godson, was published in 1591. Others, with more probability, believe the source from whence he took them was some now extinct version of Bandello's twenty-second novel, "*Como il S. Timbreo di Cardona, essendo col Re Piero d'Aragona in Messina, s'innamora, di Fenicia Leonata: e i varii fortunevoli accidenti, che avvennero prima che per moglie la prendesse.*" In Bandello's story the scene, like that of the comedy, is laid at Messina; the name of the slandered lady's father is the same, Lionato, or Leonato; and the friend of her lover is Don Piero, or Pedro. These coincidences alone are sufficient to establish some near or remote connexion between the novel and the play, but a brief sketch of the romance will place their affinity almost beyond doubt. Don Piero of Arragon returns from a victorious campaign, and, with the gallant cavalier Timbreo di Cardona, is at Messina. Timbreo falls in love with Fenicia, the daughter of Lionato di Leonati, a gentleman of Messina, and, like Claudio in the play, courts her by proxy. He is successful in his suit, and the lovers are betrothed: but the course of true love is impeded by one Girondo, a disappointed admirer of the lady, who determines to prevent the marriage. In pursuance of this object, he insinuates to Timbreo that Fenicia is false, and offers to show him a stranger scaling her chamber window. The unhappy lover consents to watch; and at the appointed hour, Girondo and a servant in the plot, pass him disguised, and the latter is seen to ascend a ladder and enter the house of Lionato. In an agony of rage and jealousy, Timbreo in the morning accuses the lady of disloyalty, and rejects the alliance. Fenicia falls into a swoon; a dangerous illness supervenes; and the father, to stifle

all rumours hurtful to her fame, removes her to a retired house of his brother, proclaims her death, and solemnly performs her funeral obsequies. Girondo is now struck with remorse at having "slandered to death" a creature so innocent and beautiful. He confesses his treachery to Timbreo, and both determine to restore the reputation of the lost one, and undergo any penance her family may impose. Lionato is merciful, and requires only from Timbreo, that he shall wed a lady whom he recommends, and whose face shall be concealed till the marriage ceremony is over. The *dénouement* is obvious. Timbreo espouses the mysterious fair one, and finds in her his injured, loving, and beloved Fenicia.

The comic portion of "Much Ado about Nothing," involving the pleasant stratagems by which the principal characters are decoyed into matrimony with each other, is Shakespeare's own design, and the amalgamation of the two plots is managed with so much felicity, that no one, perhaps, who read the comedy for entertainment only, ever thought them separable.

Persons Represented.

DON PEDRO, *Prince of* Arragon.

DON JOHN, *his bastard Brother.*

CLAUDIO, *a young nobleman of* Florence, } *Friends of* Don Pedro.
BENEDICK, *a young nobleman of* Padua, }

LEONATO, *Governor of* Messina.

ANTONIO, *his Brother.*

BORACHIO, } *Followers of* Don John.
CONRADE, }

BALTHAZAR, *an Attendant on* Don Pedro.

SEXTON.

DOGBERRY, } *Two City Officers.*
VERGES, }

A FRIAR.

A BOY, *attending on* Benedick.

HERO, *Daughter to* Leonato.

BEATRICE, *Niece to* Leonato.

MARGARET, } *Gentlewomen attending on* Hero *and* Beatrice.
URSULA, }

Messengers, Watchmen, and Attendants.

SCENE,—MESSINA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Before* Leonato's *House*.

Enter Leonato, Hero, Beatrice, *and others, with a* Messenger.[a]

Leon. I learn in this letter, that don Pedro* of Arragon comes this night to Messina.

Mess. He is very near by this; he was not three leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?

(*) Old text, *Peter*.

[a] Enter Leonato, &c.] The stage-direction in the old copies is, "*Enter Leonato governour of Messina*, Innogen his wife, *Hero his daughter, and Beatrice his Neece, with a Messenger*." As the wife of Leonato takes no part in the action, and neither speaks nor is spoken to throughout the play, she was probably no more than a character the poet had designed in his first sketch of the plot, and which he found reason to omit afterwards.

MESS. But few of any sort,[a] and none of name.

LEON. A victory is twice itself, when the achiever brings home full numbers. I find here, that don Pedro* hath bestowed much honour on a young Florentine, called Claudio.

MESS. Much deserved on his part, and equally remembered by don Pedro: he hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age, doing, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion: he hath, indeed, better bettered expectation, than you must expect of me to tell you how.

LEON. He hath an uncle here in Messina will be very much glad of it.

MESS. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him; even so much, that joy could not show itself modest enough, without a badge of bitterness.

LEON. Did he break out into tears?

MESS. In great measure.

LEON. A kind overflow of kindness: there are no faces truer than those that are so washed. How much better is it to weep at joy, than to joy at weeping!

BEAT. I pray you, is signior Montanto[b] returned from the wars, or no?

MESS. I know none of that name, lady; there was none such in the army of any sort.[c]

LEON. What is he that you ask for, niece?

HERO. My cousin means signior Benedick of Padua.

MESS. O, he is returned; and as pleasant as ever he was.

BEAT. He set up his bills(1) here in Messina, and challenged Cupid at the flight: and my uncle's fool, reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the bird-bolt.(2)—I pray you, how many hath he killed and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he killed? for, indeed, I promised to eat all of his killing.

LEON. Faith, niece, you tax signior Benedick too much; but he'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.

MESS. He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

BEAT. You had musty victual, and he hath holp to eat it: he is a very valiant trencher-man, he hath an excellent stomach.

MESS. And a good soldier too, lady.

BEAT. And a good soldier to a lady!—But what is he to a lord?

MESS. A lord to a lord, a man to a man; stuffed with all honourable virtues.

BEAT. It is so, indeed, he is no less than a stuffed man, but for the stuffing,—Well, *we are all mortal.*

LEON. You must not, sir, mistake my niece: there is a kind of merry war betwixt signior Benedick and her: they never meet, but there is a skirmish of wit between them.

BEAT. Alas! he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict, four of his five wits[d] went halting off, and now is the whole man governed with one: so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference[e] between himself and his horse: for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reasonable creature.—Who is his companion now? he hath every month a new sworn brother.

MESS. Is it possible?

BEAT. Very easily possible: he wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat, it ever changes with the next block.[f]

MESS. I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.

BEAT. No: an he were, I would burn my study. But, I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer[g] now, that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

MESS. He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

BEAT. O Lord! he will hang upon him like a disease: he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio! if he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere he be cured.

MESS. I will hold friends with you, lady.

BEAT. Do, good friend.

(*) Old text, *Peter.*

[a] *But few of any* sort, *and none of name.*] It may be questionable whether *any sort*, in this instance, is to be understood in the ordinary sense we attach to it, of any *kind*, or *description*, or whether it means any *of rank*, or *distinction;* but every one acquainted with our early literature is aware that *sort* was commonly used—as in a subsequent speech of the same character, "there was none such in the army of any *sort*"—to imply *stamp, degree, quality*, &c. Thus, in Ben Jonson's "Every Man out of his Humour," Act II. Sc. 6:—"Look you, sir, you presume to be a gentleman of *sort*." Again, in the same author's "Every Man in his Humour," Act I. Sc. 2:—"A gentleman of your *sort*, parts," &c. And in "Ram Alley," Act IV. Sc. 1:—"Her husband is a gentleman of *sort*." "A gentleman of *sort!* why, what care I?"

[b] Montanto—] A term borrowed from the Italian schools of fence:—"———your punto, your reverso, your stoccata, your imbrocata, your passada, your *Montanto*."—*Every Man in his Humour.*

[c] *Of any* sort.] See note ([a]).

[d] *His five* wits—] With our early writers the five senses were usually so called:—"Certes delites been after the appetites of the *five wittis;* as sight, hereing, smelling, savouring, and touching."—*The Persones Tale* of CHAUCER.

"I am callyd Sensuall Apetyte,
All craturs in me delyte;
I comforte the wyttys fyve,
The tastyng, smellyng, and herynge;
I refresh the syght and felynge
To all creaturs alyve."
Interlude of *The Four Elements.*

[e] *Bear it for a* difference—] That is, heraldically, *for a distinction.* So poor Ophelia, in "Hamlet," Act IV. Sc. 5:—

"You may wear your rue with *a difference.*"

[f] The next block.] The *block* was the mould on which the felt hats of our ancestors were shaped; and, as the mutability of fashion was shown in nothing so much as in the head-dresses of both sexes, these blocks must have been perpetually changing their form.

[g] Squarer—] *Squarer* may perhaps mean *quarreller*, as to square is to *dispute.*

LEON. You will never run mad, niece.
BEAT. No, not till a hot January.
MESS. Don Pedro is approached.

Enter DON PEDRO, *attended by* BALTHAZAR, *and others*, DON JOHN, CLAUDIO, *and* BENEDICK.[a]

D. PEDRO. Good signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

LEON. Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your grace: for trouble being gone, comfort should remain; but when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happiness takes his leave.

D. PEDRO. You embrace your charge too willingly. I think, this is your daughter.

LEON. Her mother hath many times told me so.

[a] *Enter, &c.*] In the old copies the direction is, "*Enter don Pedro, Claudio, Benedicke, Balthasar, and Iohn the bastard.*"

BENE. Were you in doubt, sir,* that you asked her?

LEON. Signior Benedick, no; for then were you a child.

D. PEDRO. You have it full, Benedick: we may guess by this what you are, being a man. Truly, the lady fathers herself.[a] Be happy, lady! for you are like an honourable father.

BENE. If signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders, for all Messina, as like him as she is.

BEAT. I wonder that you will still[b] be talking, signior Benedick; nobody marks you.

BENE. What, my dear lady Disdain! are you yet living?

BEAT. Is it possible Disdain should die, while she hath such meet food to feed it, as signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.

BENE. Then is courtesy a turn-coat. But it is certain, I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted: and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart, for truly I love none.

BEAT. A dear happiness to women; they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God, and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that; I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow, than a man swear he loves me.

BENE. God keep your ladyship still in that mind! so some gentleman or other shall 'scape a predestinate scratched face.

BEAT. Scratching could not make it worse, an 'twere such a face as yours were.

BENE. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

BEAT. A bird of my tongue, is better than a beast of yours.

BENE. I would my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuer: but keep your way o' God's name! I have done.

BEAT. You always end with a jade's trick; I know you of old.

D. PEDRO. This is the sum of all: Leonato,—signior Claudio, and signior Benedick,—my dear friend Leonato hath invited you all. I tell him, we shall stay here at the least a month; and he heartily prays, some occasion may detain us longer: I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

LEON. If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forsworn.—Let me bid you welcome, my lord; being reconciled to the prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

D. JOHN. I thank you: I am not of many words, but I thank you.

LEON. Please it your grace lead on?

D. PEDRO. Your hand, Leonato; we will go together.

[*Exeunt all but* BENEDICK *and* CLAUDIO.

CLAUD. Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of signior Leonato?

BENE. I noted her not, but I looked on her.

CLAUD. Is she not a modest young lady?

BENE. Do you question me, as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgment; or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex?

CLAUD. No, I pray thee, speak in sober judgment.

BENE. Why, i' faith, methinks she's too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise: only this commendation I can afford her, that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome; and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

CLAUD. Thou thinkest, I am in sport; I pray thee, tell me truly how thou likest her.

BENE. Would you buy her, that you inquire after her?

CLAUD. Can the world buy such a jewel?

BENE. Yea, and a case to put it into. But speak you this with a sad brow? or do you play the flouting Jack, to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare carpenter?[c] Come, in what key shall a man take you, to go in the song?

CLAUD. In mine eye she is the sweetest lady that ever I looked on.

BENE. I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter: there's her cousin, an she were not possessed with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty, as the first of May doth the last of December. But I hope you have no intent to turn husband, have you?

CLAUD. I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.

BENE. Is't come to this? in faith, hath not the world one man, but he will wear his cap with suspicion? Shall I never see a bachelor of threescore again? Go to, i' faith; an thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh away Sundays. Look, don Pedro is returned to seek you.

(*) First folio omits, *sir*.

[a] The lady fathers herself.] This phrase, Steevens observes, is still common in Dorsetshire. "Jack fathers himself," is like his father. There was a French saying to the same effect, older than Shakespeare's time:—"*Il pourtrait fort bien à son père.*"

[b] Still *be talking*,—] *Always* be talking.

[c] To tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare carpenter?] This, which has so puzzled all the commentators, is nothing more than an example of what Puttenham terms "*Antiphrasis*, or the *Broad floute*." "Or when we deride by plaine and flat contradiction, as he that saw a dwarfe go in the streete said to his companion that walked with him; See yonder gyant; and to a Negro or woman blackemoore, In good sooth ye are a faire one."—*The Arte of English Poesie*, 1589.

Re-enter DON PEDRO.

D. PEDRO. What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonato's?

BENE. I would your grace would constrain me to tell.

D. PEDRO. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

BENE. You hear, count Claudio: I can be secret as a dumb man, I would have you think so; but on my *allegiance*,—mark you this, on my *allegiance*:—he is in love. With who?—now that is your grace's part.—Mark, how short his answer is:—*With Hero, Leonato's short daughter.*

CLAUD. If this were so, so were it uttered.

BENE. Like the old tale, my lord: *it is not so, nor 't was not so;* but, indeed, *God forbid it should be so.*(3)

CLAUD. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

D. PEDRO. Amen, if you love her; for the lady is very well worthy.

CLAUD. You speak this to fetch me in, my lord.

D. PEDRO. By my troth, I speak my thought.

CLAUD. And, in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

BENE. And, by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I spoke* mine.

CLAUD. That I love her, I feel.

D. PEDRO. That she is worthy, I know.

BENE. That I neither feel how she should be loved, nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion, that fire cannot melt out of me; I will die in it at the stake.

D. PEDRO. Thou wast ever an obstinate heretic in the despite of beauty.

CLAUD. And never could maintain his part, but in the force of his will.

BENE. That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks: but that I will have a recheat winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an invisible baldrick,[a] all women shall pardon me. Because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none; and the fine[b] is, (for the which I may go the finer,) I will live a bachelor.

D. PEDRO. I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

BENE. With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord, not with love: prove that ever I lose more blood with love, than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen, and hang me up at the door of a brothel-house, for the sign of blind Cupid.

D. PEDRO. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

BENE. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat,[c] and shoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be clapped on the shoulder, and called Adam.(4)

D. PEDRO. Well, as time shall try:
In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.[d]

BENE. The savage bull may; but if ever the sensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's horns, and set them in my forehead; and let me be vilely painted; and in such great letters as they write, *Here is good horse to hire*, let them signify under my sign,—*Here you may see Benedick the married man.*

CLAUD. If this should ever happen, thou would'st be horn-mad.

D. PEDRO. Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

BENE. I look for an earthquake too, then.

D. PEDRO. Well, you will temporize with the hours. In the mean time, good signior Benedick, repair to Leonato's; commend me to him, and tell him, I will not fail him at supper; for, indeed, he hath made great preparation.

BENE. I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassage; and so I commit you—

CLAUD. *To the tuition of God. From my house,* (if I had it,)—

D. PEDRO. *The sixth of July: Your loving friend, Benedick.*[e]

BENE. Nay, mock not, mock not: the body of your discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the guards are but slightly basted on neither: ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conscience; and so I leave you.

[*Exit* BENEDICK.

CLAUD. My liege, your highness now may do me good. [but how,

D. PEDRO. My love is thine to teach; teach it
And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn
Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

CLAUD. Hath Leonato any son, my lord?

D. PEDRO. No child but Hero, she 's his only heir.
Dost thou affect her, Claudio?

(*) First folio, *speake.*

[a] *But that I will have* a recheat winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an invisible baldrick,—] A *recheat* was a note upon the horn, usually employed to recal the dogs from the wrong scent. Benedick's meaning appears to be, I will neither be a wittol, glorying in my shame, nor a poor cuckold who must endure and conceal it.

[b] The fine—] The *conclusion.*

[c] Hang me in a bottle like a cat, and shoot at me;] This was one of the barbarous sports of former times. The practice was to enclose a cat in a suspended coop of open bars, and shoot at it with arrows till the poor animal was killed:—"——— arrowes flew faster than they did at a *catte in a basket*, when Prince Arthur, or the Duke of Shoreditch, strucke up drumme in field —*Warres; or, The Peace is Broken*, a black-letter tract, quoted by Steevens.

[d] *In time*, &c.] A line from the old stage butt, "The Spanish Tragedy," by Thomas Kyd; but which originally occurs in Watson's "Passionate Centurie of Love," printed in 1582.

[e] Your loving friend, Benedick.] The "old ends," here ridiculed, were the formal conclusions of letters in the poet's time, which usually ran, "*And so*, wishing you health, *I commend you to the tuition of God*," &c. &c.

CLAUD. O my lord,
When you went onward on this ended action,
I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye,
That lik'd, but had a rougher task in hand
Than to drive liking to the name of love:
But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts
Have left their places vacant, in their rooms
Come thronging soft and delicate desires,
All prompting me how fair young Hero is,
Saying, I lik'd her ere I went to wars—

D. PEDRO. Thou wilt be like a lover presently,
And tire the hearer with a book of words:
If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it,
And I will break with her, and with her father,
And thou shalt have her:[a] was't not to this end,
That thou began'st to twist so fine a story?

CLAUD. How sweetly do you minister to love,
That know love's grief by his complexion!
But lest my liking might too sudden seem,
I would have salv'd it with a longer treatise.

D. PEDRO. What need the bridge much broader than the flood?
The fairest grant is the necessity:[b]
Look, what will serve, is fit: 'tis once,[c] thou lov'st;
And I will fit thee with the remedy.
I know, we shall have revelling to-night;
I will assume thy part in some disguise,
And tell fair Hero I am Claudio;
And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart,
And take her hearing prisoner with the force
And strong encounter of my amorous tale:
Then, after, to her father will I break,
And, the conclusion is, she shall be thine:
In practice let us put it presently. [*Exeunt.*

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[a] ———And with her father,
And thou shalt have her:]
These words are omitted in the folio, 1623.

The fairest grant is the necessity:] Mr. Hayley proposed to read "The fairest grant is *to* necessity, that is, *necessitas quod cogit defendit*," but surely the sense is clear enough—the best boon is that which answers the necessities of the case: or, as Don Pedro pithily explains it, "what will serve, is fit."

[c] 'T is once,—] See note (a), p. 128.

SCENE II.—*A Room in* Leonato's *House.*

Enter LEONATO *and* ANTONIO.[a]

LEON. How now, brother? where is my cousin, your son? hath he provided this music?

ANT. He is very busy about it. But, brother, I can tell you news that you yet dreamed not of.

LEON. Are they good?

ANT. As the event* stamps them; but they have a good cover, they show well outward. The prince and count Claudio, walking in a thick-pleached alley[b] in my orchard, were thus much† overheard by a man of mine. The prince discovered to Claudio, that he loved my niece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance; and, if he found her accordant, he meant to take the present time by the top, and instantly break with you of it.

LEON. Hath the fellow any wit, that told you this?

ANT. A good sharp fellow: I will send for him, and question him yourself.

LEON. No, no; we will hold it as a dream, till it appear itself:—but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure this be true. Go you, and tell her of it. [*Several persons cross the stage.*] Cousins, you know what you have to do.—O, I cry you mercy, friend: go you with me, and I will use your skill.—Good cousins,‡ have a care this busy time. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another Room in* Leonato's *House.*

Enter DON JOHN *and* CONRADE.[c]

CON. What the good year, my lord! why are you thus out of measure sad?

D. JOHN. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds, therefore the sadness is without limit.

CON. You should hear reason.

D. JOHN. And when I have heard it, what blessing bringeth it?

CON. If not a present remedy, yet a patient sufferance.

D. JOHN. I wonder that thou, being (as thou say'st thou art) born under Saturn, goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I cannot hide what I am: I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests; eat when I have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure; sleep when I am drowsy, and tend on no man's business; laugh when I am merry, and claw[d] no man in his humour.

CON. Yea, but you must not make the full show of this, till you may do it without controlment. You have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace; where it is impossible you should take true* root, but by the fair weather that you make yourself: it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest.

D. JOHN. I had rather be a canker in a hedge, than a rose in his grace; and it better fits my blood to be disdained of all, than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any: in this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man, it must not be denied but I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzzle, and enfranchised with a clog; therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage: if I had my mouth, I would bite; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the meantime, let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.

CON. Can you make no use of your discontent?

D. JOHN. I† make all use of it, for I use it only. Who comes here? what news, Borachio?

Enter BORACHIO.

BORA. I came yonder from a great supper; the prince, your brother, is royally entertained by Leonato; and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

D. JOHN. Will it serve for any model to build mischief on? What is he for a fool[e] that betroths himself to unquietness?

BORA. Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

D. JOHN. Who? the most exquisite Claudio?

BORA. Even he.

D. JOHN. A proper squire! And who, and who? which way looks he?

BORA. Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.

(*) Old text, *events.* (†) First folio omits, *much.* (‡) Old copies, *cousin.*

(*) First folio omits, *true.* (†) First folio, *will make.*

[a] Enter Leonato and Antonio.] In the old copies, "Enter Leonato *and an old man, brother to Leonato.*"

[b] Thick-pleached *alley*—] A thickly intertwined avenue.

[c] Enter Don John and Conrade.] The original stage-direction is, "Enter Sir John the Bastard, and Conrade, his companion."

[d] *And* claw *no man*—] To *claw* or *scratch*, is, metaphorically, to *flatter.*

[e] What is he for a fool—] This construction, though no longer permissible, was trite enough in the poet's time. The meaning is, *what kind of fool is he?* It is found in Peele's "Edward I." Sc. 2:—"What's he for a man?" in Ben Jonson's "Every Man out of his Humour," Act III. Sc. 6:—

"What is he for a creature?"

And in "Ram Alley," Act IV. Sc. 2:—

"What is he for a man?"
"Nothing for a man, but much for a beast."

D. JOHN. A very forward March chick! How came you to this?

BORA. Being entertained for a perfumer, as I was smoking a musty room,(5) comes me the prince and Claudio, hand in hand, in sad[a] conference: I whipt me* behind the arras, and there heard it agreed upon, that the prince should woo Hero for himself, and having obtained her, give her to count Claudio.

(*) First folio omits, *me*.

[a] Sad *conference:*] *Sad* here, and in most other instances where it occurs in these plays, signifies, *serious*.

D. JOHN. Come, come, let us thither; this m prove food to my displeasure: that young start- hath all the glory of my overthrow. If I can cr him any way, I bless myself every way: you a both sure, and will assist me?

CON. To the death, my lord.

D. JOHN. Let us to the great supper; the cheer is the greater that I am subdued: would t cook were of my mind!—Shall we go prove what to be done?

BORA. We'll wait upon your lordship.

[*Exeun*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in* Leonato's *House.*

Enter Leonato, Antonio, Hero, Beatrice, *and others.*[a]

Leon. Was not count John here at supper?

Ant. I saw him not.

Beat. How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him, but I am heart-burned an hour after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Beat. He were an excellent man, that were made just in the mid-way between him and Benedick: the one is too like an image, and says nothing; and the other, too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tattling.

Leon. Then half signior Benedick's tongue in count John's mouth, and half count John's melancholy in signior Benedick's face,—

Beat. With a good leg, and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, such a man could win any woman in the world,—if he could get her good will.

Leon. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

Ant. In faith, she 's too curst.

[a] Enter Leonato, &c.] The original copies again introduce Leonato's wife here.

BEAT. Too curst is more than curst: I shall lessen God's sending that way, for it is said, *God sends a curst cow short horns;* but to a cow too curst he sends none.

LEON. So, by being too curst, God will send you no horns.

BEAT. Just, if he send me no husband; for the which blessing, I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening: Lord! I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face; I had rather lie in the woollen.

LEON. You may light upon a husband that hath no beard.

BEAT. What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting-gentlewoman? He that hath a beard is more than a youth; and he that hath no beard is less than a man: and he that is more than a youth, is not for me; and he that is less than a man, I am not for him. Therefore I will even take sixpence in earnest of the bear-ward, and lead his apes into hell.

LEON. Well then, go you into hell?

BEAT. No; but to the gate; and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and say, *Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven; here's no place for you maids:* so deliver I up my apes, and away to Saint Peter; for the heavens![a] he shows me where the bachelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

ANT. Well, niece, [*To* HERO.] I trust you will be ruled by your father.

BEAT. Yes, faith; it is my cousin's duty to make courtesy, and say, *Father,* as it please you:*—but yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another courtesy, and say, *Father, as it please me.*

LEON. Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

BEAT. Not till God make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be over-mastered with a piece of valiant dust? to make account of her life to a clod of wayward marl? No, uncle, I'll none: Adam's sons are my brethren; and truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

LEON. Daughter, remember what I told you: if the prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

BEAT. The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not wooed in good time: if the prince be too important,[b] tell him there is measure[c] in every thing, and so dance out the answer. For hear me, Hero; wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure,[d] and a cinque-pace: the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical: the wedding, mannerly-modest, as a measure, full of state and ancientry; and then comes repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, till he sink* into his grave.

LEON. Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

BEAT. I have a good eye, uncle; I can see a church by day-light.

LEON. The revellers are entering, brother; make good room.

Enter DON PEDRO, DON JOHN, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, BALTHAZAR; BORACHIO, MARGARET, URSULA, *and others, masked.**

D. PEDRO. Lady, will you walk about with your friend?[f]

HERO. So you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walk: and, especially, when I walk away.

D. PEDRO. With me in your company?

HERO. I may say so, when I please.

D. PEDRO. And when please you to say so?

HERO. When I like your favour; for God defend, the lute should be like the case!

D. PEDRO. My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house is Jove.[g]

HERO. Why then your visor should be thatch'd.

D. PEDRO. Speak low, if you speak love. [*Takes her aside.*

BALTH. Well, I would you did like me.[h]

MARG. So would not I, for your own sake; for I have many ill qualities.

BALTH. Which is one?

(*) First folio omits, *Father.*

(*) First folio, *sinks.*

a For the heavens!] This adjuration, which Gifford says is no more than *by heaven!* has before occurred in "The Merchant of Venice." See note (d), p. 401.

b *Too* important,—] That is, *importunate.* See note (e), p. 143.

c *There is* measure *in every thing,*—] That is, *moderation* in every thing; but Beatrice plays on the word *measure,* which, in addition to its ordinary acceptation, once signified, any kind of *dance.* See (2), p. 103.

d A measure,—] *A measure* here means, a particular dance, slow and dignified, like the minuet. See note (2), p. 103.

e Enter Don Pedro, &c.] The stage-direction in the quarto is, "*Enter Prince, Pedro, Claudio, and Benedicke, and Balthaser, or dumb John.*" The folio adds, "*Maskers with a drum.*"

f *Your* friend?] *Friend,* in former times, was the ordinary term, applicable to both sexes, for *lover.*

g *Within the house is* Jove.] The folio has *love,* which is plainly wrong, as Shakespeare, in this reference to the story of Baucis and Philemon, obviously intended to form a couplet in the long fourteen-syllable verse of Golding's Ovid:—

"D. PEDRO. My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house is *Jove.*

"HERO. Why then your visor should be thatch'd.

"D. PEDRO. Speak low, if you speak *love.*"

h Well, I would you did like me.] It can hardly be doubted that this and the next two speeches, assigned to Benedick in the old editions, belong rightly to Balthazar. As Mr. Dyce remarks, "Benedick is now engaged with Beatrice, as is evident from what they presently say." The error probably arose like a similar one in "Love's Labour's Lost," Act II. Sc. 1. See note (b), p. 61,—from each of the two prefixes beginning with the same letter.

MARG. I say my prayers aloud.

BALTH. I love you the better; the hearers may cry, *Amen*.

MARG. God match me with a good dancer!

BALTH. *Amen*.

MARG. And God keep him out of my sight, when the dance is done!—Answer, clerk.

BALTH. No more words; the clerk is answered.

URS. I know you well enough; you are signior Antonio.

ANT. At a word, I am not.

URS. I know you by the waggling of your head.

ANT. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

URS. You could never do him so ill well,[a] unless you were the very man: here's his dry hand up and down;[b] you are he, you are he.

ANT. At a word, I am not.

URS. Come, come; do you think I do not know you by your excellent wit? Can virtue hide itself? Go to, mum, you are he: graces will appear, and there's an end.

BEAT. Will you not tell me who told you so?

BENE. No, you shall pardon me.

BEAT. Nor will you not tell me who you are?

BENE. Not now.

BEAT. That I was disdainful,—and that I had my good wit out of the *Hundred merry tales*;—(1) Well, this was signior Benedick that said so.

BENE. What's he?

BEAT. I am sure you know him well enough.

BENE. Not I, believe me.

BEAT. Did he never make you laugh?

BENE. I pray you, what is he?

BEAT. Why, he is the prince's jester: a very dull fool; only his gift is in devising impossible[c] slanders: none but libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villainy; for he both pleases* men, and angers them, and then they laugh at him, and beat him: I am sure, he is in the fleet; I would he had boarded me.

BENE. When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you say.

BEAT. Do, do: he'll but break a comparison or two on me; which, peradventure, not marked, or not laughed at, strikes him into melancholy; and then there's a partridge' wing saved, for the fool will eat no supper that night. [*Music within.*] We must follow the leaders.

BENE. In every good thing.

BEAT. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning.

[*Dance. Then exeunt all but* DON JOHN, BORACHIO, *and* CLAUDIO.

D. JOHN. Sure, my brother is amorous on Hero, and hath withdrawn her father, to break with him about it: the ladies follow her, and but one visor remains.

BORA. And that is Claudio: I know him by his bearing.

D. JOHN. Are not you signior Benedick?

CLAUD. You know me well; I am he.

D. JOHN. Signior, you are very near[d] my brother in his love: he is enamoured on Hero; I pray you, dissuade him from her, she is no equal for his birth: you may do the part of an honest man in it.

CLAUD. How know you he loves her?

D. JOHN. I heard him swear his affection.

BORA. So did I too; and he swore he would marry her to-night.

D. JOHN. Come, let us to the banquet.

[*Exeunt* DON JOHN *and* BORACHIO.

CLAUD. Thus answer I, in name of Benedick,
But hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio.—
'Tis certain so;—the prince woos for himself.
Friendship is constant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love:
Therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongues;
Let every eye negotiate for itself,
And trust no agent: for beauty is a witch,
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood:
This is an accident of hourly proof,
Which I mistrusted not. Farewell, therefore, Hero!

Re-enter BENEDICK.

BENE. Count Claudio?

CLAUD. Yea, the same.

BENE. Come, will you go with me?

CLAUD. Whither?

BENE. Even to the next willow, about your own business, count. What fashion will you wear the garland of? about your neck, like an usurer's chain? or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scarf? You must wear it one way, for the prince hath got your Hero.

CLAUD. I wish him joy of her.

(*) First folio, *pleaseth*.

[a] You could never do him so ill well, &c.] You could never represent one, who is so ill-qualified, to the life, unless you were the very man.

[b] *Here's his dry hand* up and down;] See note (b), p. 13.

[c] Impossible slanders:] *Incredible, inconceivable* slanders. Thus, in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," Act III. Sc. 5:—"I will search *impossible* places." Again, in "Julius Cæsar," Act II. Sc. 1:—

"And I will strive with things *impossible*,
Yea, get the better of them."

And in "Twelfth Night," Act III. Sc. 2:—"—for there is no Christian can ever believe such *impossible* passages of grossness."

[d] *You are very* near *my brother*—] You are in *close confidence* with my brother. This explains a passage in "Henry IV." Part II. Act V. Sc. 2:—"If I had a suit to Master Shallow, I would humour his men, with the imputation of *being near their master*."

BENE. Why, that's spoken like an honest drover; so they sell bullocks. But did you think, the prince would have served you thus?

CLAUD. I pray you, leave me.

BENE. Ho! now you strike like the blind man; 'twas the boy that stole your meat, and you'll beat the post.

CLAUD. If it will not be, I'll leave you. [*Exit.*

BENE. Alas, poor hurt fowl! Now will he creep into sedges.—But, that my lady Beatrice should know me, and not know me! *The prince's fool!*—Ha! it may be, I go under that title, because I am merry.—Yea: but so, I am apt to do myself wrong: I am not so reputed: it is the base, though bitter disposition[a] of Beatrice, that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out. Well, I'll be revenged as I may.

Re-enter DON PEDRO.

D. PEDRO. Now, signior, where's the count; did you see him?

BENE. Troth, my lord, I have played the part of lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren;(2) I told him, and, I think, I* told him true, that your grace had got the good† will of this young lady; and I offered him my company to a willow tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him up‡ a rod, as being worthy to be whipped.

D. PEDRO. To be whipped! What's his fault?

BENE. The flat transgression of a school-boy; who, being overjoyed with finding a bird's nest, shows it his companion, and he steals it.

D. PEDRO. Wilt thou make a trust a transgression? the transgression is in the stealer.

BENE. Yet it had not been amiss, the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himself; and the rod he might have bestowed on you, who, as I take it, have stolen his bird's nest.

D. PEDRO. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

BENE. If their singing answer your saying, by my faith, you say honestly.

D. PEDRO. The lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you; the gentleman that danced with her told her, that she is much wronged by you.

BENE. O, she misused me past the endurance of a block; an oak, but with one green leaf on it, would have answered her; my very visor began to assume life, and scold with her: she told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the prince's jester; that I was duller than a great thaw: huddling jest upon jest, with such impossible[b] conveyance upon me, that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me. She speaks poniards, and every word stabs: if her breath were as terrible as her* terminations, there were no living near her, she would infect to the north star. I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgressed: she would have made Hercules have turned spit; yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her; you shall find her the infernal Até in good apparel. I would to God, some scholar would conjure her; for, certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell, as in a sanctuary,[c] (and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither;) so, indeed, all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follow her.

Re-enter CLAUDIO, BEATRICE, HERO, *and* LEONATO.

D. PEDRO. Look, here she comes.

BENE. Will your grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes, that you can devise to send me on; I will fetch you a tooth-picker now from the furthest inch of Asia; bring you the length of Prester John's foot; fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard; do you any embassage to the Pigmies, rather than hold three words' conference with this harpy: You have no employment for me?

D. PEDRO. None, but to desire your good company.

BENE. O God, sir, here's a dish I love not; I cannot endure my† lady Tongue. [*Exit.*

D. PEDRO. Come, lady, come; you have lost the heart of signior Benedick.

BEAT. Indeed, my lord, he lent it me a while; and I gave him use[d] for it, a double heart for his‡ single one: marry, once before, he won it of me with false dice, therefore your grace may well say, I have lost it.

D. PEDRO. You have put him down, lady; you have put him down.

(*) First folio omits, *I*. (†) First folio omits, *good*.
(‡) First folio omits, *up*.

(*) First folio omits, *her*. (†) First folio, *this*.
(‡) First folio, *a*.

[a] *It is the base*, though *bitter disposition*—] So both quarto and folio, but not very intelligibly. Some editors adopt the suggestion of Johnson, and read:—"the base, *the* bitter," &c.

[b] *Such* impossible conveyance—] Such *incredible dexterity*. *Conveyance* was a professional term for *legerdemain* in the poet's time. See also note (c), p. 705.

[c] *While she is here, a man may live* as quiet in hell, as in a sanctuary, &c.] This passage is very ambiguous. The obscurity may have arisen from the author having first written "*in hell*," and afterwards substituted "*in a sanctuary*," without cancelling the former, so that, as in many other cases, both got into the text. Or the compositor may have inserted the second *as*, instead of *or*, in which case we should read,—"While she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell, *or* in a sanctuary, (and people sin, &c.)"

[d] *Use*—] That is, *interest*.

BEAT. So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools. I have brought count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

D. PEDRO. Why, how now, count? wherefore are you sad?

CLAUD. Not sad, my lord.

D. PEDRO. How then? sick?

CLAUD. Neither, my lord.

BEAT. The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well: but civil[a] count; civil as an orange, and something of that* jealous complexion.

D. PEDRO. I' faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true; though, I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false. Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won; I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained: name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy!

LEON. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his grace hath made the match, and all grace say *Amen* to it!

BEAT. Speak, count, 't is your cue.

CLAUD. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I were but little happy, if I could say how much.—Lady, as you are mine, I am yours: I give away myself for you, and dote upon the exchange.

BEAT. Speak, cousin: or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let not him speak, neither.

D. PEDRO. In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

BEAT. Yea, my lord; I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care.—My cousin tells him in his ear, that he is in her† heart.

CLAUD. And so she doth, cousin.

BEAT. Good Lord, for alliance![b]—Thus goes every one to the world[c] but I, and I am sun-burned;[d] I may sit in a corner, and cry, *heigh-ho for a husband!*

D. PEDRO. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

BEAT. I would rather have one of your father's getting: hath your grace ne'er a brother like you? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

D. PEDRO. Will you have me, lady?

BEAT. No, my lord, unless I might have another for working-days; your grace is too costly to wear every day:—But, I beseech your grace, pardon me; I was born to speak all mirth, and no matter.

D. PEDRO. Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

BEAT. No, sure, my lord, my mother cried; but then there was a star danced, and under that was I born.—Cousins, God give you joy!

LEON. Niece, will you look to those things I told you of?

BEAT. I cry you mercy, uncle.—By your grace's pardon. [*Exit* BEATRICE.

D. PEDRO. By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady.

LEON. There's little of the melancholy element in her, my lord: she is never sad, but when she sleeps; and not ever sad then; for I have heard my daughter say, she hath often dreamed of unhappiness, and waked herself with laughing.

D. PEDRO. She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

LEON. O, by no means; she mocks all her wooers out of suit.

D. PEDRO. She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

LEON. O Lord, my lord, if they were but a week married, they would talk themselves mad.

D. PEDRO. Count Claudio, when mean you to go to church?

CLAUD. To-morrow, my lord. Time goes on crutches, till love have all his rites.

LEON. Not till Monday, my dear son, which is hence a just seven-night; and a time too brief too, to have all things answer my* mind.

D. PEDRO. Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing; but, I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go dully by us; I will, in the interim, undertake one of Hercules' labours; which is, to bring signior Benedick and the lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection, the one with the other. I would fain have it a match; and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

(*) First folio, *a*. (†) First folio, *my*.

(*) First folio omits, *my*.

[a] *But* civil *count;* civil as an orange,—] That is, we believe, *sour, bitter* as an orange; and if this colloquial sense of the word *civil*, originating probably in a conceit upon *Seville*, really obtained, it is doubtful whether in instances where *civil* has been treated as a misprint of *cruel*, it was not the true word. For example, in the first edition of "Gorboduc," 1565; we have the line:—

"Brings them to *civill* and reproachful death:"

which was subsequently altered to,—

"*Cruel* and reproachful death."

And in "Romeo and Juliet," some of the early editions make Gregory say:—"—— when I have fought with the men, I will be *civill* with the maids, I will cut off their heads;" while others read, "*cruel* with the maids."

[b] Good Lord, for alliance!] This was an exclamation equivalent to "Heaven send me a husband!"

[c] *Thus* goes every one to the world *but I*,—] To *go to the world*, was a popular expression for *going to be married*. Thus in "All's Well that Ends Well," Act I. Sc. 3:—

——"if I may have your ladyship's good-will *to go to the world*, Isbel the woman and I will do as we may."

[d] *And I am* sun-burned.] That is, *homely, ill-favoured:* in this sense the word occurs in "Troilus and Cressida," Act I. Sc. 3:—

"The Grecian dames are *sun-burn'd*, and not worth
The splinter of a lance."

LEON. My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights' watchings.

CLAUD. And I, my lord.

D. PEDRO. And you too, gentle Hero?

HERO. I will do any modest office, my lord, to help my cousin to a good husband.

D. PEDRO. And Benedick is not the unhopefullest husband that I know: thus far can I praise him; he is of a noble strain, of approved valour, and confirmed honesty. I will teach you how to humour your cousin, that she shall fall in love with Benedick:—and I, with your two helps, will so practise on Benedick, that, in despite of his quick wit and his queasy[a] stomach, he shall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer; his glory shall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift. [*Exeunt.*

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[a] Queasy *stomach,*—] That is, *fastidious, squeamish.*

SCENE II.—*Another Room in* Leonato's *House.*

Enter DON JOHN *and* BORACHIO.

D. JOHN. It is so; the count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

BORA. Yea, my lord; but I can cross it.

D. JOHN. Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicinable to me; I am sick in displeasure to him; and whatsoever comes athwart his affection, ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage?

BORA. Not honestly, my lord; but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

D. JOHN. Show me briefly how.

BORA. I think, I told your lordship, a year since, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting-gentlewoman to Hero.

D. JOHN. I remember.

BORA. I can, at any unseasonable instant of

the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber-window.

D. JOHN. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

BORA. The poison of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the prince your brother; spare not to tell him, that he hath wronged his honour in marrying the renowned Claudio (whose estimation do you mightily hold up) to a contaminated stale, such a one as Hero.

D. JOHN. What proof shall I make of that?

BORA. Proof enough to misuse the prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato? Look you for any other issue?

D. JOHN. Only to despite them, I will endeavour anything.

BORA. Go then, find me a meet hour to draw don* Pedro and the count Claudio, alone: tell them that you know that Hero loves me; intend a kind of zeal both to the prince and Claudio, as —in† love of your brother's honour who hath made this match; and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozened with the semblance of a maid,—that you have discovered thus. They will scarcely believe this without trial: offer them instances, which shall bear no less likelihood, than to see me at her chamber-window; hear me call Margaret, Hero; hear Margaret term me Claudio,[a] and bring them to see this, the very night before the intended wedding; for, in the mean time, I will so fashion the matter, that Hero shall be absent; and there shall appear such seeming truth‡ of Hero's disloyalty, that jealousy shall be called assurance, and all the preparation overthrown.

D. JOHN. Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice. Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

BORA. Be thou constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

D. JOHN. I will presently go learn their day of marriage. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Leonato's *Garden.*

Enter BENEDICK *and a* Boy *following.*

BENE. Boy!—

BOY. Signior.

BENE. In my chamber-window lies a book; bring it hither to me in the orchard.

(*) First folio, *on.* (†) First folio inserts, *a.* (‡) First folio, *truths.*

[a] *Hear Margaret term me* Claudio,—] Theobald suggested that, as Claudio was to be a spectator of the scene, we ought to read *Borachio.*

[b] *And now is he turned* orthography;] So the old copies; and, if as we believe, correctly, the change of "*sonnet,*" to "*sonnets,*" or "*sonneteer,*"—in "Love's Labour's Lost," Act I. Sc. 2, "Assist me some extemporal god of rhyme, for I am sure I *shall turn sonnet,*"—was uncalled for and injurious. The modern editors read "orthographer."

BOY. I am here already, sir.

BENE. I know that;—but I would have thee hence, and here again. [*Exit* Boy.]—I do much wonder, that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn, by falling in love: and such a man is Claudio. I have known, when there was no music with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe: I have known, when he would have walked ten mile afoot, to see a good armour; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain, and to the purpose, like an honest man, and a soldier; and now is he turned orthography;[b] his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not: I will not be sworn, but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair, yet I am well: another is wise, yet I am well: another virtuous, yet I am well: but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I* for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God.(3) Ha! the prince and monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour.

[*Withdraws.*

Enter DON PEDRO, LEONATO, CLAUDIO, *and* BALTHAZAR.[c]

D. PEDRO. Come, shall we hear this music?

CLAUD. Yea, my good lord:—How still the evening is,
As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony!

D. PEDRO. See you where Benedick hath hid himself?

CLAUD. O, very well, my lord: the music ended,
We'll fit the kid-fox with a penny-worth.

D. PEDRO. Come, Balthazar, we'll hear that song again.

(*) First folio omits, *I.*

[c] Enter Don Pedro, &c.] The stage-direction in the quarto is, "Enter Prince, Leonato, Claudio, musicke." Instead of "musicke," the folio has, "*and Jacke Wilson.*" (4)

BALTH. O good my lord, tax not so bad a voice,
To slander music any more than once.[a]

D. PEDRO. It is the witness still of excellency,
To put a strange face on his own perfection :—
I pray thee, sing, and let me woo no more.

BALTH. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing;
Since many a wooer doth commence his suit
To her he thinks not worthy; yet he woos;
Yet will he swear, he loves.

D. PEDRO. Nay, pray thee, come:
Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.

BALTH. Note this before my notes,
There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

D. PEDRO. Why, these are very crotchets that he speaks,
Note, notes, forsooth, and *nothing!* [*Music.*

BENE. [*Aside.*] Now, *Divine air!* now is his soul ravished!—Is it not strange, that sheep's guts should hale souls out of men's bodies!—Well, a horn for my money, when all's done.

THE SONG.

I.

BALTH. *Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,*
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea, and one on shore,
To one thing constant never:
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny;
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into, Hey nonny, nonny.

II.

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo,
Of dumps so dull and heavy;
The fraud of men was ever so,*
Since summer first was leafy.
Then sigh not so, &c.

D. PEDRO. By my troth, a good song!

BALTH. And an ill singer, my lord.

D. PEDRO. Ha! no, no, 'faith; thou singest well enough for a shift.

BENE. [*Aside.*] An he had been a dog that should have howled thus,[b] they would have hanged him: and, I pray God, his bad voice bode no mischief. I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

D. PEDRO. Yea, marry; [*To* CLAUDIO.]—Dost thou hear, Balthazar? I pray thee, get us some excellent music; for to-morrow night we would have it at the lady Hero's chamber-window.

(*) First folio, *were*.

[a] To slander music any more than once.] This and the following line are printed twice in the folio, 1623.

BALTH. The best I can, my lord.

D. PEDRO. Do so: farewell. [*Exit* BALTHAZAR.] Come hither, Leonato. What was it you told me of to-day? that your niece Beatrice was in love with signior Benedick?

CLAUD. [*Aside to* PEDRO.] O, ay:—Stalk on, stalk on; the fowl sits.(5) [*Aloud.*] I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

LEON. No, nor I neither; but most wonderful that she should so dote on signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviours seemed ever to abhor.

BENE. [*Aside.*] Is't possible? Sits the wind in that corner?

LEON. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it; but that she loves him with an enraged affection,—it is past the infinite of thought.

D. PEDRO. May be, she doth but counterfeit.

CLAUD. 'Faith, like enough.

LEON. O God! *counterfeit!* There was never counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion, as she discovers it.

D. PEDRO. Why, what effects of passion shows she?

CLAUD. [*Aside.*] Bait the hook well; this fish will bite.

LEON. What effects, my lord! She will sit you,—you heard my daughter tell you how.

CLAUD. She did, indeed.

D. PEDRO. How, how, I pray you? you amaze me: I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

LEON. I would have sworn it had, my lord; especially against Benedick.

BENE. [*Aside.*] I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it: knavery cannot sure hide himself in such reverence.

CLAUD. [*Aside.*] He hath ta'en the infection; hold it up.

D. PEDRO. Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?

LEON. No; and swears she never will: that's her torment.

CLAUD. 'T'is true, indeed; so your daughter says. *Shall I*, says she, *that have so oft encountered him with scorn, write to him that I love him?*

LEON. This says she now, when she is beginning to write to him: for she'll be up twenty times a night, and there will she sit in her smock, till she have writ a sheet of paper:—my daughter tells us all.

CLAUD. Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

LEON. O!—when she had writ it, and was

[b] An he had been a dog that should have howled thus, &c.] The howling of a dog was supposed to be a sound of luckless omen.

reading it over, she found Benedick and Beatrice between the sheet?—

CLAUD. That.

LEON. O! she tore the letter into a thousand half-pence; railed at herself, that she should be so immodest to write to one that she knew would flout her: *I measure him*, says she, *by my own spirit; for I should flout him, if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, I should.*

CLAUD. Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses;—*O sweet Benedick! God give me patience!*

LEON. She doth indeed; my daughter says so: and the ecstacy hath so much overborne her, that my daughter is sometime afeard she will do a desperate outrage to herself; it is very true.

D. PEDRO. It were good that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

CLAUD. To what end? He would but make a sport of it, and torment the poor lady worse.

D. PEDRO. An he should, it were an alms to hang him: she's an excellent sweet lady; and, out of all suspicion, she is virtuous.

CLAUD. And she is exceeding wise.

D. PEDRO. In everything, but in loving Benedick.

LEON. O my lord, wisdom and blood combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one,

that blood hath the victory. I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

D. PEDRO. I would she had bestowed this dotage on me; I would have daffed all other respects, and made her half myself: I pray you, tell Benedick of it, and hear what he will say.

LEON. Were it good, think you?

CLAUD. Hero thinks surely, she will die: for she says, she will die if he love her not; and she will die ere she make her love known; and she will die if he woo her, rather than she will 'bate one breath of her accustomed crossness.

D. PEDRO. She doth well; if she should make tender of her love, 'tis very possible he'll scorn it; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible[a] spirit.

CLAUD. He is a very proper man.

D. PEDRO. He hath, indeed, a good outward happiness.

CLAUD. 'Fore God, and in my mind, very wise.

D. PEDRO. He doth, indeed, show some sparks that are like wit.[b]

LEON. And I take him to be valiant.

D. PEDRO. As Hector, I assure you; and in the managing of quarrels you may say* he is wise; for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a most† Christian-like fear.

LEON. If he do fear God, he must necessarily keep peace; if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

D. PEDRO. And so will he do; for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him, by some large jests he will make. Well, I am sorry for your niece: shall we go seek* Benedick, and tell him of her love?

CLAUD. Never tell him, my lord; let her wear it out with good counsel.

LEON. Nay, that's impossible; she may wear her heart out first.

D. PEDRO. Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter: let it cool the while. I love Benedick well; and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy‡ so good a lady.

LEON. My lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

CLAUD. [*Aside.*] If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation.

D. PEDRO. [*Aside.*] Let there be the same net spread for her; and that must your daughter and her gentlewoman carry. The sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of another's dotage, and no such matter; that's the scene that I would see, which will be merely[c] a dumb show. Let us send her to call him in to dinner.

[*Exeunt* DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, *and* LEONATO.

BENE. [*Advancing.*] This can be no trick. The conference was sadly borne.[d]—They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady; it seems, her affections have their* full bent. Love me! why, it must be requited. I hear how I am censured: they say, I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they say too, that she will rather die than give any sign of affection.—I did never think to marry:—I must not seem proud:—happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending. They say the lady is fair; 'tis a truth, I can bear them witness: and virtuous;—'tis so, I cannot reprove it; and wise,—but for loving me.—By my troth, it is no addition to her wit;—nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her.—I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have railed so long against marriage;—but doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth, that he cannot endure in his age: shall quips, and sentences, and these paper bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour? No; the world must be peopled. When I said, I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married.—Here comes Beatrice. By this day, she's a fair lady: I do spy some marks of love in her.

Enter BEATRICE.

BEAT. Against my will, I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

BENE. Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

BEAT. I took no more pains for those thanks, than you take pains to thank me; if it had been painful, I would not have come.

BENE. You take pleasure, then, in the message?

BEAT. Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choke a daw withal.—You have no stomach, signior; fare you well. [*Exit.*

BENE. Ha! *Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner*—there's a double meaning in that. *I took no more pains for those thanks than you took pains to thank me*—that's as much as to say, Any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks.—If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a Jew: I will go get her picture. [*Exit.*

(*) First folio, *see.* (†) First folio omits, *most.* (‡) First folio inserts, *to have.*

(*) First folio, *the.*

a A contemptible *spirit.*] A *mocking, contemptuous* spirit.

b *That are like* wit.] *Wisdom* and *wit*, it must be remembered, were synonymous.

c Merely *a dumb show.*] *Entirely* a dumb show.

d Sadly borne.] Seriously carried on.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Leonato's *Garden.*

Enter Hero, Margaret, *and* Ursula.

Hero. Good Margaret, run thee to the parlour;
There shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice
Proposing[a] with the Prince and Claudio;
Whisper her ear, and tell her, I and Ursula
Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse
Is all of her; say, that thou overheard'st us;
And bid her steal into the pleached bower,
Where honeysuckles, ripen'd by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter;—like favourites,
Made proud by princes, that advance their pride
Against that power that bred it:—there will she hide her,
To listen our propose;* this is thy office,
Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

Marg. I'll make her come, I warrant you, presently. [*Exit.*

Hero. Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come,
As we do trace this alley up and down,
Our talk must only be of Benedick:
When I do name him, let it be thy part
To praise him more than ever man did merit.
My talk to thee must be, how Benedick

[a] Proposing *with the Prince and Claudio;*] That is, *discoursing,* from the French *propos.*

(*) First folio, *purpose.*

Is sick in love with Beatrice: of this matter
Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,
That only wounds by hearsay. Now begin;

Enter BEATRICE, *behind.*

For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs
Close by the ground, to hear our conference.

URS. The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait:
So angle we for Beatrice; who even now
Is couched in the woodbine coverture:
Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

HERO. Then go we near her, that her ear lose nothing
Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it.—
No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful;
I know, her spirits are as coy and wild
As haggards[a] of the rock.

URS. But are you sure,
That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely?

HERO. So says the prince, and my new-trothed lord.

URS. And did they bid you tell her of it, madam?

HERO. They did entreat me to acquaint her of it;
But I persuaded them, if they lov'd Benedick,
To wish him wrestle with affection,
And never to let Beatrice know of it.

URS. Why did you so? doth not the gentleman
Deserve as full as fortunate a bed,[b]
As ever Beatrice shall couch upon?

HERO. O God of love! I know he doth deserve
As much as may be yielded to a man:
But nature never fram'd a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice;
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprising what they look on; and her wit
Values itself so highly, that to her
All matter else seems weak: she cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
She is so self-endeared.

URS. Sure, I think so;
And therefore, certainly, it were not good
She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.

HERO. Why, you speak truth: I never yet saw man,
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featur'd,
But she would spell him backward:[c] if fair-faced,
She'd swear, the gentleman should be her sister;
If black, why, nature, drawing of an antic,
Made a foul blot; if tall, a lance ill-headed;
If low, an agate[d] very vilely cut;
If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds;
If silent, why, a block moved with none.
So turns she every man the wrong side out,
And never gives to truth and virtue that,
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

URS. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

HERO. No: not[e] to be so odd, and from all fashions,
As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable:
But who dare tell her so? If I should speak,
She would mock me into air; O, she would laugh me
Out of myself, press me to death with wit.
Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire,
Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly;
It were a better death than * die with mocks,
Which is as bad as die with tickling.

URS. Yet tell her of it; hear what she will say.

HERO. No; rather I will go to Benedick,
And counsel him to fight against his passion:
And, truly, I'll devise some honest slanders
To stain my cousin with: one doth not know
How much an ill word may empoison liking.

URS. O, do not do your cousin such a wrong.
She cannot be so much without true judgment,
(Having so swift[f] and excellent a wit,
As she is priz'd to have,) as to refuse
So rare a gentleman as signior Benedick.

HERO. He is the only man of Italy,
Always excepted my dear Claudio.

URS. I pray you, be not angry with me, madam,
Speaking my fancy; signior Benedick,
For shape, for bearing, argument, and valour,
Goes foremost in report through Italy.

HERO. Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.

URS. His excellence did earn it, ere he had it.—
When are you married, madam?

HERO. Why, every day[g] to-morrow: come, go in;
I'll show thee some attires, and have thy counsel,
Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow.

---

[a] As haggards of the rock.] The haggard-hawk was of a nature peculiarly unsocial, and difficult to tame; Latham, in his Falconry, 1663, says of her,—"Such is the greatnesse of her spirit, *she will* not *admit of any societie*, untill such time as nature worketh in her an inclination to put that in practice which all hawkes are subject unto at the spring time."

[b] As full as fortunate a bed,—] That is, as full fortunate a bed.

[c] Spell him backward:] Turn his good gifts to defects. So, in Lyly's "Anatomy of Wit," 1581, p. 44, (b),—"if he be cleanly, they term him proud: if meene [moderate] in apparel, a sloven; if tall, a lungis: if short, a dwarf: if bold, blunt: if shamefast, [modest] a coward," &c.

[d] *An* agate—] See note (c), p. 575.

(*) First folio, *to*.

[e] Not *to be so odd*,—] The word *not* here is redundant, and reverses the sense.

[f] *So* swift *and excellent a wit*,—] *Swift* means *ready*, *quick*. Thus in "As you Like It," Act V. Sc. 4, the Duke says of Touchstone—

"he is very *swift* and sententious."

[g] *Why*, every day to-morrow:] Hero plays on the form of Ursula's interrogatory, "*When are you married?*"

"I am a married woman every day, after to-morrow."

URS. [*Aside.*] She's lim'd,* I warrant you;
we have caught her, madam.

HERO. [*Aside.*] If it prove so, then loving
goes by haps:
Some, Cupid kills with arrows, some, with traps.
[*Exeunt* HERO *and* URSULA.

BEAT. [*advancing.*] What fire is in mine ears?
can this be true?
Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much?
Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!
No glory lives behind the back of such.[a]
And, Benedick, love on, I will requite thee;
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand;
If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee
To bind our loves up in a holy band:
For others say, thou dost deserve; and I
Believe it better than reportingly. [*Exit.*

(*) First folio, *ta'en.*

a No glory lives behind the back of such.] The proud and contemptuous are never extolled in their absence,—a sense so obvious, and so pertinent, considering the part of listener Beatrice has just been playing, that it is with more than surprise we find Mr. Collier's MS. annotator substituting:—

"No glory lives *but in the lack* of such."

SCENE II.—*A Room in* Leonato's *House.*

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, *and* LEONATO.

D. PEDRO. I do but stay till your marriage be consummate, and then go I toward Arragon.

CLAUD. I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll vouchsafe me.

D. PEDRO. Nay, that would be as great a soil in the new gloss of your marriage, as to show a child his new coat, and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with Benedick for his company; for, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth; he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bowstring, and the little hangman[b] dare not shoot at him: he hath a heart as sound as a

b Hangman—] That is, *rogue, rascal.*

bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks, his tongue speaks.

BENE. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

LEON. So say I; methinks, you are sadder.

CLAUD. I hope, he be in love.

D. PEDRO. Hang him, truant; there's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touched with love: if he be sad, he wants money.

BENE. I have the tooth-ache.

D. PEDRO. Draw it.

BENE. Hang it!

CLAUD. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

D. PEDRO. What! sigh for the tooth-ache?

LEON. Where is but a humour or a worm?

BENE. Well, every one can * master a grief, but he that has it.

CLAUD. Yet say I, he is in love.

D. PEDRO. There is no appearance of fancy in him, unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises; as, to be a Dutchman to-day; a Frenchman to-morrow; or in the shape of two countries at once, as, a German from the waist downward, all slops; and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet.* Unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it † appear he is.

CLAUD. If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs: he brushes his hat o' mornings; what should that bode?

D. PEDRO. Hath any man seen him at the barber's?

CLAUD. No, but the barber's man hath been seen with him; and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuffed tennis balls.

LEON. Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the loss of a beard.

D. PEDRO. Nay, he rubs himself with civet: can you smell him out by that?

CLAUD. That's as much as to say, The sweet youth's in love.

D. PEDRO. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

CLAUD. And when was he wont to wash his face?

D. PEDRO. Yea, or to paint himself? for the which, I hear what they say of him.

CLAUD. Nay, but his jesting spirit, which is now crept into a lute-string, and now governed by stops.

D. PEDRO. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him: conclude, conclude, ‡ he is in love.

CLAUD. Nay, but I know who loves him.

(*) Old copies, *cannot*. (†) First folio inserts, *to*.
(‡) First folio, *conclude*, once only.

* Or in the shape of two countries at once, &c.] This passage, down to *no doublet*, inclusively, is omitted in the folio.

D. PEDRO. That would I know too; I warrant, one that knows him not.

CLAUD. Yes, and his ill conditions; and, in despite of all, dies for him.

D. PEDRO. She shall be buried with her face upwards.

BENE. Yet is this no charm for the tooth-ache.(1) —Old Signior, walk aside with me: I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear.

[*Exeunt* BENEDICK *and* LEONATO.

D. PEDRO. For my life! to break with him about Beatrice.

CLAUD. 'Tis even so: Hero and Margaret have by this played their parts with Beatrice; and then the two bears will not bite one another, when they meet.

Enter DON JOHN.

D. JOHN. My lord and brother, God save you.

D. PEDRO. Good den, brother.

D. JOHN. If your leisure served, I would speak with you.

D. PEDRO. In private?

D. JOHN. If it please you;—yet count Claudio may hear; for what I would speak of, concerns him.

D. PEDRO. What's the matter?

D. JOHN. [*To* CLAUDIO.] Means your lordship to be married to-morrow?

D. PEDRO. You know, he does.

D. JOHN. I know not that, when he knows what I know.

CLAUD. If there be any impediment, I pray you discover it.

D. JOHN. You may think, I love you not; let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest: for my brother, I think, he holds you well; and in dearness of heart hath holp to effect your ensuing marriage: surely, suit ill spent, and labour ill bestowed!

D. PEDRO. Why, what's the matter?

D. JOHN. I came hither to tell you; and, circumstances shortened, (for she hath been too long a talking of,) the lady is disloyal.

CLAUD. Who? Hero?

D. JOHN. Even she; Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.

CLAUD. *Disloyal!*

D. JOHN. The word is too good to paint out her wickedness; I could say, she were worse; think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till further warrant: go but with me to-night, you shall see her chamber-window entered, even the night before her wedding-day: if you love her then, to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

CLAUD. May this be so?

D. PEDRO. I will not think it.

D. JOHN. If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know: if you will follow me, I will show you enough; and when you have seen more, and heard more, proceed accordingly.

CLAUD. If I see anything to-night why I should not marry her to-morrow; in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.

D. PEDRO. And, as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

D. JOHN. I will disparage her no farther, till you are my witnesses: bear it coldly but till night, and let the issue show itself.

D. PEDRO. O day untowardly turned!

CLAUD. O mischief strangely thwarting!

D. JOHN. O plague right well prevented! So will you say, when you have seen the sequel.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Street.*

Enter DOGBERRY *and* VERGES, *with the* Watch.[a]

DOGB. Are you good men and true?

VERG. Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

DOGB. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

VERG. Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry.

DOGB. First, who think you the most desartless man to be constable?

1 WATCH. Hugh Oatcake, sir, or George Seacoal; for they can write and read.

DOGB. Come hither, neighbour Seacoal. God hath blessed you with a good name: to be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune, but to write and read comes by nature.

2 WATCH. Both which, master constable,—

DOGB. You have; I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favour, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore bear you the lantern. This is your charge; you shall comprehend all vagrom men: you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

2 WATCH. How if 'a will not stand?

DOGB. Why then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

VERG. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

DOGB. True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects. You shall also make no noise in the streets; for, for the watch to babble and talk, is most tolerable and not to be endured.

2 WATCH. We will rather sleep than talk; we know what belongs to a watch.

DOGB. Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman;(2) for I cannot see how sleeping should offend: only, have a care that your bills be not stolen. Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid those* that are drunk get them to bed.

2 WATCH. How if they will not?

DOGB. Why then, let them alone till they are sober: if they make you not then the better answer, you may say, they are not the men you took them for.

2 WATCH. Well, sir.

DOGB. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man; and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

2 WATCH. If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

DOGB. Truly, by your office you may; but, I think, they that touch pitch will be defiled: the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

VERG. You have been always called a merciful man, partner.

DOGB. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will; much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

VERG. If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse, and bid her still it.

2 WATCH. How if the nurse be asleep, and will not hear us?

DOGB. Why then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying: for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes, will never answer a calf when he bleats.

VERG. 'Tis very true.

DOGB. This is the end of the charge. You, constable, are to present the prince's own person; if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him.

VERG. Nay, by'r lady, that, I think, 'a cannot.

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[a] Enter Dogberry and Verges.] In the original, "Enter Dogbery *and his compartner.*"

(*) First folio, *them.*

Dogb. Five shillings to one on't, with any man that knows the statues, he may stay him: marry, not without the prince be willing; for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man, and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

Verg. By'r lady, I think, it be so.

Dogb. Ha, ha, ha! Well, masters, good night: an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me: keep your fellows' counsels and your own, and good night.—Come, neighbour.

2 Watch. Well, masters, we hear our charge: let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dogb. One word more, honest neighbours: I

pray you, watch about signior Leonato's door; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night. Adieu, be vigitant, I beseech you. [*Exeunt* Dogberry *and* Verges.

Enter Borachio *and* Conrade.

Bora. What, Conrade!

1 Watch. [*Aside.*] Peace, stir not.

Bora. Conrade, I say!

Con. Here, man, I am at thy elbow.

Bora. Mass, and my elbow itched; I thought, there would a scab follow.

Con. I will owe thee an answer for that; and now forward with thy tale.

Bora. Stand thee close then under this pent-house, for it drizzles rain; and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

1 Watch. [*Aside.*] Some treason, masters; yet stand close.

Bora. Therefore know, I have earned of don John a thousand ducats.

Con. Is it possible that any villainy should be so dear?

Bora. Thou should'st rather ask, if it were possible any villainy should be so rich; for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

Con. I wonder at it.

Bora. That shows, thou art unconfirmed: thou knowest, that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

Con. Yes, it is apparel.

Bora. I mean, the fashion.

Con. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

Bora. Tush! I may as well say, the fool's the fool. But see'st thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is?

1 Watch. [*Aside.*] I know that *Deformed;* 'a has been a vile thief this seven year:* 'a goes up and down like a gentleman: I remember his name.

Bora. Didst thou not hear somebody?

Con. No; 'twas the vane on the house.

Bora. See'st thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is? how giddily he turns about all the hot bloods, between fourteen and five-and-thirty? sometimes fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the reechy[a] painting; sometime, like god Bel's priests in the old church window; sometime, like the shaven Hercules in the smirched, worm-eaten tapestry, where his cod-piece seems as massy as his club?

Con. All this I see; and I† see that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man: but art not thou thyself giddy with the fashion too, that

(*) First folio, *years.* (†) First folio omits, *I.*

[a] Reechy *painting;*] Painting discoloured by smoke, Steevens says.

thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

BORA. Not so neither: but know, that I have to-night wooed Margaret, the lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero: she leans me out at her mistress' chamber window, bids me a thousand times good night,—I tell this tale vilely:—I should first tell thee, how the prince, Claudio, and my master, planted, and placed, and possessed by my master don John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

CON. And thought they,* Margaret was Hero?

BORA. Two of them did, the prince and Claudio; but the devil my master knew she was Margaret; and partly by his oaths, which first possessed them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villainy, which did confirm any slander that don John had made, away went Claudio enraged; swore he would meet her as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, shame her with what he saw over-night, and send her home again without a husband.

1 WATCH. We charge you in the prince's name, Stand!

2 WATCH. Call up the right master constable: we have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the commonwealth.

1 WATCH. And one Deformed is one of them; I know him, 'a wears a lock.(3)

CON. Masters! masters,—

2 WATCH. You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.

CON. Masters,—

1 WATCH. Never speak;[a] we charge you, let us obey you to go with us.

BORA. We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these men's bills.[b]

CON. A commodity in question, I warrant you. Come, we'll obey you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in* Leonato's *House.*

Enter HERO, MARGARET, *and* URSULA.

HERO. Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice, and desire her to rise.

URS. I will, lady.

HERO. And bid her come hither.

URS. Well. [*Exit* URSULA.

MARG. Troth, I think, your other rebato[c] were better.

HERO. No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll wear this.

MARG. By my troth's[d] not so good; and I warrant, your cousin will say so.

HERO. My cousin's a fool, and thou art another; I'll wear none but this.

MARG. I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner: and your gown's a most rare fashion, i'faith. I saw the duchess of Milan's gown, that they praise so.

HERO. O, that exceeds, they say.

MARG. By my troth's but a night-gown in respect of yours: cloth o'gold, and cuts, and laced with silver; set with pearls, down-sleeves, side-sleeves,[e] and skirts round, underborne with a blueish tinsel: but for a fine, quaint, graceful, and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on't.

HERO. God give me joy to wear it, for my heart is exceeding heavy!

MARG. 'T will be heavier soon, by the weight of a man.

HERO. Fie upon thee! art not ashamed?

MARG. Of what, lady? of speaking honourably? Is not marriage honourable in a beggar? Is not your lord honourable without marriage? I think, you would have me say, saving your reverence,—*a husband:* an bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, I'll offend nobody: Is there any harm in—*the heavier for a husband?* None, I think, an it be the right husband, and the right wife; otherwise 't is light, and not heavy: ask my lady Beatrice else, here she comes.

Enter BEATRICE.

HERO. Good morrow, coz.

BEAT. Good morrow, sweet Hero.

HERO. Why, how now! do you speak in the sick tune?

BEAT. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

MARG. Clap us into—*Light o' love;*[f] that goes without a burden; do you sing it, and I'll dance it.

BEAT. Yea,* *Light o' love,* with your heels!—then if your husband have stables enough, you'll see† he shall lack no barns.[g]

(*) First folio, *thy.*

(*) Old text, *Ye.* (†) First folio, *look.*

[a] Never speak, &c.] This speech, which clearly belongs to the Watchman, is given to Conrade in the old copies. Theobald transferred it to the proper speaker.

[b] *A goodly* commodity, *being* taken up *of these men's bills.*] "Here is a cluster of conceits. *Commodity* was formerly, as now, the usual term of an article of merchandise. To *take up,* besides its common meaning, (*to apprehend,*) was the phrase for obtaining goods on credit. 'If a man is thorough with them in honest *taking up,*' says Falstaff, 'then they must stand upon security.' *Bill* was the term both for a *single bond* and a *halberd.* We have the same conceit in 'King Henry VI.' Part II: 'My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside, and *take up commodities* upon our *bills?*'"—MALONE.

[c] Rebato—] A kind of ruff.

[d] *By my* troth's *not so good;*] In this passage, and in another of the same construction just after, "By my *troth's* but a night-gown," &c. where modern editors silently insert *it,* reading, "By my troth *it's,*" &c. we adhere to the idiomatic contraction of the old text.

[e] Side-*sleeves,*—] *Long* sleeves.

[f] *Light o' love,*—] See note (5), p. 42.

[g] *No* barns.] A quibble on *bairns,* and *barns,* both being formerly pronounced, and often spelt alike: so in "The Winter's Tale," Act III. Sc. 3:—"Mercy on's, a *barne!* a very pretty *barne!*"

MARG. O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels.[a]

BEAT. 'Tis almost five o'clock, cousin; 'tis time you were ready. By my troth I am exceeding ill: —hey ho!

MARG. For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?

BEAT. For the letter that begins them all, H.[b]

MARG. Well, an you be not turned Turk,[c] there's no more sailing by the star.

BEAT. What means the fool, trow?[d]

MARG. Nothing I; but God send every one their heart's desire!

HERO. These gloves the count sent me, they are an excellent perfume.

BEAT. I am stuffed, cousin, I cannot smell.

MARG. A maid, and stuffed! there's goodly catching of cold.

BEAT. O, God help me! God help me! how long have you professed apprehension?

MARG. Ever since you left it: doth not my wit become me rarely?

BEAT. It is not seen enough; you should wear it in your cap.—By my troth, I am sick.

MARG. Get you some of this distilled Carduus Benedictus,(4) and lay it to your heart; it is the only thing for a qualm.

HERO. There thou prick'st her with a thistle.

BEAT. *Benedictus!* why *Benedictus?* you have some moral in this *Benedictus.*

MARG. Moral? no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning; I meant, plain holy-thistle. You may think, perchance, that I think you are in love: nay, by'r lady, I am not such a fool to think what I list; nor I list not to think what I can; nor, indeed, I cannot think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love: yet Benedick was such another, and now is he become a man, he swore he would never marry; and yet now, in despite of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging: and how you may be converted, I know not, but methinks, you look with your eyes as other women do.

BEAT. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

MARG. Not a false gallop.

Re-enter URSULA.

URS. Madam, withdraw; the prince, the count, signior Benedick, don John, and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to church.

HERO. Help to dress me, good coz, good Meg, good Ursula. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Another Room in* Leonato's *House.*

Enter LEONATO, *with* DOGBERRY *and* VERGES.[e]

LEON. What would you with me, honest neighbour?

DOGB. Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you, that decerns you nearly.

LEON. Brief, I pray you; for you see, it is a busy time with me.

DOGB. Marry, this it is, sir.

VERG. Yes, in truth it is, sir.

LEON. What is it, my good friends?

DOGB. Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little off* the matter: an old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt, as, God help, I would desire they were; but, in faith, honest as the skin between his brows.[f]

VERG. Yes, I thank God, I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man, and no honester than I.

DOGB. Comparisons are odorous: *palabras,*[g] neighbour Verges.

LEON. Neighbours, you are tedious.

DOGB. It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor[h] duke's officers: but, truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.

LEON. All thy tediousness on me? ha!

DOGB. Yea, an 'twere a thousand pound† more than 'tis: for I hear as good exclamation on your worship, as of any man in the city; and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

VERG. And so am I.

LEON. I would fain know what you have to say.

VERG. Marry, sir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's presence, have ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.

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[a] I scorn that with my heels.] See note (c), p. 401.

[b] For the letter that begins them all, H.] The following epigrams supply a solution of this petty riddle, and show the usual pronunciation of *ache* formerly:—

"H is worst among letters in the crosse-row,
For if thou find him either in thine elbow,
In thy arm, or leg, in any degree;
In thine head, or teeth, or toe, or knee;
Into what place soever H may pike him,
Wherever thou find *ache*, thou shalt not like him."
HEYWOOD'S *Epigrams*, 1566.

"*Dolor intimus.*
Nor hawk, nor hound, nor horse, those *h h h*,
But *ach* itself, 'tis Brutus' bones att*aches.*"
Wits' Recreation, 1640.

(*) Old text, *of.* (†) First folio, *times.*

[c] Turned Turk,—] Changed your faith, or condition. A proverbial saying.

[d] Trow?] A corruption, Mr. Singer says, of *think you? believe you?*

[e] Dogberry and Verges.] Here in the old copy these worthies are styled, "*the Constable, and the Headborough.*"

[f] Honest as the skin between his brows.] A proverbial expression. See note (a), p. 123.

[g] Palabras,—] Meaning *pocas palabrus*, few words. A scrap of Spanish we have had before from Christophero Sly, in "The Taming of the Shrew."

[h] *The* poor duke's *officers:*] In "Measure for Measure," Act II. Sc. 1, Elbow makes the same ludicrous transposition of the epithet *poor:*—"I am the *poor duke's* constable."

DOGB. A good old man, sir; he will be talking; as they say, When the age is in, the wit is out; God help us! it is a world to see![a]—Well said, i'faith, neighbour Verges:—well, God's a good man; an two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind.—An honest soul, i'faith, sir; by my troth he is, as ever broke bread: but, God is to be worshipped: all men are not alike; alas, good neighbour!

LEON. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you.

DOGB. Gifts, that God gives.

LEON. I must leave you.

DOGB. One word, sir: our watch, sir, have, indeed, comprehended two aspicious persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship.

LEON. Take their examination yourself, and bring it me; I am now in great haste, as it* may appear unto you.

(*) First folio omits, *it*.

[a] It is a world to see!] It is *marvellous* to see. A very common apostrophe of old.

DOGB. It shall be suffigance.

LEON. Drink some wine ere you go: fare yo well.

Enter a Messenger.

MESS. My lord, they stay for you to give you daughter to her husband.

LEON. I'll wait upon them; I am ready.

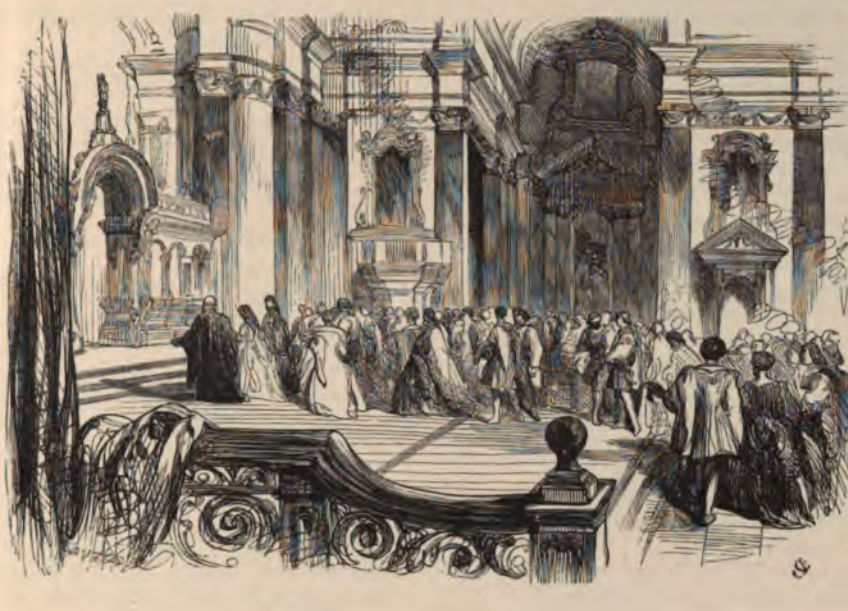
[*Exeunt* LEONATO *and* Messenge

DOGB. Go, good partner, go, get you to Fran cis Seacoal, bid him bring his pen and inkhorn t the gaol: we are now to examination these* men

VERG. And we must do it wisely.

DOGB. We will spare for no wit, I warrant you here's that [*Touching his forehead.*] shall dri some of them to a *non com:* only get the learne writer to set down our excommunication, and me me at the gaol. [*Exeun*

(*) First folio, *examine those*.



ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Church.*

Enter Don Pedro, Don John, Leonato, Friar, Claudio, Benedick, Hero, Beatrice, *and* Attendants.

Leon. Come, friar Francis, be brief; only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Friar. You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady?

Claud. No.

Leon. To be married to her, friar; you come to marry her.

Friar. Lady, you come hither to be married to this count?

Hero. I do.

Friar. If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoined, I charge you, on your souls, to utter it.

Claud. Know you any, Hero?

Hero. None, my lord.

Friar. Know you any, count?

Leon. I dare make his answer, none.

Claud. O, what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do! not knowing what they do![a]

Bene. How now! Interjections? Why, then some be of laughing, as, ha! ha! he!

Claud. Stand thee by, friar.—Father, by your leave,
Will you with free and unconstrained soul
Give me this maid, your daughter?

Leon. As freely, son, as God did give her me.

Claud. And what have I to give you back, whose worth
May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

D. Pedro. Nothing, unless you render her again.

Claud. Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankfulness.—
There, Leonato, take her back again;
Give not this rotten orange to your friend;
She's but the sign and semblance of her honour:—
Behold, how like a maid she blushes here:

[a] Not knowing what they do!] The folio omits these words.

O, what authority and show of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal!
Comes not that blood, as modest evidence,
To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear,
All you that see her, that she were a maid,
By these exterior shows? But she is none:
She knows the heat of a luxurious bed;
Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

LEON. What do you mean, my lord?

CLAUD. Not to be married;
Not to knit my soul to an approved wanton.

LEON. Dear my lord, if you, in your own proof,
Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth,
And made defeat of her virginity,——

CLAUD. I know what you would say; if I have known her,
You'll say, she did embrace me as a husband,
And so extenuate the 'forehand sin. No, Leonato,
I never tempted her with word too large;
But, as a brother to his sister, show'd
Bashful sincerity and comely love.

HERO. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?

CLAUD. Out on thee! seeming![a] I will write against it:
You seem to me as Dian in her orb;
As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown;
But you are more intemperate in your blood
Than Venus, or those pamper'd animals
That rage in savage sensuality. [wide?

HERO. Is my lord well, that he doth speak so

LEON. Sweet prince, why speak not you?

D. PEDRO. What should I speak?
I stand dishonour'd, that have gone about
To link my dear friend to a common stale.

LEON. Are these things spoken? or do I but dream? [are true.

D. JOHN. Sir, they are spoken, and these things

BENE. This looks not like a nuptial.

HERO. *True?* O God![b]

CLAUD. Leonato, stand I here?
Is this the prince? Is this the prince's brother?
Is this face Hero's? Are our eyes our own?

LEON. All this is so; but what of this, my lord? [daughter;

CLAUD. Let me but move one question to your
And, by that fatherly and kindly power
That you have in her, bid her answer truly.

LEON. I charge thee do so,* as thou art my child.

HERO. O God defend me! how am I beset!—
What kind of catechising call you this?

CLAUD. To make you answer truly to your name.

HERO. Is it not Hero? who can blot that name
With any just reproach?

CLAUD. Marry, that can Hero;
Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.
What man was he talk'd with you yesternight
Out at your window, betwixt twelve and one?
Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.

HERO. I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord.

D. PEDRO. Why, then are you no maiden.—Leonato,
I am sorry you must hear. Upon mine honour,
Myself, my brother, and this grieved count,
Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window;
Who hath, indeed, most like a liberal[c] villain,
Confess'd the vile encounters they have had
A thousand times in secret.

D. JOHN. Fie, fie!
They are not to be nam'd, my lord, not to be spoke* of;
There is not chastity enough in language,
Without offence, to utter them: thus, pretty lady,
I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.

CLAUD. O Hero! what a Hero hadst thou been,
If half thy outward graces had been plac'd
About thy thoughts, and counsels of thy heart!
But, fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell,
Thou pure impiety, and impious purity!
For thee, I'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eye-lids shall conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never shall it more be gracious.[d]

LEON. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me? [HERO *swoons.*

BEAT. Why, how now, cousin? wherefore sink you down?

D. JOHN. Come, let us go: these things, come thus to light,
Smother her spirits up.

[*Exeunt* DON PEDRO, DON JOHN, *and* CLAUDIO.

BENE. How doth the lady?

BEAT. Dead, I think;—help, uncle;—
Hero! why, Hero!—Uncle!—Signior Benedick!—friar!

LEON. O fate, take not away thy heavy hand!
Death is the fairest cover for her shame,
That may be wish'd for.

(*) First folio omits, *so.*

[a] Out on thee! seeming!] Pope altered the old text to—
"Out on *thy* seeming!"
and his lection is usually followed. Mr. Collier, however, adheres to the ancient copies; but, considering that Claudio addresses Hero as the personification of "seeming," he punctuates the passage thus:—
"Out on thee, seeming!"

(*) First folio, *spoken.*

[b] *True?* O God!] She is thinking of Don John's declaration:—
"—— these things are *true.*"

[c] A liberal *villain,*—] A *licentious* villain.

[d] *And never shall it more be* gracious.] That is, *loveable, attractive.* See note (a), p. 307.

BEAT. How now, cousin Hero?
FRIAR. Have comfort, lady.
LEON. Dost thou look up?
FRIAR. Yea; wherefore should she not?
LEON. Wherefore? why, doth not every earthly thing
Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny
The story that is printed in her blood?—
Do not live, Hero; do not ope thine eyes:
For did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,
Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,
Myself would, on the rearward* of reproaches,
Strike at thy life. Griev'd I, I had but one?
Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame?[a]
O, one too much by thee! Why had I one?
Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?
Why had I not, with charitable hand,
Took up a beggar's issue at my gates?
Who, smirched† thus, and mired with infamy,
I might have said, *No part of it is mine,*
This shame derives itself from unknown loins;
But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,
And mine that I was proud on; mine so much,
That I myself was to myself not mine,
Valuing of her; why, she—O, she is fallen
Into a pit of ink! that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again;
And salt too little, which may season give
To her foul tainted flesh![b]
BENE. Sir, sir, be patient:
For my part, I am so attir'd in wonder,
I know not what to say.
BEAT. O, on my soul, my cousin is belied!
BENE. Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?
BEAT. No, truly, not; although, until last night,
I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.
LEON. Confirm'd, confirm'd! O, that is stronger made,
Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron!
Would the two‡ princes lie? and Claudio lie?
Who lov'd her so, that, speaking of her foulness,
Wash'd it with tears? Hence from her; let her die.
FRIAR. Hear me a little;
For I have only been silent so long,
And given way unto this course of fortune,
By noting of the lady: I have mark'd
A thousand blushing apparitions
To start into her face; a thousand innocent shames
In angel whiteness beat* away those blushes;
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,
To burn the errors that these princes hold
Against her maiden truth.—Call me a fool;
Trust not my reading, nor my observations,
Which with experimental seal doth warrant
The tenour of my book;[c] trust not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
Under some biting[d] error.
LEON. Friar, it cannot be:
Thou seest, that all the grace that she hath left
Is, that she will not add to her damnation
A sin of perjury; she not denies it:
Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse,
That which appears in proper nakedness?
FRIAR. Lady, what man is he you are accused of?
HERO. They know, that do accuse me; I know none:
If I know more of any man alive,
Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,
Let all my sins lack mercy!—O my father,
Prove you that any man with me convers'd
At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.
FRIAR. There is some strange misprision in the princes.
BENE. Two of them have the very bent of honour;
And if their wisdoms be misled in this,
The practice of it lives in John the bastard,
Whose spirits toil in frame of villainies.
LEON. I know not; if they speak but truth of her,
These hands shall tear her; if they wrong her honour,
The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,
Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,
But they shall find, awak'd in such a kind,
Both strength of limb, and policy of mind,
Ability in means, and choice of friends,
To quit me of them throughly.
FRIAR. Pause a while,
And let my counsel sway you in this case.
Your daughter here, the princes† left for dead;
Let her awhile be secretly kept in,
And publish it, that she is dead indeed:
Maintain a mourning ostentation,
And on your family's old monument

(*) First folio, *reward*. (†) First folio, *smeared*. (‡) First folio omits, *two*.

[a] At frugal nature's frame?] *Frame*, in this place, is interpreted *order, contrivance, disposition of things*. May it not mean *limit, restriction?* Mr. Collier's annotator reads,—

"———— nature's *frown?*"

(*) First folio, *bear*. (†) Old copies, *princess*.

[b] *To her* foul tainted flesh!] Mr. Collier's annotator substitutes

"———— *soul-tainted* flesh!"

[c] Of my book;] That is, my studies.

[d] Some biting error.] Mr. Collier's annotator suggests

"———— *blighting* error."

Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial.

LEON. What shall become of this? What will this do?

FRIAR. Marry, this, well carried, shall on her behalf
Change slander to remorse; that is some good:
But not for that dream I on this strange course,
But on this travail look for greater birth.
She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
Upon the instant that she was accus'd,
Shall be lamented, pitied, and excus'd,
Of every hearer: for it so falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth,
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,
Why, then we rack[a] the value; then we find
The virtue, that possession would not show us
Whiles it was ours.—So will it fare with Claudio:
When he shall hear she died upon[b] his words,
The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination;
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,
More moving-delicate, and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
Than when she liv'd indeed:—then shall mourn,
(If ever love had interest in his liver,)
And wish he had not so accused her;
No, though he thought his accusation true.
Let this be so, and doubt not but success
Will fashion the event in better shape,
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
But if all aim but this be levell'd false,
The supposition of the lady's death
Will quench the wonder of her infamy:
And, if it sort not well, you may conceal her
(As best befits her wounded reputation,)

[a] *We* rack *the value;*] We *stretch, extend, exaggerate* the value.

[b] *She died* upon *his words,*—] That is, died *by* them. So in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Act II. Sc. 1:—

"To die *upon* the hand I love so well."

In some reclusive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

BENE. Signior Leonato, let the friar advise[a] you:
And though, you know, my inwardness[b] and love
Is very much unto the prince and Claudio,
Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
As secretly, and justly, as your soul
Should with your body.

LEON. Being that I flow in grief,
The smallest twine may lead me.

FRIAR. 'Tis well consented; presently away;
For to strange sores strangely they strain the cure.—
Come, lady, die to live: this wedding day,
Perhaps, is but prolong'd; have patience, and endure.

[*Exeunt* Friar, HERO, *and* LEONATO.

BENE. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?

BEAT. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

BENE. I will not desire that.

BEAT. You have no reason, I do it freely.

BENE. Surely, I do believe your fair cousin is wronged.

BEAT. Ah, how much might the man deserve of me, that would right her!

BENE. Is there any way to show such friendship?

BEAT. A very even way, but no such friend.

BENE. May a man do it?

BEAT. It is a man's office, but not yours.

BENE. I do love nothing in the world so well as you; is not that strange?

BEAT. As strange as the thing I know not. It were as possible for me to say, I loved nothing so well as you: but believe me not; and yet I lie not; I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing:—I am sorry for my cousin.

BENE. By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me.

BEAT. Do not swear by it, and eat it.

BENE. I will swear by it, that you love me; and I will make him eat it, that says, I love not you.

BEAT. Will you not eat your word?

BENE. With no sauce that can be devised to it: I protest, I love thee.

BEAT. Why then, God forgive me!

BENE. What offence, sweet Beatrice?

BEAT. You have stayed me in a happy hour; I was about to protest—I loved you.

BENE. And do it with all thy heart.

BEAT. I love you with so much of my heart that none is left to protest.

BENE. Come, bid me do anything for thee.

BEAT. Kill Claudio.

BENE. Ha! not for the wide world.

BEAT. You kill me to deny it:* farewell.

BENE. Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

BEAT. I am gone, though I am here;—there is no love in you:—nay, I pray you, let me go.

BENE. Beatrice,—

BEAT. In faith, I will go.

BENE. We'll be friends first.

BEAT. You dare easier be friends with me, than fight with mine enemy.

BENE. Is Claudio thine enemy?

BEAT. Is he not approved in the height a villain, that hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman?—O, that I were a man!—What! bear her in hand[c] until they come to take hands; and then with public accusation, uncovered slander, unmitigated rancour,—O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

BENE. Hear me, Beatrice;—

BEAT. Talk with a man out at a window!—a proper saying!

BENE. Nay but, Beatrice;—

BEAT. Sweet Hero!—she is wronged, she is slandered, she is undone.

BENE. Beat—

BEAT. Princes, and counties! Surely, a princely testimony! a goodly count! Count Confect;[d] a sweet gallant surely! O that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into courtesies, valour into complement, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now as valiant as Hercules, that only tells a lie, and swears it:—I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

BENE. Tarry, good Beatrice: by this hand, I love thee.

BEAT. Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.

BENE. Think you in your soul the count Claudio hath wronged Hero?

BEAT. Yea, as sure as I have a thought, or a soul.

BENE. Enough!—I am engaged.—I will challenge him; I will kiss your hand, and so leave you. By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account: as you hear of me, so think of me. Go, comfort your cousin: I must say, she is dead; and so, farewell. [*Exeunt.*

---

[a] *Let the friar* advise *you:*] *Advise* here, and in many other instances, implies *persuade.*

[b] *My* inwardness—] *Confidence, intimacy.*

Bear her in hand—] See note (c), p. 258.

(*) First folio omits, *it.*

[d] Count Confect;] A title in derision, as my *Lord Lollipop.* The folio reads, *a goodly Count Comfect.*

SCENE II.—*A Prison.*

Enter DOGBERRY,[a] VERGES, *and* Sexton, *in gowns; and the* Watch, *with* CONRADE *and* BORACHIO.

DOGB.[b] Is our whole dissembly appeared?

VERG. O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton!

SEXTON. Which be the malefactors?

DOGB.[c] Marry, that am I and my partner.

VERG. Nay, that's certain; we have the exhibition to examine.

SEXTON. But which are the offenders that are

[a] Enter Dogberry, &c.] The old stage-direction is, "*Enter the Constables, Borachio, and the Towne Clerke, in gownes.*" By the *town-clerk* is meant the *Sexton*, and not, as some of the commentators have supposed, another character. —"But this office [the sexton] is now swallowed up in the clerk."—Holme's *Academy of Armory*, 1688.

[b] DOGB.] The old text here has *Keeper*, but in much of this scene the prefixes to the speeches belonging to Dogberry and Verges are *Kemp* and *Cowley*, a proof that those actors originally performed the parts.

[c] DOGB.] In both quarto and folio the prefix here is "Andrew."

to be examined? let them come before master constable.

DOGB. Yea, marry, let them come before me.—What is your name, friend?

BORA. Borachio.

DOGB. Pray write down—Borachio—Yours, sirrah?

CON. I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Conrade.

DOGB. Write down—master gentleman Conrade.—Masters, do you serve God?

CON. BORA. Yea, sir, we hope.[a]

DOGB. Write down—that they hope they serve God:—and write *God* first; for God defend but God should go before such villains! Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves, and it will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves?

CON. Marry, sir, we say we are none.

DOGB. A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you; but I will go about with him.—Come you hither, sirrah; a word in your ear, sir; I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves.

BORA. Sir, I say to you, we are none.

DOGB. Well, stand aside.—'Fore God, they are both in a tale. Have you writ down—that they are none?

SEXTON. Master constable, you go not the way to examine; you must call forth the watch that are their accusers.

DOGB. Yea, marry, that's the eftest[b] way:—Let the watch come forth.—Masters, I charge you, in the prince's name, accuse these men.

1 WATCH. This man said, sir, that don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.

DOGB. Write down—prince John a villain.—Why, this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother —*villain.*

BORA. Master constable,—

DOGB. 'Pray thee, fellow, peace; I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

SEXTON. What heard you him say else?

2 WATCH. Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of don John, for accusing the lady Hero wrongfully.

DOGB. Flat burglary, as ever was committed.

VERG. Yea, by the mass, that it is.

SEXTON. What else, fellow?

1 WATCH. And that count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

DOGB. O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this.

SEXTON. What else?

2 WATCH. This is all.

SEXTON. And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stolen away; Hero was in this manner accused, in this very manner refused, and upon the grief of this, suddenly died.—Master constable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato; I will go before, and show him their examination. [*Exit.*

DOGB. Come, let them be opinioned.

VERG. Let them be in the hands of——

CON. Coxcomb![c]

DOGB. God's my life! where's the sexton? let him write down—the prince's officer, *coxcomb.*—Come, bind them:——thou naughty varlet!

CON. Away! you are an ass, you are an ass.[d]

DOGB. Dost thou not suspect my place? Dost thou not suspect my years?—O that he were here to write me down—*an ass!*—but, masters, remember, that I am *an ass;* though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am *an ass.*—No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness. I am a wise fellow; and, which is more, an officer; and, which is more, a householder; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any in Messina; and one, that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses; and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handsome about him.—Bring him away. O, that I had been writ down—*an ass.* [*Exeunt.*

---

[a] Yea, sir, we hope.] This speech, and part of the next, down to "such villains," inclusive, is omitted in the folio.

[b] Eftest—] *Quickest, readiest.*

[c] Coxcomb!] The old copies have evidently jumbled two speeches into one reading,—

"Let them be in the hands of coxcomb."

[d] You are an ass.] This speech, both in quarto and folio, bears the prefix "*Couley,*" as if belonging to "Verges."

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Before* Leonato's *House.*

Enter Leonato *and* Antonio.

Ant. If you go on thus, you will kill yourself;
And 'tis not wisdom thus to second grief,
Against yourself.

Leon. I pray thee, cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve: give not me counsel;
Nor let no comforter* delight mine ear,
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine.
Bring me a father, that so lov'd his child,
Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
And bid him speak of patience;
Measure his woe the length and breadth of mi
And let it answer every strain for strain;
As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,
In every lineament, branch, shape, and form:
If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard,
Bid sorrow wag,[a] cry *hem* when he should gro
Patch grief with proverbs, make misfortune dr
With candle-wasters;[b] bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience.

(*) First folio, *comfort.*

[a] Bid sorrow wag,—] In the old copies,—
"And sorrow, wagge."

The suggestions to elucidate this hopeless crux are legion.
adopt one by Capell, which deviates little from the orig
and affords a plausible meaning, but have not much confid
in its integrity.

[b] Candle-wasters;] *Bacchanals, revellers.*

But there is no such man: for, brother, men
Can counsel, and speak comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel; but, tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give preceptial medicine to rage,
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
Charm ache with air, and agony with words;
No, no; 'tis all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow;
But no man's virtue nor sufficiency,
To be so moral, when he shall endure
The like himself: therefore give me no counsel;
My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

ANT. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

LEON. I pray thee, peace: I will be flesh and blood;
For there was never yet philosopher,
That could endure the tooth-ache patiently;
However they have writ the style of gods,
And made a push[a] at chance and sufferance.

ANT. Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself;
Make those, that do offend you, suffer too.

LEON. There thou speak'st reason: nay, I will do so:
My soul doth tell me, Hero is belied,
And that shall Claudio know; so shall the prince,
And all of them, that thus dishonour her.

ANT. Here comes the prince, and Claudio, hastily.

Enter DON PEDRO *and* CLAUDIO.

D. PEDRO. Good den, good den.

CLAUD. Good day to both of you.

LEON. Hear you, my lords,—

D. PEDRO. We have some haste, Leonato.

LEON. Some haste, my lord!—well, fare you well, my lord:—
Are you so hasty now? well, all is one.

D. PEDRO. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.

ANT. If he could right himself with quarrelling,
Some of us would lie low.

CLAUD. Who wrongs him?

LEON. Marry, thou dost wrong me; thou dissembler, thou:—
Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword,
I fear thee not.

CLAUD. Marry, beshrew my hand,
If it should give your age such cause of fear:
In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.

LEON. Tush, tush, man, never fleer and jest at me:
I speak not like a dotard, nor a fool,
As, under privilege of age, to brag
What I have done being young, or what would do,
Were I not old. Know, Claudio, to thy head,
Thou hast so wrong'd mine innocent child and me,
That I am forc'd to lay my reverence by,
And, with grey hairs, and bruise of many days,
Do challenge thee to trial of a man.
I say, thou hast belied mine innocent child;
Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart,
And she lies buried with her ancestors:
O! in a tomb where never scandal slept,
Save this of hers, fram'd by thy villainy.

CLAUD. My villainy!

LEON. Thine, Claudio; thine, I say.

D. PEDRO. You say not right, old man.

LEON. My lord, my lord,
I'll prove it on his body, if he dare;
Despite his nice fence, and his active practice,
His May of youth, and bloom of lustyhood.

CLAUD. Away! I will not have to do with you.

LEON. Canst thou so daff me? Thou hast kill'd my child;
If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

ANT. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed:
But that's no matter; let him kill one first;—
Win me and wear me,—let him answer me,—
Come, follow me, boy! come, sir boy, come, follow me:
Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining fence;
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

LEON. Brother,—

ANT. Content yourself; God knows, I lov'd my niece;
And she is dead, slander'd to death by villains,
That dare as well answer a man, indeed,
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue:
Boys, apes, braggarts, Jacks, milksops!—

LEON. Brother Antony,—

ANT. Hold you content; what, man! I know them, yea,
And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple:
Scambling, out-facing, fashion-monging boys,
That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave, and slander,
Go antickly, and show outward hideousness,
And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst,
And this is all.

LEON. But, brother Antony,—

ANT. Come, 'tis no matter;
Do not you meddle, let me deal in this.

D. PEDRO. Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience.

---

[a] *And made* a push *at chance and sufferance.*] *Push* was an interjection equivalent to *pish*, or *pshaw*. Thus, in "The Old Law," Act II. Sc. 1:—

"*Push!* I'm not for you yet."

And, as quoted by Mr. Dyce:—

"*Pem.* Deare friend—
Fer. Push! Meet me."
The Tryall of Chevalry, 1560, sig. C 4.

My heart is sorry for your daughter's death;
But, on my honour, she was charg'd with nothing
But what was true, and very full of proof.

LEON. My lord, my lord,—

D. PEDRO. I will not hear you.

LEON. No?
Come, brother, away:—I will be heard;—

ANT. And shall,
Or some of us will smart for it.

[*Exeunt* LEONATO *and* ANTONIO.

Enter BENEDICK.

D. PEDRO. See, see: here comes the man we went to seek.

CLAUD. Now, signior! what news?

BENE. Good day, my lord.

D. PEDRO. Welcome, signior: you are almost come to part almost a fray.

CLAUD. We had like to have had our two noses snapped off with two old men without teeth.

D. PEDRO. Leonato and his brother: what think'st thou? Had we fought, I doubt, we should have been too young for them.

BENE. In a false quarrel there is no true valour. I came to seek you both.

CLAUD. We have been up and down to seek thee; for we are high-proof melancholy, and would fain have it beaten away: wilt thou use thy wit?

BENE. It is in my scabbard; shall I draw it?

D. PEDRO. Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side?

CLAUD. Never any did so, though very many have been beside their wit.—I will bid thee draw, as we do the minstrels; draw, to pleasure us.

D. PEDRO. As I am an honest man, he looks pale:—art thou sick, or angry?

CLAUD. What! courage, man! What, though care killed a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.

BENE. Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, an you charge it against me:—I pray you, choose another subject.

CLAUD. Nay, then give him another staff; this last was broke cross.[a]

D. PEDRO. By this light, he changes more and more; I think, he be angry indeed.

CLAUD. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.[b]

[a] *This last was* broke cross.] A metaphor taken, like Benedick's, from the Tilt-yard. In tilting, to break the weapon *across* an opponent's person, was accounted more disgraceful than even being unhorsed.

He knows how to turn his girdle.] The sword was formerly worn much at the back, and, to bring it within reach, the buckle of the belt or girdles had to be turned behind. Mr. Holt White suggests another explanation:—"Large belts were worn with the buckle before, but for wrestling the buckle was turned behind, to give the adversary a fairer grasp at the girdle. To turn the buckle behind, therefore, was a challenge."

BENE. Shall I speak a word in your ear?

CLAUD. God bless me from a challenge!

BENE. You are a villain!—I jest not.—I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare.—Do me right,[a] or I will protest your cowardice: you have killed a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you. Let me hear from you.

CLAUD. Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.

D. PEDRO. What, a feast? a feast?

CLAUD. I' faith, I thank him; he hath bid me to a calf's head and a capon; the which if I do not carve most curiously, say my knife's naught.—Shall I not find a woodcock[b] too?

BENE. Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes easily.

D. PEDRO. I'll tell thee how Beatrice praised thy wit the other day: I said, thou hadst a fine wit; *True*, said* she, *a fine little one: No*, said I, *a great wit; Right*, says she, *a great gross one: Nay*, said I, *a good wit; Just*, said she, *it hurts nobody: Nay*, said I, *the gentleman is wise; Certain*, said she, *a wise gentleman:*[c] *Nay*, said I, *he hath the tongues; That I believe*, said she, *for he swore a thing to me on Monday night, which he foreswore on Tuesday morning; there's a double tongue; there's two tongues.* Thus did she, an hour together, trans-shape thy particular virtues; yet, at last, she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the properest man in Italy.

CLAUD. For the which she wept heartily, and said, she cared not.

D. PEDRO. Yea, that she did; but yet, for all that, an if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly: the old man's daughter told us all.

CLAUD. All, all; and moreover, *God saw him when he was hid in the garden.*

D. PEDRO. But when shall we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head?

CLAUD. Yea, and text underneath, *Here dwells Benedick the married man?*

BENE. Fare you well, boy; you know my mind; I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour: you break jests as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thanked, hurt not.—My lord, for your many courtesies I thank you: I must discontinue your company: your brother, the bastard, is fled from Messina: you have, among you, killed a sweet and innocent lady. For my lord Lackbeard, there, he and I shall meet; and till then, peace be with him. [*Exit* BENEDICK.

D. PEDRO. He is in earnest.

CLAUD. In most profound earnest; and, I'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.

D. PEDRO. And hath challenged thee?

CLAUD. Most sincerely.

D. PEDRO. What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit!

CLAUD. He is then a giant to an ape: but then is an ape a doctor to such a man.

D. PEDRO. But, soft you, let me be; pluck up my heart,[d] and be sad. Did he not say my brother was fled?

Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, *and the* Watch, *with* CONRADE *and* BORACHIO.

DOGB. Come, you, sir; if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more reasons[e] in her balance: nay, an you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be looked to.

D. PEDRO. How now, two of my brother's men bound! Borachio, one!

CLAUD. Hearken[f] after their offence, my lord!

D. PEDRO. Officers, what offence have these men done?

DOGB. Marry, sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanders; sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady; thirdly, they have verified unjust things; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

D. PEDRO. First, I ask thee what they have done; thirdly, I ask thee what's their offence; sixth and lastly, why they are committed; and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge?

CLAUD. Rightly reasoned, and in his own division; and, by my troth, there's one meaning well suited.

D. PEDRO. Who have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound to your answer? this

(*) First folio, *says*.

[a] Do me right,—] Accept my challenge.

[b] *Shall I not find* a woodcock *too?*] A woodcock was supposed to have no brains, and hence became a synonym for a simpleton.

[c] A wise gentleman:] Another synonym for a witling.

[d] Let me be; pluck up my heart, and be sad.] So the original copies: but it may be suspected that the poet wrote, "let me pluck up my heart," &c.; the meaning being, rouse my spirits to serious business. It was a phrase in common use. Thus, in Gascoigne's play of "The Supposes," Act V. Sc. 7:—"pluck up your spirits and rejoice." So also, in "Gammer Gurton's Needle," Act III. Sc. 3:—"What devill woman *plucke up your hart*, and leve all this gloming."

More reasons—] This ancient quibble between *reasons* and *raisins* was a favourite with Shakespeare. It is met with in "Troilus and Cressida," Act II. Sc. 2:—

"No marvel though, you bite so sharp at *reasons*,
You are so empty of them."

And in "As You Like It," Act II. Sc. 7:—

"ORL. He dies that touches any of this fruit.
JAQ. An you will not be answer'd with *reason*, I must die."

[f] Hearken *after their offence, my lord!*] *Hearken* appears to be used here in the peculiar sense which it bears in "Henry IV. Part I. Act V. Sc. 4:—

"———They did me too much injury,
That ever said, I *hearken'd* for your death."

learned constable is too cunning to be understood. What's your offence?

BORA. Sweet prince, let me go no farther to mine answer; do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I have deceived even your very eyes: what your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light; who, in the night, overheard me confessing to this man, how don John your brother incensed me to slander the lady Hero: how you were brought into the orchard, and saw me court Margaret in Hero's garment; how you disgraced her, when you should marry her: my villainy they have upon record; which I had rather seal with my death, than repeat over to my shame: the lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusation; and, briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain.

D. PEDRO. Runs not this speech like iron through your blood?

CLAUD. I have drunk poison, whiles he utter'd it.

D. PEDRO. But did my brother set thee on to this?

BORA. Yea, and paid me richly for the practice of it.

D. PEDRO. He is compos'd and fram'd of treachery:—
And fled he is upon this villainy.

CLAUD. Sweet Hero! now thy image doth appear
In the rare semblance that I lov'd it first.

DOGB. Come, bring away the plaintiffs; by this time our sexton hath reformed signior Leonato of the matter: and, masters, do not forget to specify, when time and place shall serve, that I am *an ass*.

VERG. Here, here comes master signior Leonato and the sexton too.

Re-enter LEONATO *and* ANTONIO, *with the* Sexton.

LEON. Which is the villain? let me see his eyes,
That when I note another man like him,
I may avoid him: which of these is he?

BORA. If you would know your wronger, look on me.

LEON. Art thou the* slave, that with thy breath hast kill'd
Mine innocent child?

BORA. Yea, even I alone.

LEON. No, not so, villain; thou beliest thyself:
Here stand a pair of honourable men,
A third is fled, that had a hand in it:—
I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death;
Record it with your high and worthy deeds;
'T was bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

CLAUD. I know not how to pray your patience,
Yet I must speak. Choose your revenge yourself;
Impose me to what penance your invention
Can lay upon my sin: yet sinn'd I not,
But in mistaking.

D. PEDRO. By my soul, nor I;
And yet, to satisfy this good old man,
I would bend under any heavy weight
That he'll enjoin me to.

LEON. I cannot bid you bid my daughter live,
That were impossible; but, I pray you both
Possess the people in Messina here
How innocent she died: and, if your love
Can labour aught in sad invention,
Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb,(1)
And sing it to her bones; sing it to-night:—
To-morrow morning come you to my house;
And since you could not be my son-in-law,
Be yet my nephew: my brother hath a daughter,
Almost the copy of my child that's dead,
And she alone is heir to both of us;
Give her the right you should have given her cousin,
And so dies my revenge.

CLAUD. O, noble sir,
Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me!
I do embrace your offer; and dispose
For henceforth of poor Claudio.

LEON. To-morrow then I will expect your coming;
To-night I take my leave.—This naughty man
Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,
Who, I believe, was pack'd[a] in all this wrong,
Hired to it by your brother.

BORA. No, by my soul, she was not;
Nor knew not what she did, when she spoke to me;
But always hath been just and virtuous,
In anything that I do know by her.

DOGB. Moreover, sir, (which, indeed, is not under white and black,) this plaintiff here, the offender, did call me *ass:* I beseech you, let it be remembered in his punishment. And also, the watch heard them talk of one *Deformed:* they say, he wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it; and borrows money in God's name; the which he hath used so long, and never paid, that now men grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing for God's sake: pray you examine him upon that point.

LEON. I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.

DOGB. Your worship speaks like a most thankful and reverend youth; and I praise God for you.

(*) First folio, *thou thou.*

[a] Pack'd *in all this wrong,*—] *Confederated, mixed up.*

LEON. There's for thy pains.

DOGB. God save the foundation!

LEON. Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I thank thee.

DOGB. I leave an arrant knave with your worship; which, I beseech your worship, to correct yourself, for the example of others. God keep your worship; I wish your worship well; God restore you to health: I humbly give you leave to depart; and if a merry meeting may be wished, God prohibit it.—Come, neighbour.

[*Exeunt* DOGBERRY, VERGES, *and* Watch.

LEON. Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell.

ANT. Farewell, my lords: we look for you to-morrow.

D. PEDRO. We will not fail.

CLAUD. To-night I'll mourn with Hero.

[*Exeunt* DON PEDRO *and* CLAUDIO.

LEON. Bring you these fellows on; we'll talk with Margaret,
How her acquaintance grew with this lewd[a] fellow.

[*Exeunt.*

[a] *This* lewd *fellow.*] *Lewd*, of old, meant sometimes *lustful;* but more often *ignorant*, or *wicked*. The last is the sense it bears here.

SCENE II.—Leonato's *Garden.*

Enter BENEDICK *and* MARGARET, *meeting.*

BENE. 'Pray thee, sweet mistress Margaret, deserve well at my hands, by helping me to the speech of Beatrice.

MARG. Will you then write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty?

BENE. In so high a style, Margaret, that no man living shall come over it; for, in most comely truth, thou deservest it.

MARG. To have no man come over me? why, shall I always keep below stairs?

BENE. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth, it catches.

MARG. And yours as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

BENE. A most manly wit, Margaret, it will not hurt a woman; and so, I pray thee, call Beatrice: I give thee the bucklers.(2)

MARG. Give us the swords, we have bucklers of our own.

BENE. If you use them, Margaret, you must

put in the pikes with a vice; and they are dangerous weapons for maids.

MARG. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who, I think, hath legs. [*Exit* MARGARET.

BENE. And therefore will come.

The god of love,[a] [Singing.
That sits above,
And knows me, and knows me,
How pitiful I deserve,—

I mean, in singing; but in loving—Leander the good swimmer, Troilus the first employer of panders, and a whole book-full of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse, why, they were never so truly turned over and over as my poor self, in love. Marry, I cannot show it in * rhyme; I have tried; I can find out no rhyme to *lady* but *baby*, an innocent rhyme; for *scorn, horn*, a hard rhyme; for *school, fool*, a babbling rhyme; very ominous endings: no, I was not born under a rhyming planet, nor † I cannot woo in festival terms.

Enter BEATRICE.

Sweet Beatrice, would'st thou come when I called thee?

BEAT. Yea, signior, and depart when you bid me.

BENE. O, stay but till then!

BEAT. *Then*, is spoken; fare you well now:—and yet, ere I go, let me go with that I came, which is, with knowing what hath passed between you and Claudio.

BENE. Only foul words; and thereupon I will kiss thee.

BEAT. Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome; therefore I will depart unkissed.

BENE. Thou hast frighted the word out of his right sense, so forcible is thy wit: but, I must tell thee plainly Claudio undergoes my challenge; and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward. And, I pray thee now, tell me, for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me?

BEAT. For them all together; which maintained so politic a state of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me?

BENE. *Suffer* love; a good epithet! I do suffer love, indeed, for I love thee against my will.

(*) First folio omits, *in*. (†) First folio, *for*.

[a] The god of love,—] This, according to Ritson, was the beginning of a song by the famous ballad-monger, Elderton; of which a puritanical parody, by W. Birch, entitled "The Complaint of a Sinner," &c., is still extant, and commences,—

BEAT. In spite of your heart, I think; alas! poor heart! if you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours; for I will never love that which my friend hates.

BENE. Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

BEAT. It appears not in this confession: there's not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself.

BENE. An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that lived in the time of good neighbours: if a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument* than the bell rings, and the widow weeps.

BEAT. And how long is that, think you?

BENE. Question!—Why, an hour in clamour, and a quarter in rheum: therefore is it most expedient for the wise, if don Worm his conscience, find no impediment to the contrary, to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself: so much for praising myself, (who, I myself will bear witness, is praiseworthy,) and now tell me, how doth your cousin?

BEAT. Very ill.

BENE. And how do you?

BEAT. Very ill too.

BENE. Serve God, love me, and mend: there will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

Enter URSULA.

URS. Madam, you must come to your uncle; yonder's old coil[b] at home: it is proved my lady Hero hath been falsely accused, the prince and Claudio mightily abused; and don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone: will you come presently?

BEAT. Will you go hear this news, signior?

BENE. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eyes; and, moreover, I will go with thee to thy uncle's. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Inside of a Church.*

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, *and* Attendants, *with Music and Tapers.*

CLAUD. Is this the monument of Leonato?

ATTEN. It is, my lord.

CLAUD. [*Reads from a Scroll.*]

(*) First folio, *monuments*.

"*The God of love, that sits above,*
Doth know us, doth know us,
How sinful that we be."

[b] Old *coil*—] See note (a), p. 589.

EPITAPH.

Done to death by slanderous tongues
Was the Hero that here lies:
Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,
Gives her fame which never dies:
So the life, that died with shame,
Lives in death with glorious fame.

Hang thou there upon the tomb,
Praising her when I am dumb.
[*Affixing it.*

Now, music, sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

SONG.

Pardon, goddess of the night,
Those that slew thy virgin knight;
For the which, with songs of woe,
Round about her tomb they go.

Midnight, assist our moan,
Help us to sigh and groan,
Heavily, heavily:
Graves yawn and yield your dead,
Till death be uttered,
Heavenly, heavenly.[a]

CLAUD. Now unto thy bones good night!
Yearly will I do this rite.[b]

D. PEDRO. Good morrow, masters; put your torches out:
The wolves have prey'd; and look, the gentle day,
Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey:
Thanks to you all, and leave us; fare you well.

CLAUD. Good morrow, masters; each his several way.

[a] Heavenly, heavenly.] The quarto reads, "*Heavily, heavily.*"
[b] Yearly will I do this rite.] The old editions give this couplet to the Attendant, whom they style, "Lord:" it undoubtedly belongs to Claudio.

D. PEDRO. Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds,
And then to Leonato's we will go.
CLAUD. And, Hymen, now with luckier issue speeds,
Than this, for whom we render'd up this woe! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in* Leonato's *House.*

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, BENEDICK, BEATRICE, URSULA, Friar, *and* HERO.

FRIAR. Did I not tell you she was innocent?
LEON. So are the prince and Claudio, who accus'd her,
Upon the error that you heard debated:
But Margaret was in some fault for this;
Although against her will, as it appears
In the true course of all the question. [well.
ANT. Well, I am glad that all things sort so
BENE. And so am I, being else by faith enforc'd
To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.
LEON. Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves,
And, when I send for you, come hither mask'd:
The prince and Claudio promis'd by this hour
To visit me:—you know your office, brother;
You must be father to your brother's daughter,
And give her to young Claudio. [*Exeunt* Ladies.
ANT. Which I will do with confirm'd countenance. [think.
BENE. Friar, I must entreat your pains, I
FRIAR. To do what, signior?
BENE. To bind me, or undo me, one of them.—
Signior Leonato, truth it is, good signior,
Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.
LEON. That eye my daughter lent her; 'tis most true. [her.
BENE. And I do with an eye of love requite
LEON. The sight whereof, I think, you had from me, [will?
From Claudio, and the prince. But what's your
BENE. Your answer, sir, is enigmatical:
But, for my will, my will is, your good will
May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd
In the estate* of honourable marriage:—
In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.
LEON. My heart is with your liking.
FRIAR. And my help.
Here come the prince, and Claudio.[a]

Enter DON PEDRO, *and* CLAUDIO, *with* Attendants.

D. PEDRO. Good morrow to this fair assembly.
LEON. Good morrow, prince; good morrow, Claudio;
We here attend you; are you yet determined
To-day to marry with my brother's daughter?
CLAUD. I'll hold my mind, were she an Ethiope.
LEON. Call her forth, brother, here's the friar ready. [*Exit* ANTONIO.
D. PEDRO. Good morrow, Benedick: why, what's the matter,
That you have such a February face,
So full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness?
CLAUD. I think, he thinks upon the savage bull:—
Tush, fear not, man, we'll tip thy horns with gold,
And all Europa shall rejoice at thee,
As once Europa did at lusty Jove,
When he would play the noble beast in love.
BENE. Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable low,
And some such strange bull leap'd your father's cow,
And* got a calf in that same† noble feat,
Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.

Re-enter ANTONIO, *with the* Ladies *masked.*

CLAUD. For this I owe you: here come other reckonings.
Which is the lady I must seize upon?
ANT. This same is she, and I do give you her.[b]
CLAUD. Why, then she's mine. Sweet, let me see your face. [hand
LEON. No, that you shall not, till you take her
Before this friar, and swear to marry her.
CLAUD. Give me your hand before this holy friar;
I am your husband, if you like of me.
HERO. And when I liv'd, I was your other wife: [*Unmasking.*
And when you lov'd, you were my other husband.
CLAUD. Another Hero?
HERO. Nothing certainer:
One Hero died defil'd;‡ but I do live,
And, surely as I live, I am a maid.
D. PEDRO. The former Hero! Hero that is dead!
LEON. She died, my lord, but whiles her slander liv'd.
FRIAR. All this amazement can I qualify,
When, after that the holy rites are ended,

(*) Old text, *state.*

[a] Here come the prince, and Claudio.] This line is not in the folio.

[b] And I do give you her.] In the old copies, this speech is assigned to Leonato, but erroneously, as Theobald first pointed out, since it had been agreed in an early part of the scene that Antonio should give the lady away.

(*) First folio, *A.* (†) First folio, *some.*
(‡) First folio omits, *defil'd.*

I'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death:
Mean time, let wonder seem familiar,
And to the chapel let us presently.

BENE. Soft and fair, friar.—Which is Beatrice?

BEAT. I answer to that name; what is your will? [*Unmasking.*

BENE. Do not you love me?

BEAT. Why no, no more than reason.

BENE. Why, then your uncle, and the prince, and Claudio,
Have been deceived; they swore you did.

BEAT. Do not you love me?

BENE. Troth, no, no more than reason.

BEAT. Why, then, my cousin, Margaret, and Ursula,
Are much deceiv'd; for they did swear you did.

BENE. They swore that* you were almost sick for me.

BEAT. They swore that* you were well-nigh dead for me.

BENE. 'Tis no such† matter:—then you do not love me?

BEAT. No, truly, but in friendly recompense.

LEON. Come, cousin, I am sure you love the gentleman.

CLAUD. And I'll be sworn upon 't, that he loves her;
For here's a paper written in his hand,
A halting sonnet, of his own pure brain,
Fashion'd to Beatrice.

HERO. And here's another,
Writ in my cousin's hand, stolen from her pocket,
Containing her affection unto Benedick.

BENE. A miracle! here's our own hands against our hearts!—Come, I will have thee; but, by this light, I take thee for pity.

BEAT. I would not deny you; but, by this good day, I yield upon great persuasion; and, partly, to save your life, for I was told you were in a consumption.

BENE. Peace, I will stop your mouth.[a] [*Kissing her.*

D. PEDRO. How dost thou, *Benedick the married man?*

BENE. I'll tell thee what, prince; a college of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour. Dost thou think, I care for a satire, or an epigram? No: if a man will be beaten with brains, he shall wear nothing handsome about him; in brief, since I do purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it; and therefore never flout at me for what* I have

(*) First folio omits, *that.* (†) First folio omits, *such.*

(*) First folio omits, *what.*

a Peace, I will stop your mouth.] The old editions give this speech to Leonato.

said against it; for man is a giddy[a] thing, and this is my conclusion.—For thy part, Claudio, I did think to have beaten thee; but in that thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruised, and love my cousin.

CLAUD. I had well hoped, thou wouldst have denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgelled thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double dealer;[b] which, out of question, thou wilt be, if my cousin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

BENE. Come, come, we are friends:—let's have a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wives' heels.

LEON. We'll have dancing afterwards.

BENE. First, o' my word; therefore, play music.—Prince, thou art sad; get thee a wife, get thee a wife: there is no staff more reverend than one tipped with horn.

Enter a Messenger.

MESS. My lord, your brother John is ta'en in flight,
And brought with armed men back to Messina.

BENE. Think not on him till to-morrow, I'll devise thee brave punishments for him.—Strike up, pipers! [*Dance.—Exeunt.*

[a] Giddy—] That is, *inconstant*. So in "Henry V." Act I. Sc. 2:—

" —— the Scot,
Who hath been still a *giddy* neighbour to us."

[b] A double dealer;] To appreciate the equivoque, it must be understood that *double dealer* was a term jocosely applied to any one notoriously unfaithful in love or wedlock.

ILLUSTRATIVE COMMENTS.

ACT I.

(1) SCENE I.—*He set up his bills here in Messina.*] The only mode of advertising practised in Shakespeare's time appears to have been the very obvious one of attaching notices to posts and walls in places of great public resort: and these *affiches* were, of course, miscellaneous enough. Prominent among them were to be seen the *play-bills*, a step in advance of the ordinary placards, in being often *printed;* the "terrible billes" of "*quack-salving emperickes;*" the notification of servants who wanted employment, and masters who required servants; of landlords wanting to let, and tenants wishing to occupy; of those who had something to teach, and those who had much to learn; of the many who had lost, and the few who had found; and, which has more immediate reference to the passage in the text, the *challenges of scholars, fencers, archers, wrestlers, watermen,* &c. &c. with whom it was customary to "set up their bills," defying all comers, or sometimes only a particular rival, to a trial of skill.

(2) SCENE I.—*And challenged Cupid at the flight: and my uncle's fool, reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the bird-bolt.*] The meaning of this, Douce says, is, "Benedick, from a vain conceit of his influence over women, challenged Cupid at *roving* (a particular kind of archery, in which *flight*-arrows are used). In other words, he challenged him to shoot *at hearts.* The fool, to ridicule this piece of vanity, in his turn challenged Benedick to shoot at crows with the cross-bow and bird-bolt; an inferior kind of archery used by fools, who, for obvious reasons, were not permitted to shoot with pointed arrows; whence the proverb, 'A fool's bolt is soon shot.'"

(3) SCENE I.—*Like the old tale, my lord: it is not so, nor 't was not so; but, indeed, God forbid it should be so.*] The old tale referred to—which has been preserved by Blakeway, a contributor of some intelligent notes to the Variorum edition, who took it down from the recitation of an aged female relative—is as follows:—

"Once upon a time, there was a young lady (called Lady Mary in the story), who had two brothers. One summer they all three went to a country seat of theirs, which they had not before visited. Among the other gentry in the neighbourhood who came to see them, was a Mr. Fox, a batchelor, with whom they, particularly the young lady, were much pleased. He used often to dine with them, and frequently invited Lady Mary to come and see his house. One day that her brothers were absent elsewhere, and she had nothing better to do, she determined to go thither; and accordingly set out unattended. When she arrived at the house, and knocked at the door, no one answered.* At length she opened it, and went in; over the portal of the hall was written, '*Be bold, be bold, but not too bold:*' she advanced: over the staircase the same inscription: she went up: over the entrance of a gallery, the same: she proceeded: over the door of a chamber,—'*Be bold, be bold, but not too bold, lest that your heart's blood should run cold.*' She opened it; it was full of skeletons, tubs full of blood, &c. She retreated in haste; coming down stairs, she saw out of a window Mr. Fox advancing towards the house, with a drawn sword in one hand, while with the other he dragged along a young lady by her hair. Lady Mary had just time to slip down, and hide herself under the stairs, before Mr. Fox and his victim arrived at the foot of them. As he pulled the young lady up stairs, she caught hold of one of the *bannisters* with her hand, on which was a rich bracelet. Mr. Fox cut it off with his sword: the hand and bracelet fell into Lady Mary's lap, who then contrived to escape unobserved, and got home safe to her brother's house.

"After a few days, Mr. Fox came to dine with them as usual (whether by invitation, or of his own accord, this deponent saith not). After dinner, when the guests began to amuse each other with extraordinary anecdotes, Lady Mary at length said, she would relate to them a remarkable dream she had lately had. I dreamt, said she, that as you, Mr. Fox, had often invited me to your house, I would go there one morning. When I came to the house, I knocked, &c., but no one answered. When I opened the door, over the hall was written, '*Be bold, be bold, but not too bold.*' But, said she, turning to Mr. Fox, and smiling, '*It is not so, nor it was not so;*' then she pursues the rest of the story, concluding at every turn with, '*It is not so, nor it was not so,*' till she comes to the room full of dead bodies, when Mr. Fox took up the burden of the tale, and said, '*It is not so, nor it was not so, and God forbid it should be so;*' which he continues to repeat at every subsequent turn of the dreadful story, till she came to the circumstance of his cutting off the young lady's hand, when upon his saying as usual, '*It is not so, nor it was not so, and God forbid it should be so,*' Lady Mary retorts, '*But it is so, and it was so, and here the hand I have to show,*' at the same time producing the hand and bracelet from her lap; whereupon the guests drew their swords, and instantly cut Mr. Fox into a thousand pieces."

(4) SCENE I.— *And he that hits me, let him be clapped on the shoulder, and called Adam.*] Adam Bel, Clym of the Clough, and William of Cloudesley, three famous archers of the "north countrey," are the heroes of an ancient, curious, and once popular ballad, of near 700 lines, "imprinted at London, in Lothburye, by Wyllyam Copland," (*b. l.* no date) beginning:—

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* This circumstance in the story, Mr. Dyce supposes to have been borrowed from Spenser's *Faërie Queene*:—

"And, as she lookt about, she did behold
How over that same dore was likewise writ,
Be bolde, be bolde, and every where, *Be bold;*
That much she muz'd, yet could not construe it
By any ridling skill or commune wit.
At last she spyde at that rowmes upper end
Another yron dore: on which was writ,
Be not too bold; whereto though she did bend
Her earnest minde, yet wist not what it might intend."
The Faërie Queene, b. iii. c. xi. st. 54.

"Mery it was in grene forest,
Among the leues grene,
Wher that men walke east and west,
Wyth bowes and arrowes kene,
To ryse the dere out of theyr denne,
Such sightes hath ofte bene sene,
As by thre yemen of the north countrey,
By them it is I meane:
The one of them hight Adam Bel,
The other Clym of the Clough,
The thyrd was William of Cloudesly,
An archer good ynough."

The place of residence of these noted outlaws was the forest of Englewood, not far from Carlisle; but the when they flourished is unknown.

(5) SCENE III.—*As I was smoking a musty room.* disregard of ventilation and cleanliness in early tim such as to render this precaution very necessary. St has quoted from the Harleian MSS. No. 6850, a p directions drawn up by Sir John Puckering's st relative to Suffolk Place, before Queen Elizabeth's it, in 1594. The 15th article is—"The swetynyng house in all places by any means." And old Burton "Anatomy of Melancholy," ed. 1632, p. 261, tells "the smoake of juniper is in great request with Oxford, to *sweeten* our chambers."

ACT II.

(1) SCENE I.—*The Hundred merry tales.*] Of this popular old jest book, printed by John Rastell, 1517—1533, a fragment, containing nearly all the tales, was fortunately discovered by the Rev. J. J. Conybeare some years ago, and has been carefully reprinted by Mr. Singer, under the title of "Shakspeare's Jest Book." The stories thus rescued from oblivion are so sadly deficient in point, and sometimes in decency also, that Beatrice might well resent the imputation of having derived her wit from such a source.

(2) SCENE I.—*As melancholy as a lodge in a warren.*] "They used in the old time in their vineyards and cucumber gardens, to erect ana builde little cotages and lodges for their watchfolkes and keepers that looked to the same, for feare of filchers and stealers; which lodges and cotages, so soone as the grapes and cucumbers were gathered, were abandoned of the watchmen and keepers, and no more frequented. From this forsaking and leaving of these lodges and cotages, the prophet Isaiah taketh a similitude, and applieth the same against Jerusalem, the which hee pronounceth, should be so ruinated and laid waste, that no relick thereof should be left, and that it should become even as an empty and tenantlesse cotage or lodge in a forsaken vineyard and abandoned cucumber garden."—NEWTON'S *Herbal for the Bible*, 1587.

"By the *solitarinesse* of the house I judged it *a lodge in a forest*, but there was no bawling of dogges thereabout." —*The Man in the Moone telling Strange Fortunes*, 1609. Quoted by Mr. Halliwell.

(3) SCENE III.—*Her hair shall be of what colour it please God.*] A sarcasm upon the practice so prevalent in Elizabeth's reign of dyeing the hair:—

"If any have haire of her own naturall growing, which is not faire enough, then will they die it in divers colours, almost chaunging the substaunce into accidentes by their devilish and more than thrice cursed devises. So, whereas their haire was given them as a signe of subjection, and therefore they were commanded to cherish the same, now have they made it an ornament of pride and destruction to themselves for ever excepte they repent."—*The Anatomie of Abuses, by Phillip Stubs*, 1584.

Mr. Halliwell has discovered several ancient recipes for dyeing the hair: among them is one in "The Treasure of Evonymus," 1559, which is peculiar:—

"Sponsa solis beeten, otherwyse the siedes of solsosium beeten, put it in milke of a woman that nurseth a boy ten otherwise xi. daies, and then make an oyl; this oyll, sod with leved gold, seething it gentely by the space of one day, is marvelous man washe his heares therewith they shall become lyke the face be wet, and rubbed with the same, it shall be pl cleare, that it shall seeme angellike, continuing for the v. dayes."

(4) SCENE III.—*Jacke Wilson.*] "John Wils composer, was born in 1594. Anthony Wood tells having an early taste for music, he became one of t eminent masters of that science. In 1626 he was tuted 'a gentleman of the Royal Chapel,' and ab same time, according to Wood, 'musician in ordi Charles I. He was created Doctor of Music in t versity of Oxford, in 1644. At the Restoration, appointed chamber musician to Charles II.; and death of Henry Lawes, in 1662, was again receiv the Chapel Royal. He died in 1673, at nearly nine years of age."—RIMBAULT.

(5) SCENE III.—*Stalk on, stalk on; the fo* Claudio alludes to the stalking-horse, behind w fowlers of old were used to screen themselves f sight of their game.

"But sometime it so happeneth, that the Fow shie, there is no getting a shoot at them wi Stalking-horse, which must be some old Jade tra for that purpose, who will gently, and as you w him, walk up and down in the water which way yo flodding and eating on the grass that grows therei

"You must shelter yourself and Gun behind shoulder, bending your Body down low by his si keeping his Body still full between you and the Being within shot, take your Level from before t part of the Horse, shooting as it were between the Neck and the Water. * * * * Now to supply t of a Stalking-horse, which will take up a great Time to instruct and make fit for this Exercise; y make one of any Pieces of old Canvas, which y shape into the Form of an Horse, with the Head downwards as if he grazed. You may stuff it w light matter; and do not forget to paint it of the of an Horse, of which the Brown is the best. * It must be made so portable, that you may bear ease in one Hand, moving it so as it may seem t as you go.

"Sometimes the Stalking-horse was made in s an Ox; sometimes in the form of a Stag—and so to represent a tree, shrub, or bush. In every c Stalking-horse had a spike at the bottom to stick ground while the fowler took his level."—*The Gen Recreation.*

ACT III.

(1) SCENE II.—*Yet is this no charm for the tooth-ache.*] In Aubrey's Miscellanies, p. 141, is one of these charms: —"*To cure the tooth-ach:* Out of Mr. Ashmole's manuscript writ with his own hand:—'Mars, hur, abursa, aburse: Jesus Christ for Mary's sake,—Take away this Tooth-Ach.' Write the words three times; and as you say the words, let the party burn one paper, then another, and then the last. He says, he saw it experimented, and the party immediately cured."

(2) SCENE III.—*You speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman.*] Of the functionary whom Shakespeare had in view, the ancient watchman of London, there are two or three representations preserved. He was clad in a long loose cloak or coat, which reached to his heels, and was belted at the waist, and he usually carried the pike or halbert called "a bill," with a lantern and a great bell. The "charge," or duties of his office, are clearly laid down in the accompanying extract from Dalton's "Country Justice:"—

"This watch is to be kept yearly from the feast of the Ascention until Michaelmas, in every towne, and shall continue all the night, *sc.* from the sunne setting to the sunne rising. All such strangers, or persons suspected, as shall in the night time passe by the watchmen (appointed thereto by the towne constable, or other officer), may be examined by the said watchmen, whence they come, and what they be, and of their businesse, &c. And if they find cause of suspition, they shall stay them; and if such persons will not obey the arrest of the watchmen, the said watchmen shall levie hue and crie, that the offendors may be taken: or else they may justifie to beate them (for that they resist the peace and Justice of the Realme), and may also set them in the stockes (for the same) untill the morning; and then, if no suspition be found, the said persons shall be let go and quit: But if they find cause of suspition, they shall forthwith deliver the said persons to the sherife, who shall keepe them in prison untill they bee duely delivered; or else the watchmen may deliver such person to the constable, and so to convey them to the Justice of peace, by him to be examined, and to be bound over, or committed, untill the offenders be acquitted in due manner."

(3) SCENE III.—*And one Deformed is one of them; I know him, 'a wears a lock.*] The custom, imported from the Continent, of wearing a long lock of hair, sometimes ornamented with gaudy ribbons, came into fashion in the sixteenth century. In Greene's "Quip for an Upstart Courtier," 1592, quoted by Mr. Halliwell, a barber asks his customer, "Will you be Frenchified with a love-lock down to your shoulders, wherein you may hang your mistres' favor?" Against this practice Prynne wrote a treatise, entitled "The Unlovelinesse of Love-lockes, or a Discourse proving the wearing of a Locke to be unseemely," 1628; and from a passage in his Histriomastix, it appears that the fashion had become prevalent in a class not unlikely to be under the surveillance of worthy Dogberry's "compartners," Hugh Oatcake and George Seacole, "—— and more especially in long, unshorne, womanish, frizled, love-provoking haire, and *love-lockes* growne now too much in fashion with comly pages, youthes, and lewd, effeminate, ruffianly persons."

Manzoni informs us that in Lombardy during the same period, the custom was affected by a lawless class of the community as a cloak for their iniquity, and numerous edicts were promulgated, forbidding the use of locks either before or behind the ears, under a penalty of three hundred crowns, or three years' imprisonment in the galleys. "Bravoes by profession and villains of every kind, used to wear a long lock of hair, which they drew over the face like a vizor on meeting any one, so that the lock might almost be considered a part of the armour, and a distinctive mark of bravoes and vagabonds, whence those characters commonly bore the name of *Ciuffi, i. e. Locks.*" —*I Promessi Sposi, Cap.* 3.

(4) SCENE IV.—*Carduus Benedictus.*] "Blessed Thistle is called in Latine every where *Carduus Benedictus,* and in shops by a compound word, *Cardo-benedictus;* it is a kinde of wilde bastard Saffron.

"Blessed Thistle, taken in meate or drinke, is good for the swimming and giddinesse of the head, it strengthneth memorie, and is a singular remedie against deafnesse."—GERARD'S *Herbal.*

"Carduus Benedictus, or blessed Thistell, so worthily named for the singular vertues that it hath.* * * Howsoever it be used it strengtheneth all the principall partes of the bodie, it sharpeneth both the wit and memory, quickeneth all the senses, comforteth the stomacke, procureth appetite, and hath a special vertue against poison, and preserveth from the pestilence, and is excellent good against any kind of Fever being used in this manner: Take a dramme of the powder, put it into a good draught of ale or wine, warme it and drinke it a quarter of an hour before the fit doth come, then goe to bed, cover you well with clothes, and procure sweate, which by the force of the herbe will easily come foorth, and so continue until the fit be past: or else you may take the distilled water after the same maner. By this meanes you may recover in a short time, yea if it were a pestilentiall fever. So that this remedie be used before twelve houres be past after the disease felt. For which notable effects this herb may worthily be called *Benedictus* or *Omnimorbia,* that is a salve for everie sore, not known to Physitians of old time, but lately revealed by the speciall providence of Almightie God."—*The Haven of Health, by Thomas Cogan, Maister of Artes and Bacheler of Physicke. Lond. 4to. b. l.* 1596.

ACT V.

(1) SCENE I.—
Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb.]

In some curious observations attached to Pietro Aretino's book of "The Three Impostors," M. De la Monnoie refers to the practice of suspending epitaphs on the hearses and monuments of important personages, as being common in the sixteenth century. "It is the custom with Catholics," he remarks, "to attach to some pillar or other place near to the tombs of deceased persons, and especially such as were of reputation, papers of funeral inscriptions. These inscriptions were, in fact, as they always ought to be, to the honour of the departed individual; but as Aretino had been a notorious libertine, it is quite possible that after *his* interment some satirist hung the condemnatory epitaph preserved by Moréri, on the door of St. Luke's church, where he was buried." The custom was still general in England when Shakespeare lived; many fine and interesting examples of it existing in the old cathedral of St. Paul's, and other churches of London, down to the time of the Great Fire, in the form of pensile-tables of wood and metal, painted or engraved with poetical memorials, suspended against the columns and walls.* Among these may be particularized the well-known verses on Queen Elizabeth, beginning:—

"Spaines Rod, Romes Ruine, Netherlands Reliefe;"

which appear to have been very generally displayed in the churches of the realm.

* See *Stow, Weever, and Dugdale.*

There is another allusion to this graceful custom in the present Comedy, Act IV. Sc. 1:—

"Maintain a mourning ostentation;
And, on your family's old monument,
Hang mournful epitaphs."

And Izaak Walton, in his "Life of Dr. Donne," supplies a curious illustration of it under the date of 1631. "The next day after his burial some one of the many lovers and admirers of his virtue and learning, writ this epitaph with a coal on the wall over his grave:—

'Reader! I am to let Thee know
Donne's Body only lies below;
For, *could the Earth his Soul comprise,*
Earth would be Richer than the Skies!'"

(2) SCENE II.—*I give thee the bucklers.*] This is an expression borrowed from Sword and Buckler play, and often adopted by our old writers, meaning, I yield myself vanquished. Thus, in P. Holland's translation of "Pliny's Natural History," B. x. Ch. xxi.:—"It goeth against his stomach (the cock's) to yeeld the gantlet and *give the bucklers.*"

Again, in Greene's Second Part of "Coney-Catching," 1592:—"At this his master laught, and was glad for further advantage, to *yield the bucklers* to his prentice."

And in Chapman's "May-Day," 1611:—

"And now I lay *the bucklers* at your feet."

ANCIENT BALLAD OF "LIGHT O' LOVE," (see p. 720.)

From the original black-letter copy in the Library of GEORGE DANIEL, ESQ.

A very proper ditte to the tune of Lightie love.

Leave Lightie love Ladies for feare of yll name:
And True love embrace ye, to purchase your fame.

By force I am stred my fancie to write,
Ingratitude willeth mee not to refraine:
Then blame me not Ladies although I indite
What lighty love now amongst you doth raigne.
Your traces in places, in outward allurements
Doth moove my endevour to be the more playne;
Your nicyngs and ticings with sundrie procurementes
To publish your lightie love doth mee constrayne.

Deceite is not daintie, it coms at eche dish,
Fraude goes a fisshyng with frendly lookes,
Throughe frendship is spoyled the seely poore fish,
That hoover and shover upon your false hookes,
With baight, you lay waight, to catch here and there,
Whiche causeth poore fisshes their freedome to lose:
Then loute ye, and floute ye, wherby doth appere,
Your lightie love Ladies, styll cloaked with glose.

With DIAN so chaste, you seeme to compare,
When HELLENS you bee, and hang on her trayne:
Mee thinkes faithfull Thisbies bee now very rare,
Not one CLEOPATRA, I doubt doth remayne:
You wincke, and you twincke, tyll Cupid have caught,
And forceth through flames your Lovers to sue:
Your lyghtie love Ladies, too deere they have bought,
When nothyng wyll moove you, their causes to rue.

I speake not for spite, ne do I disdayne,
Your beautie fayre Ladies, in any respect:
But ones Ingratitude doth mee constrayne,
A childe hurt with fire, the same to neglect:
For proovyng in lovyng, I finde by good triall,
When Beautie had brought mee unto her becke:
She staying, not waying, but made a deniall,
And shewyng her lightie love, gave me the checke.

Thus fraude for frendship, did lodge in her brest,
Suche are most women, that when they espie,
Their lovers inflamed with sorowes opprest,
They stande then with Cupid against their replie
They taunte, and they vaunte, they smile when they vew,
How Cupid had caught them under his trayne,
But warned, discerned, the proofe is most true,
That lightie love Ladies, amongst you doth reigne.

It seemes by your doynges, that Cressed doth scoole ye,
Penelopes vertues are cleane out of thought:
Mee thinkes by your constantnesse, Heleyne doth rule ye,
Whiche, both Greece and Troy, to ruyne hath brought:
No doubt, to tell out, your manyfolde driftes,
Would shew you as constant, as is the Sea sande:
To truste so unjust, that all is but shieftes,
With lightie love bearyng your lovers in hande.

If ARGUS were lyvying whose eyes were in nomber,
The Peacockes plume painted, as Writers replie,
Yet Women by wiles, full sore would him cumber,
For all his quicke eyes, their driftes to espie:
Suche feates, with disceates, they dayly frequent,
To conquere Mennes mindes, their humours to feede,
That bouldly I may geve Arbittrement:
Of this your lightie love, Ladies in deede.

Ye men that are subject to Cupid his stroke,
And therein seemeth to have your delight:
Thinke when you see baight theres hidden a hooke,
Whiche sure wyll have you, if that you do bight:
Suche wiles, and suche guiles, by women are wrought
That halfe their mischiefes, men cannot prevent,
When they are most pleasant unto your thought,
Then nothyng but lightie love, is their intent.

Consider that poyson doth lurke often tyme
In shape of sugre, to put some to payne:
And fayre wordes paynted, as Dames can desire,
The olde Proverbe saith doth make some fooles faine:
Be wise and precise, take warning by mee,
Trust not the Crocodile, least you do rue:
To womens faire wordes, do never agree:
For all is but lightie love, this is most true.

ANEXES so daintie, Example may bee,
Whose lightie love caused young IPHIS his woe,
His true love was tryed by death, as you see,
Her lightie love forced the knight therunto:
For shame then refrayne you Ladies therefore,
The Cloudes they doo vanish, and light doth appeare:
You can not dissemble, nor hide it no more,
Your love is but lightie love, this is most cleare.

For Troylus tried the same over well,
In lovyng his Ladie, as Fame doth reporte:
And likewise Menander, as Stories doth tell,
Who swam the salt Seas, to his love, to resorte:
So true, that I rue, such lovers should lose
Their labour in seekyng their Ladies unkinde:
Whose love, thei did proove, as the Proverbe nowe goes
Even very lightie love, lodgde in their minde.

I touche no suche Ladies, as true love imbrace,
But suche as to lightie love dayly applie:
And none wyll be grieved, in this kinde of case,
Save suche as are minded, true love to denie:
Yet frendly and kindly, I shew you my minde,
Fayre Ladies I wish you, to use it no more,
But say what you list, thus I have definde,
That lightie love Ladies, you ought to abhore.

To trust womens wordes, in any respect,
The danger by mee right well it is seene:
And Love and his Lawes, who would not neglect,
The tryall whereof, moste peryllous beene:
Pretendyng, the endyng, if I have offended,
I crave of you Ladies an Answere againe:
Amende, and whats said, shall soone be amended,
If case that your lightie love, no longer do rayne.

Finis. By Leonard Gybson. Imprinted at LONDON, in the upper end of Fleet lane, by Richard Ihones: and are to be solde at his shop joyning to the South-West Dore of Saint Paules Church.

CRITICAL OPINIONS

ON

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

"THE main plot in *Much Ado about Nothing* is the same with the story of *Ariodante and Ginevra*, in Ariosto; the secondary circumstances and development are no doubt very different. The mode in which the innocent Hero before the altar at the moment of the wedding, and in the presence of her family and many witnesses, is put to shame by a most degrading charge, false indeed, yet clothed with every appearance of truth, is a grand piece of theatrical effect in the true and justifiable sense. The impression would have been too tragical had not Shakspeare carefully softened it, in order to prepare for a fortunate catastrophe. The discovery of the plot against Hero has been already partly made, though not by the persons interested; and the poet has contrived, by means of the blundering simplicity of a couple of constables and watchmen, to convert the arrest and the examination of the guilty individuals into scenes full of the most delightful amusement. There is also a second piece of theatrical effect not inferior to the first, where Claudio, now convinced of his error, and in obedience to the penance laid on his fault, thinking to give his hand to a relation of his injured bride, whom he supposes dead, discovers, on her unmasking, Hero herself. The extraordinary success of this play in Shakspeare's own day, and even since in England, is, however, to be ascribed more particularly to the parts of Benedick and Beatrice, two humorsome beings, who incessantly attack each other with all the resources of raillery. Avowedly rebels to love, they are both entangled in its net by a merry plot of their friends to make them believe that each is the object of the secret passion of the other. Some one or other, not over-stocked with penetration, has objected to the same artifice being twice used in entrapping them; the drollery, however, lies in the very symmetry of the deception. Their friends attribute the whole effect to their own device, but the exclusive direction of their raillery against each other is in itself a proof of a growing inclination. Their witty vivacity does not even abandon them in the avowal of love; and their behaviour only assumes a serious appearance for the purpose of defending the slandered Hero. This is exceedingly well imagined; the lovers of jesting must fix a point beyond which they are not to indulge in their humour, if they would not be mistaken for buffoons by trade."—SCHLEGEL.

END OF VOL. I.

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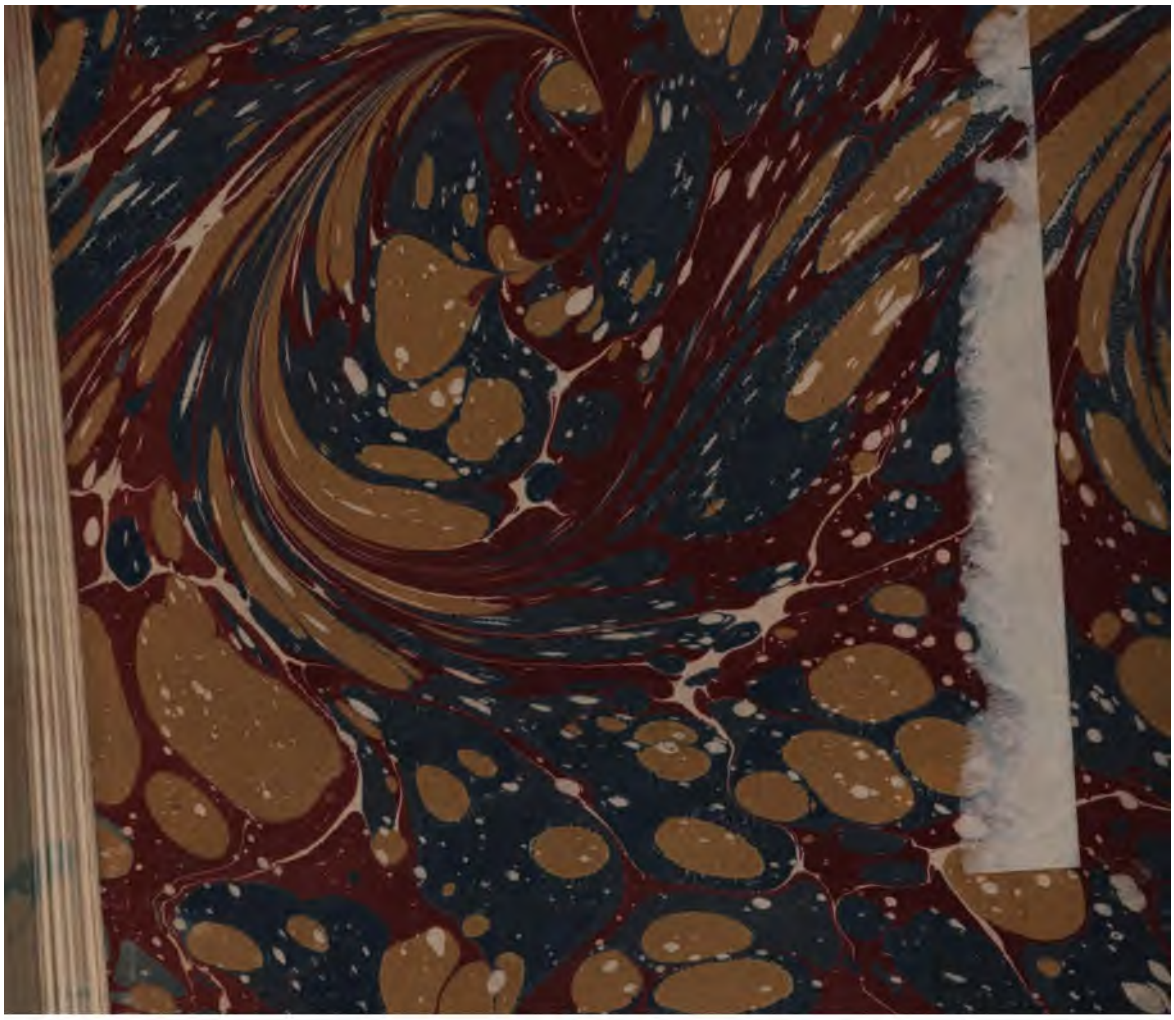

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